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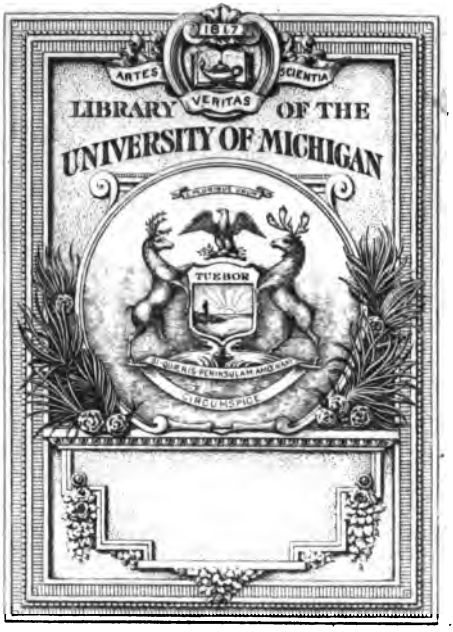
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THE VISITOR.

THE

VISITOR,

OR

MONTHLY INSTRUCTOR,

FOR

1847.

THE WORKS OF THE LORD ARE GREAT, SOUGHT OUT OF ALL THEM THAT HAVE PLEASURE THEREIN. HIS WORK IS HONOURABLE AND GLORIOUS: AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS ENDURETH FOR EVER. HE HATH MADE HIS WONDERFUL WORKS TO BE REMEMBERED: THE LORD IS GRACIOUS AND FULL OF COMPASSION.—PSALM CXI. 2—4.

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE TRUE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE HONEST, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE JUST, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE PURE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE LOVELY, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE OF GOOD REPORT; IF THERE BE ANY VIRTUE, AND IF THERE BE ANY PRAISE, THINK ON THESE THINGS.—PHILIPPIANS IV. 8.

LONDON:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

Instituted 1799.

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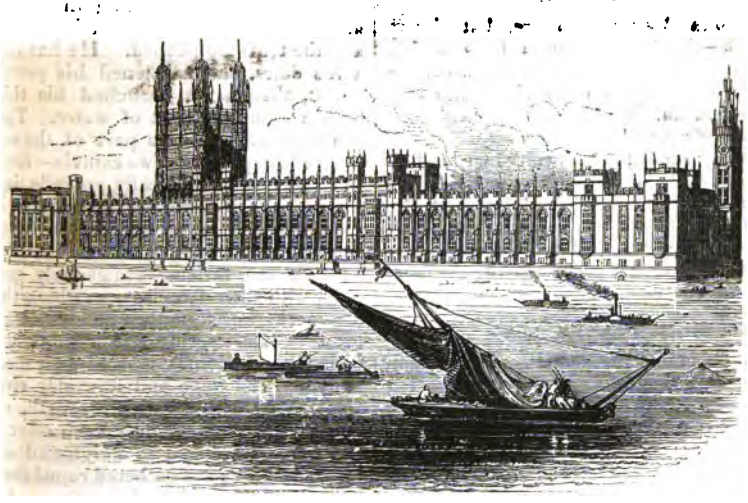


The Palace at Westminster.

THE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

The new houses of Parliament have been denominated, "the Palace at Westminster," and their extent, magnificence, and beautiful decorations cannot fail to have struck multitudes of our resident population, as well as of the thousands of visitors who are said daily to arrive in the great metropolis. Of late years, the progress made has been much more obvious than at an earlier period, the architect having been directed to complete with all possible expedition the "House of Lords," from the strong desire of the peers to take possession of their part of the magnificent edifice. With the difficulties that have arisen, as to ventilation and warming, the public are familiar; these appear in some way or other to have been surmounted, and expectations are entertained that, before long, the wishes of the peers, at least, will be gratified. Several years, however, are likely to elapse, before the whole design reaches its completion.

The original plan was of such magnitude, that it would not have been surprising had it, in the course of execution, undergone some curtailment; but instead of any reduction, considerable enlargement has been contemplated by the architect, who strongly recommends that the west side of the building should be carried on to more than double its extent as first proposed, so as to be continued, though not in an unbroken line, from

the Victoria tower at its southern extremity, to the corner of Bridge-street at the northern one, thereby completely inclosing New Palace-yard, and changing that into an entire quadrangle containing Westminster Hall. Were this done, it is probable that the line would be extended still farther, and the whole pile be thus rendered a vast, uniform, insulated mass of building—worthy, in architectural design and detail, the purpose to which it is to be appropriated; and augmented, in appearance at least, to nearly twice its original dimensions.

MOAB AMMEL; OR, SCENES IN THE DESERT.

Moab Ammel, a spare, but sinewy Arab—the possessor of a little wealth, with a great desire to increase his riches—is preparing to enter the desert with the caravan. Moab, thou hast chosen a perilous course! Toil is thy companion! Hunger and thirst await thee! The burning beam will smite thy head, and the boundless waste will oppress thy heart;—the serpent lieth in thy path! The lean and almost fleshless camels are crouching on the ground, while the bales of merchandise are heaped upon them. The fleet dromedaries are ready for mounting. There is provender for the asses and water for the camels. The dromedary is a fleet camel, and the camel is sometimes called "the ship of the desert." Huge is his height, great is the labour he performs, and coarse and scant is his food—the husk of the date, the broom, the thistle, and the thorn. Job had three thousand camels, and the Reubenites took camels from the Hagarites to the number of fifty thousand.

* * * * *

Moab Ammel, in his soiled white cloak, with a kerchief of red and yellow flung over his head and shoulders, is silently gazing on the sandy waste, as the caravan slowly and sullenly moves on. Fierce is the sultry beam that is darting downwards, and boundless is the dreary wilderness. The riders are mounted on their horses and dromedaries, and the camels, heavily laden with their bales, food, vessels, utensils, and water skins, stretching out their long necks, are pacing the hot desert, with their soft, broad feet, every tread making a hissing sound as it sinks into the burning sand. The camels, with a rude bell in front of their packs, pass on in single file, headed by a driver, sitting on an ass, with a tinkling bell suspended from the animal's neck. Europeans, Arabs, Turks, and half-naked Nubian slaves, with merchants, traders, pilgrims, females in light travelling houses, and a sprinkling of adventurous travellers, form the mingled company. Silently, and almost solemnly, the lengthy line proceeds, while a few well-mounted Arabs, their spears tasselled with black ostrich feathers, hang upon their rear. No living thing is seen in the wide-spread desert. Neither eminence, nor rock, nor stone, nor tree, nor shrub varies the lonely monotony. Below is the burning sand, and above is the fiery sky.

* * * * * *

Moab Ammel is smoking in the door of his tent; for the caravan has halted, and the tents are pitched. He has eaten a few dates, and moistened his parched throat, though not quenched his thirst, with a scanty draught of water. There is a commotion in one part of the scattered encampment. Two camels—for the fit of rage that periodically prevails, is on them—have broken loose, and are trying their strength in an unsightly struggle. In vain the devidges, or drivers, interfere; for they are furious—grotesquely grappling with their fore legs, writhing their long necks, knocking their heads violently together, and tearing one another with their teeth, the contest is obstinately maintained. The huge and unwieldy rivals are striving with all their strength, and now they are rolling over each other on the sand. A crowd of kerchiefed and turbaned heads are gathered round them, clapping their hands and shouting. And can it be that the gentle, the unoffending, the patient and all-enduring camel, can thus become enraged, ferocious, and implacable? Horses are picking a mouthful of the scanty herbage. Hardy, swift, and beautiful is the Arab steed: "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength."

* * * * * *

Moab Ammel is wildly straining his inflamed and bloodshot eyes; for in the desert distance a wide-spread lake appears to cover the burning sand. Already have the foremost camels entered the liquid expanse, and Moab fancies that he sees the water dashed to and fro with their feet. He urges onwards his toil-worn drome-

dary; but the lake is as distant as before. Can he be deceived? No! for now he descries plainly the lonely rock and the stately palm tree reflected in the waving water. Strange that he cannot reach it; but it flies before him. Alas! it is a delusion!—the shadowy, insubstantial mirage of the desert, that has held out the crystal cup to thousands, and then snatched it suddenly from their eager lips! How sweet is hope! How bitter is disappointment! But can it be? Is it not really water that glistens in the sun yonder, reflecting every object as a mirror, and over which the swift-winged swallows are, even now, skimming to catch their prey? It is only the desert morass, and no water is there to slake the thirst of the sun-scorched traveller. Moab Ammel's heart is sad, as in speechless disappointment he withdraws his eyes from the cruel illusion. Look upwards, Moab; for from thence alone cometh thy help and thy strength!

* * * * * *

Moab Ammel has anxiety on his sunburnt brow, as the fiery beam burns through the kerchief that but half defends him. The lurid sky is fearful, and the thick, dark haze gathers around like a wall of loose, suffocating sand. A portentous gloom prevails, and the air is horribly hot. How lonely are the mouldered walls yonder,—lonely and sad! There is by the old ruin a basin-like hollow in the arid desert; and dry as it now appears, the stunted and withered aquatic plants set forth the truth that it once contained water. Once!—what, has it none now? Then over the spot the ostrich may pursue her half-winged flight in safety, but the serpent alone can remain and live. The much-enduring camel cannot halt without halting for ever. It is the fiery death-bed of man and beast; for the nearest well is too distant for relief. When Ain-al-furaj Kadinah, (the spring of the old monument,) fails, there is no hope but in heaven! The camels halt as they arrive, and kneel down with their heavy burdens. Their riders' hearts are heavy; for no water and death are one—and the sentence has run through the horror-stricken company. The well is dry! Not a murmur is heard; for hope is extinguished, and every mind is absorbed in gloomy despair.

* * * * * *

Moab Ammel is looking up with thankfulness to the darkened heavens, and "Allah!" is hanging on his lips. A feeble cry is suddenly raised—a cry of joy and delight that runs through the fainting throng—for rain, grateful, delightful, heart-reviving rain, is falling from the skies. Every face is turned upward, every mouth is open, and skins are spread wide to catch the descending moisture. The dispirited revive—the hopeless take heart—the dying live again. Down comes the unlooked-for blessing, cooling the arid air. Water is poured "upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." Had not thirst been first endured, this delight could not thus be enjoyed. The dark African, the swarthy Asiatic, and the fairer European, are all revelling in the descending shower. Truly may one say, help cometh from above—"God is a very present help in trouble," Psalm xlvi. 1.

* * * * * *

Moab Ammel is seated on his dromedary, rolling to and fro a pebble in his mouth to allay his burning thirst. The air is hot and suffocating, and the sunbeam scorching, intense, and all but unendurable. Slowly onward move the toil-enduring, heavy-laden camels. There is no tree affording a friendly shelter! No "shadow of a great rock in a weary land!" Awed by the impressive silence of the motionless desert, and subdued by the relentless heat, the merchant would willingly barter his bales for a group of palm trees to defend his head, or for a cup of water to cool his burning tongue. See! see! the verdurous valley!—the oasis in the desert! Trees, tall trees, are lifting high their broad-leaved heads. Grass and shrubs adorn the ground, where the sound of running streams is heard, mingling with the voice of feathered songsters: "The wilderness and the solitary place are glad, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose!"

* * * * * *

Moab Ammel is striving in vain to repress the speed of his dromedary; for he breaks away, ardent and unrestrainable. The horses are neighing with impatience,—rushing on regardless of their riders. Long has been the march, rugged and toilsome the way, and the heat is insufferable. The water-skins are dry, the plague of thirst is at its height, and the horses and the camels have scented the far-off water. The caravan is in confusion. A new energy has spread through man and beast,—it is rather a charge than a march, to the current that is pouring its streams through the arid

wilderness. Camels lose their patience, and hurry on to the flowing brook; horses and riders together plunge into the rolling stream. Toil, heat, thirst, all are forgotten, or swallowed up in the immeasurable delight of drinking without restraint, and laving freely in the running water.

* * * * * *

Moab Ammel, awaking from slumber, leaves his tent to mount his dromedary, and pursue his weary way: but no! the caravan is in confusion, for the camels have half buried their heads in the sand. Well do the Bedouins understand the alarming sign. Fear is abroad, and terror reigns around; for the burning storm, the fiery wind of death, the dreaded simoon is at hand! Arabs and idol-worshipping Africans are hastily securing the beasts, and Christians and turbaned Mussulmans are strengthening their tents, and stopping up the crevices. They fall down on their faces, and cover themselves to abide the coming calamity,—for the terrible scourge of the desert is now near. The gusty wind becomes furious, and clouds of red, burning sand are whirling round and round with frightful impetuosity—drifting in heaps, and scorching in their course such as are hapless enough to be unsheltered. The storm is going forth in its fury, and destruction and death have doomed the multitude.

* * * * * *

Moab Ammel rises as one from the grave, and looks around on the silent and lifeless wreck of human beings that so lately were his fellow-travellers. Europeans, Turks, and Arabs, merchants and traders, Nubians, pilgrims, and slaves—all lie dead! The simoon, that has raged for two days, has done its work, and burning heat and implacable thirst have overtaken their prey. Suffocated camels and horses, smitten by the fiery plague—overturned tents—and a scattered throng of men, women, and children, with blackened faces, lie extended before him, half-entombed by the burning sand. How slender is the thread of life! How sudden and unerring the dart of death!

* * * * * *

Moab Ammel, almost exhausted, journeys on alone; the camel's flagging pace grows slower and slower, and the fierce and scorching beams come ever hot and withering. The last of that goodly caravan has sunk subdued on the arid, burning plain. Said we the last? Moab Ammel is still upon his camel; his throat is tightened with thirst; his tongue is hardened and crusted over; his parched and cracked lips are partly open; and his bloodshot eyes are glazed and fixed in vacancy. Still feebly moves forward his much-enduring beast; but the far-off water is not scented, and the burning sun abates not its beams. No cry breaks the silence of the voiceless desert. No sound is heard; but a cloud of sand rises and sparkles in the fiery sunshine, as Moab Ammel, no longer able to retain his seat, falls inanimate from his camel.

* * * * * *

Moab Ammel is being raised from the ground by the leader of an Arab party. A troop of Bedouins, looking out for the expected caravan, has arrived at the spot, and the robber of the desert is playing the part of the Samaritan. Water has revived the exhausted Moab, and life is again his—but life alone. His camels, his merchandise, his expected wealth, are gone. And what is wealth for which men endure toil, defy danger, and run the risk of death! Surely "riches make themselves wings and fly away." Christian, Moslem, and Pagan have ventured their all for wealth, and become food for the vulture and the beast of prey. What journeyings have taken place among merchants from Smyrna, and Damascus, and Cairo, and Bagdad, and Morocco, in pursuit of gain! and of what multitudes may it be said, evil has befallen them! Thousands have been subdued by toil and the spear of the robber, and tens of thousands by heat, thirst, and the blasting breath of the desert storm.

* * * * * *

Moab Ammel has regained his home, and sits once more under the shade of his own date and palm trees. Sad was the day when he quitted his dwelling, and happy was the hour of his return. As he muses on the past, the scenes in the desert rise in his remembrance;—the toilsome march, the shelterless heat, the burning thirst, and the fiery breath of the raging simoon—all remind him of evils gone by, and comforts that remain. With a grateful heart he confesses the folly of hasting to be rich, and determines to be content with smaller gains, and to cultivate his little patrimony in peace. Christian! learn a lesson from thy Mohammedan brother. As thou hast more knowledge than he, manifest more discretion; and as thou surpassest him in the multitude of thy mercies, so also exceed him in gratitude and content. G.

A PHILANTHROPIST.

MICHELE having procured us a carriage from Interlachen, says Dr. W. L. Alexander, we started from Neuhaus about eleven o'clock. An avenue lined with trees conducted us to Unterseen, a genuine Swiss village, with houses built of wood, and covered with red tiled roofs, and an old church whose square tower is surmounted with a roof of the same material. Passing through it, and leaving Interlachen a little to the left, we took the road for Lauterbrunnen. This road is a very good one, and passes through the most enchanting scenery. At first, the country for a mile or so is open, and the road lies through the midst of fertile meadow land; but presently the ravines close upon the traveller, and he pursues the rest of his journey encircled by hills, rocks, and streams. Some of the hills are covered with grass, but the greater part are clothed with pines, or lift up their bare and jagged fronts as if defying vegetation to rest upon them. Frequently the road appears as if utterly blocked up by a projecting precipice meeting a corresponding promontory on the opposite side, and the traveller wonders how he is to get past; and when at length he has wound through the defile, he perhaps finds himself in a long glen which appears closed in on every side, and where roaring streams, and nodding pines, and beetling crags, unite to compose a picture, the wild romance of which makes a prisoner of every sense. Of human habitations along this road, there are few. The ruined castle of Unspunnen, where reigned of yore the grim barons of that name, the lords of the Oberland from the Grimsel to the Gemmi, is pointed out to every traveller as the reputed residence of Byron's Manfred. A few poor looking villages, the inhabitants of which look unhealthy and sad, a chalet here and there picturesquely perched amid the crags, or nestling among the pines, with one or two residences of a superior kind; such are the scanty traces of man's presence in this region of grandeur and beauty.

Among the dwellings which one observes in travelling this road, there is one which I cannot pass without special notice. It is a house situated far up a gently sloping hill at a considerable distance from the road, but easily distinguishable by the cleared space around it, and by its own dazzling whiteness. It is the residence of Dr. Guggenbuhl, a young German physician, who has consecrated his property, talents, and energies to a great physical and moral experiment for the benefit of Switzerland, in the way of remedying its worst affliction —that of cretinism. I know not that the history of philanthropy contains a finer passage than is furnished by the benevolent labours of Dr. Guggenbuhl. The narrative of his efforts is briefly this:—When he had finished his medical studies in his native country, he set out for a ramble in Switzerland. Here his professional interest was arrested by the new forms of disease which he saw around him, and his benevolent sympathies were deeply moved by the apparently hopeless condition of the miserable sufferers, especially the cretins. His confidence in the resources of his profession, co-operating with his pity, led him to cherish a hope that something might be effected even for these outcasts of humanity; and whilst his mind was in this state, an incident occurred which decided him to embark his all in the attempt. Passing along the road one morning, he saw a poor cretin fall down before an image of the virgin and child, reverently fold her hands, and appear as if offering prayer. Immediately the joyful conviction took possession of his mind, that intellect was not totally extinct in these hapless beings; for even supposing there was nothing in the scene he witnessed but mere imitation, still it was imitation under circumstances which clearly showed the existence of mind in the individual by whom it was performed. Closer observation, however, satisfied him that something more than mere imitation had led that poor female to her knees before the image; and that there really was in her mind a consciousness of reverence and worship. He from this drew the just inference, that if a cretin was capable of being inspired with feelings like these, the case of such was not to be treated as hopeless. At least he determined that the experiment should be fairly tried, whether it were not possible, by taking children afflicted with this calamity at an early age from districts in which it prevails, removing them to a purer and more bracing atmosphere, attending carefully to their diet and their general health, and using such means as experience has shown to be most effective for awakening thought and feeling in dormant natures, that a remedy might be found for this

frightful malady, or at least some mitigation of it effected. No sooner was the design formed than the benevolent young physician hastened to put it into effect. Returning home he sold some property which he possessed, and with the proceeds hastened to Switzerland, where he fitted up the house in which he now dwells. He there collected some children who appeared suitable for his experiment, and shut himself up with them in this secluded retreat, determined to leave nothing untried that skill or observation might suggest as likely to conduce to the success of the experiment. To such devoted and self-denying philanthropy it is impossible to pay too high a meed of praise. It is pleasant to be able to add, that Dr. Guggenbuhl, after several years' experience, has found his scheme productive of the most encouraging results. Though at first ridiculed as a sort of philanthropic fanatic, he has, by the published reports of his institution, and through the testimonies of competent judges who have visited it, compelled toward his experiment the attention both of physicians and economists. Among others who have enthusiastically espoused his cause, is the talented countess Hahn-Hahn, who has written an interesting account of a visit paid by her to his institution. Every right-hearted reader will, I am sure, unite with me in the wish, "May he find his reward in the full realization of his benevolent design!"

APPEARANCES OF NATURE.

JANUARY.

The striking of that midnight clock brought a solemn truth to the mind of every thinking hearer. It told the departure of another year! As time wings its swift course onward, we often forget its passage, till we have some memento of its flight. A year, with all its vicissitudes, errors, and sins, has passed away, never to return; and the contemplative mind will ponder its lapse with advantage. Few, however, regard it as they should, and in this respect the young are specially culpable. Calculating on a long career, they commonly allow the frivolities of the present to engross their attention, and forget the admonitions of the grey-haired man, who tells them how short-lived is the taper of life, even when it burns for the longest period. Few anticipate the scenes through which they may yet pass, or even stop to muse on what cannot be recalled. Buoyant hope cheers them on, and throws a constant sunshine on their path, which will be overshadowed by many a dark cloud, that will be felt the more, from being unexpected, and their being unprepared for its coming.

The appearance of the landscape at this season is, to an ordinary eye, anything but prepossessing. December has been styled the gloomiest, and January the severest, month of the year. The days have sensibly lengthened, but, in the words of the old adage, "The cold strengthens." Often is it a month of abundant snows, and all the intensity of frost, and the biting north wind, whirling from the open fields, pursues its uninterrupted course, and drives to their places of shelter every member of the animal creation. The snow-drift accumulates against every projecting object, figuring the walls and hedges with fantastic shapes. The traveller must take care as he passes the lanes, of ditches and pits, for the snow has filled them, and they are as traps for the unwary, while the heaths and open places are avoided, for there the wind is especially severe.

Meanwhile, under the influence of the wintry air, the fish in the ponds perish in great numbers, and sometimes they may be observed firmly embedded in the ice, their bright and silvery sides being distinguishable through its transparency. On some occasions, fishes thus frozen up, and apparently dead, have been restored to animation on being gradually thawed. The little birds are hopping, with half-erected feathers, on the door-sills, seeking at the hands of man the food they cannot obtain from the usual sources. The gamekeeper is on the alert, for the snow betrays the footsteps of every moving creature, and advantage is taken to preserve game, while thousands of badgers, polecats, weasels, stoats, rats, and other vermin, are traced to their haunts, and destroyed. The poacher, too, pursues his illegal and dangerous plans with success, particularly on moonlight nights. Partridges, nestled in the stubble, pheasants perched on the boughs of trees, and hares driven for food to the gardens, fall victims to his gun and snare, while larks, wood-pigeons, and other members of the feathered race, are slaughtered without intermission. In towns, the lad just escaped from school shoulders his gun, and

thinks himself a sportsman, marching forth for the destruction of redwings, finches, sparrows, and even redbreasts, though his prey is probably small in amount. Pedestrians, who value their persons, keep at a distance from all hedges; for many a wound has been received by man, intended for the members of the feathered race, while many a cow, horse, or sheep, has been suddenly injured by a stray shot. The younger schoolboy, also, is bent on the capture of a share of the spoil, and sets his trap, made of four bricks and three pegs, or with a sieve, a stick, and a string drawn through a window or a keyhole, ready for anything that comes.

How that kite hovers over the farmyard, whetting his back on the keen air in "heaven's high arc." Down he comes into the midst of the poultry, seizing, perhaps, a fine hen, and flying down the wind with his screaming prey. That fowler, too, with his nets, has taken a lark. Poor bird! never again will it rise and take flight in the boundless air; it is destined to a narrow cage, and a turf, not so wide as its wings. Yonder a sportsman endeavours to approach that flock of larks, which has just flown away from the nets—he is perplexed by a whirling snipe just out of gun-shot. Watch that sparrow-hawk pursuing a fieldfare. Look, he is above his object; he hovers—he stoops. But that gun has brought the bird to the ground, and the hawk, altering its course, flies off from so dangerous a neighbourhood, scared at the sight, to pursue his prey in other directions.

Nor are the birds safe during the night, for if they escape the net placed over the side of the stack in which they have found shelter, they are roused from their slumbers in hedges and copses by the beating of trees and bushes, while the dazzling light of a torch appears, and flying instinctively towards the flame, they are struck down and secured. This plan is adopted in some countries, and great numbers of game, besides thrushes, blackbirds, and innumerable small birds, reward the trouble of the catchers. This mode is denominated "bird-moping." With so many enemies to effect their destruction, may it not appear wonderful that the race is not extirpated; but there is One seated on the circle of the earth, who preserves them within the bounds that are most desirable.

Another remarkable fact may here be noticed. It is a law of nature that bodies shall expand under the influence of heat, and contract under that of cold. When, therefore, heat is applied to the bottom of a vessel containing water, the particles become enlarged, and rise to the surface, while others take their place, and undergo the same process, till the whole has acquired a boiling heat. In cooling, the opposite of this occurs: the particles, as they decrease in temperature, by contact with the air, and also lessening in bulk, sink; others occupy the vacated place, till the whole body has acquired a lower temperature. If, however, this were the law which governed every movement in nature, most serious consequences would result. As for example, if the particles of water on the surface of the river became cooled and frozen, they would sink to the bottom, a bed of ice would be formed at the bed of the river, gradually accumulating, till the whole became a solid mass of the consistency of rock, and the ocean would be rendered inaccessible. Nor would the heat of the summer be sufficient to reduce it again to a fluid condition, because the heated particles, being the lightest, would constantly float at the top, and the warmth could only be diffused, as it is in solids, by conduction. Experiments have proved this, for water has been made to boil by the application of heat to a vessel partly filled with ice, without thawing the congealed body below. The benignant modification of the law now appears in all its beauty. When water has cooled to forty degrees, instead of continuing to contract, it suddenly begins to expand, and proceeds in this new course till it reaches thirty-two degrees, when it becomes ice. The ice, therefore, being lightest, occupies the surface, protecting the waters below from the cold, while it is itself exposed to the earliest influence which finer weather exerts.

"What can be more delicately beautiful," says a well-known writer, "than the spectacle which sometimes salutes the eye at the breakfast-room window, occasioned by the hoar-frost dew? If a jeweller had come to dress every plant over night, to surprise an eastern sultan, he could not produce anything like the 'pearly drops,' or the 'silvery plumage.' An ordinary bed of greens, to those who are not at the mercy of their own vulgar associations, will sometimes look like crisp and corrugated emerald, powdered with diamonds."

The hoar-frost is produced by the freezing of mist or dew, and appears to be occasioned by a process similar to that by which snow is formed in the higher regions of the atmosphere. The great point of difference is, that the snow is produced from the rain-drops as suspended in the air, without attachment to any solid material, while hoar-frost is usually elaborated on the blades of grass, or other substances with which the particle of moisture come in contact. It is a well-known fact, that water does not really freeze unless in contact with some solid substance, and hence we always see the first appearance of ice either along the margin of water, or shooting out in long and beautiful feathers from some random stick or stone projected from its surface. It is in subjection to the same law that the watery particles floating in the air, after being exhaled from the surface of the earth, although they are at, or even below, the freezing point, retain their fluid state when the frost is not very intense, till they meet with something solid, when they instantly become crystallized, and are deposited on the trees, the hedges, and the spreading meadows, in fantastic and elegant form. A dense haze frequently sets in over-night, which, being dissipated the next morning by a bright sun, displays the different objects around clothed in a gay and novel manner, and we see

"The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine."

The fields are also adorned, the hedges have a snowy foliage, the woods are covered with silent splendour, while the wandering birds, frightened at the rattling branches, scatter the rime around in snowy showers. The thickets have all assumed an aspect of loveliness; the mind is more affected by it from its suddenness of creation, and the consciousness of its speedy departure, for hoar-frosts and gipsies are said never to remain nine days in the same place—the former, indeed, seldom continuing three. True were the words of Barton, when he said, in his "Address to Winter,—

"Thou hast thy beauties: sterner ones I own
Than those of thy precursors; yet to thee
Belong the charms of solemn majesty
And naked grandeur. Awful is the tone
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are blown
By hurrying winds across the troubled sky;
Pensive when softer breezes faintly sigh
Through leafless boughs, with ivy overgrown.
Thou hast thy decorations too; although
Thou art austere: thy studded mantle, gay
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow
As erst Golconda's; and thy pure array
Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
Envelopes Nature; till her features seem
Like pale but lovely ones seem when we dream."

The appearance of frost-work on our windows suggests much for notice, and those who will, may read a lesson from even such a seeming trifle as this. Sturm says, "Can an object be considered as little when it furnishes matter for useful reflection? For my own part, I do not disdain to read, even on the frozen glass, a truth which may have a great influence on my happiness. Behold the flowers which the frost has portrayed on the glass; they are beautifully and artificially varied; nevertheless, one ray of the noon-day sun effaces them. Thus the imagination paints everything beautiful to us; but everything which it represents as attractive in the possession of the good of the world, is but a beautiful image which shall disappear in the light of reason. The importance of this lesson of wisdom was worth the trouble of stopping for a while at the little phenomenon which furnishes it."

Some there are who feel an aversion to winter, regarding the summer as the only period of enjoyment, when fine days and glorious scenes in nature present themselves. But it was the design which God has always in remembrance, that monotony should be nowhere found in his works, and here is an additional reason for adoring the Divine Being through his works. The orbs of heaven are all glorious, but "one star differeth from another star in glory." The ravines and the valleys, the plains, the mountains and the hills, the woods, the trees, and the leaves are almost as varied as the ever changing waves upon the ocean. The animal world is diversified as the vegetable, and the distinction between the individuals of a class is often as obvious as that between the genera and species themselves. Go where we will, search here, there, and everywhere, and perfect similarity is not found between any of nature's productions. Were it otherwise, how much happpiness should we never have known which we now enjoy. Were there but one colour, and were all the beautiful scenes now presented to us, which charm us by their variety, exchanged for monotony and an exact regularity of appearance, how great would be the alteration, and how much should we regret it. Were every

face the same, how should we distinguish our friends from strangers, our countrymen from foreigners? Or were the minds of men, in every respect, alike, instead of that diversity of character, taste, and feeling, which now constitutes the mainspring of society and civilisation, how calamitous would be the alteration! But instead of this, we have variety in uniformity, change in regularity, and dissimilarity yet perfect order. Thomson has said, and with him many can sympathize:

"O Winter! ruler of the inverted year!
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slipp'ry way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art!"

"Can you give no reason," it has been asked, "why the heart of a child is filled with such joyous glee when the first snow-flakes descend? There is no very special beauty in the sight; and there are no very well-defined hopes of slides or rides to awaken such joy. At fifty, the gladness is not expressed so unequivocally; but yet, when the gravest philosopher rides through a wood, whose boughs are loaded with the snow, and whose tops bend over with the burden, and looks upon the footsteps of the rabbit, who has leaped along over the ground, he feels the same pleasure, though he indicates it by riding on in silent musing, instead of uttering exclamations of delight. Can you explain this pleasure? Is there any describable pleasure in a great expanse of white? Is the form of the trees, or the beauty of their foliage, improved by their snowy mantle? No! The explanation is, that God, who formed the laws of nature, formed also the human heart; and has so adapted the one to the other, as to promote, in every variety of mode, the enjoyment of the beings he has made. There is no end to the kinds of enjoyment which God has thus opened to us everywhere. They are too numerous to be named; and no intellectual philosopher has undertaken the hopeless task of arranging them."

Delightful as is the aspect of nature under the warmth, splendour, and genial influence of a summer sun, it is with a thousand pleasing emotions that this season is regarded and anticipated by many, which specially re-unites the members of the family circle, and ushers in that social and intellectual intercourse which constitutes the dearest charm, and, next to religion, the highest privilege of human existence. When all without is wrapped in darkness, and the freezing blast howls eager for entrance round the dwelling, with what enjoyment do its cheerful inmates crowd around the hearth! How delightful is it here to enjoy the social hours with an united family, when the parents occupy their appropriate armchairs, and the younger members form a group around—their fingers, perhaps, engaged in some light employment—listening with interest to the instruction of some useful book, or hearing, with the fond affection of brothers or sisters, the tale of one who has come from a distance to join the family circle! And as the happy hours wing their rapid flight away, occasionally listening to the loud howling of the wind as the casements rattle, we congratulate ourselves and one another on the comfort and security with which we are favoured by "the Father of mercies." Or, if we draw back the curtains to see what is the state of the weather, we find, perhaps, a "driving snow-storm" rages. It is winter, indeed, "reigning tremendous o'er the conquered year," and reminding us that there are those who are suffering at the moment when we are enjoying ourselves. We perhaps draw nearer the fire, and shudder when we recollect how many must be exposed to all the bleakness and fury of the storm—how many experience severe privation and distress, and are unable to face its terrors—and what are the dangers and trials of those who approach or navigate our coasts, on a "tempest-troubled deep," with icy cordage, and a hurricane of sleet. It is here that the power of contrast is experienced in all its force; not only in reference to the exposure, fatigues, and hazards, which may have been actually incurred ere the daylight closed; but imagination is at work to paint the lot of those less favoured than ourselves, and who, it may be, feel the bitterness of their destiny augmented by intrusive recollections of domestic ease and fireside enjoyments.

The poets seem to have exerted themselves to portray winter in all its varied appearances. Cowper, whose muse appears especially to have loved winter scenery,

has dwelt upon it with peculiar felicity of expression. After describing, in glowing terms, the comforts of his fireside, painting the severity of the frost, and the roughness of the wind, as endearing to him the security and warmth he enjoys within, he most happily vindicates the propriety and moral utility of indulging the imagination in the construction of such contrasts, illustrating his observations by a picture valuable for its truth and distinctness of delineation :

"In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side;
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathize with others suffering more.
Ill fares the traveller now, and he that stalks
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregating loads adhering close
To the clogg'd wheels; and in its sluggish pace,
Noiseless, appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong
Forced downwards, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He form'd to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on."

Surely such thoughts as these should bring to our minds additional thankfulness to Him who has cast our lot in comfort, though altogether unworthy of his bounty.

The enjoyment of social intercourse is not restricted to the upper and middle classes of society. Under the roofs of thousands of our poorer countrymen they have their joys of the fireside, and the merry peal of laughter may be heard by the passer-by, over the rustic but wholesome fare. Their wants are fewer and more easily satisfied than those of wealthier neighbours, but, if contentment is experienced, they have abundant reason for rejoicing. Kirke White has said :

"Go with the cotter to his wintry fire,
Where o'er the moors the loud blast whistles shrill,
And the hoarse ban-dog bays the icy moon;
Mark with what awe he listens the wild uproar,
Silent, and big with thought; and hear him bless
The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds,
For his snug hearth, and all his little joys."

Soon may the peasantry of our country universally prove that "godliness with contentment is great gain!"

The enjoyment of social intercourse or innocent recreation, however, is not the only charm of a winter evening. It may be regarded as one of the chief seasons of literary pleasure. How happy does the student feel as the snow falls about his dwelling, and the night wind howls fearfully! He closes his window curtains, stirs his cheerful fire, lights his lamp, and, bringing from his shelf some favourite classic of the "olden time," or some equally interesting production of modern date—but whether it be a tome of philosophy, classics, or poetry, he is speedily absorbed, and insensible to all around. The hours thus move quickly by, and, if he has spent his day with profit, he may retire to rest with a peaceful and thankful mind to prepare himself for the duties of the morrow.

If spring, summer, and autumn excite in us hope, joy, and gratitude, to the thoughtful and feeling mind winter comes not without a blessing on its wings. It teaches us to trust with confidence in the wisdom and goodness of God; and some of the noblest lessons of religion are to be learned amidst its clouds. When we contemplate the declining sun, and hear the winds of winter, we should remember that this reign of gloom and desolation will pass away, that spring will resume its reign of beauty, and the voice of joy again be heard in the promises of another season. In each one of the multitude of years that have gone before, this resurrection—the work of Omnipotence—has been accomplished, and the beneficence of heaven has been annually renewed.

F. S. W.

TIME.

Time is measured duration; the material of our being, and the index of our progression to eternity.

There was, before time begun its course; there will be, when time shall be no longer.

Time has been a favourite theme with philosophers, moralists, and sages. Some have extolled it much, but none ever knew its intrinsic worth. The light of eternity must reveal it, the day of doom declare it, and all eternity re-echo it.

Time past, how transient; time present, how evanescent; time to come, with many how uncertain. How different in the lessons it teaches, and the impressions it makes.

The child wastes it in play, and knoweth not its worth; the anxious youth would hasten its course, and the aged put a drag upon its wheels.

Deferred hope, and endured pain biddeth it fly; enjoyment would arrest its flight, and the condemned malefactor is overwhelmed at its velocity.

So intrinsically excellent, it is dealt

out in moments, and two contemporary ones never existed at the same period.

Its travel is regular, silent but sure. It never wearies, nor halts, nor turns aside; on, on, is its motto,—and on, on, it has sped for nearly six thousand years.

A thousand years were given to the antediluvians; one hundred and twenty to the patriarchs; but thirty are the measure of the modern generations of mankind.

Time is the space of man's existence, the bounds of his probation, and his seed-time for eternity.

In possession, it may be improved and enjoyed; gone, it is irrecoverably lost.

Used, it blesses; neglected, it condemns; abused, it leaves its curse behind.

Time should be redeemed from vain conversation, frivolous pursuits, foolishness of life.

Time should be anticipated by prudent forethought, improved by holy diligence, and laid up for serious reflection.

The records of time will furnish the subjects for judgment, and influence the destinies of eternity.

Reader! what thinkest thou of time? how hast thou spent time past? how art thou using time present? and how purposing for time to come?

Know its intrinsic value; be taught its immense importance; and so number thy days as to apply thy heart unto wisdom. —*Christian Philosophy.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON RISING AND SETTING SUNS.

I AM not quite certain whether my present subject is not fitter for the end than for the beginning of the year; but as it is too late now to take that question into consideration, I must do my best to adapt it to my purpose. Cases have occurred in which publishers, when pressed for time, have altered old illustrations to suit new works; thus, a print of Mount Etna, with a touch or two of the engraver, and a new name, furnishes a tolerable resemblance of Vesuvius; and a woodcut of a corporal in the hussars, with the addition of a little more fur and moustache, makes a capital marshal Blucher. Surely, then, with the exercise of a moderate portion of ingenuity, I can make my rising and setting suns, which require no change, as suitable for one part of the year as for another.

It is quite as much as I can do, not to envy those who reside in rural situations, or among mountainous scenery; for there is so much that excites me to joy and thankfulness in such positions, that, when in the country, I live in a state of mind something akin to that of a schoolboy, enjoying half-a-day's holiday. It may be that the schoolboy's pleasure and mine are both heightened by the same conviction—the shortness of the tenure on which we hold them. Certain it is that, among exciting scenery, I am no little of an enthusiast.

Some time ago, I was abroad as early as two or three hours after midnight; but the immediate object of my shadowy ramble needs not now be told. I had kept, "ever and anon," my eye on the east, from the gloom of night to the grey of approaching dawn. By-and-by came a pale, silvery light, that faintly spread itself in the shadowy vault, succeeded by a somewhat rosy tint. It seemed as though angels were busy in unbarring the windows of heaven! And now, wider and wider, shot upwards a glowing beam, while clouds of yellow hue, azure, purple, and crimson adorned the skies: but even these were but the heralds of greater glory; for at last came, in unendurable splendour, the source of light—the fountain of effulgency. I felt excited and solemnized by the presence of the ambassador of the Eternal, as he flung from his resplendent car light and life, and proclaimed to earth and heaven the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of his Almighty Maker!

It is well for man that he has duties to perform, as well as pleasures to enjoy, otherwise he might be wasting his energies in unprofitable enjoyment, or dreaming away his days in listless ease. Our daily duties narrow the fountain of our delight, and make it play the higher. I had active duties to perform through the day, and in their discharge I forgot the pleasure that the rising sun had given me. When filled with occupation, time flies quickly. Hour after hour passed away, and I set off on my return home.

The day was well nigh spent, though the west was still flooded with light. Above the round, red sun, which might just be looked on without the eyes being blinded; the sky was almost as bright as the sun itself; while below, the dark, purple clouds afforded a fine relief to the golden orb that rested on and glittered above them. More remote, the attendant clouds were faint and scattered, as though

overawed by the glory that beamed upon them, or fearful to intrude on retiring majesty. By degrees, the king of day sank down in his chariot of gathered clouds, and, hiding his face with his purple robe, withdrew himself from the world. Nature was sensible of his absence; heaven and earth put on sackcloth, and creation mourned the monarch of the skies.

I have now given you a rising and a setting sun, such as you may have seen more frequently than myself, and, perhaps, you may not be strangers to that delightful excitement which an ardent love of nature, combined with a deep and solemn reverence for its Almighty Creator, is calculated to inspire. But it may be otherwise, for all are not moved in the same manner, nor by the same things. Indeed, among the numberless paradoxes that puzzle the head of Old Humphrey, this is not the least—that so many who highly value God's book of revelation, should lowly estimate his book of creation;—that thousands who ponder a text of Holy Scripture with delight, should regard with apathy the rising and setting suns of the Eternal!

But is there no other sun than that which shineth in the heavens? The royal psalmist says, "The Lord God is a sun," Psalm lxxxiv. 11; and, indeed, he is a sun, compared with which the glittering luminary of the skies is as clouds and darkness! But I am disposed, just now, to regard lesser things, from which we derive especial advantage, and of which we may be suddenly deprived, by their being taken from us, or by our being removed from them,—I am disposed, I say, for a passing moment, to regard such things as rising and setting suns. The thought may be fanciful, but it may possibly be made both pleasurable and practically useful.

The new year is a rising sun now, it will be a setting sun by-and-by. Regard it as his gift who, in the beginning, created heaven and earth, called light into being, and rolled the stars along the firmament above. Receive it as the gift of God to you, and turn it to account. Look at its seasons, its sunshines, and its sabbaths! its green leaves, its flowers, and its fruits! its facilities for glorifying your heavenly Father, and its opportunities for doing good. Regard its moments, its minutes, and its months as a part of time, nay, rather as a part of eternity, and that part which, to you, may be the most important. Estimate it highly, receive it gratefully, and improve it gladly, so that God's gifts may set forth God's glory.

Books and periodicals may, in a sense, be regarded as rising and setting suns. Some of these fling a radiance around them, and shine with a steady light, while others, sadly beclouded, begin to set almost as soon as they have risen. A talented and well-conducted periodical is an influential thing, giving new life and energy to the circle in which it moves. Do you profit by periodicals? Do they inform your head, correct your heart, and help you on your way to heaven?

In my younger days, a publication appeared under the name of "The Comet," and, being pleased with the first number, I sent a contribution to the work. Soon after this, I was surprised to see placarded on the public walls an announcement of "The Comet's" second appearance, in which the title of my contribution figured away in large letters as the most attractive part of the placard. Writers are not apt to set too low a value on their productions, nor do I think it likely that I fell into this error. The editor of the periodical, however, went beyond me in the estimation of the paper of his unknown correspondent. My vanity being excited, I again set to work, and wrote a sparkling piece, well calculated, in my own opinion, to add to the lustre of "The Comet." With some impatience, I awaited the day of publication; but, alas! alas! ere that day arrived, "The Comet"-office was closed! The blazing star had disappeared! The sun had set! and my sparkling, meteor-contribution was never made visible to the public eye. More important publications than "The Comet" have been suddenly withdrawn from their sphere. Are you turning to account, then, those that you are accustomed to read?

But while I make these remarks, rising and setting suns seem to multiply around me. What suns are well-managed, benevolent institutions, whether they seek the welfare of the soul or of the body!—whether they mature the seeds of piety, humanity, and virtue, or destroy those of infidelity, cruelty, and crime! There is in them a reviving principle. They call forth a renewed energy of thought, word, and deed. They drive away the dark shadows of despondency, and doubt, and difficulty, and spread around the beams of hope, determination, and success. If there be aught in the heart of man planted

there by his Almighty Maker, of hallowed purpose or benevolent design—aught of reverence for the Great Giver of Good, or of love for mankind—these institutions are calculated to mature it, and to make it bring forth fifty and a hundred-fold.

Faithful ministers of the Most High, humble-minded, yet ardent proclaimers of the gospel of Jesus Christ, are all suns, shining with more or less intensity. Not always do they beam forth with power scattering the mists of ignorance and unbelief. Not always do they enlighten the dark places of the earth, making the desert to rejoice, and the wilderness to blossom as the rose, for He, from whom they derive their influence in his wisdom limits their power; yet is it a fearful thing for these suns to be withdrawn. "It is usually," says one, "a sign of displeasure, when a sovereign recalls his ambassador." Do we value these lights of the earth, and do we profit by their emanations?

Show me a man whose heart and soul are animated with the desire to do good; and whether he is seeking to instruct the young, to correct the vicious, to inform the ignorant, to relieve the destitute, to heal the sick, to liberate the slave, to extend the comfort of the suffering sons and daughters of affliction, or to protect the lower creatures of creation from cruelty, I will regard him as a sun; I will rejoice at the radiance of his course, and mourn when he is shorn of his beams.

Authors are suns in the sphere in which they move; and though, you may say, some of them give but little light, others there are who fling a radiant beam on the paths of thousands, and whose lustre will only shine the brighter when they are withdrawn from the world. Oh! how I yearn, at times, to grasp and gripe the influential hand that has quickened my pulse, and made my heart feel too big for my bosom. And think not that I allude only to those who treat on holy things, for I am an excursive reader, and often revel in the flowery realms of imagination and poetry. Very kindly do I feel towards such as contribute to the hoard of human happiness by their talented fancies, and free-hearted, though ephemeral works of genius; but remembering how many resplendent risings and sorrowful settings we have had among these glittering suns of literature, I can hardly be out of order in mingling with the kindly emotions I entertain for them, the ardent desire that, while they have the wit to sparkle through time, they may have the wisdom to prepare for eternity.

Artists, too, have a claim on my regard, for I owe them the amount of many a beaming hour. If you know what it is to be carried away by the pencil of the painter and the chisel of the sculptor; if you have marvelled at the skill that could give life and animation to canvass, and impart all but breath and motion to marble; you will not quarrel with me for putting painters and sculptors among my rising and setting suns, nor for feeling interested in their prosperous course.

Have I said enough on the subject of rising and setting suns; or shall I give you another page or two of my wandering thoughts? Hardly do I think it advisable to proceed; for if my fancies afford no pleasure, the sooner they are brought to an end the better; and if, on the other hand, you enjoy them as a feast, it is an excellent thing to rise from an entertainment with an appetite. Whichever the case may be, have a care, whether I have been trifling or not, that you do not trifle with yourselves. The viper has a sting in his head, and the scorpion has one in his tail—I hope that no sting will be found either in the head or tail of my remarks, but I do wish the close of them to be influential. Whatever may be your years, the sun of life will soon set with you—improve your advantages. "Make haste! make haste!" said the aged New Zealander, when he wished missionaries to be sent to him, "for my sun is fast going down."

Yes, Christian reader, whether thou art young, middle-aged, or old, thy sun is fast going down, and therefore, I again say to thee, improve thy advantages! Let the new year be an especial period in thy life for good. Make the most of its rising and setting suns, and of all the gifts of thy heavenly Father. Seek, with redoubled ardour, the Sun of Righteousness, and keep ever in view that fast-approaching eternal world, in which "the sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory," Isa. lx. 19.

MILTON AND SUCCEEDING POETS.

Poor, old, blind, persecuted Milton, with an intellect as capacious as it was cultivated—with a mind enriched with all

the learning of a learned age, possessing, unimpaired thereby, an imagination perhaps the most sublime ever bestowed upon man,—appeared, to redeem his country, if not from the despotism by which its liberties were crushed, at least to free it from subjection to that foreign influence, which was at variance, not only with true taste, but with nature itself.

A philosopher, a politician, a theologian, a Christian, a patriot, in a word, the greatest scholar of his own times, Milton affords us the best example of those principles which we have been endeavouring to illustrate—namely, That the highest mental culture, and the severest intellectual discipline, are not unpropitious to the grandest efforts of imagination.

Why dwell on the wonders of the "Paradise Lost?" Why trace the flight of this daring genius through the regions of death, and chaos, and the elder night? Why pursue his sublime track through that terrible abyss whose soil was "burning marle," whose roof was one vast concave of hottest flame, and whose oceans were floods of tossing fire? Why gaze with astonishment on the labours of the infernal hosts, or listen to the sound of angelic harmony of "harp, and lute, and dulcimer," and behold, rising from the flaming deep, "like a gorgeous exhalation," the palace of Hell's potentate, the star-gemmed Pandemonium? Why, crushed under the weight of so much misery, and splendour, bathe our wearied spirits in Elysium, and wander with heavenly guests through the fragrant groves and amaranthine bowers of Paradise, listening to "the song of earliest birds," and the sound of lulling waters, quaffing immortal draughts from cool and sacred fountains, or reposing with the most innocent and the loveliest pair that earth has ever borne upon its bosom, beneath the embowering branches of the tree of life? Why, satiated with "this verdurous beauty," this green repose, reascend with the adventurous bard and view "the celestial hierarchies," armed in panoply of adamant and gold, and behold, engaged in angelic sport, the "youth of heaven!"—why call up these visions, seeing that all this, and more than this, has been so often reiterated as to have become the very cant of criticism? Yet no less eloquently than truthfully has it been said, that "To Milton, and to Milton alone, belonged the secrets of the great deep, the beach of sulphur, the ocean of fire, the palaces of the fallen dominions glimmering through the everlasting shade, the silent wilderness of shadow, and verdure, and fragrance, where armed angels kept watch over the sleep of the first lovers, the portico of diamond, the sea of jasper, the sapphire pavement empurpled with celestial roses, and the infinite ranks of cherubim and seraphim blazing with adamant and gold."

From the contemplation of the works of this great poet we rise with hope, we gather strength and confidence, and we feel assurance in the truth of our assertion, that the most perfect mental discipline is not inimical to the muses, that civilisation is not the antagonist of poetry, and that the imaginative faculties attain their highest development, and reach their greatest excellence, when under the guidance of the most matured judgment.

With the reign of the second Charles seemed to occur a pause in the progress of intelligence. A deep gloom overspread not only the political, but the intellectual atmosphere; if genius exerted her powers, it was only fitfully, and her efforts were dedicated to vice, rather than consecrated to virtue. The only poet that can be mentioned after Milton, who, perhaps, might have been his rival, had he flourished in a more propitious era, is Dryden. The necessities of his circumstances, the cry for daily bread, compelled him to imitate the false taste which was then in vogue: but though he followed the vicious models which fashion had set up, it was evidently with constraint; his strong natural genius could not always be coerced, and as often as he forgot the pressure of poverty, and followed his own promptings, he rose to the dignity of an original writer. Though Dryden possessed strength, he was deficient in tenderness. He was but little acquainted with the secret workings of the human heart: he viewed man as the creature of society—his vision could not penetrate beneath the surface; the silent depths, the terrible abysses of the individual spirit were to him unfathomable. Hence, as a dramatist, he was totally unsuccessful. As a satirist, he made a nearer approach to the power and energy of Juvenal than any modern writer; and as a translator he has scarcely an equal. During the troublous time which succeeded, no poet of eminence appeared till the reign of Anne; then the effects of the preceding reigns began to manifest themselves in polite,

though feeble imitations of the ancients. If we except Pope and Thomson, there are no names of renown to illustrate this period. The writings of the former may justly be regarded as the perfection of the artificial school. Terse, clear, elegant, Pope raised the language of his country to the very extreme of refinement. To affirm, as some writers of modern fame have done, that Pope was no poet, is to betray both ignorance and prejudice; though devoid of high powers of imagination, such as those of Shakspeare or Milton, he was gifted with the most brilliant fancy, and the keenest wit. Thomson was a writer of truly original genius; though his "Seasons" are modelled after the Georgics of Virgil, they rise, in their treatment, far above imitation. If a pomposity of diction sometimes obscures and weakens his finest thoughts, yet his love of nature, the picturesqueness of his delineations, the truthfulness of his descriptions, the feeling of ease and earnestness, and the delight with which the poet luxuriates in his subject, captivate every reader, and please all who can admire the beautiful in external nature. On account of these excellences, "The Seasons" have become a household book.

If, during the reign of George III., the principles of civil liberty were advancing, the poetry of the early part of that reign had reached the lowest point of feebleness. The nerve, vigour, originality, and raciness of the elder writers were supplanted by elegant versification, flimsy sentimentality, a meaningless parade of language, and a servile imitation of foreign models. The vital, or at least the natural spirit of our poetry had disappeared, and all hopes of resuscitation seemed extinct. But a change was at hand. Two poets appeared to re-invigorate the whole body of our imaginative literature—we mean Cowper and Burns. Did our limits admit, we would willingly dilate on the peculiar excellences of these writers, whose works we regard as having given birth to those quickening influences which have since elevated our poetical literature to the rank of originality.—*British Quarterly Review.*

THE SUFFICIENCY OF GOD.

LUTHER, speaking of his own deficiency and of God's sufficiency, says, God stays the sea waves on the beach, and he stays them with sand.

ALAN QUINTIN'S INQUIRIES.

No. III.

WHAT SHALL WE GIVE HIM?

THEY that receive, ought to give; and he who has received much, should give much. Have you received much or little? or, rather, have you not received everything that you possess? God gave you your body; he formed you out of the dust of the earth. God gave you your soul, and breathed into you the spirit of life. Body, soul, and spirit are the gifts of God. Health, ease, peace, and joy, the word of God, the means of grace, and the hope of glory, all have been given you by the Holy One. Everything you and I possess here, and everything we hope for hereafter, the Lord of life and glory has bestowed. What, then, are we prepared to give him in return? Shall we give him our thoughts and our thanksgiving? our love and our obedience? our hearts and our souls?

What do you give to the young? Do you give them love, tenderness, and kindness? Do you remember that you were once a child, that you spake as a child, understood as a child, and thought as a child? and do you bear with their childish ways? Do you draw them to you, or drive them from you? Do you give them knowledge, reproof, and encouragement? Do you act to them as if they were always to remain on earth? or do you treat them as beings that you desire in heaven to live for ever?

What shall we give to the old? They have been young, like ourselves; and if we live, we shall be aged as they are. Despise not thy mother when she is old. Honour thy father in his years. Do you do this? Do you listen to the wisdom of the aged? Do you sympathize with them in their sorrows? Do you give them kindness, attention, respect, and reverence; hiding their infirmities, bearing their burdens, and smoothing their path to a better world?

What shall we give to a neighbour? Never mind whether he has given us anything or not, what shall we give to him? He may be very kind, or very churlish—very proud, or very affable. Are you willing to give your neighbour what you ought to give him? Do you give him kind thoughts, kind words, kind deeds, and kind counsel? Do you give a good example? Oh this will be worth more to him than a diamond ring! Do you respect his good qualities, and

bear with his infirmities? Are you a neighbour to him, whether or not he is a neighbour to you? The word of God says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Do you do this? Do you love him truly, sincerely, and heartily? Do you love him in riches and poverty, in health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow? Do you love him for a day, and for a year, for the present and the future, for time and eternity? Would you do him good on earth, and help him on in the way of heaven?

What shall we give to the stranger? Shall we leave him alone, or treat him as we would be treated, were we strangers? Job acted well to the wayfaring man, he opened his gates to the traveller, and we ought to open our hearts to him. How act you to the stranger, and what do you give him? Do you give him food when he is hungry, clothes when he is naked? Do you send him on his way rejoicing, and give him your blessing in the name of the Lord?

What do you give to a friend? Do you give him the right hand of fellowship? He "that hath friends, must show himself friendly." Do you give him affection? for "a friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." Do you give him your countenance, your support, your prayers? Do you aid him in earthly, and help him in heavenly things? Do you give him honest and upright counsel, and, when necessary, just reproof? for "faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful," Prov. xxvii. 6.

What shall we give to an enemy? Shall we be angry with him, and hate him, and do him an injury? Shall we pursue him, and smite him, and reproach him? Has he not cursed us, and hated us, and despitefully used us, and persecuted us? Is it not just to treat him as he has treated us? What says the word of God? "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you," Matt. v. 44. It seems, then, that we must give love for hatred, blessings for curses, and good for evil.

How odd! how strange! to love the foes that spite us,
And kiss the hand that 's ready raised to smite us.

What shall we give to the rich? for we are all ready enough to give them something. Some bow the head to them, some bend the knee to them, some fawn upon them and flatter them, some excuse their failings, some praise their virtues. What do I do? What do you do? What ought we to do? What ought we not to do?—We ought not to envy them, to malign them, to injure them; we ought to bear with them, to serve them, and to do them good. We ought to give them good thoughts, good words, and good deeds.

What shall we give to the poor?—Shall we pass them by, like the priest and the Levite, or help them, as the good Samaritan? Shall we neglect them, deceive them, and despise them; or pay them attention, instruct them, and increase their comforts? If they ask for bread, will you give them a stone? If they ask for a fish, will you give them a serpent?

Some give the poor half-picked bones, fragments, table crumbs, leavings, things for which they themselves have no use, and call it charity. You may not be able to give them much, but do you give them what you can?

"Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Give him aid—give freely, give cheerfully, give gladly; for "God loveth a cheerful giver." Be eyes to the blind, be feet to the lame, and deliver him who hath no helper; then—

When troubles come and earthly comforts flee,
The Lord will comfort and deliver thee.

THINKING.

THINKERS are scarce as gold; but he whose thoughts embrace all his subject, pursues it uninterruptedly and fearless of consequences is a diamond, of enormous size.—*Lavater.*

SUPERIORITY.

So far is it from being true that men are naturally equal, that no two people can be half an hour together but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other.—*Johnson.*

SIN.

HE that sins against men may fear discovery, but he who sins against God is sure of it.—*Jones, of Nayland.*

Orange-gathering in the Azores.

THE ORANGE TREE.

The members of a varied family of plants comprise the citron, the lemon, the shaddock, and the orange. There are many kinds of the lemon, and one author enumerates no less than forty-four different varieties of the orange. The orange is a finer and more beautiful tree than either the citron or the lemon; like them, when in its native soil, it possesses prickly branches. In the east, the orange trees are capricious in their growth, the leaves and fruit frequently altering from their original form. They continue to flower during nearly the whole of the summer, the fruit taking two years to arrive at maturity, so that, during several months in each year, a healthy tree exhibits every stage of the production, from the flower-bud to the ripe fruit, all in perfection at the same time. In some places, they are, however, more like shrubs than trees; their leaves and twigs bearing some resemblance to those of the laurel; but in Spain and Italy, the trees attain to a great size, and form a considerable amount of timber. In the convent of St. Sabina at Rome, there is an orange tree thirty-one feet high which is said to have reached the extraordinary age of six hundred years, and at Nice, in 1789, there was another that generally bore five or six thousand oranges, having a trunk, fifty feet high, and requiring two men to embrace it. The size, however, depends much on the age of the tree. It may appear remarkable, but it is a fact, that the older the trees are the more valuable is the produce, and they may be often observed more than a hundred years old, bearing plentiful crops of a highly-prized, thin-skinned orange, full of juice, and free from pips. The young trees of the St. Michael species, when in full vigour, bear fruit with a thick pulpy rind, and an abundance of seeds; but as the vigour of the plant declines, the peel becomes thinner, and

the seeds gradually decrease in number till they altogether disappear. Thus the oranges we esteem the most are the produce of aged trees; those we consider least palatable are obtained from young wood. The best oranges are imported from the Azores and from Spain, but Portugal, Italy, Malta, and other places, supply those of good quality.

The trees in the orange gardens of the Azores are magnificent, and may be seen at the proper period bending under the weight of the luxuriant fruit. The shape appears like that of a shrub with many stems springing from the ground, or with one short stem immediately dividing, and of a clean grey tint. The orange gardens of St. Michael are of large extent, always encircled by a wall fifteen or twenty feet high, and within a thick plantation-belt of the faya, cedar, fern, and birch, which protects the trees from the sea breezes. It is not easy to conceive the rich appearance of these gardens during the principal fruit months, when the emerald tints of the unripe, and golden hue of the mature fruit, mingle their beauties with the thick dark foliage of the trees, while the bright odoriferous blossom diffuses a sweetness through the surrounding neighbourhood which is quite delicious. In some instances, the gardens overhang the sides of a glen or ravine, and intermingled with the lofty arbutuses, the trees display their charms to even greater advantage.

The plan usually adopted for increasing the number of the trees is by layering. The young plants are bent at the lower end into the ground, and covered with soil until the roots begin to strike, when they are separated from the parent stem, and planted in a small excavation about three feet deep, which has been prepared for them. They remain thus situated till the tender trees are sufficiently strong, and when they are so, the plantations immediately around them are removed, and each one begins to shoot up and flourish without further care, beyond occasionally tarring the stem to avoid the attacks of insects; they then spread out with all the fresh luxuriance of the chestnut tree.

The plan of raising trees from seed is seldom adopted in the Azores, as their growth is much retarded by this means, though there is an advantage possessed by them in being far less liable to the inroads of a worm which frequently attacks the roots of the layered trees. The seed of the Seville orange, with the sweeter kind grafted upon it, is said to produce fruit of the finest flavour. Seven years are required before they attain a good bearing condition, and soon after arriving at full growth each will produce on an average from twelve to sixteen thousand oranges, and even a much larger number.

When the trees have blossomed, the forthcoming crops are purchased by the merchants, running all the risk attendant on the casualties to which the fruit is subjected. A continuance of cold north or north-easterly winds, a violent storm, or the attacks of insects will not fail to destroy them, and perhaps in a single night a whole crop may be swept away. It is, therefore, a matter of much speculation with the buyer, who, however, seldom makes his own calculation of the probable amount of fruit the gardens will produce, but leaves it in the hands of the "professionals." These are men who gain their livelihood by the valuation of crops, and such is the accuracy they attain, that by once traversing a plantation, and giving a general glance at the trees, they are able to state, with astonishing correctness, on what number of boxes the merchant may calculate.

The fruit is not ripe till March or April, and as that which falls is never sent to England, but suffered to rot on the ground, or sold at a mere trifle, the supply obtained by the children is very great. Those of Villa Franca have a jaundiced appearance, looking, it is said, as though saturated with orange-juice.

The picking of the fruit is sometimes performed by children, scores of whom are to be seen scattered among the branches, putting the produce into small baskets, laughing, hallooing, singing, and playing pranks with one another at the same time, as though it were some amusing game in which they were employed, rather than a laborious task. Not unfrequently the weight of the little urchins overturns the trees, in consequence of the lightness of the soil, and the small depth to which the roots proceed. Their season of usefulness, however, is by no means passed, for though lying on the ground, and continuing so for years, the produce is abundant.

When the different arrangements for packing the fruit have been made, and a pile of fresh fruit collected, the people take their positions in different places, laughing and joking with each other as the labour proceeds, while a party of children, whose business it is to prepare the dry calyx-leaves of the Indian corn,

commence their work. A little fellow now gives one of these husks to a labourer who sits on the ground, and he rapidly snatching it from him, wraps the orange in it, and it is passed on by an intermediate labourer to the packer, who places it in the orange-box with amazing rapidity. A second and a third are taken in the same manner, and with that speed which long practice is calculated to produce, the feeders supplying him till the chest is full, and prepared to be nailed down. The carpenter then receives it from two men, who bending over the orange chest several boards, they are secured with a a willow band, and the ragged ends sawn off. It is then removed on the back of an ass, to the port where the vessel lies which is to carry it away.

The boards which form the top of the orange-box seem unable to afford that protection to the fruit which is desired. They are certainly well adapted to spoil the contents; for the flattening and squeezing of the fruit is never beneficial, but the advantages on the other hand overbalance this difficulty. One reason is, that the duty to be paid in England is calculated according to the size of the box, and, consequently, the more oranges that can be squeezed in, the less duty is paid. Another inducement is, that the wholesale dealers in London, Liverpool, and other commercial cities, are enabled, by this mode of packing, to remove a couple of hundred oranges before forwarding the boxes to their country customers, as full ones, which they perhaps may be, from the oranges squeezing out to their original size, on the removal of the pressure. A proprietor of orange gardens in the Azores adopted a plan of sending his fruit in square boxes, less tightly packed; but finding his customers displeased by it, he relinquished the attempt.

It is doubted by some whether the orange is a native of China, as it is not mentioned by Marco Polo, who is very circumstantial in his description of the country. Yet the earliest European visitors, the Portuguese, discovered it there; and John Bell was told by one of the missionaries, that the tree was still standing at Canton, from which the missionaries sent the seeds which first appeared in Europe. The first distinct mention of the tree of which information can be obtained, is by the Arabs. It is noticed by Avicenna; and Galessio, in whose "Traité du Citrus," published in Paris, in 1811, the history of this fruit was first carefully traced, states, that when the Arabs penetrated to India, they found the orange tribe there farther in the interior than Alexander had advanced. They were brought from thence by two routes: the China, or sweet oranges, came through Persia to Syria, and thence to the shores of Italy and the south of France; and the bitter oranges, called in the commerce of England Seville oranges, by Arabia, Egypt, and the north of Africa, into Spain. At the period when the Europeans first visited the Levant in great numbers, that is, during the time of the crusades, oranges were found abundantly in that country. Though in reality cultivated trees, their number, and the beauty and excellency of their fruit, caused the romantic adventurers to believe that they were indigenous. The fables of the profane writers helped further to confirm this opinion; and as the oranges were the colour of gold, it required but a slight stretch of the imagination to make them the golden apples of the garden of the Hesperides.

The first oranges were brought into England by sir Walter Raleigh; and it is stated, that sir Francis Carew, who married the niece of sir Walter, planted their seeds, and they produced the orange trees at Beddington, in Surrey, to which allusion is made by bishop Gibson, in his additions to Camden's "Britannia," who speaks as having been there in 1595. As these trees afterwards produced fruit, they could not, as professor Martyn justly observes, have been raised from seeds; but they may have been brought from Portugal or Italy, as early as the close of the sixteenth century. The trees at Beddington were planted in the open ground, protected by moveable covers from the inclemency of the winter months. In 1738, they were surrounded by a permanent inclosure, like a greenhouse, but they were all destroyed by the great frost of the following year, though perhaps aided by the confinement and damp of their intended protection.

At Hampton Court, there are many orange trees, some of them stated to be three hundred years old. They are generally removed into the open air about the middle of June, when the perfume of their blossoms is delightful. In a few gardens in the south of Devonshire, orange and lemon-trees may be seen, trained as peach-trees against walls, sheltered with straw mats during the winter. The fruit

of these is stated to be as large and fine as any in Portugal.*

Though the orange is the natural produce of other climes, the people of this country seem to possess all its advantages. It is to be purchased among the commonest of our domestic fruits, offering its grateful juice even to the poorest of the community. The exports of oranges from the Azores are chiefly to England, and in ordinary years it amounts to about 130,000 boxes, each of which contains about 500; there is an annual supply of 65,000,000 from the western isles alone. The orange-trees of Portugal, too, are well known.

It is a goodly sight to see
What heaven hath done for this delicious land.
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!"

There are annually exported from that country nearly 100,000 chests of oranges and lemons, while Spain exports about half that amount. In 1838, England imported little less than 300,000 chests.

The uses of the orange are many. Not only is it considered an excellent addition to the dessert, but it is also employed in medicine, particularly the Seville orange, which has a bitter rind. The juice is a grateful acid liquor, which, by allaying thirst, proves of much use in all febrile and inflammatory disorders. It is of great advantage in scorbutic complaints; and the outer rind of the Seville orange is used as a stomachic. Other medicinal virtues are also ascribed to the various productions of the orange-tree, the efficacy of which are, probably, not so well understood. F.

* Horticultural Transactions.

THE MICROSCOPE.

The fallibility of human judgment is never more clearly shown than in many of the predictions unhesitatingly made and authoritatively enforced, in relation to any new scientific discovery, or its application to the onward progress of human knowledge, or to the wants and comforts of mankind. We do not allude to the mere ignorant assertions of ignorant and self-sufficient men, who appear to regret and endeavour to oppose every forward step in civilisation; and who, despite the constant failure of their prophecies, still receive any scientific novelty with incredulity, or treat its discoverer with contempt and scorn: but we speak of the assertions made by men whose whole lives have been devoted to philosophical inquiry, and whose minds have therefore been matured by deep study and a constant observation of those phenomena concerning which they so unhesitatingly and so incautiously prophesy. Numberless examples of this fact present themselves to our recollection; but we will content ourselves with reference to two only. When it was first proposed to substitute gas for oil in the illumination of the streets of London, sir Humphrey Davy asserted that it would be as practicable to cut a slice from the moon, and use it as an illuminating power. And yet but a few years rolled over, before not only the metropolis, but every provincial town had its gas-works and its gas illumination,—the hopes of those who had suggested the improvement were fulfilled,—the prediction of the greatest philosopher of that day was but a groundless apprehension.* And again, when Transatlantic steam-navigation was proposed, Dr. Lardner affirmed, in the most unqualified manner, that it was impossible that any steam-vessel could traverse the Atlantic. The prediction was scarcely made public ere the task was accomplished.†

We are naturally led to these remarks in referring to the history of one of the most beautiful and perfect instruments with which modern science has furnished the philosopher—the compound micro-

* On this subject it may not be uninteresting to add that, during the winter months, 890 tons of coals are used, on the average, per day, by the Metropolitan Gas Companies, for the manufacture of gas; and that, on the 24th of December, seven million cubic feet of gas are consumed in London and the suburbs. We are indebted for this information to a paper read before the last meeting of the Statistical Society, by Mr. Fletcher.

† Dr. Lardner's prophecy was delivered before the British Association, and was published in the Athenæum, vol. ix., page 656. He computed that for each horse-power of steam one ton of coals would be required for every 1425 miles. "Taking this as a basis of the calculation," said he, "and allowing one-fourth of a ton of coals per horse-power as spare fuel, the tonnage necessary for the fuel and machinery, on a voyage from England to New York, would be 3.70 tons per horse-power, which, for a vessel with engines of 400 horse-power, would be 1480 tons." Now, as the ship referred to was only intended to be 1200 tons burden, which was afterwards increased to 1340 tons, the voyage was demonstratively impracticable. And yet the Great Western completed her first voyage across the Atlantic in fifteen days. Upon after-examination it turned out that, although the computations of Dr. Lardner were correct, his data were wrong. Instead of the 1480 tons, which it was predicted the Great Western would have to burn, she took out only 660 tons, of which only 450 tons were consumed.

scope. For a long period, this instrument was considered a mere philosophical toy, owing to the distance which the light had to traverse, and the consequent increase of the chromatic and spherical aberration; and so impossible did it appear to overcome this difficulty that, within thirty years of the present period, philosophers of no less eminence than M. Biot and Dr. Wollaston predicted that the compound would never rival the single microscope, and that the idea of rendering its object-glasses achromatic was hopeless. Nor can these opinions be wondered at, when we consider how long the achromatic telescope had existed without any attempt to apply its principles to the compound microscope. And if we recollect further the smallness of the pencil required by the microscope, and the enormous increase of difficulty attending every enlargement of the pencil; if we consider further that these difficulties had to be contended with and removed, by operations on portions of glass so small that they were themselves almost microscopic objects; we shall not be surprised that even a cautious philosopher and able manipulator, like Dr. Wollaston, should prescribe limits to its improvement.

Such is the picture with which we are presented if we inquire into the use of the microscope thirty years since. Fortunately, however, for science generally, these apprehensions of Wollaston have proved false; undeterred by the assertion of authorities of such eminence, philosophers and opticians have conjointly devoted their energies to a task at first apparently so hopeless, the result of which has been that the improvements thus effected during the last fifteen years have sufficed to elevate the microscope from the useless condition we have described to that of being the most important instrument ever bestowed by art upon the investigator of nature. In almost every department of science are we indebted to it for the extension of our knowledge, and the verification of previous observation. To the chemist it is of utility in the examination of crystals, and the determination of their angles—to the pharmacist, in the detection of the adulteration of drugs. The physiologist may ascertain the intimate structure of organic tissues in their normal, the pathologist in their abnormal state; the physician may obtain conclusive and satisfactory evidence regarding the nature and seat of disease by the examination of the secretions or excretions of the diseased organs, while in medico-legal inquiries, the microscope again comes to our aid, in detecting the murderer, and rendering him back the poison, grain for grain. To it, recently, has geology been greatly indebted; in the hands of an Owen and a Mantell the microscope becomes an instrument of magic power, by means of which, from the inspection of a portion only of a bone or tooth, the habits of the animal to which it belonged are decided; the colossal reptiles of the ancient earth are revived in all the reality of life and being, and the early formations of our globe decked with their former inhabitants and the vegetation which clothed them long ere man "moved, and breathed, and had his being."

But perhaps in the departments of botany and zoology have the most extensive discoveries been effected by this instrument. A new world of microscopic life previously unknown and unsuspected has been disclosed, whose extent and wonders naturally excite in the human mind unbounded astonishment, and increase our reverence for the Great Creator, who, in the organization of these beings of a day, displays design as extensive, and adaptation as complete, as in the structure of man himself. An extract from the opening remarks of one of the works before us, will convey some faint idea of this microscopic world:—

"Wherever we turn, within the precincts of our own homes, in meadow or moorland, hill or forest, by the lone seashore or amidst crumbling ruins—fresh objects of interest are constantly to be found; plants and animals unknown to our unaided vision, with minute organs perfectly adapted to their necessities; with appetites as keen, enjoyments as perfect as our own. In the purest waters, as well as thick, acid, and saline fluids, of the most indifferent climates—in springs, rivers, lakes, and seas—often in the internal humidity of living plants and animals, even in great numbers in the living human body—nay, probably, carried about in the aqueous vapours and dust of the whole atmosphere, —there is a world of minute, living, organized beings, imperceptible to the ordinary senses of man. In the daily course of life, this immense mysterious kingdom of diminutive living beings is unnoticed and disregarded; but it appears great and astonishing, beyond all expectation, to the retired observer who views it by the aid

of the microscope. In every drop of standing water he very frequently, though not always, sees by its aid, rapidly-moving bodies, from 1-96 to less than 1-2000 of a line in diameter, which are often so crowded together, that the intervals between them are less than their diameter. If we assume the size of the drop of water to be one cubic line, and the intervals, though they are often smaller, to be equal to the diameter of the bodies, we may easily calculate, without exaggeration, that such a drop is inhabited by from one hundred thousand to one thousand millions of such animalcules; in fact we must come to the conclusion, that a single drop of water, under such circumstances, contains more inhabitants than there are individuals of the human race upon our planet. If, further, we reflect on the amount of life in a large quantity of water, in a ditch or pond, for example,—or if we calculate that, according to many observers of the sea, and especially of its phosphorescence, vast tracts of the ocean periodically exhibit a similar development of masses of microscopic organized bodies,—even if we assume much greater intervals—we have numbers and relations of creatures living on the earth, invisible to the naked eye, at the very thought of which the mind is lost in wonder and admiration. It is the microscope alone which has enabled close observers of nature to unveil such a world of her diminutive creation, just as it was the art of making good telescopes which first opened to their view the boundless variety, and all the wonders of the starry firmament."—*Microscopic Manipulation*, pp. 13, 14.

Who can wonder, then, that this world of microscopic life should, upon its first discovery, have been represented by fanciful writers as a world of spirits, peopled by forms not to be compared with those of the visible world; sometimes horrible, sometimes strangely distorted, neither properly animate, nor yet properly inanimate. Some have represented them as the wanton sport of the creative energy of nature (*lusus naturæ;*) and even in 1820, an otherwise respectable writer described in detail the magic powers with which some of these forms were said to be endowed. It is not, however, merely the singularity and minuteness of their form that have excited the greatest interest, but the wonderful physiological properties ascribed to the Infusoria by different observers have attracted the attention of all the friends of science, and of the most learned and profound inquirers, from Liebnitz and Boerhaave down to the present time.

Before we proceed to speak of the revelations of the microscope, it will be interesting to take a retrospective glance at its history, which, like that of many other valuable inventions, is veiled in considerable obscurity by the lapse of time. It appears certain that the ancients were acquainted with the microscope, in one at least of the simple forms now known, from a passage in Seneca. Amongst the moderns (for during the middle ages it appears to have been entirely lost) the honour of its discovery has been claimed by many individuals. By Huygens, the celebrated Dutch mathematician, its invention is attributed to one of his countrymen, Cornelius Drebell. But it is asserted by Borellus, that Jansen, the reputed contriver of the telescope, was its inventor, and that he presented some such instrument to Prince Maurice, and Albert, archduke of Austria. This instrument was six feet in length, and consisted of a tube of gilt copper, supported by thin brass pillars in the shape of dolphins, on a base of ebony, which was adapted to hold the objects to be examined. Of the internal construction of this microscope we have no account, though there is reason to believe that it was nothing more than a telescope converted into a microscope. For ourselves, we are inclined to give to Jansen the merit of having invented the microscope from this very testimony of Borellus, who, in a work* published in 1655, has adduced a great deal of evidence connected with the invention of the telescope and microscope. He brings forward five different testimonies, and a letter from William Boreel, envoy from the states of Holland, which throw considerable light on the subject. Boreel was intimately acquainted with Zacharius Jansen, and had frequently been in his father's shop. He had often heard that the Jansens were the inventors of the microscope, and having been in England in 1619, he saw in the hands of his friend Cornelius Drebell the very microscope which Zaccharius Jansen had presented to prince Maurice, and Albert, archduke of Austria. Cornelius Drebell, therefore, who has commonly been considered as the inventor of the microscope, appears to have derived this honour

* De Vero Telescopii Inventore.

from the accidental circumstance of his having exhibited the microscope made by Jansen; and as he was a favourite at the court of James VI., where he lived some time, this opinion may have proceeded not only from his own arrogance, but from the influence of royal favour. Viviani, an Italian mathematician, also expressly informs us, in his life of Galileo, that this great man was led to the construction of the microscope from that of the telescope; and, in the year 1612, he actually sent a microscope to Sigismund, king of Poland. Dissatisfied, however, with the performance of this instrument, he appears from his letters to have been much occupied about 1624 in bringing it to perfection, but we have no information of the result of his labours. In the year 1618, Fontana, a Neapolitan, made a microscope of two double-convex lenses, and wrote an account of it in a work* which, however, was not published till some years afterwards. As there is no reason to believe that the microscopes invented by Jansen consisted of two convex lenses, the honour of this improvement seems due to Fontana, who distinctly assumes the merit of it, and we may add that no other person has laid claim to it.

For a long period, curious as the fact may now appear, the single microscope was that generally in use, the compound instrument, as we have already remarked, being regarded as a mere philosophical toy. Soon after the year 1820, a series of experiments was begun in France by M. Selligne; and simultaneously by Frauenhofer, at Munich; by Amici, at Modena; by Chevalier, at Paris; and by the late Mr. Tulley, of London. In 1824, the last-named artist, at the instigation of Dr. Goring, and without knowing what had been done on the continent, made an attempt to construct an achromatic object-glass for a compound microscope, and produced one of 9-10ths of an inch focal length, composed of three lenses, and transmitting a pencil of eighteen degrees. This was the first that was made in England. While these practical investigations were in progress, the subject of achromatism engaged the attention of some of the most profound mathematicians in England. Sir John Herschel, professor Airy, professor Barlow, Mr. Coddington, and others, contributed largely to the theoretical examination of the subject; and though the results of their labours were not immediately applicable to the microscope, they essentially promoted its improvement. Between this period and the year 1829, Mr. Joseph Jackson Lister had directed his attention more particularly to this subject, and he was led to the discovery of certain properties in achromatic combinations which had before been unobserved. A paper on the subject was sent by him to, and published by, the Royal Society.* To the practical optician the investigations and results of Mr. Lister proved to be of the highest value—the progress of improvement was, in consequence, extremely rapid, and since that period, owing to the energy and exertions of Messrs. Ross, Pritchard, Powell, Smith, and other well-known London opticians, every year has served to bring this instrument nearer to perfection. Nor must we forget to bear testimony to the exertions of the Microscopical Society, which was founded some few years since, with the express object of rendering the microscope more available as an aid to scientific research, by introducing improvements into its construction. Many of the papers which have been read before this Society are of the most interesting description; and it may safely be affirmed, that the exertions and researches of its members, amongst whom are some of the most celebrated men of the present day, in the various departments of zoology, botany, physiology, and geology have tended to give a vast increase to our knowledge in this fascinating branch of physical science."—*Westminster Review.*

* "Novæ Terrestrium et Celestium Observationes."—Neap. 1646.

* Philosophical Transactions, for 1830.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

The art of printing was known to the Chinese nearly a thousand years ago. It has been thought by some that Tung-taou, the first ruler of the Tsin dynasty, A.D. 937, was the inventor, and that he, being a time-serving man, intended to appropriate it to his more private ends; but it appears from Chinese history, that in 926, the ruler Tang ordered the nine classics to be engraved, printed, and sold generally. There seems to be no difference of opinion as to the art being then in use; the only question discussed was whether books should be sold, or gratuitously distributed, on account of the millions that would be in demand.

The mode of printing adopted by the Chinese, is more simple, less expensive, and till recent improvements more expeditious than our own. Stereotype, or block printing, is still almost entirely practised by them, and their language, consisting principally of arbitrary characters, they have not deemed it necessary either to cut or cast an assortment of types, to distribute or recompose as other nations do, but have in preference cut the characters for each separate page of each separate work.

The first part of the process is, to write out the page in the square form of the character, and carefully to lay it on the block, which has already been smoothly planed, and spread over with a glutinous paste; the paper is then rubbed until it is quite dry. As much of the paper as can be got away is now removed, when the figures it bore are seen adhering to the block in an inverted form; somewhat dim indeed in appearance; but the application of oil brings them out fully and vividly. The reader will probably recognise a similar process being applied to the transferring of engravings to wood prepared for the purpose, a fashionable amusement among the ladies of England a few years ago. After the paper has been thus removed, the first operation of the Chinese engraver is, to cut straight down by the sides of the letters, from top to bottom, removing the vacant spaces between the lines, with the exception of the stops. All the strokes that run horizontally are then engraved, afterwards the oblique, and then the perpendicular ones throughout the entire line. This prevents the necessity for turning the block round for every letter, and the consequent loss of time. The workman now proceeds to the central parts, and, very shortly afterwards the page, usually containing five hundred characters, is complete. One hundred characters a-day is the compliment for an ordinary engraver, and for this labour his remuneration is only sixpence.

The printing process is no less curious. The page is placed in the centre of a table; on one side is a pot of liquid ink with a brush, and on the other, a pile of paper. In the front stands a piece of wood, bound round with the fibrous parts of a species of palm, which serves for a rubber. The block being inked with the brush, a sheet of dry paper is taken with the left hand, and placed carefully on it; the printer then hastily seizes the rubber, with his right hand, and passes it over the paper once or twice very rapidly, and the impression is produced. Immediately the printed sheet is removed, another is laid on, and another, and another, in rapid succession, until the whole number to be printed are thrown off. A Chinese printer thus without wheel, screw, lever, or even a wedge, will produce no fewer than three thousand impressions in a day. The process being thus far completed, the pages are folded exactly in the middle, then collated, adjusted, stitched, cut, and sewn, and for the whole the printer receives but ninepence a thousand.

The apparatus of a Chinese printer consists merely of his gravers, blocks, and brushes; all of which he may carry on his shoulder, and travel without difficulty from place to place. With paper and lamp-black he does not burden himself, as he can purchase these articles wherever he may wish to sojourn, and by merely borrowing a table, he may print his editions by hundreds or thousands, as he finds a market for them.

The facilities of the Chinese, too, are great for printing cheaply; their paper is thin, ten sheets of demy size cost only one halfpenny, and the small wages paid allow books to be produced for a mere trifle. Europeans of course pay double for the same works. It has been said that in China there are more books and more people to read them than in any other country in the world; it would, therefore, be natural to argue that they ought to be the wisest of the human race. But while printing has enabled them to multiply copies of their ancient books, it has rather tended to discourage the compilation of new works, and to confine them to an imitation of antiquity, thus rivetting the chains in which superstition and custom have held them. But a new day has dawned on China; the recent edict of the emperor gives freedom to a profession of Christianity, the heralds of the gospel may therefore go forth offering, with the living voice, its rich and precious blessings, "without money and without price," while in tracts, and books, and especially the Holy Scriptures, the people of that vast empire may read in their own tongue all that is needful to make them wise for eternity.

Europeans are not indebted to the Chinese for their knowledge of the art of printing, for before the passage to the east by the Cape of Good Hope was dis-

covered they had invented it for themselves. The earliest document concerning wood-engraving is given by Papillon, who assigned the honour of the invention to two noted personages, now familiarly called the two Cunio. They were twin brother and sister, the first children of the count di Cunio. Their work was a representation in eight poems of the actions of Alexander the Great, with Latin verses. The date of its execution was about 1285.

The earliest print from a wood block of which we have any certain date, is in the collection of earl Spencer. It represents the father of St. Christopher carrying the infant Saviour across the sea. The date is 1423. It was found pasted within one of the leaves of a Latin manuscript of the year 1417, in one of the most ancient convents in Germany.

At the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Italians, Germans, Flemings, and Dutch began to engrave on wood and copper. Books of images, as they were called, were now produced, some without text, and some with it. The pages in these books were placed in pairs facing each other, and, as only one side of the leaves was impressed, the blank pages came also opposite to one another, which, being placed together, gave the whole the appearance of a book printed in the ordinary way on both sides the paper. Such, even to the present day, is one mode of book-printing in China. In this instance, the text corresponding to the figures is sometimes placed below, sometimes on the side, and not unfrequently they proceed as a label from the mouth of the person or figure.

Of all the works printed from wooden blocks, the "Biblia Pauperum," or "Poor Man's Bible," is perhaps the rarest as well as the most ancient; and is a specimen of the books of Images without text. It is a manual, or a kind of catechism of the Bible for the use of young persons, and, as its name denotes, of the common people, who were thus enabled to obtain, at a comparatively low price, an imperfect knowledge of some of the events recorded in the Scriptures. Being much in use, and the copies being scarce, those now extant in the libraries of the curious are in a bad condition; but who can cast his eye upon one of these mutilated volumes without feelings of the liveliest interest?

This "Poor Man's Bible" consists of forty plates, which serve as illustrations of the sentiments extracted from the Scriptures, the whole being engraved on wood on one side of the leaves of paper, so that when folded they are placed opposite to each other. Each plate, or page, contains four busts, two at the top and two at the bottom, together with their historical subjects. The two upper busts represent the prophets, or other persons, whose names are always written beneath them; the two lower busts are anonymous. The middle of the plates, which are all marked by letters of the alphabet, in the centre of the uppermost compartment, is occupied by three historical pictures, one of which is taken from the New Testament; this is the type, or principal subject, and occupies the centre of the page between the two anti-types of other subjects which allude to it. The inscriptions which occur at the top and bottom of the page, consist of texts of Scripture and Leonine verses, the ends of which rhyme to the middle, and are so named from Leo, the inventor. Of all the ancient "Books of Images," with text, the one called "Speculum Salutis," is considered the most perfect as to design and execution. It is a collection of historical passages of Scripture with a few from uninspired history, having some relation to biblical subjects. So popular was this "Mirror of Salvation," that it was translated into German, Flemish, and other languages, and very fully pointed. Two Latin editions are extant without date. The impressions in both are sixty-three in number, and are executed from the same blocks, but in that which is reputed to be the most ancient the explanations of twenty-five not in very regular succession, are printed from entire wooden blocks; while the remaining thirty-eight and the five leaves of preface, are wholly executed with type.

The great step made towards perfecting the art of printing is traced to the year 1456. To the honour of its completion the claims of different individuals have been advanced. The Dutch historian, Hadrianus Junius, traces it to Laurentius Coster, an inhabitant of the city of Haarlem. The story is, while walking in the wood near the city, according to the general custom of the citizens and men of leisure on holidays, he cut out letters on the bark of the beech, and stamped marks on paper, "in the manner of a seal," until at length he formed a few lines for his own amusement, and for the use of the

children of his brother-in-law. It is also said, that by the aid of a relative, he invented a thicker and more adhesive ink, and with it he was able to print blocks and figures, to which he added letters. But the pretensions of Coster rest on the narrative of Junius. The authors who have written in favour of Haarlem being the birth-place of printing have not a single contemporary document by which their statement can be sustained.

Trithemius lived near to the time in which this art originated, and as he was careful in deriving his intelligence from the purest sources, his statements are entitled to particular respect. Referring to the year 1450, he says, that about this time the art of printing and casting single type was found in the city of Mentz, by John Guttenberg, who, having spent his whole estate in the discovery, received the advice and assistance of John Faust and others. "Having begun," he continues, "with cutting characters of the letters upon wooden planks, in their right order, and completed their forms, they printed a vocabulary, but could make no farther use of these forms, because there was no possibility of separating the letters which were engraved on the planks. To this succeeded a more ingenious invention; for they found out a way of stamping every letter of the Latin alphabet, in what they called matrices, from which they afterwards cast their letters either in copper or tin, hard enough to be printed upon, which they first cut with their own hands. It is certain that this art met with no small difficulty from the beginning of its invention, as I heard thirty years ago, from the mouth of Peter Schoeffer de Gernsheim, citizen of Mentz, and son-in-law to the first inventor of the art. For when they went about printing the Bible, before they had worked off the third quire, it had cost them already more than four thousand florins. But the aforesaid Peter Schoeffer, then servant and afterwards son-in-law to the first inventor, John Faust, being a person of great ingenuity, discovered an easier way of casting the letters, and perfected the art as we now have it." On Guttenberg, therefore, rests the honour of originating the art of printing with separate types; to Schoeffer is due the credit of improving what he accomplished, while Faust may be regarded as the patron of both.

In these efforts thus made, the object, so far as possible, was to resemble the characters used by the scriveners of that time; and very probably this circumstance led to the story of Faust's selling the first printed Bibles for written ones, in Paris, and of his being charged with magic, in producing them so rapidly, so cheaply, and so exactly alike. The similarity to the manuscript works of the time was much favoured by the circumstance, that all the capital letters were left to be delineated with the pen, and decorated by the process of illumination,—a fashion generally practised by the most ingenious artists on books then known.

The collection of types possessed by even the first-rate printers at this time were very defective, and far from including the necessary varieties for ordinary purposes. Abbreviations in spelling, and blanks left to be filled up with the pen were very common; Greek characters, particularly, were of much later introduction than the original types, which were in rude Gothic, mixed with the letter called "Secretary." The first points used were only the colon and the full stop, as still retained in some of the old versions of the Psalms; the appearance of the hyphen, where words are broken at the end of lines, and even the spacing out of the lines themselves to an equal length, are indications of improvement in the art. An intermixture of rubrics or red letters was very common at an early period. The character now called Italic was invented by Aldus, a Venetian printer, and called from him Aldine; it was used in printing quotations, until set aside in this respect by the double commas, or Guillemets, so termed after their inventor, a French printer.

The introduction of this art into England and the labours of Caxton must form the topic of a future paper. S.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

REIGN OF GEORGE III. 1793 TO 1801.

An important period now comes under consideration—one of the most momentous, not only in the history of England, but of the world—and during which the annals of Britain are connected with the history of the whole earth. The lesser manifestations of evil which usually agitate men are lost in the outbreak that devastated all nations. Although half a century has since passed, the Christian historian is not yet able clearly to discern the immediate causes, while he feels

that their results are not yet fully ascertained. Like the prophet of old, he has yet to stand upon the mount before the Lord; and though the stormy wind and the earthquake may have passed, he hears not as yet, the still, small voice; he cannot but apprehend that the fire is yet behind. But he looks forward in faith—he believes it is, and will be, a purifying fire—that the Lord will sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, (Mal. iii. 2, 3)—that his people will be cleansed, that they may offer to him an offering in righteousness, pleasant and acceptable unto the Lord, and that all shall not be utterly consumed. Having this principle for his guidance, the historian may proceed to contemplate the horrible scenes of confusion of which we are about to take a brief survey; he thereby has a clue to guide him, and he will be more than ever led to adore the Most High, who still, as of old, "ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will, and setteth up over it the basest of men," Dan. iv. 17. He will see one spring up, as Nebuchadnezzar of old, a mighty conqueror, whose greatness reached unto the heavens, and his dominion to the end of the earth. Yet, like the Assyrian monarch, this mighty tree was hewn down, and only its stump left in the earth, bound as with a band of iron and brass. He acknowledged not the Lord, like the Assyrian, and he was left to decay and perish, like the stump of a newly-cleared allotment.

The beginning of the year 1793 was, indeed, an anxious period in England, and throughout all the continent of Europe. The faces of men already gathered blackness, and, to discerning minds, it was evident that a spirit was about to break forth from France, that would produce most important changes throughout the surrounding nations, though none anticipated the extent of the devastation that was to follow.

We may now mark how God had caused this spirit of revolution to be nourished by the efforts to suppress the doctrines of his word, in several countries of Europe, and in all to weaken its influence—how superstition, prevailing against those truths, had extinguished, or wholly obscured, the light of the Reformation, fostering a spirit of infidelity and atheism, which at length overturned the whole fabric of superstition, and for a time took its place, and how the Almighty said to that proud flood, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The believer may from hence learn to look to the Most High with greater confidence, in any future hour of darkness—but at that time all was confused; neither the long line of causes, nor the probable results to which they led, could be traced. Men could only see what was immediately before them, and they could only act on what they knew. Even the small body of real Christians then in England had only indistinct views; but Newton, Romaine, and other believers then living, expressed in their writings their trust in almighty wisdom and power.

The former observed, in a private letter, written at that time, "The French affairs have taken an unexpected turn, but as their plan is founded in atheism, and defiance of God, and is in many parts of it contrary not only to Scripture but to nature, and as they have taken a strange delight in murders and massacres, I think when they have as instruments effected his purposes, which are probably very different from anything they are aware of, a day of account and retribution will come. Their attempt to establish a government, in which a regard to the great God shall have no place, is, I believe, the first experiment of the kind that ever was made. The heathens have always known that man is unmanageable, without some hold upon the conscience; and though their religions were false, they were, as to the purposes of civil government, better than the proud schemes of French philosophers. Their views are not only impious, but in the highest degree foolish."

It is well, both for ministers and private Christians, to have as little to do with politics as possible. It is a pit that has swallowed up the life and spirit, if not the very form of the religion of many professors. The Lord reigneth, and every issue will be directed by infinite wisdom and goodness, without our interference, unless he plainly puts it upon us as a duty. And can we wish to be under better management? It is true, He usually works by instruments, but there are some services which are not good enough for his own children. He can employ such men as composed the bulk of the French convention for labourers and scourgers. Sennacherib, with his subservient blasphemers, executed the Divine will, no less than Hezekiah by his prayers. And the proud Assyrians could do no more; they were thrown aside

like worn-out instruments, when the hard and painful work for which they were commissioned had been performed. And there will always be dead sufficient to bury their dead.

It was however evident, that the old ruling powers of France, with those that succeeded, had been utterly destroyed, and that confusion increasingly prevailed there. It was apparent, that a similar desire for destruction actuated many in the British islands, who sought not to correct manifest evils, but to overturn the whole framework of society; while, on the other hand, those in power, fearful of this overturn, clung the more closely to existing evils, though feeling that they were wrong. They feared lest by consenting to the removal even of what was mischievous, they should let go the many advantages and benefits possessed by the great mass of the nation, and which marked the wide difference between England and France. Thus each party became more injuriously tenacious of its own peculiar views; the leading statesmen were not able to see, that, by steady and timely removal of acknowledged abuses, they would really strengthen social order; while those, who desired that such evils should be removed, were angered, by the refusal of all alteration, and induced to contemplate stronger measures than could safely be resorted to. The old parties of Whig and Tory had now lost their distinctive principles; many of the former decidedly opposed the French Revolution, and all innovations or changes. The principles avowed by the leaders of that revolution placed the upper and lower classes of society, throughout Europe, in opposition to each other. In England, the influential body of the people, the middle rank, was divided. At first, the greater portion took the popular view; but, as atrocities prevailed in France, a contrary feeling became predominant in England. It has been well observed, that the political divisions of 1793 never were forgotten by those who were of an age to feel their influence, or, it may be added, by those who shortly after became so. Burke early characterized the principles of Jacobinism as "the revolt of the enterprising talent of a country against its property." Well is it for a nation, when the possessors of property do not take the mistaken view of endeavouring to retain that property in vicious and incapable hands, against the legitimate struggles of fair enterprise and rising talent. The so doing was one main cause of the French Revolution.

Under these confused views, the British government came to the conclusion that war was inevitable, and began preparations, after the imperfect manner then customary. The militia had been called out, on December 1st, 1792; and on the same day, the principal merchants and bankers of the metropolis assembled at Merchant Taylors' Hall, when a loyal declaration, setting forth their attachment to the constitution, as settled by the revolution in 1688, was adopted: it was signed by several thousands of the most influential of the commercial world. Parliament assembled on the 13th, when the king's speech strongly adverted to the danger resulting from French principles, and the manifest indications of the neighbouring nations being affected by the schemes evidently entertained by the leading party in France. The existence of political societies in England, more or less influenced by similar principles, and seeking a thorough change in the constitution, was notorious. This was adverted to in the House of Commons; but Fox derided all that had been done, with all that was apprehended by the government, and rejoiced in the triumphs of France. The division that had taken place among the Whigs was manifest from his being answered by Windham, once, like Burke, in the opposition, but now, with Burke, a firm supporter of Pitt, and of the policy adopted by the British rulers.

The general feeling of the leading men of the nation was shown by the numbers that voted on the address; two hundred and ninety voting for it, and only forty-four with Fox, who still, however, stood firm to the views he had declared. Burke rightly denounced the system of republican France as akin to that of Mohammed going forth with strange doctrines, and seeking to proselyte thereto by the sword. The debates in parliament at this period well deserve attentive consideration, but they cannot be recapitulated in this brief sketch. They mainly turned upon the question of peace or war. It may be well to state, as the result of documents now accessible, that while it must be admitted that the British minister did not seek to maintain peace at that period, as he might have done, yet it is equally evident, that the French were determined to have war; and that no

concessions would have prevented them from entering upon a career of reckless aggression.

As early as 1791, a French naval commander in the East Indies had resisted a British officer, in his desire to inspect some merchantmen, apparently conveying stores to Tippoo Sultaun, although that search was according to treaty. He fired upon the British frigate, an action followed, the Frenchman surrendered, and was released. The British ambassador at Paris was repeatedly insulted; and while the English government at that time reduced its forces, the French republic increased their naval armament, which could only be designed against Britain. The French leaders avowed that peace was out of the question; they also declared, that their anticipated career of conquest was to extend over the world. In November, their convention had issued a decree, declaring that the French were ready to assist the people of any nation who would rebel against their own government, and refused to restrict this to the nations with whom they were actually at war; while some of the English, who maintained republican principles, openly fraternized with the most violent of the French democrats. The destruction of royalty throughout Europe was openly avowed, while it was determined to seize the Scheldt, as a naval station for France, in defiance of treaties to the contrary.

Talleyrand had been sent to England with a French deputation, instructed to foment discontent between the people and the government. This mission probably saved Talleyrand during the agitations that preceded the death of Louis. He was denounced, and was for some time an exile in England—one of the many serpents at that time fostered and protected by her—while full proof was given to Pitt, that the French rulers would not promote any pacific measures, although their representative still declared that they were anxious to maintain peace with England! This declaration the English ministers treated as of no value, and declined to acknowledge the French republic. The negotiations were conducted by lord Grenville, afterwards by lord Auckland, at Paris. The result was unsatisfactory. On January 24th, 1793, the death of Louis XVI. being then known, Chauvelin, the French plenipotentiary, was directed to leave England. He had been actually recalled by the French rulers on the previous day; and the certainty of war was rejoiced in by the convention, while it also pleased the upper classes in this country. Fox had declared that France sought not to extend its dominion; but, on January 31st, measures were taken for declaring Belgium to be a part of the French republic; and, on February 1st, war was declared against England, by the unanimous vote of the convention.

It is thus evident that the French were determined on war; but many have thought it would have been desirable for the British government to have delayed hostilities, though at the price of abstaining from interference in behalf of the allied powers of the continent. At that time there appeared strong reasons for aiding their confederacy; but now it is seen that all those efforts were likely to be ineffectual: that each of those powers was selfishly bent upon its own particular interests; so that the strength of England was of no avail, when exerted to support a system without coherence, which was sure to be overturned. This, however, was not discerned at the time: the great body of the English nation was bent on war, from the opinion that nothing but war could save Britain from republican principles; and, as the French arms prevailed, Pitt considered that, under the existing circumstances, no other course was to be pursued. There can be no doubt, but that even if he had sought peace, the French, in their infuriate state, would have forced him to war; this feeling having been increased, if not originally brought on, by the unjust attempt of the allies to compel the French nation to restore the full despotic royalty just shaken off. The allied powers had also resolved, not only to compel France to submit to that government, and to compensate for the expenses incurred, but to retain such portions of France as might weaken it from future attempts upon the neighbouring powers. This ill-judged and injurious proceeding was resolved upon, at a great council of the allied leaders, held at Antwerp, in July, 1793, which obliged prince Coburg, the allied commander, to recall a manifesto, issued by him a few days before, renouncing all views of conquest, and more than re-establishing the constitution of 1791.

It is indeed but too evident, that although more comprehensive views are now entertained, and wiser policies have been pursued than prevailed at that pe-

riod, still the time is not yet arrived, when statesmen will learn to act upon scriptural principles, leaving events with Him who ruleth all things in heaven and earth. The nations were to undergo a sifting, yet ultimately the destroyer was to be stayed in his course. Britain was to take a prominent part in these proceedings, and therefore was permitted to interfere.

Preparations for war were made, but on a very inadequate scale of expenditure. Enough was done to commence a series of national embarrassments, but not enough to create a force adequate to stay the destroyer now let loose. Eight millions of pounds were borrowed, for the extra expenses of the year; the interruption of trade caused serious commercial embarrassments, though some few were already beginning to profit by warlike speculations; and the national hopes were excited, by the temporary failure of the French attempt upon Holland.

Pitt considered that the revolutionary proceedings going forward in France must speedily exhaust that nation, so that the old order of things might ere long be re-established. He had no idea of the terrible energies that would be called forth. The campaign on the continent cannot here be noticed in detail. It opened by simultaneous attacks upon France on all sides, by armies amounting to 350,000 men. As to Flanders, after some fighting and negotiations, Dumourier, the French general, saved himself from the guillotine, by going over to the Austrians, having in vain endeavoured to promote a return to the constitution of 1791. Ostend was taken possession of by the English; the allied army was joined by the duke of York, with a small number of British troops—a mistaken appointment — while the soldiers, and especially the officers, however brave, were not yet trained for actual warfare. Valenciennes was besieged and taken, after a regular siege, but there the success of the allies ended.

An attack on Dunkirk was resolved on by the English government, to promote its own interests, but this failed. The whole of the allied force should have been concentrated, and pushed on towards Paris, while the French armies were disorganized, and not adequately recruited. But a selfish feeling induced the English government to insist upon a large force being turned aside for the siege of Dunkirk. This was a fatal error; it gave the French time to adopt energetic measures proposed by Carnot, who directed the war department. The French succeeded in relieving Dunkirk; the siege was raised. That failure, with the time lost before Valenciennes, enabled the republican government to collect and move forward an overwhelming force. This, although undisciplined and continually defeated, constantly presented new masses for resistance, which were beaten, till they became at last efficient soldiers. It was with difficulty the allies could retain Belgium. A conscription of twelve hundred thousand men had been enforced in France; all the old rules of warfare were set at nought, and failed before the republican energies.

The efforts of the coalition had also been weakened, by the attention of Austria, Prussia, and Russia having been directed to the further partition of Poland. They were more eager to secure this acquisition than to press upon France; while the people of Europe, in general, were disgusted and alarmed at the rapacity of these monarchs. Not only was the attention of the king of Prussia thus distracted, but the national dislike between the Austrians and Prussians appeared; time and strength were wasted on the siege of Mayence; the French armies were disciplined into activity by terror; and, before winter, the French had again passed beyond their frontiers towards Germany.

On the Spanish frontier little was done; but the English and Spanish fleets occupied Toulon. A counter-revolution in the south, early in the summer, extended to Lyons; it was supported from Piedmont, but Lyons was re-occupied before the winter, when the moderate republicans, as well as the royalists, were massacred by thousands in cold blood. At one time it was resolved gradually to destroy that city, and to exterminate the inhabitants. Hundreds of the best houses were actually pulled down. The most determined effort against the republicans was in La Vendée, the north-west district of France. That province was particularly fitted for resistance, by the number of its resident gentry, the influence of its priests, its local peculiarities, inclosures, bad roads—rendering communication difficult, and by the habits of the people—also from being open for succours by sea. The narrative of the Vendéen war, by La Rochejaquelin, is deeply interesting. At last the forces of the

republic prevailed, when all the suspected who did not escape were murdered and massacred. Thousands were thus destroyed; but at Nantes they were shot and drowned in masses. The common modes of execution were not sufficiently rapid to satisfy the human tigers engaged therein. Of course, there was no attempt at trials or convictions; to be denounced or suspected was enough. The broad waters of the Loire became unfit for use, from the thousands of murdered corpses sunk beneath its waves, with circumstances of fiendish atrocity. The country of La Vendée was desolated, the delegates with the army reported to the convention—"We have left nothing behind us but ashes, and piles of the dead!"

DISCOVERIES IN ASTRONOMY.

No. I.

There is no part of the vast and diversified scenery of nature more calculated to impress man with a conception of his own dependence and God's infinite condescension, than the revelation of the truths of astronomy. The boundless power of the Creator is displayed in his capacity to create worlds, and direct them by his will; and, at the same time, his willingness to regard men, are facts which must fill every thoughtful mind with serious reflections. "When," says the psalmist, "I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" and with these sentiments, every pious observer of the power and goodness of God must sympathize.

Still much ignorance prevails in reference to the objects that astronomy unveils. How few are there who realize the fact, that the earth on which they are pilgrims is a whirling globe, which, while the velocity of its ceaseless movement is indeed prodigious, regulates alike the labour and repose of the whole animate creation. How few understand that the great luminary of the firmament, whose activity daily influences their every movement, is an immovable orb, actuating the planetary systems, and forming the shadow of the great dial which measures the thread of life, the existence of nations, and the great cycles of the world's change. Men in general look at the heavens with an empty gaze, and if some of their glories are pointed out, they regard them with ignorant astonishment. To them the evening sky is nothing but a scene of gay confusion, in which they can discover no law beyond that of a periodical appearance above the horizon, nor do they conceive any end suitable to the variety and magnitude of the means which seem to be employed. But the man of science sees with other eyes, he surveys that glorious theatre of wonders which has been spread above and around him with an indescribable interest, where the ignorant behold nothing but a promiscuous assemblage of twinkling stars, he discerns the most perfect regularity and harmony, and, unless his mind be blinded by depravity, he cannot fail to be led to devout and improving reflections. The Chaldean shepherds and the Egyptian priests were among the first who paid particular attention to the heavenly bodies, and they found an approximation to the length of the solar year. This they effected by a long series of traditional or recorded facts, periods of time after which the eclipses of the sun and the moon return in nearly the same order, and were consequently enabled to predict the recurrence of these phenomena. Pythagoras was one of the first who appeared in support of the theory of the earth revolving round the sun, and the stationary position of that orb. Aristillus and Timocharis possessed the earliest definite notions of the principal zodiacal stars, and assisted Hipparchus, the founder of Grecian astronomy, in the discoveries he effected. The idle speculations of the contemporaries of this extraordinary man appear to have been disregarded by him, and his assiduous and accurate observations raised the science to a higher elevation than it had before attained. He invented the planisphere, and determined the places of nearly eleven hundred stars. The name of Ptolemy is well known, though he was not particularly distinguished by astronomical discovery. He first proved the fact of the inequality of the moon's motion, but his celebrity rests chiefly on his great work called "Syntax, or Composition," in which he explains the apparent motions of the sun, moon, and planets. This was done in accordance with an hypothesis suggested some centuries before, and which consists in supposing each of these bodies to be borne by a uniform motion round the circumference of a circle called the epicycle, the centre of

which is carried uniformly forward to the circumference of a circle called the deferent.

In the fourteen centuries which elapsed between the appearance of Ptolemy and Copernicus astronomy remained theoretically in about the same condition, though practically some improvements took place. Copernicus, however, possessed a mastermind, and in his great work, "De Revolutionibus Orbium Cælestium," published in 1543, he showed that all the apparent motions are easily explained, by simply attributing a double movement to the earth: a diurnal motion, about its own axis, and an annual motion about the sun. Kepler and Napier followed, and rendered essential service to the cause of astronomical examination and discovery, while the expansive mind of Newton matured ideas which had been but partially formed, and brought to light unknown truths. Since that period, academies, societies, voyages, and expeditions have combined to render most important aid, while the powers of the telescope, in assisting the human organs, continually present new discoveries to encourage the mind of the lover of astronomy.

That what has recently been effected may be made clear, it will be necessary to glance at our solar system. Its centre is the sun, the lamp that lights it, the fire that heats it, the sceptre that guides and controls it. Well may it be said—

Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator! ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praise."

Or, in the words of Milman:—

"Thou mightiest work of Him
That launch'd thee forth, a gold-crowned bridegroom,
To hang thy universal nuptial lamp
In the exulting heavens. In thee the light,
Creation's eldest born, was tabernacled.
To thee was given to quicken slumbering nature,
And lead the season's slow vicissitude
Over the fertile breast of mother earth;
Till men began to stoop their grovelling prayers
From the Almighty Sire of all to thee.
And I will add—Thou universal emblem
Hung in the forehead of the all seen heavens,
Of Him, that with the light of righteousness
Dawned on our better days; the visitant Day spring
Of the benighted world. Enduring splendour!
Giant refreshed! that ever more renewest
Thy flaming strength; nor ever shalt thou cease,
With time coeval, even till time itself
Hath perished in eternity. Then thou
Shalt own, from thy apparent deity
Debased, thy mortal nature from the sky,
Withering before the all-enlightened Lamb,
Whose radiant throne shall quench all other fires."

The sun is 883,000 miles in diameter, or 111½ times the diameter of our globe, and 500 times larger than all the planets together. It is considered to consist of a dark nucleus, which is seen through openings in the luminous crust, called the spots in the sun. It is not, therefore, an incandescent globe; and many agree with M. Arago, that its light is that of burning gas. Considering the enormous and incessant emanation of light and heat from the sun, the question has often arisen, whether the volume of the orb undergoes any diminution. If the high temperature is maintained either by electric currents, or by friction, as has been suggested, no loss of volume would be sustained; but if, according to the hypothesis of Newton, light is produced by the actual emission of luminous particles, a diminution in size would appear indispensable. Observation, however, can afford us no information on this question; for, supposing an actual decrease to be proceeding at such a rate as to lessen the diameter by two feet in twenty-four hours—which, having regard to the sun's magnitude may be considered as enormous—3,000 years would elapse before the decrease of the apparent diameter would amount to a single second.

The light of the sun moves with the velocity of 192,000 miles per minute, and its distance from the earth, in round numbers, is about 96,000,000 of miles; an extent so prodigious, that a cannon ball would be more than twenty-two years in proceeding from the earth to the sun. The orb revolves round its own axis in twenty-five siderial days. Its magnitude and distance from the earth is ascertained by direct observation.

Astronomers have divided the planets into two classes: the primary and secondary planets. The primary ones include Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Ceres, Pallas, Juno, Vesta, Jupiter, Saturn, and the Georgium Sidus. The secondary ones are the satellites, which belong to some of the primary planets, such as the Moon, attendant upon the Earth, the four Moons or satellites revolving about Jupiter; the seven belonging to Saturn; and the six of the Georgium Sidus.

The planets, like the earth, are nearly spherical bodies, and being opaque, become visible only by reflecting the light which they receive from the sun. The laws by which they are governed were discovered by Kepler, who demonstrated that they must necessarily re-

volve in elliptical, and not in circular orbits. The primary planets are divided into the superior and inferior: the superior including those which are at a greater distance from the sun than the earth, and the inferior, those whose distance from the sun is less than that of the earth, as Mercury and Venus.

Mercury,

"whose disc
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of his blaze,"

is situated at a distance of 36,000,000 of miles from the sun. Its diameter is only 3,140 miles, and it revolves on its axis in 24 hours and five minutes. It may be occasionally seen in the form of a round black spot, passing across the sun's disc, as will occur on the 9th of November, 1848, the 11th of November, 1861, and the 4th of November, 1863.

Venus revolves round the sun at the distance of 68,000,000 miles, in 224 days 16 hours, performing his daily revolution about its own axis, in 23 hours 21 minutes. Its diameter is 7,700 miles, or a little less than that of the earth. This planet is well known as the splendid morning and evening star, occasionally preceding the rising and setting of the orb of day.

"More distant still our globe terraqueous turns,
Nor chills intense, nor fiercely heated burns;
Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,
Trailing her silver glories through the night."

Between the orbits of Mars and the earth there have been discovered, within the present century, four very small planetary bodies, sometimes called *Asteroids*. The earth is endowed with a double motion: first, a motion of rotation about its axis, passing through its centre; and, secondly, a motion of revolution about the sun. The first of these movements produces the phenomena of day and night, and the apparent diurnal revolution of the celestial bodies. The time in which the earth's rotation is performed is measured by the interval which elapses between two transits of the same fixed star over the meridian of any place, and this interval is always precisely the same: for astronomers have proved that it cannot have varied the three-thousandth part of a second since the date of the first astronomical observation, which is two thousand years ago. This perfectly uniform lapse of time is denominated the sidereal day.

The figure of the earth is that of an oblate spheroid of revolution, the diameter of the earth at the equator being nearly 7,925 English miles, and the polar diameter about 7,898 miles. The mean radius of the earth being 3,956 miles, supposing it to be a sphere, its whole surface would contain about 196,663,000 square miles.

To the moon it has been said,—

"Enthroned amid the cloudless blue,
Majestic, silent, and alone,
Above the fountains of the dew,
Thou glidest on, and glidest on,
To shoreless seas, and lands unknown.
Thy presence of thy face appears,
Thou eldest born of Beauty's daughters,
A spirit traversing the spheres,
And ruling o'er the pathless waters."

The moon accompanies the earth in its motions, revolving round her own axis, in 27 days 8 hours, at a distance of 237,000 miles from this planet. Her diameter is 2,160 miles.

THE YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER.

No. I.

HE IS AROUSED TO REFLECTION.

It is very interesting to the Christian reader to trace the manner in which God brings a sinner out of the darkness of nature into the light of the gospel; to see how all are led, it may be by different ways, yet to the same end. But this should be interesting, also, to those who are not the disciples of Christ; for they, too, must be led by God's Spirit into the way of salvation, or a terrible day of judgment awaits them. The whole world is divided into two great classes, to one of which every individual belongs. Every man is either the child of God or the child of sin. For the former is prepared a glorious and eternal happiness, when God shall take him to himself. On the latter, if he die without faith in Christ, a grief and anguish are denounced, so intolerable, that we shrink as we contemplate the awful details which the Scripture presents of its eternal woe. It is not the word of man, but the solemn truth of God's word, which says, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," Matt. xviii. 3.

The subject of the following narrative was, a few years since, a thoughtless but brave young officer. One of his messmates declared that he had "a good heart." But had Robert a good heart? What says the Scripture of the natural heart of man? "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" Jer. xvii. 9. "The Lord looked down from heaven upon the

children of men, to see if there were any that did understand and seek God. They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy: there is none that doeth good, no, not one," Psa. xiv. 2, 3. "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." 1 John i. 8. This is the estimate of the human heart, made by Him who is described as a Discerner of the thoughts. But though we cannot admit that Robert had naturally a good heart, yet there was much in his character fitted to win the love and esteem of his companions. He was attentive to the duties of his station, had an ardent love of his country, and, like most sailors, was frank and sincere, and warm-hearted and generous. He would have scorned an act of dishonour, and his outward conduct was such as the world would have pronounced blameless in morals; yet his was not a Christian morality. God's holy day, his holy word, had no charms for him. He was proud of his country, proud of his ship, proud of his character as a fearless British sailor, but he had never seen himself a sinner in the sight of God; and the sincere prayer of a contrite heart had never passed his lip, when he joined occasionally with the great assembly, in the outward act of prayer and praise.

During the time when Robert's vessel came into port, after a long absence from England, he went to spend some weeks with his family. There was one in that family who had, while he was at sea, experienced a great change in character. Ellen had been taught in the school of Christ, and as the Scripture represents that change, "old things had passed away, and all had become new." Ellen had been one evening speaking to her relative with much earnestness, on the necessity of a change of heart. She had been remarking, too, on the duty of observing the sabbath, when she was interrupted by the entrance of some young friends who came to visit Robert. They had come to invite him to spend the following Sunday with them in a very beautiful village, which lay at a little distance. Robert had lately come from sea; and none but those who have been long absent from the woods and fields of their native land, know how dear they seem to the sailor on his return. On these very places his mind had often pondered when he was sailing over the silent waters, or roaming among the distant forests—and Robert eagerly accepted the invitation of his friends. He was to accompany the party to church in the morning, while the remaining part of the day would doubtless have been spent in such recreation as must have been deemed sabbath-breaking.

As the friends of the young man left the house, Ellen again attempted to offer some remonstrance against the proposed manner of spending a day set apart by God for his own worship. Finding, however, that her remarks were met with some warmth of feeling, she considered it prudent to desist, and said, "Well, Robert, I shall say little more, but this one thing I must say, if you die in the state in which you now are, where you wish to go you never will go." Robert's displeasure was now roused into a momentary fury. Looking angrily at his friend, he said, "Ah, that is just like the charity of you all! I will never go again to hear one of your psalm-singing ministers—I wish such people were all burnt."

Ah, it is a strange idea of charity which the worldly man has, when he calls him uncharitable who tells him of his danger. Would it be uncharitable to waken a man from his dream, when the house in which he slept was falling? Would that be a want of charity or love which should induce one to drag an intoxicated person from the edge of a precipice? No, the man whose eyes are opened to the truths of the Bible—who sees the dreadful destiny to which his friend is exposed if he do not repent—he whose heart is filled with the love of Christ and the love of souls—how can he be silent? how can he dare to let him pursue unwarned, his course of danger? Ellen might have said, with the eastern princes, mentioned in Scripture, "How can I bear to see the destruction of my kindred?"

Robert yielded only for a few moments to this uncontrolled burst of passion, but his cordiality towards his relative was, both now and for some time after, considerably lessened. It was not exactly that she was less dear to him, yet he felt his heart somewhat estranged. She, whose feelings had hitherto been so like his own, was now influenced by sentiments and feelings which he could not understand, and which with the dislike to spiritual religion, so common to the unconverted heart of man, he quite hated. For as the apostle says, "The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is

not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be," Rom. viii. 7.

But the evening on which the earnest conversation alluded to had taken place, now closed on the family circle, and all were soon gathered to their nightly repose. No sleep, however, awaited the young sailor. Agitated by restless and angry emotions, he lay tossing restlessly on his bed all the night, hearing every sound of the clock, as it told the hours, till the morning's dawn found him in a state of mental excitement and bodily illness, which demanded immediate remedies, and his medical attendant found it necessary to bleed him. His condition distressed Ellen, but she endeavoured to console herself by the remembrance that she had acted from a sense of duty, and by the hope, that strong impressions, now received, might indeed be the awakening influences of God's Spirit on the heart of her relative. She feared that Robert would think she had been unkind, or that he was less dear to her, yet never had she regarded him before with so deep, so true an interest; for never before had she felt the value of his immortal soul.

The Sunday came round on which the promised visit was to be paid, and the sun shone brightly on the waving cornfields and grassy hills which lay between his home and the village, and gilded the broad river which flowed through the landscape. Robert could see the beautiful country from his window, and as he had been quite silent upon all that had passed, Ellen expected that he would, in the course of the morning, walk in that direction. Instead of this, however, he came to accompany her to hear the very minister whom he had included among those of whom he spoke with so much disgust. As they sate side by side in the house of God, the heart of Ellen often rose in silent prayer, that her heavenly Father would direct his servant to some passage of Scripture, or some suitable reflections, which might fall with power on the heart of Robert, and be remembered by him in future days, when he should be far away, among them that "go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters." God heard that prayer. The minister was directed to dwell especially on the very themes on which Ellen had spoken. He confirmed by Scripture all which she had advanced, and earnestly besought his hearers to remember, that they must be born again. Then he said, in an emphatic manner, "Perhaps some young man who is now present, may be about to depart for a foreign land; oh that he may prove a missionary for God!" Robert evidently listened with great emotion; he covered his face with his hand, and never moved from that position until the close of the service—when every man went to his own home.

The effect of Robert's feelings became in some measure apparent in his habits and manners. He now attended regularly the ministry of the gospel, and seemed to listen earnestly to its important topics. So far from avoiding those whom he had designated as saints and psalm-singers, he seemed to seek their society, became more thoughtful, and was willing to discourse on religion. But Robert had one great snare; he was unwilling to renounce his gay companions, or to declare to them that he disapproved of their pursuits. The fascinations of worldly society still enchained him. The very amiableness and warmth of his affections seemed to estrange him from the God to whom he owed his whole heart. Alas! "the friendship of the world is enmity with God," and Robert found himself often led into scenes of gaiety which his awakened conscience condemned. So far as we can judge of his feelings at this period, he was in that painful state of indecision when he felt sin to be a great evil, and the claims of God as urgent and right, yet he could not resolve to give up the world, and seek first the kingdom of God. To him might have been addressed those words of the prophet, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" But the work of God had commenced on his heart, and was gradually carried forward by the Holy Spirit. It was at this period of Robert's history that those warlike preparations were commencing, which terminated in the well-remembered siege of Acre. A fleet was about to sail for Syria, and in one of its vessels the naval officers embarked. It was a cold gloomy morning in winter when his ship left her native shore, but many persons crowded on the beach, some to assist in making the final preparations for its departure; some to bid farewell to friends, and others to gaze on the vessels sailing on an important expedition. And as the ships glided proudly out of harbour, they were followed by the shouts of the spectators. Some looked quietly on, and felt

a pleasure and a pride, as they marked the skill and science which had built and now guided the warlike vessels; and were but too prompt to say, as did the Assyrian king, "By the strength of my hand I have done it, and by my wisdom; for I am prudent,". Isa. x. 13. While perhaps no thought entered the mind of One who bade the tree of the forest to grow for its timbers, or gave to man the intellect to fashion and direct them suitably to the element on which they were to float. And women were there, looking tearfully onwards, as the vessel which bore away the father, husband, son, or brother, gradually disappeared in the distance, till it became a speck in the horizon; while they thought that perhaps some voices, which still seemed speaking their farewell in their ears, might never again sound on their native shores. And the thoughtless sailor lad, who might be sailing away, full of hope and energy, was, perhaps, at that moment committed, in simple faith and humble prayer, to the guidance of Him whom the prophet describes, as measuring "the waters in the hollow of his hand."

The following extract is taken from a letter written by Robert from Beyrout, which was at that time the scene of hostilities, and is dated July 20th, 1840. In apologising to his relative for his long silence, he says, "I could not make up my mind to give you a letter, the contents of which must have been distressing. I had often detected myself, even while at home, in paying deference to the opinion of the world, instead of conscientiously serving God in all things; and from this feeling I have been silent to you, until gratitude for your continued interest in my welfare, constrains me to throw aside every other feeling but affection, and open my heart to you—and thus will I begin. The feelings with which I left you continued strong and uninterrupted until I left Plymouth; when, on arrival at that place, I found that from jeers and ungenerous remarks, it spread to something worse. Even the higher powers, by their conduct, made me truly miserable. I could scarcely even get leave to go ashore while I remained there. From this we went to the Cove of Cork, and then, I may say, I first slackened, and forgot Zion. The people there are the most hospitable of any I ever visited: we were continually full. At times we had about 2,000 people on board in a day. The captain gave parties on board, and I among the rest, received while there about twenty invitations of different descriptions. Sunday is the principal gala day there, as the chief part of the people are papists, and on this day we were visited more than on any other. Added to this, I experienced a great change in the conduct of my brother officers towards me for the better, which, causing an elevation of spirits, led me again into the world; so that when I left the place I was as bad as I ever was before. I have not, since leaving Plymouth, been into a place of worship, excepting to hear our chaplain read prayers. Since that time I have remained in a state as dark, if not darker, than any heathen. Darker, because I know the path and have shunned it." He adds, that he is likely to change his ship, in consequence of a prospect of promotion, and says, "It will be a smaller vessel, where there is less riot and excess, and more privacy; so that, instead of being continually annoyed by the sinful and reckless, I may at least have time to reflect." P.

A RAMBLE IN IRELAND.

The gap of Dunloe is a huge mountain pass, about four miles long; and of different degrees of width; in some places, opening, so as to give a lake-like form to the stream that rushes through it; in others, the walls of rock approach so near to each other, that it seems as if they were about to arch over the valley at their feet into a gigantic cavern, through which there is room only for the brawling torrent, and the foot of the startled and adventurous traveller. When we reached the entrance, the summits of the mountains that form the sides of this gloomy pass were lost in the clouds; and when, after ascending a winding path by the side of precipices for about half a mile, we came to the spot where our car was to leave us, the scene that presented itself was one of the most terrific and savage I ever beheld. Salvator Rosa might have luxuriated here with intense enjoyment. As if to deepen the emotion of awe that this spot is calculated to awaken, dark clouds swept along the sides of the mountain, and flinging their broad shadows over the waters of the Loe, which here gather themselves into a capacious basin, gave to the whole spot such an air of death-like gloom and de-

solation, that a feeling of sadness began to creep over the mind. We were, however, soon roused from our reveries by the rich notes of a bugle, which a young guide was playing, opposite to a part of the mountain where Echo, that sweet "daughter of the voice," as the Jews phrase it, was known to dwell. And "most musical, most melancholy," were her replies, as they floated around us; reproducing the pensiveness which had before been awakened by the wild and solemn scene. This was followed by the firing of a cannon by a volunteer attendant on the visitors. The reverberations were very grand; but they were not like those at the Eagle Rock.

The different parties who had met here without concert, now moved on through the pass, a stout guide carrying all the cloaks, coats, and umbrellas he could collect, which were willingly surrendered when it was discovered that the road in some places was very steep and on the ascent all the way. Some distance from the entrance the torrent is crossed by an arched bridge, which forms a most picturesque object in the view. A solitary house or two betokened life in the midst of what might not be deemed an inappropriate representation of "the valley of the shadow of death;" and here and there, high up the sides of the mountain on the left, were a few goats, apparently "scarce half so gross as beetles," tended by a ragged urchin, whose proper duties did not prevent him gratifying his curiosity, by having a peep at "the quality," whose visits to that wild and dreary scene must agreeably break in upon the monotony of his existence. We halted two or three times, both for rest and to feast our eyes with the grandeur and sublimity of the way we had traversed. But here, as when riding along the splendid road round the bay at Glenarm, we found that all minds were not alike affected by the spirit of the scene. A lady of the party, whom by her conversation we found to be a public singer, and who was to regale the ears of the visitors at Killarney that evening at a concert, either by way of inducing an attendance, by an exhibition of her vocal powers, or, as the ploughboy, who "whistled as he went, for want of thought," broke in most inopportunely with snatches of song, which were about as much in keeping with the occasion and the spot, as dancing at a funeral.

At length the summit of the pass was reached, and another of the wondrous kaleidoscopic views of this glorious region burst upon us. This was the Coom Dhuv, "the black valley," that lay stretched out at our feet. On the right, it was shut in by the Magillicuddy reeks, frowning and cloud-capped; and at the extreme end of the valley, a thin, silver line hung down the sides of the rocky barrier, like a veil of gauze, floating in mid air. This was the cataract that leaps from a great height, after coursing its way along the gullies and chasms of the mountains, and falling in millions of glittering diamonds, forms the stream that flows through the valley to the Upper Lake. While we were gazing on this marvellous combination of the beautiful and the sublime, the clouds rolled back for a few moments from the summit of Carran Tuel, "the inverted sickle," so called from its supposed resemblance to that instrument, and the monarch of Erin's mountains stood before us in his proud and majestic pre-eminence. The sunlight fell upon his hoary head, and gilded it with a golden radiance, which seemed to remain and to penetrate the clouds that, the next moment encircled it. These appeared on fire from their catching and reflecting the rays of light that rushed forth in a perfect blaze, when the sun flung from him a superincumbent mass of thick and heavy vapour, and shone forth with a dazzling splendour, as he continued to do all the rest of that day.

Turning at length from this bewitching scene, and traversing an easy footpath on the side of the mountain, for about a mile, we reached the Upper Lake. Our road to the southern shore was through some pleasant grounds, forming part of a nobleman's demesne. Here, in a small creek, we found several boats waiting for the different parties who had accompanied us through the pass; and in a few moments we were gliding along the smooth surface of the lake, whose crystal waters reflected most clearly the deep, blue, glorious sky above us. On our left, the mountains shut us in; their grey sides, in some places, presenting tufts of green foliage, from a solitary tree that had found a lodgment there. On the right, the hills receded to a greater distance, and were less rugged in their appearance, more verdant, and diversified with groups of forest trees. It is from one of these mountains the Derricunnihy cascade falls, and flows into the lake. We shot by several small islands, covered with the

arbutus, whose branches bent down to the surface of the water, and were kissed by the tiny waves which the rapid progress of our boat created. After rowing for about two miles we came to a place called "Coleman's Eye," the commencement of the narrow passage along which the waters of the Upper Lake rush to the lower. It is about thirty feet in width, and as the force of the current here is necessarily very great, much care is requisite in rounding the jutting promontory. Our boatmen were very alert, and we passed in safety. On this rock they pointed out to us some gigantic footmarks, said to have been formed by the person whose name is given to the spot, who once leaped over the stream. With whatever superstitious veneration such objects may have been regarded, and in many parts of Ireland they are so still by the most ignorant of the peasantry, our guides thought very little of them, save as objects of curiosity.

After rowing for another mile along this contracted part of the lake, we reached a bend in the stream, and at length suddenly stopped. The boatmen laid on their oars, and their leader rose from his seat and leaped ashore. In answer to our inquiry, why they did not proceed? the men requested us to sit still for a while, and the cause would be explained. A huge perpendicular rock rose on our left in shape like a pyramid, covered with moss, and ivy, and branches of trees, whose roots lay hidden deep within its fissures. On the opposite bank was a small rising ground, broken and wild. Behind this the boatman disappeared; and the visitors sat looking at each other, half expectant, half wondering. We pointed to the lofty cliff, to ask its name, —for almost all the rocks have some designation, — but an expressive, low-breathed "Hush!" silenced the questioner, and filled all with eager curiosity. Suddenly, a mellow sound rose on the air—a bugle note blown by our unseen guide. So sweet, so plaintive was it, that it fell soothingly on the spirit. Before an exclamation could be uttered, another sound was heard, but — surely not of earth! We started. Another! and another! Whence came those aerial voices, so thrilling, so exquisitely soft, so rich, so subduing, dissolving the soul into ecstasy, making our very being feel a bliss? One other yet! and yet more musical, but less distinct;

"In linked sweetness long drawn out;"

dying along the distant mountains, until it melted away, in a low, delicious cadence, of the most ravishing melody. It was as if a band of glorious angels, floating there, were hymning on their harps the anthems of heaven; and these marvellous sounds were as the last faintly-breathed notes of that spirit-train. We sat spell-bound: the heart heaving with deep, unutterable emotions. Again the bugle spoke, and its three or four notes were again repeated, sweeter, softer, more subduing, as they receded in the distance; mournfully musical, as if they sorrowed to pass away. The very remembrance of that hour, as it rises on the mind while I write, is most exciting. Then, all I could do was to weep. Those echoes spoke of the spirit-land afar off, where every sound is melodious, and all the air is love; and the heart longed for the hour when all its evil and unquiet passions would be hushed in an everlasting sleep, and when the soul, purified by the precious blood of Christ, and sanctified by the Divine Spirit, should rise to share in the blessedness of the family of God. If there be such sweetness in nature's harmonies; and if such the delight of listening to them, who shall describe the rapture of those who hear and join in the universal song of the kingdom of grace and glory, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

After we had been permitted for some time to sit in silence, abandoning ourselves to the influence of the hour, a cannon was fired from the bank. If the effect of the bugle was subduing, this was most rousing. Its deep reverberations, as they rolled along, were answered by a thousand voices on all sides; now apparently from the very depths of the mountain, and then from the loftiest peaks; rattling, rolling; now loud, now low; at one moment with a solitary echo, and then in a rushing confused reply of a host of echoes. The Eagle Rock took up the chorus peal, and Torc mountain hurled it back; Glena and Purple and Tomies repeated the thunder tones, and old Mangerton sullenly replied, as if angry at the invasion of his dreary solitude: then, when we thought it had ceased, far, far away, as if from another sphere, came the repeat once more. It was as though all the thunder clouds of the region had burst in a series of tremendous crashes, with a violence enough

to rend the mountains, or shake them to their solid base. Such an accumulation of deafening peals I never heard. The roaring of artillery was feeble in comparison. And these were the far-famed echoes of the Eagle's Nest! Fame had not exaggerated here. No language can be extravagant in the description.

After lingering for some time, we at length reluctantly departed. The channel still continued narrow, until we reached Dinis island. Just before we came to this beautiful spot, we had to disembark, that the boat might the better shoot through the old Weir Bridge, which, with its two arches, here spans the stream. There is some danger in this passage on account of the great force and rapidity of the current; for through this confined channel the whole of the waters of the Upper Lake pour themselves into Torc lake, and there are rocks on either side just beyond the bridge, against which it requires great skill and coolness on the part of the boatmen to guard; for, at the rate the water bears them along, to strike would be instantly to capsize the boat. We were requested to get out, because the depth of water was not now sufficient for a heavily laden bark. One of our companion boats with two ladies and as many rowers, the former evidently desirous to dare the danger, passed us as we were disembarking; and getting into the current, shot through in gallant style and perfect safety. All that is required on the part of visitors is to sit still: the men are so used to their employment, that an accident rarely, if ever, happens. They stand at the head of the boat with a boathook to keep clear of the rocks, and the stream itself bears them along.

Dinis island is at the very entrance to Torc lake, and divides the waters into two channels. Its eastern shore forms one boundary to the Middle lake, and with Brikeen island almost disjoins it from the Upper one. On Dinis island is a small cottage, where parties dine, who have taken the precaution either to order dinners there from the hotel, or who have brought provision with them. Our courageous lady companions with their friends had done this, but we had not been so provident and therefore went on. We rowed along the narrow passage between Dinis island and Glena mountain, not visiting Torc lake at all, although we had subsequently a fine view of it from the mountain of the same name, and in a few minutes were in Glena bay, which is the commencement of the Upper Lake. On our left, embosomed in trees, was the pretty cottage of lady Kenmare, and in front of that, a lawn of the most exquisite green I ever beheld. Justly as Ireland is designated the Emerald Isle, in the whole course of my wanderings in that country I never met with anything that could bear a comparison with this spot for its glorious verdure. It reminded me of Watts' beautiful lines on the "better country," where

> "Everlasting spring abides,
> And never withering flowers;"

and where the fields

> "Stand dress'd in living green."

The view from this cottage is most magnificent. We had it now before us. The whole expanse of the lower lake stretched itself out like a silver mirror, with islands in all directions, diversifying its surface, and rocks of all shapes and sizes; some of them bearing the name of the celebrated chieftain, O'Donoghue, who once inhabited this part of Ireland, and from fancied resemblances are called his horse, his library, his table, prison, etc. This chief is a prime personage in the legends and tales that abound among the peasantry, some of them partaking very largely of the marvellous. Our boatmen repeated several of them, but evidently believed them as little as we did.

After leaving Glena, we rowed towards Ross Island, and on our way thither found that the wind, which at first had scarcely ruffled the surface of the lake, had much risen. It very often comes down the mountains with great violence, and lashes the waves into white foam—it did so now. Our boat soon began to rock and plunge, and a little alarm was depicted upon the countenance of some lady voyagers. Presently a large wave dashed over the bows of the boat, near which I was sitting, and completely saturated me. Instead of being commiserated, the boatmen were profuse in their congratulations, assuring me of good fortune, as I had just received "O'Donoghue's blessing." In about a quarter of an hour we reached Innisfallen, the low arch of whose ancient chapel was dimly seen through the thick foliage that covers this beautiful island. All that has been said or sung in praise of this charming spot is by no means exaggerated. Nature and art have combined to invest it with a loveliness, that affects the mind like a

low plaintive melody, stealing on the ear in the twilight of a summer's eve. The richness and softness of the verdure; the luxuriance of the trees; the venerableness of the abbey's shattered walls; the stillness of the place, broken only by the sweet notes of birds hidden in a "spray of leaves;" or the humming of insects floating on the straggling sunbeams, that found their way through the dense thicket of boughs and branches, and gilded the green sward beneath them; conspired to produce a state of feeling in harmony with all that is peaceful, beautiful, divine.

Passing by Mouse Island, we rowed along the northern shores of Ross, which at every few yards presented some natural object of attention, and at length disembarked in safety under the walls of the castle. Our boatmen, who were to a man tee-totallers of the stricter sort, requested an extra shilling to drink "their honours' health in a cup of coffee;" an appeal that was very readily responded to, and which response met with a most profuse acknowledgment.

Ross Castle is a very interesting feature in the scenery of the lakes, whether seen from the water or from the land. Towards the west, its square embattled tower is covered with ivy; and on either side of it there is sufficient ruin to give the place a very venerable air. It belonged to the O'Donoghues; and from its windows, the peasants say, the celebrated chieftain leaped into the lake, beneath whose waters he resides, in a splendid palace, revisiting the scenes of his former sway at stated periods. But all these legends are fast passing away from among the people. This island, which is the largest of the lakes, is formed into a kind of half park, half garden, with gravel walks running in all directions towards the shores, where are obtained diversified views of the glorious scenery around. There are copper mines here, but the owners have long ceased to work them. After wandering about until we were fairly tired—again and again returning to the borders of the lake to take a parting look—we at length found our way back to the town of Killarney, which is about a mile from Ross Castle.

And thus ended this exciting day. Within its short compass, I had seen and heard more that was marvellous, than in any previous day of my existence. As I now read over what I have written, I am forcibly struck with the utter incompetency of words fully to describe the mingled magnificence and loveliness of this enchanting spot. Equally impossible is it for any pictorial representation to convey, to one who has not visited it, a just idea of the place. I had made myself familiar with the splendid engravings of Mrs. Hall's "Ireland," and read and re-read the admirable descriptions—which are almost as perfect as it is possible to be—yet, when I saw Killarney, in the summer gorgeousness, and pomp and pride of its majestic beauty, I felt, as any one acquainted with the lakes will feel, who reads these lines, that they had been, and ever must be, imperfectly set before us, no matter what the skill of the artist, or how elaborate soever the attempts of the most practised pen. Of all the celebrated scenes, it has been my pleasant lot to visit on either side of St. George's Channel, this is the only place that has exceeded my expectations. My preference to it, above all other spots, I found was by no means singular. Many of the tourists whom I met in Ireland—and this year I was informed their number was greater than ever—were unanimous in their suffrages in favour of Killarney, above all other places in the British Isles. Within a year or two, the facilities for reaching it will be so greatly increased, that I doubt not many more, who are able to enjoy a few weeks of relaxation away from home, will embrace the opportunity of judging for themselves, whether the language employed in describing these scenes has any taint of exaggeration, or whether these are but the "words of truth and soberness." T. A.

THE LIGHT OF SALVATION.

The mind may be illumined without the heart being changed; but that light is only the light of the moon, though sometimes beautifully clear, it is always without warmth; but the light of salvation resembles the light of the sun, it warms and influences the heart, and causes it to bring forth fruit; its beneficial influences are seen and felt in the walk and conversation of all those who are thus savingly enlightened by the Holy Spirit.—*Marsh.*

GOD AS WITNESS.

God is a witness in his omniscience, that he may be a Judge in his righteousness.—*Charnock.*

Scene in the Desert.

THE BEDOUINS.

The traveller is struck to this day with the unalterable character of Ishmaelitish manners. It is, for instance, nearly sunset, and he is in the midst of an Arab encampment. Sheep, asses, and cattle approach it from afar, under the guardianship of young boys, and the maidens go forth to milk. Meanwhile the more aged females prepare the evening meal, consisting of heaps of rice, having butter thinly poured upon them, piled upon circular wooden dishes; while the young and old men are prostrate on the floor, pouring forth their prayers, with their unsheathed swords lying before them. With the murmur of their petitions, the bellowing of camels, the braying of asses, the bleating of sheep and goats, and the deep bark of the shepherd dog are mingled.

The traveller now approaches; a female goes forth to him; he asks for water, and what is the reply? "O stranger! our encampment affords no water, but milk we freely offer to you." She immediately returns to the tent, and though it may deprive her own family of the evening meal, she again appears, and gracefully presents the bowl to the traveller. He drinks, and with the usual and appropriate phrase, "May safety be with you!" he returns the vessel and resumes his journey. How little aid from fancy is required in such circumstances to transport the mind to the days of the patriarchs, when Ishmael roamed over the same spot, or when the tents of Judah were spread about these plains, and Moses tended the flocks of Jethro!

Could we listen to their language, examine their garments, partake of their food, enter their tents, attend the ceremonies of their marriage feasts, and pre-

sent ourselves before the chief, we should find that still all is the same. The aged men sit in dignity; at the wells the people water their flocks; they are found at the door of the tent in the cool of the day; they place the calf which they have dressed before the stranger; they move onward to some distant place, and pitch their tent nearer richer pasturage; and all the treasures they possess are in camels, kine, sheep, and goats, men-servants and women-servants, and changes of raiment. "As we look on," says a traveller, "we are almost ready to ask if such an one be not Abraham, or Lot, or Jacob, or Job, or Bildad the Shuhite, or Rebekah, or Rachael, or the daughter of Jethro the Midianite; we seem to know them all. The mountains, and valleys, and streams partake of the same unchangeableness; not a stone has been removed, not a barrier has been raised, not a tree has been planted, not a village has been called together. Could Ishmael come again to the earth, he would recognise without effort his own people and his own land."—*From The Arab*, just published by the Religious Tract Society.

CAXTON, THE PRINTER.

No. I.

The art of printing was brought into England by William Caxton, and while we would give all due praise to its originators, yet for him should be reserved a higher guerdon who brought his own genius to bear upon the materials already in existence and thus to carry out to a much farther extent the great design of his predecessors.

This remarkable man was born in the weald of Kent, which at that period was more like a barren waste than many spots so denominated in our days. Who would have looked for such a man as William Caxton among a herd of unlettered men in an all but barbarous region? and yet this was his birth-place, and his first seminary, if we may so designate the tutorship he here received, which was not so much from teachers as from the musings of his own precocious mind. He had no sooner profited himself by the acquisition of knowledge than he sought to communicate to others the blessing which he so prized, and he did so by simplifying what he wrote so as to make it intelligible and easy to those who had not received equal advantages—a rare display of kindness of spirit and of zeal to diffuse useful information.

The exact date of Caxton's apprenticeship to Robert Large, a member of the Mercers' Company, is uncertain, but it is generally supposed to have been about 1428, in the reign of Henry the Sixth. At first sight it seems a strange position for William Caxton to fill, whose delight was in literary pursuits, but the business arrangements of those days rendered it not ineligible to the acquirement of knowledge, since in the way of his daily occupations some degree of practical acquaintance with books was attainable. The mercers of those days were essentially merchants, and dealt in almost every commodity, books not excepted. Caxton, therefore, whose tastes and energies were thrown largely into one scale would naturally avail himself of every opportunity for gratifying his favourite inclination, and, with his abilities, profit beyond youth of his age; and we find that he did so. After the death of his master, Caxton went abroad, and collected all the information within his reach relative to printing, and it is supposed, that about the year 1470, he came to London, set up his presses, and carried on his operations in the Almonry of Westminster Abbey, where, considering the infancy of the typographic art, he printed a great number of books.

The types with which this eminent man printed were peculiar, being that mixture of the Secretary and Gothic shape; the size now known among printers as Great Primer. Caxton had, as assistants, several excellent workmen. Wynkin de Woorde, a Dutchman, whose indefatigable perseverance would have made him master any difficulty, however mountainous; Richard Pynson, of an equally zealous, but less hopeful and courageous disposition; and William Machlinai, timid and calculating spirit, although not less fondly attached to his master, or the art in which he was engaged. The two former, after Caxton's death, became printers in London, of some reputation. It has been conjectured that the Scriptorium of Westminster abbey, where books formerly were transcribed, was assigned to Caxton to carry on the art, and although many were the difficulties he had to contend with, yet he met with considerable encouragement from many religious societies. As early as 1480, books were printed at St. Albans, and in 1525, there

was a translation of "Boetius," which was printed by Dan Thomas Richards, a monk of the monastery of Tavistock. The abbot of Westminster was on the most friendly terms, and, as we learn from Caxton's own testimony, aided him by all possible means.

It has been with some a matter of surprise, that beneath this sacred roof Caxton's mind was not more imbued with a devotional spirit, prompting him to write more on religious subjects. Had it been an occasional resort only, probably this would have been the case; but his familiarity with it, as his business locality, would form an obstacle to the continuance of such a state of mind. And then, Caxton having one object always before him, to which all his energies were unceasingly directed, it was likely that all others should be merged in the one paramount interest. It would seem, however, that he did not purposely avoid religious topics, since he produced some few strictly pertaining to theological subjects. Could he have printed Bibles indeed, and had not done so, he would have incurred just cause for censure. But this was impossible. Sir Thomas More has shown us the reason why Caxton could not print a Bible, although the people would greedily have bought Wickliffe's translation. Before Wickliffe's time there were translations of the Bible, and that which goes by the name of the Reformer's was probably made up from copies of those translations. Wickliffe was interdicted, and More says, "On account of the penalties ordered by archbishop Arundel's constitution, though the old translations that were before Wickliffe's days remained lawful, and were, in some folks' hands, had and read, yet he thought no printer would lightly be so hot to put any Bible in print at his own charge; and then hang upon a doubtful trial whether the first copy of his translation was made before Wickliffe's days or since; for if it were made since, it must be approved before the printing." It was not likely, therefore, that Caxton, a prudent, calculating man, would expose himself to such difficulties. That Caxton was inclined to disseminate right principles, even the principles of piety and truth, may be gathered from the secular works which he printed. One of his biographers bears testimony to his high sense of religion, and says that Caxton lived in the fear of God, and was very desirous of promoting his glory."

To this however may be opposed his advocacy of some of the superstitions of his times, such as "the Holy war," the recovery of Jerusalem out of the hands of the Turks, and pilgrimaging to that place. In a prologue to one of the works which Caxton translated, ("Godfrey of Boulogne,") he thus expresses himself:

"Then I, thus visiting this noble history, which is no fable nor feigned thing, but all that is therein true; considering also the great puisance of the Turk, the great enemy of our Christian faith, destroyer of Christian blood, and usurpers of certain empires and many Christian royaumes and countries, and now late this said year hath assailed the city and castle in the isle of Rhodes, where valiantly he hath been resisted; but yet, nothwithstanding, he hath approached more near, and hath taken the city of Idronte in Puille (Otranto in Apulia,) by which he hath gotten an entrance to enter into the royaume of Naples; and from thence, without he be resisted, into Rome and Italy, to whose resistance I beseech Almighty God to provide, if it be his will. Then it seemeth me necessary and expedient for all Christian princes to make peace, amity, and alliance each with other, and provide, by their wisdoms, the resistance against him, for the defence of our faith and mother, holy church, and also for the recuperation of the holy land and holy city of Jerusalem, in which our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ redeemed us with his precious blood; and to do as this noble prince Godfrey of Boulogne did, with other noble and high princes in his company. Thus, for the exhortation of all Christian princes, lords, barons, knights, gentleman, merchants, and all the common people of this noble royaume, Wales and Ireland, I have emprised to translate this book of the conquest of Jerusalem, out of French into our maternal tongue, to the interest to encourage them by the reading and hearing of the marvellous histories herein comprised, and of the holy miracles showed, and every man in his part endeavour them unto the resistance aforesaid and recuperation of the said Holy land, and for as much as I know no Christian king better proved in arms, and for whom God hath showed more grace, and in all his emprises glorious vanquisher, happy and fortunate than is our natural, lawful, and sovereign lord, and most Christian king, Edward, by the grace of God, king of England

and of France, and lord of Ireland, under the shadow of whose noble protection, I have achieved this simple translation; that he of his most noble grace, would address, stir, or command some noble captain of his subjects, to emprise this war against the said Turk and heathen people, to which I can think that every man will put hand to in their proper persons, and in their movable goods."

Such is the enthusiastically zealous address of Caxton; but we must award praise or censure proportionate to the light afforded to the mind under all circumstances, and more especially in times of extraordinary excitement. Motive is the standard by which at all times we should estimate human actions; for thus are they weighed by Him who knows the thoughts and intents of the heart.

One of the theological books which Caxton printed in the abbey of Westminster was the "Liber Festivalis." In this book, we find the Lord's Prayer, which furnishes a curious specimen of the English of that period.

"Father our that art in heavens," as though not to assign him one specific locality, "hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come to us; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven: our every day's bread give us this day; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evil sin," (which seems to imply actual transgression, as that for which we are responsible, Christ having died for original guilt, or the guilty nature which we derive from our first parents.) Amen.

Whether Caxton cast his own types is of little or no importance, as he certainly imported the art from abroad, so he might also the materials, which he never altered or improved. The original art of engraving on wood, and the production of block-books, gradually merged into a different mode—that of movable types. This process was, however, very difficult. Wohlgemuth, of Nuremberg, who flourished about 1480, however, effected improvements; and his pupil, Albert Durer, carried it to a perfection which has only been surpassed by the revival of it in our own country.

In imitating the MS. books, the early printers employed the wood engraver chiefly upon initial letters; sometimes their margins were adorned by borders of white lines, or sprigs of foliage upon a black ground. But if a group of figures were meditated, little more than a mere outline was attempted. By degrees shading was added, and light etching, or white dots, were used: but all cross-lines, such as are produced upon metal, were avoided, the process being so difficult upon wood.

The class of customers most numerous for books at this early period, was the laity, who were thought unworthy of the perusal of the monastic MSS. Doubtless, this portion of the community were surrounded with many obstacles to the acquirement of knowledge, but the taste being elicited, difficulties were surmounted. The taste, however, for reading was not then, as now, almost universal. Many, even, who possessed the ability, lacked excitement sufficient to prompt to the task; many more were unable to read their own language, and but few could read the learned languages in which the greater number of books were written. Wood cuts, therefore, were a great attraction, and acted as a stimulus to effort. This introduced a more costly mode of engraving, and copper-plate prints were used in printed books. This was a more expensive process, but they gradually superseded in England the use of the wood cuts, unless it were in a few primers or spelling books; but as a high branch of art, the early style of wood engraving disappeared till Bewick renewed it at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. During the last ten or twelve years, this art has been most extensively employed, and such is the perfection to which it is now brought that the finest works which are thus embellished may complete, in their peculiar line, with the smaller specimens of the graver on copper and steel. S.

DIVINE CONDESCENSION, HUMAN EXALTATION.

THE condescension of God, as already traced in its downward stages, was not ostentation and display. It could not fail to be productive of certain effects; for as surely as the natural operation of his justice would have tended to destroy, so certainly the operation of his love would have a tendency to save. And it could not be otherwise than that these restorative effects should be commensurate with the degree of condescension which he exercised; they would correspond in measure as well as in kind. Accordingly, we find that this exact correspondence obtains: he stooped to earth, that

we might be raised to heaven; he partook of our human nature, that we might be made partakers of his Divine; he died an ignominious death, that we might live a glorified and eternal life.

In glancing at the pinnacle of distinction to which man is raised, let us mark two or three of the more elevated stages in the ascending scale. The lowest to which we shall allude, is that of a servant of the most high God. From being the slaves of sin, he advances us into his high and holy service. He has no need of our services, for he is self-sufficient, and could accomplish everything by the word of his power; or if he chose to surround himself with obedient servants, as a thing becoming his majesty and state, he might have taken them all from the inhabitants of the heavenly world.* They have never revolted from him, never abused his goodness, nor renounced his authority, as we have done; but have ever counted it their highest honour to adore and serve him. How astonishing is it, then, that he should come to seek for servants in this sinful world! that he should call any into his service from among our apostate and guilty race! And yet he does this; and he does it in a manner as though he were really dependent on our services, as though he were unable to conduct the affairs of his government without us: for he not only calls us, he urges, and entreats, and even offers to reward us, though we can never be otherwise than unprofitable servants. If we neglect his first invitations, he repeats them; if we faint in his service, he supports and encourages us; if we revolt from his service, he actually follows and brings us back to it again; he stoops to do that which we should count it a degradation to do to our fellow-creatures. He reminds us that angels are our fellow-servants; he calls us co-workers together with himself; he even engages to applaud us at last in the face of the universe, by saying, "Well done, good and faithful servants: enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

But if it be an honour to be advanced into the service of God, how surpassing the distinction of being raised into his friendship! And yet this is his language, "Ye are my friends; henceforth I call you not servants, but friends." Had he only regarded his people in the light of his servants, he would only have laid his commands upon them; and even this would have been conferring on them an honour which angels are emulous and happy to enjoy. But he not only entrusts them with his commands, he shares with them his secrets, and honours them with his confidence. He gives them the utmost freedom of access to him, permitting them to come even to his seat, and to enter the secret of his pavilion. They share his sympathy, his counsel, and his aid; and in return, they feel a growing congeniality with his character, make his cause their own, and rejoice when it is promoted, as though their own interests were advanced. They are conscious of a holy jealousy for the honour of his name, as if it were committed entirely to their custody, or as if their own life and happiness were bound up with it. Oh how exalted and how ennobling is this relation to God! and yet it is their privilege to sustain it: they are known in heaven, though they may not be on earth, as the friends of God.

But they sustain a relation still higher, if possible, than this: "Beloved," says an apostle, "now are we the sons of God." "Ye are all the children of God," says another apostle, "by faith in Christ Jesus." "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." "Oh," said one of the Malabarian converts appointed by the Danish missionaries to translate a catechism, in which believers are called the "sons" of God,—"Oh, it is too much! let me rather render it, 'they shall be permitted to kiss his feet.'" But no, it is not too much. "It is just like him," said a converted negro woman, with sublime moral simplicity, when speaking of his unutterable gift of Christ for our redemption. Inconceivably great as the gift is, "it is just like him;" and unspeakably great as the privilege is, of constituting believers his children, "it is just like him:" it is no figment of the imagination; the honour is realized to the fullest extent. They are renewed after his likeness, and by the special operation of his own Spirit. They are clothed with the robes of his righteousness; are sustained with manna from heaven, and enjoy the training and tuition of a Divine Teacher; while every step they take brings them nearer to an inheritance worthy of those whom he has adopted as his children and his heirs. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God;"

* If the writer mistake not, there is a passage somewhere in the celebrated Howe's works, the scope of which bears a resemblance to this paragraph.

and when we look down to the depth from which he has raised us, we may well be astonished at the height of our present elevation; but when we look up towards the summits which we are yet destined to attain, we feel that "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Great as the honour is which he has already conferred upon us, it is only the beginning, the pledge of what he purposes to bestow on us in heaven. High as is the exaltation to which he has already raised us, we are still rising, and shall continue to ascend, till we have left sin, and death, and hell, at an infinite depth below us, and find ourselves placed at the right hand of God.

Now, looking at the history of this exaltation, we may remark that, like that Divine condescension to which it is owing, it is marked by distinct and successive stages, by which the Christian is carried from glory to glory, till he has reached the summit of perfect bliss. What an important moment in his history is that, when the voice of God first calls him, and induces him to consider his ways! The period of conversion comes, and he arrives at another stage: he now cordially believes, and embraces the gospel; his sins are forgiven; he draws the first breath of a new life, and aims at heaven. Henceforth, his course may be marked by numerous vicissitudes—but they all form so many steps, by which he rises towards heaven. The period of death comes, and he arrives at another and a most important point—he escapes from the state in which he had been walking by faith, and finds himself standing in the brightness of the throne of God; he quits his conflicts and temptations, and finds himself in a world where all is security, holiness, and bliss; he rises as by one mighty bound from earth to heaven. Nor is this the summit of his dignity. The morning of the resurrection will dawn, and he will reach a higher point of glory still. His body will be raised from the low chambers of the grave, and be fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body. The hour of judgment will arrive, and constitute another stage in his advancing career; he will then be acquitted from every charge, welcomed as an heir of heaven, and confirmed in his title to eternal life. And do you think that even then he will have reached the limits of his glory? That glory is an ocean—and he will only then be just launched forth on its shoreless expanse. Even then he will be heard saying, as he surveys the interminable prospect of blessedness that stretches before him, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but this we know, that we are like him, for now we see him as he is;" and this we believe, that in proportion to the depth to which he stooped in order to raise us, in that proportion will be the height of our exaltation, for ever advancing in endless progression.

To this advanced stage of their exaltation, however, Christians have not yet attained. Some of them are only just emerging into spiritual light and life; others are in the midst of their career toward heaven; others have just arrived at the point at which their spirits pass to the throne of God; and others have long been familiar with the scenes and the society of heaven. Were the operation of the grace of God to terminate at this moment, were the affairs of his kingdom to be wound up at once, how astonishing the effects which his condescension has already produced! How many has it raised to the enjoyment of eternal life! What a tide of happiness has it poured through the world—bearing on its bosom to the haven of rest an innumerable multitude, every one of whom would else have perished in the blackness of darkness for ever! But it shall not cease to operate till it has compassed the salvation of all his people; and then, and not till then, will it be adequately appreciated and adored. But then, when all the objects of his love—the fruits of his condescension—shall stand upon the mount of God; when they shall look up and gaze upon the glories of Him who sits upon the throne, and then look back, and down upon the cross, and remember that he once hung upon it, and trace the various stages through which he passed till he reached it, what an amazing impression of his condescension will they have, and what a theme for praise. And when they shall contrast their divine exaltation with their former depression, when they shall find that they are without fault before the throne of God, that they are walking in the society of angels, are raised to the enjoyment of all that heaven contains, and then look down at the state in which his condescension found them, and, still lower, at the state of perdition from which his grace has saved them, what a view will they have of their high exaltation, and what a subject for gratitude to Him "who raiseth up the needy

out of the dunghill, that he may set him with princes," even the princes of heaven!

But the adoration and praise of heaven must begin on earth. Christians are not strangers to these emotions now. It is by these, and the influence which these have upon their life, that they are distinguished from an ungodly world. The Saviour has spoken to them, and they have listened, wondered, and obeyed. He has raised them from the dust, and they have followed him. He has shown them his cross, and they feel that they are not their own. He has pointed them to the open gate of heaven, and they are hastening and ascending to reach it. He has constituted them his friends and his children, and they are advancing to take possession of their inheritance, and to share his glory.—*Dr. Harris.*

MY RAILWAY COMPANIONS.

No. I.

I LOVE a trip by the railway. Independent of the pleasure of gliding along with more speed than a race-horse, and getting to the end of my journey without the sense of fatigue, there is the pleasure of meeting and conversing with my fellow-travellers. True the pleasure is of a transient nature; for we have scarcely entered on any subject before we arrive at our journey's end; but, knowing this, we only talk the faster. True, also, the engine, with its perpetual hubbub, almost renders nugatory the precious sense of hearing; but, knowing this, we only talk the louder. The excitement of the journey, in short, rarely fails to afford gratification. My happiness is rendered the greater, because it gives me an opportunity of reading a page or two in the book of human nature; of studying the characters of those with whom I am wont to travel.

It is by a rare chance that I go to the station but what I meet with the merry face of Mr. H—. And it gives me pleasure to meet him; for, although a man of the world, he yet respects the character of a true Christian. Unlike some men, he never slights a man because his countenance happens to be graver than his own, or because his notions of religion are stricter than he deems necessary. Never do I meet him but he holds out his hand, and gives mine a firm grasp; and never is his hand at liberty again but it is dipped deep into his pocket for the silver snuff-box, in order to show his friendship by offering me a pinch. I am not a snuff-taker,—I could wish none were,—but I never refuse the proffered favour, although nine-tenths of the particles I take therefrom, at least, find their way unseen to the ground. I could not be guilty of refusing the gratuitous gift offered with such goodwill.

Mr. H— may be taken as the type of a large portion of mankind. He is what is laconically called "a man of business." His occupation is in town, but being a man of considerable wealth he has a residence in the country, so that he travels to and fro daily. And the train itself is not more punctual to time than he is. He has travelled by our railway for several years, and he often boasts that he has never yet been behind time; never failing to add at the same time, "there is nothing like punctuality." The want of punctuality would doubtless be to him no ordinary crime. Indeed I have had an opportunity of witnessing his indignation at its occurrence. I remember one morning, just as we had stepped into the box, a young man was seen, all covered with perspiration, hastening up the steps, in order to get his ticket. "Hallo!" ejaculated Mr. H—, "there is a young fellow who will be just in time to be too late." Then, pausing a moment, he continued, "I thought he would; the door is closed, and, hark! there's the whistle. There's no chance for him. But it serves him right. Nothing lessens a man in my estimation more than the want of punctuality. For a young man especially there can be no excuse, and I do not pity him for a moment. He knew the time, and he should have been here; it is as easy to be a minute too soon as a minute too late. I hope it will prove a lesson to him. Such a man would not do for my house; I should soon shut the doors against him." I have no doubt but that my friend Mr. H— would shut the doors against any one who did not show himself to be a man of business in the essential quality of punctuality. I have little hesitation in saying, in fact, that whoever is employed by him, if they would wish to retain their situations, must be the very counterpart of himself. I never met with a man more thoroughly immersed in business than he is; judging, at least, from his conversation. Trade, its prosperity or depression, is his constant theme; and although one's mind may be averse to such a theme, yet I never fail to learn something from his lips unknown to me before. I often think,

as I step out of the train, after listening to him, that those words of our Saviour, "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light," were not only true in his age and among the Jews, but in our age also, and among ourselves. It is rare, indeed, that I meet with a professing Christian half so colloquial about eternal things as Mr. H— is about temporal things; or half so deeply in earnest about the salvation of his soul as Mr. H— is in filling his purse. Were he but a Christian in truth, and not in name only, and did he but exhibit the same earnestness in heavenly things as he now does in those of earth, I would hold him forth as a bright example to the Christian reader. As it is, I can only say, "Christian, copy thou the deep earnestness which Mr. H— and the class to which he belongs exhibit on every hand; 'Give all diligence to make thy calling and election sure, and in so doing thou shalt never fall.' The prize thou seekest is a more glorious one than that which is sought by the men of the world, and is therefore worth incomparably greater exertion; their reward is of the earth, earthy; thine is of heaven. Strive, therefore, for it, in such a manner that thou mayest be enabled to say with the apostle Paul, 'Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus,'" Phil. iii. 13, 14.

But here is another character, Mr. S—. His usual salutation is: "Well, here we are again, once more. Bound for London, I suppose? London is the place to attract all men. If one has nothing to do there, we must go sometimes. You are on business, I suppose? I, as usual, am for pleasure. I think I shall go and have a peep at the Colosseum, or the Diorama, or perhaps I may take it into my head to go and see the Chinese Exhibition. Having nothing to do, time hangs heavily upon one's hands. I do not know what I should do, indeed, if it were not for the railway. It's pleasant to take a trip by it to see some of the London exhibitions, and then afterwards to have a chat with a friend or two. It makes one happy and contented; otherwise I fear I should be as mopish as an owl. One gets tired of seeing the same things over and over again, which you are obliged to do in the country; but for the railway, I think I should have taken up my abode in town, where you meet with something new at every turn you take. I am now, however, pretty well contented with a country life: I can leave it, and be in town in a few minutes early in the morning, and I can return in the evening with my head full of new schemes and events wherewith to amuse my friends."

And Mr. S— may likewise be taken as the type of a large portion of mankind. He, like Mr. H—, is always active, but then he is active only in seeking pleasure; His great concern is, how to pass his time pleasantly. Having a good income he feels that he has no occasion to trouble his head about business; but then he feels, also, that unless he is actually in pursuit of some object, from whence he may hope for gratification, he must be miserable. Time, as he says, hangs heavily upon his hands; and when he feels this, his rule is to take a trip to London, for diversion of melancholy. And I can assure my readers, that Mr. S— makes the most of his time when he is there. His "head is so full" of what he has seen and heard, that if I meet him on his return, as I frequently do, his tongue is going from the time we take our seats in the box, till the time that we step out again. And he not only describes what he has seen and heard, but he intersperses his descriptions with judicious and pertinent remarks thereon, thus demonstrating that he has seen and heard to some purpose. He never fails to amuse and instruct my mind when I meet him; and yet I invariably feel, as I part with him in the evening, that he might with great propriety, adopt the language of Titus, the Roman emperor, "*Diem perdidi*,"—"I have lost a day."

Man was not made for himself alone; there is not one living, but God hath put many things into his possession, to be used, improved, and managed by him for the common good and interest. The rich, and those who have leisure are especially called upon to become beneficial to their fellow-creatures. Would that Mr. S—, and the class to which he belongs, would think seriously of this. If the man who hunts after diversion from melancholy in the busy scenes of life would only turn his thoughts to the welfare of others, and the relief of the fatherless and the widow, depend upon it he would find more real and lasting pleasure than in witnessing all the sights which the great city of London offers to his view. It is given to all to do good, but what golden opportunities

has that man, on whom God has showered down the rich bounties of his providence! And if it were generally known how little trouble and how little expense are required to do much good, the heartfelt satisfaction which arises from relieving the wants and promoting the happiness of our fellow-creatures is so great, that I am persuaded, acts of the most essential charity would be much more frequent, and the mass of misery in the world much lessened. One who was accustomed to do good in his earlier years thus records his feelings on the course he then took in old age; "I find the well-cooked meat I eat to-day does now no more delight me, nay, I am diseased after a full meal; the perfumes I smelt yesterday no longer affect me with pleasure; but the good turn I did yesterday, a year, seven years since, continues still to please and delight me as often as I reflect upon it." To do good to our fellow-creatures, aiming at the glory of our heavenly Benefactor, is the way not only to live, but to die happily.

F. F.

REMARKABLE FACTS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

One circumstance of domestic interest in its origin, but of vast importance in its ultimate results, deserves to be recorded of this eventful period, (1814.) At Paris, during the stay of the allied monarchs, there was lord —, who had filled, with acknowledged ability, a high diplomatic situation at their head-quarters during the latter period of the war. His lady, of high rank, had joined him to partake in the festivities of that brilliant period, and with her a young relative, equally distinguished by her beauty and talents, then appearing in all the freshness of opening youth. A frequent visitor at this period in lord —'s family was a young officer, then an aide-de-camp to the grand duke Constantine, a younger brother, of an ancient and illustrious family in Germany, but who, like many other scions of nobility, had more blood in his veins than money in his pocket. The young aide-de-camp speedily was captivated by the graces of the English lady; and when the sovereigns were about to set out for England, whither lord — was to accompany them, he bitterly lamented the scantiness of his finances, which prevented him from following in the train of such attraction. Lord — good-humouredly told him he should always find a place at his table when he was not otherwise engaged, and that he would put him in the way of seeing all the world in the British metropolis, which he would probably never see to such advantage again. Such an offer, especially when seconded by such influences, proved irresistible, and the young German gladly followed them to London. He was there speedily introduced to, and, ere long, distinguished by, the princess Charlotte, whose projected alliance with the prince of Orange had recently before been broken off. Though the princess remarked him, however, it was nothing more at that time than a passing regard; for her thoughts were then more seriously occupied by another. Having received, at the same time, what he deemed some encouragement, the young soldier proposed to the princess, and was refused, and subsequently went to Vienna during the sitting of Congress at that place, where his susceptible heart was speedily engrossed in another tender affair. Invincible obstacles, however, presented themselves to the realization of the princess Charlotte's views, which had led to her first rejection of the gallant German, he received a friendly hint from London, to make his attention to the fair Austrian less remarkable: he returned to the English capital, again proposed to the English princess, and was accepted. It was prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg; and his subsequent destiny, and that of his family, exceeds all that romance has figured of the marvellous. He married the heiress of England. After her lamented end, he espoused a daughter of France. He was offered the throne of Greece; he accepted the crown of Belgium. In consequence of his elevation, one of his nephews has married the heiress of Portugal; another the queen of England; and the accidental fancy of a young German officer for a beautiful English lady has, in its alternate results, given three kingdoms to his family, placed on one of his relatives the crown of the greatest empire that has existed in the world since the fall of Rome, and restored to England, in hazardous times, the inestimable blessing of a direct line of succession to the throne.*—*Alison's History of Europe.*

* It would be indelicate, during the life of some of the persons mentioned in the preceding curious narration, to give their names to the public. Those acquainted with the elevated circles of English society at that period, will have no difficulty in filling them up; and the facts may be relied on, as the author had them from some of the parties immediately concerned.—*Alison.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON THE EXERCISE OF PRUDENCE.

One of the rarest things in the world is prudence. Riches may be gained, learning acquired, reputation won, and all of them be possessed together, without prudence. The wise man says, "I Wisdom dwell with Prudence," Prov. viii. 12; and no wonder—for what wisdom would do without prudence I cannot tell. You may find two witty men, ten talented men, and twenty foolish men, before you will find one prudent man.

Attend the mart, if prudence there be sold,
Cheap is the price if costing all thy gold.

But though, as I said, prudence is one of the rarest things in the world, and I might have added also, one of the most valuable—yet is it by many estimated very lightly. This is much to be lamented; for even truth, with her open brow—zeal, with his ardent heart—love, with her melting eyes—and kindness, with her ever-helping hands, would form but an unhappy household without prudence.

As few know the value of money better than those who are slenderly provided with it, so, on the same principle, I may not be unqualified to discourse on prudence. Without laying claim to a great amount of it myself, I may yet successfully recommend prudence to my neighbours.

Without prudence the human character is as a house built without mortar—its elements of strength and durability are not cemented together, and are not, therefore, for a moment to be relied on. As the imprudent boy outruns the butterfly he pursues, or crushes it in his covetous grasp, so does the imprudent man fail to realize the ends of his desires. Give him a hundred good qualities, the want of prudence will neutralize them all. He may have industry to obtain, frugality to amass, zeal to pursue, swiftness to overtake, courage to attack, and strength and skill to overcome, and yet his imprudence may rob him of his prize. One throw of the dice sometimes ruins the successful gamester, and one act of imprudence on the part of youth or maturity not unfrequently overclouds a fair prospect for ever.

Having thus, as it were, by my remarks, placed prudence on a pedestal to attract particular attention, let me now proceed, in a more familiar manner, to show how frequently the exercise of prudence is disregarded. If my memory did not fail me, I should find myself at little loss for illustrations, even from my own conduct—but as it is, that course need not be adopted.

In many cases what we call prudence is of a very doubtful character; for as we judge of it by its success alone, so is it equally liable to be approved and condemned. When a man on an excursion wraps himself up in a great coat, and takes with him a large umbrella, if the day proves stormy, and heavy rains descend, he is regarded as one possessing much forethought, discretion, and prudence; but should the day turn out to be very fair and sunny, the same person is laughed at for his over care and unnecessary precaution. If travelling on an unknown road, our companion boldly takes the path across the fields, and thereby saves us a mile of our distance, he becomes in our opinion a man of penetration and prudence; but woe betide him, if, by adopting this course, he gets boggled among cross roads, and subjects us to an hour's unnecessary toil—for then we rank him as a rash and imprudent character. Perhaps one-half of the instances in which men get credit for prudence, are of this doubtful kind.

It may be, reader, that you pass for a very prudent character; if that be the case, it will not hurt you to consider, whether there is not some truth in the remark, that, in common estimation,

Success metes out the praise of human deeds,
And he most prudent is, who best succeeds.

There is a great deal of this sort of judgment in the world. The schoolboy, who in wandering out of bounds, picked up his master's watch obtained a reward; but had he lost anything belonging to his master, under the same circumstances, he might have been caned for his disobedience, in trespassing beyond the precincts of his play-ground.

We are not likely to hear of a prudent man setting a house in a flame, by playing with fireworks, nor of being carried out to sea by the tide, through thoughtlessly entering a boat on the shore, nor of ruining himself by reckless speculation, nor of greatly annoying another, to obtain a trifling advantage himself. These are not the actions of the prudent, but of the inconsiderate.

A prudent course is a course of order, of peace, and of comfort, not only to ourselves but to all connected with us; and

well would it be for us, if we could invariably practise prudence in every relation of life—"Never beginning that of which we had not well considered the end," and "always letting our conduct of to-day be such as to bear the reflection of to-morrow." On the unstable and imprudent there is no dependence to be placed, but the "prudent man looketh well to his going," Prov. xiv. 15.

How excellent is the lesson set forth to the imprudent man, in the fourteenth chapter of St. Luke: "Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? lest haply, after he has laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, This man began to build, and was not able to finish." How it may be with you I know not; but for myself, I have begun many a tower in my time, that made very little progress afterwards, though at first I meant it to attain a lofty height.

A man whom I knew in my younger days, once offered to lend me a thousand pounds, if I wanted it, in a month—but in the meantime he borrowed from me a shilling. Now had I calculated on the proffered thousand pounds of so unstable a character, I must have lacked prudence, even yet more than he did. He was one of the many who look not before them; whereas "the wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way," Prov. xiv. 8.

I was once present at the reading of a report which, though drawn up with great ability, sadly wanted prudence. It contained many personal and bitter remarks, and much matter which had nothing to do with the subject on hand; but when it was proposed to blot out the extraneous matter, it was laid down as a rule, by several present, not a very prudent rule certainly, that every part objected to in the report should be tried by this single question, "Is it true?" And if that question could be answered in the affirmative, then the disputed point should stand. Let me here show the extreme absurdity of such a course.

Suppose a committee, appointed to consider the expediency of erecting an hospital in a populous neighbourhood, are met together to draw up a report of their deliberations, laying down the rule that every questionable point of the report shall be tried by this inquiry, and by no other, "Is it true?" A comical member among them, having sense enough to see the absurdity of the rule, and being desirous to make them see it, too, proposes that the report shall begin with a description of the room in which they are assembled, its length, breadth, and height, together with an account of the chairs, tables, and pictures it contains. One of the party objects to this information, as altogether unnecessary, but the cynic insists on the rule being observed. The question is put, "Is it true?" which being answered affirmatively, a full description of the room is introduced into the report.

Our cynic next suggests that it may be as well to introduce some account of themselves, such as a brief statement of their birth, parentage, and education. This suggestion is strenuously resisted, as a course that would subject them to derision; but the resistance is in vain; the rule is appealed to, and the statements having passed the ordeal of the inquiry, become also part of the report.

By this time, several of the members, supporters of the rule, begin to entertain a doubt of its wisdom, but our cynic allows them no quarter—for he proceeds to propose that a list of the kings who have governed our happy island, shall form part of the report. Some laugh at him, some are angry with him, and some almost question if he be in his right mind; but neither their doubts, their anger, nor their laughter, prevents him from appealing to the rule, or from carrying his point in the report.

The affair now assumes so discreditable an appearance, that every one wishes to escape from it; when our cynical member, as the crowning act of his policy, proposes lastly, the insertion of an acknowledgment, on the part of the committee, that they are heartily ashamed of the ridiculous attitude in which they have placed themselves, in drawing up so extraordinary a report. This is so obvious a fact, that it cannot be denied, and the committee, unable any longer to sustain their indefensible position, give themselves up to the guidance of him who has convinced them of their error. He tells them that, even in recording truth, prudence is necessary, and gives them this better rule to assist them in drawing up their statement. Let every point introduced be not only a truth, but also a truth fit and proper to be introduced into the report.

It becomes, you see, an important inquiry to us, whether the principles we

lay down for the regulation of our conduct are what they ought to be, and whether we carry them out in a proper manner. Oh for the constant desire to give "glory to God in the highest," and to cultivate "peace and goodwill towards men," doing to them as we would they should do unto us.

But if the exercise of prudence be necessary in common affairs, how much more so in holy things! and yet by many pious people, prudence is regarded merely as a time-serving principle of expediency, forgetful of the injunction, "Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Numberless are the errors of truly religious people owing to their lack of prudence and discretion. We ought not to undervalue hearing, because God has given us eyesight, nor the sense of taste because he has mercifully endowed us with that of feeling. If this be true, then, neither ought we to despise prudence on account of our possessing piety.

Prudence is not only a restrainer of evil and an adorner of good conduct, but also a helper in the great and the little affairs of life. A prudent man will attain his ends with small means, when an imprudent man will not effect them with large resources. Churlish Nabal would hardly have done that with five hundred men which his prudent wife Abigail accomplished with her loaves and cakes, her raisins, her parched corn, and her wine.

I once heard of two boys who wanted to pass a furious dog who was chained to his kennel. One of them to effect his purpose, thoughtlessly armed himself with a stout stick, which he held out in a menacing manner, but this only rendered the fierce creature more furious than before, so that the boy durst not approach him through fear of being torn to pieces. The other boy, somewhat more prudent than his companion, so pacified the enraged animal by throwing him pieces of the bread and butter he was eating, that in a little time the dog was seen wagging his tail, while the good-natured boy patted his head in perfect safety. Can we learn nothing from this little adventure? I think we may, for to me it seems somewhat akin to that text in the Proverbs of Solomon, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

Suppose, in a peaceable and well regulated neighbourhood, there lives one who is a cheat, a drunkard, a wrangler, and a sabbath-breaker, keeping open his shop on a Sunday, and setting his neighbours at open defiance. Now send to him a pious man, hot-headed, hot-hearted, and possessing no prudence, and he will begin, perhaps, to tell him at once that his conduct is shameful, that he is a disgrace to the neighbourhood, and that such a thorough-paced scoundrel deserves to be set in the stocks, if not to be put in the pillory for his pains. The consequence of this course will probably be, that instead of this imprudent Christian effecting any good, he will get kicked out of the habitation of the sabbath-breaker, while, had a prudent-spirited Christian undertaken the same mission, a very different effect would have followed. Zeal in holy things is an estimable quality, but without prudence it will lead its possessor into sad predicaments.

Think not that I am dealing altogether in suppositions. Too many instances have I known of imprudence among the worthy of the world, not to have frequently regretted that the want of one quality should have so materially diminished their usefulness. A Christian man should be an attractive and not a forbidding character. He should be forbearing, and not severe; he should be considerate, and not hasty. Prudence and piety are a lovely pair. Pity it is that they should ever be divided.

But if I have known some Christian people lamentably deficient in prudence, others have I known who largely possessed it. It corrected their errors, guided their zeal, increased their usefulness, imparted a consistency to their course, adorned their deeds, and made them models of humility and of ardent devotion to the Redeemer.

Are you prudent, reader, at home and abroad? among friends and strangers? among religious and irreligious people? Are you prudent in worldly affairs, as well as in using the means of grace and encouraging the hope of glory? and especially, are you prudent in putting your trust solely and unreservedly in Him in whom whosoever trusteth shall never be confounded? We should deem him an imprudent man who erected his house so close to the river that every flood inundated his habitation; or began to build it on the sand of the sea shore, where the coming tide would be sure to wash it away. How much more imprudent he must be, then, who builds not his house, but his eternal hope, on any foundation

less substantial than the Rock of Ages. To be imprudent for time is bad enough, but immeasurably worse to be imprudent for eternity.

It is very possible, having said so much on the subject of prudence and imprudence, that some of my readers will set me down as a very prudent old gentleman. Alas! alas! a purse of very little value may contain a great deal of gold, and he who can repeat all the proverbs of Solomon may not be remarkable for reducing them to practice. I am not over solicitous that you should trouble yourselves to ascertain the exact extent of my prudence; better leave it to me, and then you will be the more at liberty to estimate the amount of your own. There is nothing like every one attending to his own affairs; let us see, then, if we cannot, seeking the assistance of holy influences, add to our prudence in all things. I am no great advocate for wearing ornaments; but it will hurt neither you nor me to wear a necklace composed of the following precious pearls, prudence, faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity.

FRAGMENTS BY A MEDICAL TRAVELLER.

THE GODDESS OF REASON.

It was towards the close of the day, in the summer of the year 18—, which I passed at Naples, that I was requested by a British merchant residing in that city, to visit the master of a vessel consigned to him, who had been attacked with indisposition. The day was sultry hot, accompanied by the sirocco which passes over from the burning sands of Africa, bearing with it numberless saline and acrid particles, which occasioned the most oppressive and uneasy sensation; towards its close, however, a breeze had sprung up from the land, which rendered the air somewhat cooler, though it occasioned but little agitation of the clear, blue, and tideless waters of the bay.

I had alighted at the inn, which was a common pot-house, in the outskirts of the city, and was just leaving it, after having prescribed for my patient, and ascertained that his ailment was trifling, when I was informed by the master of the house, that a poor woman, who was without money or friends, and whom he believed to be of English extraction, was dying in a loft over the stable.

I instantly requested to be led to her, and with great difficulty ascended into the old and ruinous loft where she lay. I found her lying upon some straw in the corner; the humanity of one of the ostlers had induced him to throw an old horse-cloth over her, but in her struggles it had become displaced, and I perceived that she was habited in a rich but faded and disfigured dress of purple velvet. Her legs were enormously swollen, and the sandals of her shoes were literally buried in the flesh; the blackness of mortification, from impeded circulation, being actually visible through the thin silk stockings which covered them.

She had been stricken with a *coup-de-soleil*, which is somewhat similar in its effects to apoplexy; the left angle of the mouth was drawn down for nearly an inch, and two artificial teeth hung suspended by a wire, and were driven to a level with the lips by each deep and painful expiration of air. The eyebrows were also artificial, and one of them had been removed by the hot perspiration which rolled from her brow, and now lay directly across instead of above the eye; the cheeks, too, were painted, and the perspiration, in passing down, had formed channels through the paint, which gave her the appearance of a painted Indian savage. But I will not pursue this disgusting and humiliating picture any farther; suffice it to say, that a sight so revolting to humanity never before met my eyes. A moment's examination satisfied me that this unhappy being was in a moribund state, and past all the resources of my art; my principal duty, therefore, was to smooth her painful passage from this world. Her condition would not admit of her being removed to a proper apartment, and it was in vain that I sought to learn from those around her anything of her connexions. She had been found by the humane ostler, to whom I have already alluded, lying upon a heap of dirt in the stable-yard, evidently in a dying state, and was removed by him to the loft, that she might end her days a little more decently. She herself lay apparently unconscious of everything, though now and then she was shaken with a slight convulsion, during which she gave utterance (but with difficulty, in consequence of the distortion of her mouth,) to the wildest and most delirious expressions. Once, while I was holding her head, I thought she seemed to comprehend my question, when I asked her

name and if she had any friends; for her eye appeared for an instant to brighten, and her face, which was already stamped with the signet of death, showed a gleam of consciouness. She spoke in French, and said, in broken and hollow accents, "I—I am the goddess of reason; let every lover of liberty worship me." In a moment after this her head fell back, and she was a corpse.

"O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!"

How often has thine altar been defiled by wild and unbridled licence, which has assumed thy form and attributes! Behold another hapless victim to its excesses! Yes, the unhappy being, whose death I have described, was drawn into the vortex, and swept from the earth, by that whirlwind of destruction which commenced in the French revolution—which burst upon the world to mar the majesty of nature, and render it a stage of strife, and the seat of human misery. At the close of the scene I have described above, I left the house, and proceeded to the residence of Mr. G——, the worthy vice-consul at Naples, with a view to procure Christian burial for the unhappy deceased; and it was from him and others that I collected the following incidents of her life:—

Lady ——, the daughter of a noble ducal house, and closely connected with the venerable head of the church and the then first commoner of England, left her country under the care of a maiden aunt, for the purpose of residing a short time in Paris. This was about the beginning of the year 1789, and just at the period when the subtle successors of Voltaire were engaged in spreading their revolutionary doctrines. It is well known that these men availed themselves largely of female influence, and hence we find, from the baroness de Stael downwards, that there were few women who failed to figure in the various cabals of the day. The aunt of lady ——, in particular, was a woman of strong passions and weak principles, and it was no wonder, therefore, that she quickly became an advocate for liberty, equality, the rights of man, universal benevolence, and the majesty of the people.

Her house was the principal rendezvous for the revolutionary leaders, where Condorcet, Mirabeau, Abbé Siéyes, and still later, the two Robespierres, and Hebert, were constantly engaged in disseminating their doctrines. It was not surprising, under these circumstances, that the unformed and romantic mind of a girl of seventeen should become vitiated, and should imbibe the poison so liberally that she would be an apt instrument for his designs, and an acceptable victim to his lust: he therefore applied himself, with all the sophistry which he possessed, to wean her affections from a young nobleman to whom she was betrothed in England, and to destroy the last rémnants of her virtuous principles; the contest was unequal—all around her spoke the language of the arch-deceiver.

Reason, as it was called, and sophistry, triumphed over *religion* and virtue; and when, a short time afterwards, her aunt died from the effects of a brain fever, brought on by the indulgence of her passions, lady —— resisted the importunities of her friends to return to England, and ultimately sought a shelter from them in the arms of the arch-fiend. Will it be credited?—the noble, accomplished, beautiful lady L—— actually united herself to Maximilian Robespierre by the republican ceremony then in vogue of dancing *unclad* around the tree of liberty.

The sequel of this unfortunate woman's story is soon told: she continued with Robespierre during the early part of his career, and even after he had for some time exercised supreme power, joining in all the wild excesses which marked this terrible period of human history.

She identified herself with a party of women who were known by the name of Robespierre's Devotees, most of whom had been united to him by the same impious and indecent ceremony she herself had submitted to, and whom he had tutored to attend upon him at the assembly and the Jacobin clubs for the purpose of applauding the different sentiments to which he gave utterance—a scheme to which he owed much of his early popularity, as the galleries readily followed the impulse which was given to them. Repeatedly, also, was she seen with the other devotees, dancing farandoles round the permament guillotine, in mockery of the myriads of victims sacrificed by the monsters who made liberty and reason the watchwords for their crimes, and whose single enormities, such as chaining an affectionate wife to the guillotine where her husband was executed, because she presumed to implore pardon for him, would alone have handed them down to the execrations of posterity.

It was lady——, also, who personated, almost in a state of nudity, the *Goddess of Reason* at the impious *fete* given by Robespierre, for the worship of "*Reason*," and hence the expressions which I have stated as falling from her lips.

Ultimately, this unhappy woman eloped from Paris with an Italian count, to whom she was married at Naples in the Roman Catholic ritual, and who deserted her as soon as he had secured the little property which remained to her. Her noble relatives in England had, as may be supposed, totally given her up; and she continued, during the rest of her life, to indulge in every species of excess, until it closed in the scene which I have described. I shall leave my readers to draw the moral from what I have related. A beautiful, nobly connected, and accomplished girl, changed by circumstances into the fearful character I have described, and dying, almost on a *dunghill*, in a foreign land, and with appearances too frightful to contemplate. Again I say,

"O Liberty! what crimes have been committed in thy name!"

Christian Guardian.

ON USEFULNESS.

THREE ends of thy being God hath placed before thee, to improve thyself, to glorify him, and to be useful to thy fellow-men.

Neglecting the first, thou art a barren cumberer of the ground; the second, a faithless servant; and the third, a misanthrope to thy species.

Our theme is usefulness, and what is thy response? Is the end of thy existence in reference to others answered?

Art thou a sound connecting link in the chain of our humanity? A working bee in the hive of real industry? Dost thou add to the number and amount of the enjoyments of those around thee?

Take a wide or a minute survey of creation, and thou shalt find in the material universe no useless thing, nor redundant atom—no, not one unnecessary grain of sand.

All trees, and herbs, and plants, and flowers, have their varied spheres and degrees of utility.

Every drop that mingleth in the waters of the vasty deep, and every ray that proceedeth from the sun, have their appropriate and destined end to fill—and answer well the purposes of Him who formed them.

All living things that move in seas, or air, or earth, fill their own spheres of life and action usefully. But man, the child of reason and intelligence, perverted by the fall, runs into devious ways of sin and inutility.

How many are the living curses of their dwellings! How many plague-spots on the body politic! How many, as the dire miasma spreading fumes of pestilential misery round! How many sink below the brûte, and close allied to demons! How many are as noxious weeds, and wandering stars, and empty clouds!

How many who run greedily to do the tempter's bidding! How many fell devourers of the good of others, and who madly quench their own bright hopes of future good!

How many, the progeny of indolence and satiated vice, and fleshly pampering! How many only gorging in their iniquities, and fattening as the ox for final slaughter!

O man, be useful; diffuse some rays of knowledge, blot out some ignorance, efface some crime, dispel some wretchedness. Let others be the better for thy being, scatter abroad the seeds of truth and goodness, increase the sum of human joy and bliss.

The young are rising round thee! oh, be their faithful monitor and friend, and train them up as blessings to the world, and pillars in the Saviour's rising church.

The poor live near thee; devise some liberal things for them, befriend in time of need; a portion of thy plenty give, and with it words of sympathy and consolation.

The sick are moaning on their beds of pain and anguish; go, solace them, weep in their tears, and rear the cross of Christ, and gently lead them to its saving shelter.

The oppressed groan, and men in bondage and debasement wear their chains. Plead for the captive, assert humanity's own birthright, and cease not till the slave bursts forth a freeman in thy presence.

The inferior animals, so called, are galled and goaded by man's cruelty: the noble horse, the toiling ass, the faithful dog, appeal to thee for mercy; open thy mouth for the dumb, and plead with earnestness their cause.

Be useful, and thus be blest and happy. Be useful, and honour thine own nature.

Be useful, and shine as an example to thy fellows. Be useful, and serve thy generation. Be useful, and know the luxury of pleasing God and doing good. —*Christian Philosophy.*

THE SEXES.

Man might be initiated in the varieties and mysteries of needle-work, taught to have patience with the feebleness and waywardness of infancy, and to steal with noiseless step around the chamber of the sick; and the woman might be instructed to contend for the palm of science, to pour forth eloquence in senates, or to "wade through fields of slaughter to a throne." Yet revoltings of the soul would attend this violence to nature, this abuse of physical and intellectual energy; while the beauty of social order would be defaced, and the fountain of earth's felicity broken up.

We arrive, then, at the conclusion, that the sexes are intended for different spheres, and constructed in conformity to their respective distinctions, by Him who bids the oak brave the fury of the tempest, and the Alpine flower to lean its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows. But disparity does not imply inferiority. The high places of the earth, with all their pomp and glory, are indeed accessible only to the march of ambition, or to the grasp of power; yet those who pass with faithful and unapplauded zeal through their humble round of duty, are not unnoticed by the "great Taskmaster's eye;" and their endowments, though accounted poverty among men, may prove durable riches in the kingdom of heaven.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

THERE MAY BE DANGER.

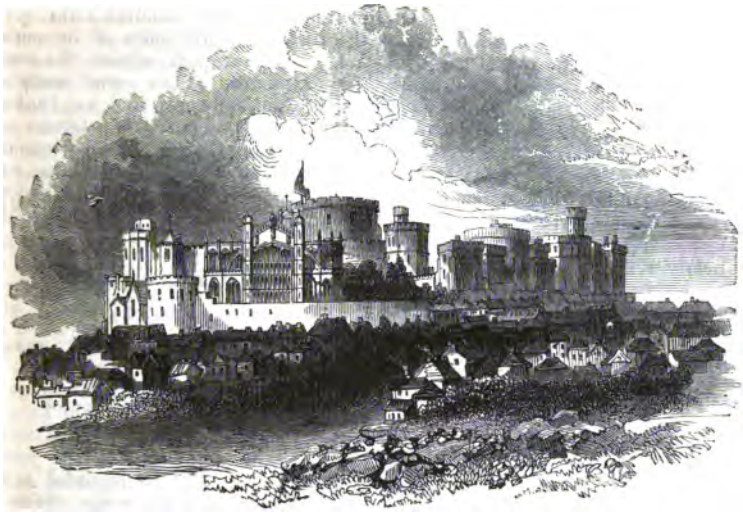
We may be without apprehension, and really see no danger, but does this prove that none exists? Many a man has slept in peace with the deadly snake beneath his pillow—his tranquillity only depended on his unconsciousness—the danger was imminent and real. May we not, then, thus lull ourselves into a false security? And, methinks, when I hear of God giving his Son to die for the healing of the people, some fearful disease must be abroad in the world; when the Author of my being tells me, too, at the very moment he offers me the remedy, that no one has escaped the taint, it is time for me to consider what is the true state of my spiritual constitution. The delirium of a fever can gift me with preternatural strength, and people my imagination with many a strange and untoward vision. The victim of consumption draws many an omen of returning health from the increased lustre of the eye and the fresh colour of the cheek, yet these are the very types of disease. May not something of the same process take place with respect to the maladies of our spiritual constitution?—may we not conclude, that it is likely to take place when we are told of the deceitfulness of our own hearts, and the insidiousness of sin? —*Rev. J. Brown.*

BLINDNESS OF PASSION.

Fish, which forms their chief nourishment, and which the bears procure for themselves in the river, was, some years ago, excessively scarce in Kamtschatka. A great famine consequently existed among them; and, instead of retiring to their dens, they wandered about the whole winter, even in the streets of the towns of St. Peter and St. Paul. One of them, finding the outer gate of a house open, entered, and the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea-machine, full of boiling water, in the court; the bear smelt to it, and burned his nose: provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury upon the kettle, folded his fore-paws round it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it, and burned himself, of course, still more and more. The horrible growl which rage and pain forced from him, brought all the inhabitants of the house and neighbourhood to the spot, and poor bruin was despatched by shots from the window. He has, however, immortalized his memory, and become a proverb amongst the town's-people; for when any one injures himself by his own violence, they call him "The bear with the tea-kettle."—*Kotzebue.*

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is nothing but that inward sweet delight that will arise from the harmonious agreement between our will and God's will.—*Cudworth.*



Windsor Castle.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

As "the silv'ry flowing Thames" passes Windsor, it presents to the eye a scene of great interest.

"Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree!"

Windsor Castle is the principal country seat of the British sovereigns, and one of the most magnificent royal residences in Europe. Soon after the Conquest, William I. founded this edifice, erected a fortified mansion and palace for a hunting-seat, and surrounded it with parks, where the game was preserved under the severest laws. Henry I. considerably enlarged and improved the edifice, constructed several additional buildings, and, for greater security, surrounded the whole with a strong wall. During his contests with the barons, John made this his residence, and was besieged in it in the year 1216, but unsuccessfully. Edward III. was born here, and to his fondness for the place of his birth its subsequent magnitude and grandeur are to be ascribed. Edward IV. constructed the chapel of St. George, between the years 1474 and 1516, chiefly under the direction of Beauchamp, bishop of Salisbury; while Henry VII. vaulted the roof of the choir, and erected the spacious fabric adjoining the royal apartments in the upper ward. Charles I. made several improvements, and erected a gate leading to the park. Charles II. repaired and embellished the whole structure, decorated the apartments with numerous paintings, established a magazine of arms, and continued the terrace round the east and south sides of the upper courts. George III. embellished the palace, and George IV. rebuilt a large portion of it, besides greatly improving the whole structure, under the supervision of sir Jeffrey Wyatville.

The castle is of an oblong figure, divided into an upper, a middle, and lower ward, the entire area comprised within its outer ward being about twelve acres. The east ward consists of a quadrangle, containing, on the north, the state apartments, which are shown to the public; on the south are those appropriated to the use of visitors; and on the east are the private apartments of the queen. The lower ward comprises the houses of the military knights, and the Garter, Bell, and Salisbury towers. On the north side of the castle, outside the state apartments and middle ward, is the north terrace, originally constructed by queen Elizabeth, and afterwards enlarged and improved by Charles II. This noble walk, resting partly on precipitous ledges of rock, and partly on masonry, rises about seventy feet above the meadows

which lie at its base, and is the finest terrace of the kind in the kingdom. On the east side of the castle, are the private apartments of her majesty and the royal gardens, comprising about two acres. The drawing-room, audience-chamber, ball-room, and the Waterloo chamber, are superbly decorated. St. George's-hall, the banqueting-room of the knights of the Garter, is two hundred feet in length, with an arched ceiling divided into compartments and panels, in which are nearly seven hundred shields, emblazoned with the arms of the knights down to the present time. In the lower ward, the principal object of interest is St. George's chapel, which is justly regarded as one of the finest buildings of the kind in the kingdom. The roof and the nave are painted with armorial bearings, and the whole highly enriched, so that it now presents one of the best examples of the capability of English architecture for the reception of splendid colouring and gilding. The round tower, or keep, was originally built by the celebrated William of Wykeham, the architect employed by Edward III. It stands on an artificial mound, and is the most conspicuous object in the palace. The apartments of the constable of the castle, who commands its garrison, magazine of arms, etc., are contained within its precincts. In ancient times, the custody of distinguished state prisoners was intrusted to his care, among whom were John, king of France, David of Scotland, the earls of Surrey, of Lauderdale, and Lindsay, and the marshal de Belleisle. A fine view is enjoyed from the battlements of this tower, of the Thames, the lands, farm-houses, towns, and villages of the country round, forming a panorama, which, for beauty and magnificence, is almost unparalleled. The extent of the view will be perhaps imagined, when it is stated that it comprises parts of twelve counties—Middlesex, Essex, Hertford, Bedford, Buckingham, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, Surrey, Sussex, and Kent. A poet says—

"Oft from the Castle's northern terrace high
Mine eyes have gazed upon the plain below,
Where Windsor and scholastic Eton lie,
And father Thames glides through with easy flow.
Then Thought, with noiseless, yet with rapid wings,
Would bear me backward to the former ages;
And Fancy, with her bright imaginings,
Would raise the men embalm'd in history's pages,
Monarchs and poets, warriors, priests, and learned sages."

The little park is a fine expanse, comprising nearly five hundred acres round the east and north sides of the castle. Windsor great park adjoins the south side of the town, at one period consisting of four thousand acres, and was fourteen miles in circumference, but George III. set apart more than a thousand acres for the formation of experimental farms, and other purposes connected with agriculture. F.

APPEARANCES OF NATURE.

FEBRUARY.

"That man," said Cowper, "who can derive no gratification from a view of nature, even under the disadvantage of her most ordinary dress, will have no eyes to admire her in any." This remark is especially applicable to the present month, which may be regarded as the most cheerless of the year. February may be divided into three parts: the commencement, before the severity of winter has passed; the middle, when thaws give a rawness to the atmosphere; and the close, when the wintry season merges into spring. In this progressive change we witness that beautiful adaptation of means to ends which are everywhere displayed in the works of nature. A sudden alteration from the coldness of winter to the mildness of spring would be injurious in its effects on both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and hence a gradual and beneficial change has been ordained.

A general characteristic of the month is, the prevalence of fogs and damps, especially if a thaw takes place after a continued frost. When we had real winter, the clear, sharp, dry air saluted us by day, and the lofty sky appeared by night glittering with stars, or irradiated by the placid moon. But now, our walls are wet and cold, our rooms and drawers are damp, while clothes, books, and papers are unpleasant to the touch. The doors stick, the streets are covered with muddy pools, and the half-thawed ice and snow penetrate our boots. The houses look melancholy and desolate, the water drops from the trees, the grass is soft and sinks at every step, while the gravel walk resembles a saturated sponge. Cold, raw weather is, however, occasionally varied by milder days.

"But February's suns uncertain shine,
For rain and frost alternately combine

To stop the plough, with sudden wintry storms,
And, often, fearful violence the month deforms."

Clare, in his "Shepherd's Calendar," graphically describes the return of more genial weather:

"The snow has left the cottage top;
The thatch-moss grows in brighter green;
The eaves in quick succession drop,
Where grinning icicles have been,
Pit-patting with a pleasant noise
In tubs set by the cottage door;
While ducks and geese, with happy joys,
Plunge in the yard-pond, brimming o'er.

"The sun peeps through the window-pane;
Which children mark with laughing eye:
And in the wet street steal again,
To tell each other spring is nigh:
Then, as young hope the past recalls,
In playing groups they often draw,
To build beside the sunny walls
Their spring-time huts of sticks or straw.

"And oft in pleasure's dreams they lie
Round homesteads by the village side,
Scratching the hedge-row mosses by,
Where painted pooty shells abide;
Mistaking oft the ivy-spray
For leaves that come with budding spring,
And, wond'ring in their search for play,
Why birds delay to build and sing.

"The mavis thrush with wild delight,
Upon the orchard's dripping tree,
Mutters, to see the day so bright,
Fragments of young Hope's poesy:
And oft dame stops her buzzing wheel
To hear the robin's note once more,
Who tooties while he pecks his meal
From sweet-briar hips beside the door."

When at length the sun has gained sufficient power to dissipate the accumulated frost and ice, the rains descend, and, continuing through successive days, cause brooks to break through the little barriers that would oppose their course, and rivers to overflow their banks and cover the plains and valleys with their waters.

"Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste."

The mariner feels the necessity of keeping "an eye to the wind'ard," to "look out for squalls," or his situation often would be perilous. When the frail bark is searching for whales, the breaking up of the ice in after months, frequently occasions the most imminent danger, and the cool and skilful conduct of the sailors is essential to the safety of the craft.

The woodlark, one of our earliest songsters, is often to be heard at the beginning of the month. It is, however, by no means so plentiful a species as the skylark, and in some parts of the country is never seen. It will be generally observed in hedge-bound meadows, cultivated lands, and other places where copses, plantations, and small woods are interspersed, having a dislike to those open, exposed tracts for which the skylark exhibits a preference. It is a sweet songster, for while it has neither the power nor variety of its relation, it has a superior tone of voice, and the plaintive melody of its song—which is second only to that of the nightingale—combines to make it a general favourite. It may often be perceived, wheeling in eddying circles, for

"High in air, and poised upon its wings,
Unseen, the soft, enamour'd woodlark sings."

The green woodpecker may be observed winging its way from spot to spot, in short, laboured, and undulating motions, uttering, at particular seasons, its short cry of "Whit, whit, whit." Or it may be seen settling on a tree in search of food, commencing generally below the largest branch, and as it proceeds upwards, tapping the wood, or pecking holes in the bark in search of insects. It now sings, and its music is valued from the absence of the "soul-enlivening lays" which are heard through the summer months.

There, too, is that mischievous looking little creature, the tomtit, with its bluish white forehead, and stripe of Prussian-blue on its crown, which has originated the name of blue-cap. But though it looks so saucy, much ignorance has been displayed in reference to its habits, and several experienced observers believe that it effects more good than harm. Mr. Selby says that he is convinced that the trifling injury sustained by the abrasion of a few flower-buds is more than compensated by the destruction of innumerable larvæ and eggs of the insect tribes, which are usually deposited in or about those essential parts of fructification, and prevent their attaining maturity. Its varied and grotesque positions when on the branches of trees in search of food are highly amusing. During the earlier part of the month it may often be seen in the farmyard and among outhouses, picking up seeds, and, if possible, scraps of meat.

Bullfinches, which have been in the gardens during the severe parts of the winter, are well-deserving attention. When they first appeared they were fearless, but having once heard the report of a gun presented for their destruction, they become timid and fly off at the approach of danger. In its wild state, the bullfinch has no song, but utters a peculiar cry, resembling a low whistle, which can be

easily recognised at a considerable distance. The male bird is as large as the hen, but is flatter at the top of the head, and is easily distinguished from her by the vividness of the lovely scarlet or crimson on the breast, and the feathers on the crown of the head; those encompassing the bill are of a brighter black. When the birds are young, however, the distinction is by no means so apparent, from the want of the full development of the colours.

The little wren is secured by special privileges; it frequents our gardens and approaches close to our doors. How silently it hops along the hedges, and creeps mouse-like through the underwood, while, if it take wing for a short distance, its smallness and colour prevent our seeing it again. Such is the respect entertained for this little favourite, that the most inveterate bird's-nesters leave the wren undisturbed, regarding an attack upon its nest as a serious offence. It favours us during the month with its lively and sometimes pleasing strain, and even

> "When icicles hang dripping from the rock,
> Pipes his perennial lay."

The missel-thrush sings before the end of the month, and frequently may be observed perched on the top of some lofty tree, while his voice is occasionally heard when on the wing. From giving his song both before and during the occurrence of wind and rain, the appellation of "storm-cock" has been given him. Birds now pair, wood-owls hoot, turkey-cocks gobble as they display their beauties to their admiring hens; partridges choose their mates, the raven begins to lay towards the end of this month, the pigeon feeds its young, and moles are busy in the earth.

"There is a worm, that disagreeable creature, which spoils the grass and walks;—kill or throw it away," is often said. Though unsightly to the eye, and apparently small and despicable, the number of worms renders them very useful. They draw sticks and twigs into the ground, rendering it pervious to the rain, and to the creeping roots of fibrous plants; and their efficiency is by no means contemptible in throwing up a fine soil to the surface, for by their instrumentality a barren field has often been converted into a fruitful pasture.

One of the first signs of returning spring is, the appearance of that robin of plants—the snowdrop, which, with her peerless sisters, displays herself, in the most dreary part of the year, and neighbours greet one another with the saying, "Winter will soon be over—I saw a snowdrop in the hedge to-day."*

There, too, the common daisy (*bellis perennis*) the "wee modest crimson-tipped flower," that delights us in infancy and age, is also opening to the sun. A hundred pleasing associations are suggested as we see it again for the first time, nor do we hesitate to walk abroad in search of our favourite. The snowy white petals contrast with the golden tuft of tubular florets in the centre, as it rears its head above the green grass. Nor is the protection afforded against injury unworthy of observation, for on the approach of night the "pinky lashes" are folded together, and thus preserved from the effects of rain.

And now, if you approach the wood, when the shades of night have gathered around, the thick and gnarled trunk of that old oak will afford a suitable situation for your observations. But hark! that is the report of a gun which has doubtless brought some unsuspecting pheasant into the lawless hands of the poacher. Again, that suppressed child-like cry, succeeded by another and another, caused by some poor puss having been caught by a snare, while the crackling of sticks and the voices of men distinctly heard approaching, urge a retreat to the shelter of that furze bush, lest they should think you an informer; and an encounter with armed men in a wood at night would be anything but satisfactory. Leaving the wood by that gap near the elm, you may walk along towards the road. But listen a moment, for that quick, sharp bark tells that a fox is near, and the increased rustling of the underwood indicates his approach. What an air of cunning is there in that broad head, sharp snout, and flat white forehead, and as he skulks away by the hedge the grey of his breast and belly are hid, and the yellowish red or brown of his back and fine bushy tail, tipped with white, are displayed. But the hounds are to be brought to-morrow, and many a hard run will he have if he escape at all. In no country in the world is the sport of fox-hunting so much followed as in England,

* The yellow hellebore accompanies, and sometimes even anticipates the maid of February, mixing agreeably its bright sulphur with the deep orange yellow of the spring crocus.

and excitement pervades the feelings of all when the approach of the hounds is discovered. The old people seem to regain some of their juvenile spirit, labouring men throw down their tools to follow in close pursuit, stopping occasionally to open a gate for a huntsman, while the younger ones run on foot for miles across the country to see the sport, and if possible, by some turn of the pursued, to be "in at the death." Undoubtedly much of the excitement connected with the chase is occasioned by the sagacity and wiliness of the fox, and the innumerable stratagems he employs to escape his hundred enemies. For instance, he will run along a brook for a considerable distance in order to take off the scent, as Robert Bruce did, when pursued by the blood hounds of his enemies. Or he will make for a field, where there are sheep, and as they, alarmed by his presence, run together for mutual protection, Reynard immediately dashes into the midst of the flock, and then takes off at right angles from the part of the field at which he entered. The sheep by their confusion hinder the dogs, and running over the track destroy the scent, so that the pack is often detained some time. We are, however, no patrons of the sport; a better state of mind and heart than that now commonly displayed, will have other pleasures, which, unlike those of the chase, are not objectionable.

"Now prudent gard'ners seize the happy time,
To dig and trench, and prune for shoots to climb,
Inspect their borders, mark the silent birth
Of plants, successive, from the teeming earth,
Watch the young nurslings with parental care,
And hope for 'growing weather' all the year."

The farmer's occupations during this month are numerous. In frosty weather the grass land is covered with soil which was obtained from the hedges, dykes, and mounds, which have been pared away. This soil serves well for manure, greatly improving the ground. The beasts and sheep which are sprinkled over the fields to gain what little food they can, now require some hay; but the majority of the former are in the straw yards, fattening for the market. The hedgers and ditchers are at work; hedges are stocked up, and fields thrown together; the farm-roads are repaired; while countless numbers of the members of the feathered race crowd round the stack yards and barns in search of food. Bloomfield says, in his description of the ploughman's task:—

"Through each toilsome day
With smiling brow the ploughman cleaves his way,
Draws his fresh parallels, and widening still,
Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill;
Strong on the wing his busy followers play,
Where writhing earth-worms meet the unwelcome day;
Till all is changed, and hill and level down
Assume a livery of sober brown."

In some parts of the country:

"The husbandmen resume their wonted toil,
Yoke their strong steers, and plough the yielding soil."

On a cold morning, though the wind makes the casement rattle, the labourer has been at his work for some time. The thresher, in particular, attracts attention; for though much of his labour has been superseded by a threshing machine, some is reserved for the wintry employment of the poor. If you had approached the barn two hours ago, you would have heard stroke succeeding stroke—and he will continue his laborious occupation through the tedious hours of the day.

That humble cottage at the end of the village, with its neat white-washed front, protected his weary head last night; and this morning a light might be perceived at the window, and the fire's flickering flame would display the cheerful hearth; the few articles of domestic use neatly arranged in their places, and the floor is clean; while the most interesting object of all, the stalwart workman, is preparing for the labours of the day. The honest English labourer is truly one who demands our kindliest sympathy. His lot has been hard, and you would not anticipate much fruit from so barren-looking a stem. But judge not hastily. Notice him as he sallies forth, in his coarse but comfortable attire, with his basket on his shoulder, and a little keg of beer in his hand. Nothing unnecessary is worn; that cotton handkerchief which encircles his throat displays much cleanliness and neatness; the patch in his short frock has been carefully put on, and his heavy iron-soled boots are well suited for the purpose for which they are required. That candid, manly countenance, if attentively examined, deprives you of any suspicions you might have entertained. Converse with him, he replies with confidence, yet deference; speak to him of his employments, he will answer with promptitude; joke with him, and he will enjoy your mirth. He would injure none—though, if insulted, he would defend himself with honest indignation. He is grateful for kindness, and will ap-

preciate a generous act. Though unlettered, he will receive and respect good advice; although rough he is unprejudiced; and while inclined to consider the rich as selfish—he is open to conviction. He is liberal in his treatment of friends, though his provident disposition is often displayed. Unblessed by intellectual acquirements, he is often free from that gross immorality which appears so commonly in connexion with those "hotbeds of vice," the large towns of the empire—and happy is he in the exchange! But what is his lot? From the age of seven or eight his duties begin, for the necessities of the family require that each child should contribute to his own maintenance as soon as he is able; and having thus commenced his labours, will continue as long as life, health, and work last. His hours are long, his work heavy, and rarely, alas! very rarely, is his pittance adequate.

It is true, that our agricultural population presents affecting proofs of human depravity. But let not the reader condemn the failings he observes, if he make no effort for their diminution. Our duty to ourselves, to one another, and to God, demands that endeavours should be made for the reduction of existing evils; and we should remember that we are morally responsible for the occasion of much sin, if exertions are not made to lessen and remove the aggregate. Nor is this to be done by the elaboration of theories, but by individual, devout, and persevering efforts. The principle should be maintained which has encouraged men, in the most trying circumstances, to renewed exertions, to regard nothing as completed, as long as anything remains to be done. F. S. W.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

In Paris, the reign of anarchy proceeded, during 1793. The revolutionary leaders were occupied in destroying each other; at the head of them was the horrible Robespierre. A revolutionary tribunal was formed, which controlled the convention. The more moderate of the republican leaders, called the Girondists, were driven from power, and mostly guillotined. In October, twenty of these were executed in one day. They were destitute of religious truth, but were men of comparatively enlightened minds, inclined to be moderate in their principles and conduct, opposed both to unlimited despotism and licentious democracy. All authority now remained with the Jacobin party. Marat, one of Robespierre's associates, was assassinated by Charlotte Corday, soon after which, a period expressively called the "reign of terror" began. But the mind revolts from the scenes that followed. Any one who wishes to see them delineated with horribly graphic effect, may turn to the pages of Alison and Cobbett. Atheism, murder, and robbery were predominant. No one was safe from the guillotine. When the cowardly undisciplined refuse, sent to the army, fled before the enemy, the commander was denounced, sent to Paris, and put to death. Such was the fate of Houchard, the general who had compelled the allies to leave the siege of Dunkirk. If any one had been noted using a hasty expression, or if he were suspected of having wealth, or were opposed to the present order, or rather disorder, he was denounced, at the caprice of any one in power, carried before the revolutionary tribunal, and ordered to the guillotine. Throughout the land, tribunals, or rather small committees, of the same character were established, estimated, at one time, to have been fifty thousand in number, under the direction of men who were paid half a crown each day for their attendance. There were many thousands of these so-called judges, men of the worst and most profligate description. Every one trembled, and distrusted his neighbour. The poor queen was treated with brutality, and subjected to the most atrocious false accusations, in October she was condemned, and guillotined. The young dauphin was placed under the care of a shoemaker, who by every species of insult and ill treatment, destroyed the health of the poor child: he sunk into a state of imbecility, and died in the following year. The princess royal was eventually released, being exchanged for some of the republican deputies seized by Dumourier. The duke of Orleans, who had so actively promoted the worst scenes of the revolution, was now executed. His sons, the eldest of whom is the present king of France, had previously escaped; they went forth to wander over the face of the earth. To the eldest, "sweet were the uses of adversity;" having had to earn his bread, and experiencing what it is to want, he learned truths which probably he would not otherwise have known. Thus he became fitted

for the throne which his wretched profligate father had vainly desired to occupy, and has evidently been an important instrument for good in our own day.

Bailly, and many other leaders who had figured in the early days of the revolution, were now also put to death—their cup of retribution was full. Petion and others died by their own hands, or of hardships in their attempts at concealment. France was now one great slaughter-house; few in it could feel secure of their lives for a single day. When the shades of night had closed, families started at the passing sounds, which betokened domiciliary visits, or the arrest of neighbours; they trembled, in apprehension that themselves might be the next. The prisons of Paris were in a state filthy and horrid beyond description. At one time, nearly eight thousand persons were in confinement. In former ages, the like atrocities had been acted, though not on so general or so extended a scale; those had been perpetrated under the name of religion—but the emissaries of Satan now threw off that disguise. Superstition had long since destroyed true religion in France; but now, that destroyer sunk before the great development of atheism, or infidelity.

A new era was begun, dating from "the first year of the republic." A new calendar was sent forth, dividing the year into twelve months, of thirty days each, setting apart the remaining five as festivals to Genius, Industry, Fine Actions, Rewards, and Opinion. The extra day of the fourth year was to be the feast of Revolution. These days were to occupy the five at the close of the year, which were always to begin on September 21st. The seventh day, that Divine and merciful institution for the sabbath rest, which is to be traced in every nation, even among the heathens, was now renounced, and the tenth days, or decades, were to be considered as holidays. Thus one marked result of pretended popular improvement was to deprive the poor man of a fourth part of his rest from labour. Let him ever be on his guard against such attempts, from whatever quarter they rise. This calendar was observed for nearly twelve years.

All religious worship was abolished. The French endeavoured to persuade themselves that death was an eternal sleep. A sort of worship was to be offered to Reason, who was personified in processions by women more than half naked, surrounded by the profligate of both sexes; but it is unnecessary to describe these filthy mummeries, or the havoc made with the churches, and the articles used in public worship. The remains of the noble and mighty dead were cast from their graves, and the monuments to their memory were destroyed. Some were preserved, being kept to form a museum of monuments.

The embalmed body of Condé, the famous general, was preserved, as an article of great curiosity; for many years, it rested between the skeletons of a monkey and a camel, until, at the command of Bonaparte, it was again committed to the tomb. The bones of the earliest monarchs of France, together with the putrifying remains of the wretched kings Louis XIV. and XV., who had done so much to hasten this day of retribution, were all covered from sight in one undistinguished mass.

Early in the year, the French made an attempt on Sardinia, which failed; it is only noticed, to mention that Napoleon Bonaparte first bore arms therein. The principal English fleet, called the Channel fleet, was unable to bring the French to action. In the Mediterranean, a squadron under lord Hood occupied Toulon, with the concurrence of the royalists, and took possession of the French fleet, to hold it for their king. When the efforts of the constitutionalists at Lyons, and in other parts of the south, failed, the republican army invested Toulon. Bonaparte, then only a young officer of artillery, obtained a command, and advised proceedings which enabled the assailants to cannonade the harbour. The defenders were not numerous enough, and they were too heterogeneous a body to act with efficiency. By the middle of December, it was plain that Toulon must be abandoned. This was carried into effect, though with much confusion. Sir Sydney Smith exerted himself; many of the French ships were destroyed, and others brought away; but through the inefficient proceedings of the Spaniards, nineteen ships of the line and frigates were left, with little or no injury. The republicans massacred all suspected royalists that did not escape, and committed their usual atrocities. Thus closed the year 1793 in France; but the leading events in that country, in the following year, must be noticed, being immediately connected with those of the preceding.

The French jacobin party having tri-

umphed at home, directed attention to their armies, which were strengthened, urged forward, and encouraged to proceed, although divisions and strife continued to distract the land. Suspicion and death were still the order of the day. It was evident that the leaders were bent on mutual destruction. Hebert and others were sent to the guillotine by Robespierre, on March 21st, 1794. Danton, with more, followed a few days later. A third party, including several others who had been active in the reign of terror, were executed on April 13th. Many others shared the same fate in that and on the following month; among them the amiable princess Elizabeth; and not only men of rank or note, but some of the lower classes, who had hitherto escaped from the proscription.

Robespierre and his immediate supporters were now proceeding to the most desperate measures. In the end of May, a decree was passed, that no quarter should be given to any British or Hanoverian soldier. The duke of York, in a public order, remarked very properly on the atrocity of such a decree; but, with a Christian spirit, he called upon his soldiers not to retaliate. Having denounced and put to death the most determined of the atheists, Robespierre caused the convention to decree that there was a supreme Being, and to order a festival, in honour of "L'Etre Suprême." Robespierre acted as high-priest; he set fire to pasteboard images of anarchy and atheism, which disappeared, and disclosed a figure of wisdom, though somewhat smoked by the burning of its covering. Some of his associates laughed at these absurdities, whilst others shuddered to hear him declare that more blood must flow. For some time, from thirty to fifty victims had perished by the guillotine every day. The public accuser was now ordered to prepare for the daily murder of one hundred and fifty, and a drain was constructed to carry off underground the blood from the place of execution to the Seine. Robespierre accordingly proposed and carried a law still more violent in the proceedings it directed, and by which most of the members of the convention would have perished.

He was in fact insane, but there was a sanguinary method in his madness, and he fancied himself promoting a moral regeneration of the human race, while pushing on his atrocities in the manner above described. Tallien, Barrère, and others of his associates, now saw that they must fall, unless they could destroy him—and the mad tyrant found himself openly opposed. Tallien, with his supporters, prevailed, and denounced Robespierre in the convention. He could not obtain a hearing, was impeached, and carried to prison, with some of his adherents; but they were soon liberated by a mob, and assembled a force at the Hôtel de Ville. The convention declared Robespierre out of the protection of the law; those assembled to support him then hesitated. Many of them joined the assailants, who forced an entrance into the council-chamber, where he sat. Finding resistance vain, he tried to shoot himself with a pistol, but the wound was not mortal. The morning of July 28th dawned, the fiend-like leader was carried to the convention, and from thence to prison, a wounded outlaw; and in the afternoon he was executed, with twenty of his associates. The mob followed him with execrations, a band of women danced round the carts, and when his head fell under the guillotine, the last executed of the band, shouts of applause rent the air, and the crowd departed singing. Simon, the wretch who had caused the death of the little dauphin, was put to death at this time.

Tallien, Sieyes, Cambacéres, and those who were now leaders, closed the reign of terror. Some of the most atrociously active therein were, in their turn, guillotined, and the Jacobin club was dispersed; but the horrible state of Paris cannot be adequately described. The deepest profligacy had accompanied the late atrocities. The leaders, as they arose in succession, plundered what they could seize, and revelled in all the luxuries they could command, while the great mass of the people were literally dependent upon a wretched allowance of coarse bread, at the rate of a pound a day for each member of a family. This was delivered at the bakers' shops to the bearers of orders issued daily; but the applicants were obliged to wait for hours for their turns, each holding on a rope stretched from the shop, that the regularity of application might be preserved —but the scenes of disorder often were disgusting.

This memorable year in France, exhibited the climax of horrors—originating long before in the prevalence of bigotry, superstition, oppression of the lower orders, and the utter rejection of the word of God; proceeding onward for many years

through luxury, want of public faith, and infidelity, to the overturn of all social order; rapine and destruction of property, with disregard of every duty and restraint, until no man was sure of his life for a single day. Each order and class of society had become sufferers in its turn. All possessed of anything to lose, were losers, while those who originally had nothing, seized all that was within their reach.

The course adopted by Fox and the opposition in England, when the session of parliament opened, at the beginning of 1794, was still to praise and palliate the proceedings of the French, and to dwell upon the failure of the efforts of the coalition. Their anger was especially directed against Pitt, who firmly withstood them, supported by an overwhelming majority, avowing that indemnity for the past must be sought, as well as security for the future, and urging that France had been converted into an armed nation. The military force was increased, but not on a scale adequate to the state of affairs, while the plan of raising money by loan was pursued. The feelings of the nation in general were manifestly against France, yet the number of the disaffected was still considerable. They were connected by secret and affiliated societies, organized to overturn the existing constitution, and sought to cause a revolution, if possible, in Britain, though not designing the desperate atrocities of France.

The English government was alarmed by the proceedings of the Jacobins, as they were called, from their fellow-feeling for those of France, and commenced a series of prosecutions for sedition and treason. These had begun in Scotland in the preceding year, and were successful in convicting all the accused, who were imprisoned or transported—some of them on evidence not very full or satisfactory—and the sentences appeared heavy, when contrasted with the charges proved. In England, the government succeeded, during 1793, in convicting some publishers and others for selling seditious books; but many of the prosecutions failed, usually from the having attempted too much, and from the repugnance of juries to convict mainly on the evidence of false associates, employed as spies, to discover the plans of the secret societies.

The allegations brought forward by Pitt were, however, considered of sufficient weight to justify an act for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act; so that those charged with political crimes might be detained in prison upon suspicion, and without trial. In the close of the year, some important government prosecutions came to an issue, against Hardy, Tooke, Holcroft, Thelwall, and others, for high treason. The whole force and energy of the legal advisers connected with the government, was directed against the accused, but they were defended with still greater ability by Erskine and Gibbs; and after three trials, extending through nearly a month, the prisoners were found not guilty. It is to be regretted that Pitt and his fellow-ministers had not prosecuted for the lesser crime of sedition, which could have been proved; but the grave and heavy allegation of high treason could not be borne out. The accused might have contemplated overt acts, but had not yet proceeded to that extent; and juries were not disposed to consider that plans for altering the constitution were necessarily treasonable. This failure much weakened the government. At the time, it was not easy to avoid being carried away by excitement; and, without doubting of Pitt's veracity, we may consider that he took exaggerated views of the proceedings of these "friends of reform." They were able to show that the most serious acts, or speeches, alleged against them, were many of them inferences that rested on the evidence of men of no character, who had joined the political associations purposely to find out ground for accusation; and that all which could really be proved against them, as members of the Corresponding Society, went little farther than the views maintained by Pitt himself, with others, a few years before, on the subject of parliamentary reform. Pitt and the duke of Richmond were summoned by Horne Tooke, that evidence to this effect might be given by the supporters of government. But those men had probably deeper designs; and they would have found it impossible to stop, had they been able to commence their open and active measures for parliamentary reform by popular efforts. The prosecutions, therefore, may be considered as having stopped progress in evil, while the acquittals satisfied many that their liberties were yet protected by law. Other and minor prosecutions failed in the provincial courts; but in Scotland,

Watt and Downie were tried for treason, and found guilty. The former was executed. He had, for some time, acted as a government spy, but latterly he had become active in the plots of the day. He seems to have planned insurrectionary movements beyond what had been organized in England, but his coadjutors and their means were utterly contemptible, and far too much stress was laid upon them. On the whole, there was, as an historian of the times remarks, a beneficial result, from the failure of these prosecutions. He says, "After so singular a triumph of popular principle, the most factious lost the power of alleging that the liberties of England were on the decline; the people relapsed into their ancient habits of loyalty; and the spirit of innovation, deprived of foreign support, and steadily resisted by the government, rapidly withered in the British soil." Thus has the Supreme Disposer of all things often overruled the sinful passions of men, in mercy to Britain.

RITZER; OR, SCENES IN THE MOUNTAINS.

How mighty are the mountains! The Andes, the Himalayas, the Atlases, and the Alps. Chamoulari, in Asia, is more than five miles high; Sarata, in South America, four miles and a half; Geesh, in Africa, and Mont Blanc, in Europe, are each about three miles. Mont Blanc has often been ascended, but when shall human foot be placed on the icy forehead of Giant Chamoulari? The everlasting snows of a thousand winters, proclaim, as with a voice, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further?" and man—enterprising, proud, and vain-glorious man—has not yet dared to break the commandment.

He cannot quell the freezing wind that blows,
The icy barrier and eternal snows.

Chamoulari reigns in dread magnificence; he stretches his icy sceptre over a realm of silence and desolation, and his snow-crowned head is unwinnowed by the wings of the eagle and the condor.

* * * * * *

Not yet has morning dawned upon the Alps, but a gray mist lies, as a mantle, on the mountains. Viso, Genevre, Cenis, and Iseran are but dimly descried, and farther north, Mont Blanc, wrapt in his shadowy robes of cloud and twilight, reclines on his ample couch. He also is a king.

"Mont Blanc, the Monarch of Mountains,
They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

Not yet is the chamois abroad, cropping the scanty herbage of his elevated pasture. The sterile wild, the dreary and unsocial waste, shrouded in forbidding gloom, with its freezing air and overawing stillness, and loneliness, is unlovely to the eye, and oppressive to the heart. Oh, how different this to the welcome home, the cheerful hearth, the flaring fire, and the sunny smiles, and pleasant voices of friendship and affection! Man is made for mankind, and a visit to the unsocial majesty of the mountain should quicken the throbbing of his pulse and heart, for deeds of brotherhood and kindness.

* * * * * *

The dawn of day is spreading around, and already is Ritzer high among the mountains. Leaving his hut in the gloom of night, he has laboured up the rugged heights with his fellow-hunter, to be above the chamois when he comes forth to feed. Shod with spiked shoes, like his associate, supplied with a wallet, a flask, a cord, and a telescope, and armed with his knife, an axe, and double-barrelled gun, he grasps his iron-shod pole. Quick is his eye, firm his foot, agile his limbs, fearless his heart, and all but unerring the aim of his deadly tube. Well to him are known the steep ridge, the rugged rock, the gloomy ravine, and the fearful slope. Danger and he have long been companions. There is a wildness in his look, a reckless daring in his undaunted mien, as though enterprise, and difficulty, and peril, were his delight. Sheltered by a projecting crag, he is waiting for the chamois.

Ritzer, the reckless, nature's fearless child,
The daring hunter of that Alpine wild.

* * * * *

A solitary chamois is picking the choicest produce of the pasturage. Cautiously as he has ventured forth from the secluded fastnesses of the mountains, he has not escaped the eagle eye of Ritzer. No sooner were his small, round, pointed, hooked horns visible, than they were discovered by the keen glance of the mountain hunter. Ritzer has wound round the craggy rock, taken a circuitous path, scaled the precipitous ravine, and is now within threescore yards of the unsuspect-

ing chamois, levelling his deadly weapon, rested on a projecting point, at his hapless prey. The crack of the rifle is heard, and the chamois is hurrying across the slippery glacier and the frozen snow.

Unnumbered clamorous echoes round him rise,
As, hoofed with speed and wing'd with fear, he flies.

But is he unwounded? Unwounded! When did the death-shot of Ritzer fall harmless? The chamois is smitten, and carries with him his destruction!

* * * * * *

A party, with their guides, are ascending Mont Blanc. Appalling height! stupendous eminence.

"Monarch of the scene, mightiest where all are mighty."

At the base of the mountain, vegetation abounds, and gardens and orchards are here and there intruded on by the slippery glacier. Higher up are glacier, and rock, and pine, and larch trees, and above them crags more rude, rocks more abrupt, with clefts, and chasms, adorned with rhododendron, gentian, and Alpine plants; while lastly comes the sterile region of silence, frost, and snow—

Where Winter holds his never-ending court,
And Desolation dwells in silent halls.

The party have passed to the east of the Glacier des Buissons, wound round the Aiguille du Midi to gain the Grand Mulet, mounted the Plateaux; the Tacul and the Rocher range have been won, and now the summit of Mont Blanc is about to be attained. Ritzer is yet in pursuit of the wounded chamois.

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How vast the scene! and how oppressive the dreary wild! The loneliness and the silence hang as a weight on the heart. Hark! It was nothing but the whistling wind, and the shrill cry of the marmot, and now all is still. Again! That was a more fearful sound! It was the rush of the falling avalanche that overhung the pass. Where are the travellers who were toiling up the steep? Surely they are not entombed beneath that mountainous mass of snow! How dreadfully still it now lies in the valley! This is a fearful region in which to travel, for it is said that, sometimes, the beetling avalanches are so slightly poised, that the sound of a rifle, the bark of a dog, nay, almost the voice of a traveller, or muleteer will bring them toppling down from their high eminences to the narrow vallies below.

O'erwhelmed at once the traveller meets his doom,
A snowy sepulchre and mountain tomb.

Life is at all times, and in all places, uncertain; but here, in a moment, and without warning, death comes upon his victim unawares. Here there is but a step between us and the grave.

* * * * * *

The monks of Great St. Bernard! The monks of Great St. Bernard! There they go with their poles on their errands of mercy. On, on, ye band of brothers! On, on, ye Alpine philanthropists! Though cold the region you inhabit, the love of humanity is warm in your beating hearts. Though ye are not angels, yet are your impulses from heaven. The dogs of St. Bernard are on before; they have outstripped their masters in running to the rescue. Each dog carries a flask, to revive the spirit, and a blanket to defend from the cold, the hapless beings they may find entombed in the snows. See! See! already have the sagacious brutes discovered a buried group; they have scented the breath-holes made in the snow, by those who were not too deeply covered.

The hapless travellers gaze with strange surprise,
As feebly from their gloomy graves they rise.

A fainting boy is fastened on the back of one of the dogs, and two exhausted men are being borne by the monks to the monastery. May the white-winged messengers of the skies, commissioned by the High and Holy One, guard that asylum of charity from coming danger, and love, and peace, and joy take up their abode there for ever! Ritzer is still among the mountains.

* * * * * *

And this is the Glacier des Bois—of all Alpine glaciers the greatest. How striking its appearance!

"A savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice.
Its rugged breakers, which put on
The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
Frozen in a moment, a dead whirlpool's image."

The Glacier de Blaitière has harder ice, the Glacier des Buissons is purer and less sullied with earth and stones, the Glacier de Tacconay is more singular, forming a bright and eccentric arch, and the Glacier d'Argentière is more elegant and beautiful; but in dimensions the Glacier des Bois is unrivalled. The part

called the glacier is seven miles in extent, and two miles in perpendicular height; but the Mer de Glace, and other connected portions of this mighty glacier, altogether extend, perhaps, as much as twenty leagues. Look at the Mer de Glace, the surrounding mountains make it appear almost a plain; but see how the solid mass is riven, cleft, and split into all imaginary forms. Some of the yawning fissures have been plumbed to the depth of more than a thousand feet. The whole scene is an arresting variety of gigantic crystals, pinnacles, and pyramids, fearful blocks, and frightful abysses. From his very boyhood has Ritzer, the chamois hunter, been familiar with scenes like these.

Ritzer and his companion still pursue the wounded chamois, that flies along the slopes, and leaps from rock to rock. The rugged rift, the gloomy abyss, and the fearful precipice, alter but not arrest the course of the flying fugitive. He springs across the mountain torrent, he leaps down the precipice of fifty feet, on the narrow and slippery ledge of the granite rock; he stands on the sharp ridge, where there is barely room for his feet, and seeks the inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains. But see! Ritzer is on his track. Now he hastens over the mountain's brow, now descends the zigzag ledges of the crag; now flings himself with his pole across the yawning ravine; now lets himself down the precipice with his rope; and now, with a strong hand, cleaves himself a foothold in the face of the solid rock. Excited by his enterprises he sees no danger, and is overcome by no difficulty. On, on! the chamois, and nothing but the chamois, is before him.

> To lose his game is something like disgrace;
> His heart, his mind, his soul are in the chase.

In vain the craggy barriers oppose him; in vain the glacier stretches itself in his path, and the foaming cataract obstructs his course; he is ready for every trial, and equal to every exigency—the chamois must not escape.

* * * * * *

Ritzer and his fellow-hunter are on the broad ledge of a precipitous rock, and there lies dead beside them the slaughtered chamois. They have each taken a scrap of cheese from their wallets, with a morsel of barley bread, and their flasks have been raised to their lips. Sweet to them are their bits and drops, for toil creates appetite, and hunger and thirst are not dainty. Ye sons of luxury, who have little appetite, less health, and no energy, were ye to become chamois hunters ye would lose your ailments.

> Toil, on the frosty mountains and the plains,
> Sends the blood spinning through the bounding veins.

But how shall they bear away their prize? How up the precipices and across the ravines shall they carry the slaughtered chamois? Already has Ritzer the game slung across his shoulders, and now, with agile foot, and sinewy frame, he is scaling the crag. He leans his spiked pole against the rock, he places his foot on the shoulder of his companion, who at first crouches down and then stands on his legs. Ritzer is hacking himself a foothold in the rock; and now he has gained its summit. He lets down his rope to his companion, who partly climbing, and partly drawn up by the rope, soon stands beside him.

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It is even, the air is clear, and the peaks and snow-clad heights, lit up by the setting sun, are intensely glittering in the beam. The richest hues of creation dazzle the sight, and cliffs of crimson, purple and gold, sun-gilt spires, cupolas of living light, pyramids of sea-green ice, roofs of purest snow, and spiral shafts of blended and ever-changing dyes, astonish and bewilder with their magnificence the eyes of the beholder. The red granite mountain, the Aiguille du Dru, shoots up at top in one unbroken pointed shaft of four thousand feet, and the whole mountain is more than twelve thousand feet in height.

> "High the Alpine summits rise,
> Height o'er height, stupendous hurl'd,
> Like the pillars of the skies,
> Like the ramparts of the world."

The scene is romantic in the extreme, extravagantly beautiful, and almost unlimited in extent. Mountains and rugged rifts, aiguilles and glaciers, glittering ridges and gloomy ravines, peaks, precipices and cataracts, mingle together with all the dazzling pomp and prodigality that height and colour, and sunshine and shade can impart, with forests of pine and larch, the richest and most luxuriant foliage, and more remote, the romantic and verdant valley. All is vast, glorious, and sublime. In the immensity, man is lost, and God is everywhere!

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Ritzer, with the chamois on his shoul-

ders, is toiling on, now threading the narrow defiles, and now descending the dizzy heights. Sometimes the chamois is swung over a ravine, that the hunters, with their poles, may leap across it unincumbered, and sometimes the game is carried between the two hardy mountaineers. Light-hearted they proceed—but now they come to a difficult point of the rock, a fearful pass, for the ledge, with a precipice below, is hardly broad enough to stand on. Aiguilles and spires and mountainous crags are above them, ravines and rifts, and rugged rocks and watercourses, are below, with the valley seen in the distance. Ritzer, bearing the chamois, has crossed the pass, but his comrade—dreadful! dreadful! his foot has slipped—he tries to recover himself in vain—he falls headlong from the craggy ledge. O Danger how unexpected is thy arrival!—O Death, how sudden is thy approach! Hapless Adolphe! what a tale to tell the sharer of thy cot! what tidings to relate to the mother that bore thee!

Be ready, Ritzer, on thy mountains drear,
For life is brief, and death is ever near.

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The bright sun has withdrawn himself from view, though the peak tops and summits of the mountains are yet sparkling with his beams. The glaciers glitter not as they did, with a silvery effulgency, but the stately aiguilles still wear their golden crowns. A subdued and sober light is prevailing among the mountains and the valleys.

The glowing orb of day recalls his fires,
And now, to light up other lands, retires.

Through a telescope from the valley Alphonse was seen to fall, and Rumour, with her hundred tongues, has spread the report that Ritzer is numbered with the dead. Pale is the cheek of Annette, his wife, and loud the lament of his only boy;—even now, half frantic with fear, the twain are toiling up the steeps. And didst thou, Annette, at the dawn of day, commit, on thy bended knees, thy husband to almighty care? Fear not, for he shall yet fold thee in his arms! But who are those descending from the heights!—Ritzer, with the chamois on his shoulder, and can it be? Yes, it is Alphonse! A mountain stream broke his fall, and bruised, but with no bone broken, he is returning to his cottage. See! they meet! they meet! A shriek from Annette is echoed by the hills, and her arms are clasped around the neck of her husband. There! they are calmer now, and are descending the mountains together. There is gladness in the bright blue eyes of the boy; a tear, not of sorrow but of joy, rolling down the flushed cheek of Annette, and a smile of love and inward satisfaction in the manly face of Ritzer, the chamois hunter.

THE REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

No. XII.

PROGRESS OF THE FOLLOWERS OF HUSS—CONTROVERSIES—SECOND RETREAT OF HUSS—CONVOCATION OF A GENERAL COUNCIL AT CONSTANCE.

ALTHOUGH king Wenceslaus for a time withdrew his protection from the Hussites, yet he does not appear to have severely persecuted them. This avaricious and rapacious prince found an advantage in secretly favouring their doctrines, and when, from the first rise of the disturbances in Bohemia, he was urged to destroy John Huss, he answered, "Let him alone, he is the bird that lays for me many a golden egg." Some of the sentiments of Huss, especially those which he derived from Wickliffe, respecting tithes and church property, were very much to the taste of Wenceslaus. He said, "The temporal lords, when they please, have power to take away temporal property from ecclesiastics who live in the practice of sin." This maxim Huss supported by the authority of Scripture and of the fathers, not forgetting these words, uttered in the presence of St. Bernard, by the famous German prophetess, St. Hildegarde, "The Almighty Father has divided all things well, he has given heaven to heavenly men, and the earth to earthly men, so that, according to this division, spiritual and secular men, each possessing that which belongs to them, should not usurp that of the other; for it is not the will of God that either of his children should wear at once the robe and the cloak. He has given the cloak to the secular, the robe to the spiritual order, and when both are found in possession of the same man, the cloak should be taken away, and given to the poor." As for tithes, Huss maintained, with Wickliffe, that they are merely alms; he concluded that churchmen are neither the masters nor the owners of these revenues, but only their keepers and

dispensers; that they have no right to retain from them beyond what their own wants require, and that unless they give the residue to the poor, they will be judged at the last day as guilty of robbery and sacrilege.

Wenceslaus adopted these doctrines, which were held by most of the Reformers, and which rendered many princes favourable to them. He declared himself accordingly to be a judge as to the employment of church property, but as he cared not for the poor, the misused treasures of the church passed into his treasury, and when he appeared publicly to support the new opinions, his severities and his exactions increased the number of those who adhered to Huss. Several wealthy ecclesiastics professed themselves Hussites; the desire of saving their wealth induced them to become advocates of those doctrines which directed its rightful use.

Another cause of the progress of the Hussites was, the very contempt into which the church dignitaries of Bohemia had fallen, chiefly on account of the covetousness of the sovereign, who sold the offices to the highest bidder. The disgraceful elevation of Albicus to the episcopal see of Prague has been already mentioned; that unworthy prelate dreading lest the king should confiscate the whole of the revenues of his office, hastened to sell it in his turn to Conrad, bishop of Olmutz, and Romish writers themselves admit, that the buyer was no better than the seller.

Conrad showed, at first, much earnestness in resisting the new doctrines, which, however, he subsequently embraced, after he had completely alienated the revenues of his see. He refused to allow Huss to preach, but the latter was aware of his own power, and also believed that he was not to obey any earthly authority that forbade him to preach the gospel.

When summoned to Rome a second time, he did not even attempt to justify his refusal to appear.

In the town of Prague, many copies of the writings of Wickliffe had escaped the flames kindled by archbishop Shinko. Huss recommended men to read them, and forcibly reproved the condemnation of the forty-five articles extracted from the works of the celebrated English teacher. He published, in the name of the faculty of theology at Prague, a powerful treatise, in which he defended the opinions of Wickliffe on tithes and church property, and on some other leading points. He observed, "Those who cease to preach, or to hear the word of God, will be accounted traitors at the day of judgment. Every deacon and every priest is permitted to preach the word of God, without the authority of any bishop, or the apostolic see; and all temporal lords, every prelate, every bishop, living in mortal sin, in fact is not a temporal lord, a prelate, or a bishop.

Huss softened these doctrines by the manner in which he explained them. On the latter point, his opinion, literally considered, did not require a serious refutation; but he added, that the power of wicked rulers is not sanctioned by God, and that such are not kings and bishops after his own heart.

John Huss preached also, with much popular approbation, against the worship of images. He taught that priests ought to be poor; that auricular confession was of no use; that the burial of the dead in churchyards was not necessary for the welfare of their souls; and that the observance of canonical hours, and abstinence from food, were only the traditions of men, without any authority from the word of God.

The Romish priests declaimed with no less vehemence; every head seemed on fire, the city every day exhibited fresh scenes of bloodshed; there was no safety in Prague for any one, the monarch himself left it, and went hastily from place to place.

A powerful league, however, was formed against Huss, by several doctors of theology at Prague. Among these, the most distinguished were Stephen Paletz, (already mentioned,) Andrew Broda, and Stanislaus Zonna, a professor of theology, once the tutor of Huss, and, like him, an admirer of Wickliffe, whom he now insulted. These doctors, in their writings, accused Huss of belonging to the Armenian sect, who relied only on the authority of Scripture,* and not on that of the church, or the fathers. Huss replied, that in this respect he agreed with St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and St. Gregory, who recognised the Scripture alone as the foundation of their faith. The divines also alleged that Huss erred greatly as to the power of

* De sectâ Armenorum. They said this of any man who required information as to his doubts from the word of God, and the reasons of the law. Huss, Hist. et Mon. Vol. I., p. 63.

spiritual and temporal authorities. "To hear him," they said, "it seems that the orders of popes, emperors, kings, princes, and other rulers, are only to be obeyed when they are founded upon testimony and reasoning, which tends to no less than the destruction of all civil order."

To this weighty argument, John Huss opposed the example of the Maccabees, showing that the orders of princes are not to be obeyed when they are contrary to the laws of God. "According to our doctors," he said, "if they were commanded by the pope, or the king, to slay all the Jews in Prague, and were furnished with troops for that purpose, they would have no objection to obey. Neither would they hesitate to slaughter us at the first word, especially to kill me, who, in their opinion, teaches such a dangerous error. Yet surely such orders no less require consideration, than the letters of Artaxerxes, that required the massacre of all the Jews. Neither was Paul bound to obey the orders of the sanhedrim, by delivering over the disciples of Christ to the executioner."

Such a debate never fails to show that human reasoning never loses its claims, and that we almost always wander out of the way when pushing the best principles to their farthest consequences by logical arguments. To admit that examination and approval must always go before obedience, is to render all government impossible; but to forbid all investigation, is to renounce the faculties of a man, and to degrade oneself, according to circumstances, into a senseless machine, or a ferocious brute.

Irritated by the disobedience of Huss, and alarmed at the progress of his doctrines, John XXIII. stirred up the secular power against him. He wrote to Wenceslaus, and also the king, and universities of France. Gerson answered this appeal in the name of the university of Paris; he wrote to Conrad, the Bohemian archbishop, respecting Huss. This letter has been preserved by a popish historian, John Cochlæus; it shows the angry passion of the times. Gerson says, "Hitherto various means, like so many different scythes, have been used to destroy the heresies arising in the field of the church. The first scythe which cut them down was the power of miracles, by which God gave testimony to the catholic truth, and that of the times of the apostles. Then they were rooted out by our doctors with the force of argument and disputation, by the scythe of our holy councils. At length this evil is growing desperate, and recourse must be had to the secular arm, as holding an axe with which to cut down heresies and heretics, and to cast them into the fire. By this merciful cruelty, the discourses of such men will be kept from spreading to their own ruin, and that of others.—Should the false teachers, who scatter among you the seeds of heresy, ask for miracles, let them know, the time for miracles is now passed away.

"Men are no longer permitted to tempt God, by requiring miracles to confirm our faith, as if it were a new thing. They have not only Moses and the prophets, but the apostles and ancient doctors, with the holy councils. They have also modern divines assembled in the universities, especially in that of Paris, the mother of studies,* which has hitherto been free from the monsters of heresy, and will, with the Divine help, always continue so. They have all these; let them believe these, or they will not believe, even if the dead were raised. Moreover, there is no end of disputing with such presumptuous men. On the contrary, as Seneca has said, when disputation is pushed too far, people are offended, and charity is hurt. To their obstinate effrontery the language of the poet may be applied. The remedy increases the evil."† Therefore, if the present remedies are ineffectual, nothing remains but to apply the axe of the secular power to the root of this unfruitful and accursed tree. Do you implore the assistance of this power in every possible way; it is your duty, for the sake of the souls committed to your care.

Peter d'Ailly, cardinal of Cambray, in a treatise upon reformation, touched upon the very point which made these efforts useless, and thereby gained over the hearts of many to the novelties, or rather to what appeared such. He said: "It is owing to the heresy of simony, and the other iniquities of the court of Rome, that so many sects have arisen in Bohemia and Moravia, which have spread from the head to the other members of that kingdom, where a thousand things injurious to the pope are publicly debated. Thus the glaring vices of the Romish court confound the catholic faith, and corrupt it by its errors. It were well if these heresies and their authors were rooted out from these provinces; but I

* Mater studiorum. † (Ægrescit medendo.)

do not see how this can be done, unless the church of Rome is brought back to its early morals and praiseworthy customs."

Thus Peter d'Ailly pointed out the disease and the remedy, but not the method of applying it. Daily did the schism furnish the adherents of Huss with new arguments for resisting the authority of the pope. "If he is to be obeyed, then whom shall we obey?" they inquired. "Balthazar Cossa, called John XXIII., is at Rome; Angelo Corario, named Gregory XII., is at Rimini. Peter de Luna, calling himself Benedict XIII., is in Aragon. If one of these is to be obeyed as our most holy father, how is he to be distinguished from the others, and why does he not begin by reducing them to submission?"

Thus the troubles in Bohemia still continued, and the archbishop, finding his admonitions ineffectual, had recourse to other measures. He put in force an edict against the opponents, which had been drawn up by the doctors of the faculty of theology. This decree required every man who filled any public office at Prague to sign a papistical form, and also severely condemned the Hussites. The bishop of Litomissels, an eager opponent of John Huss, even surpassed these severe requirements. He desired that a chancellor for the university might be elected, who would exercise a strict inquisition over the masters and scholars, and should be required to punish the favourers of heresy. He required that John Huss and his supporters should be forbidden to preach, and should be expelled from the chapel of Bethlehem; that Huss should be banished from the society of the faithful; that those books should be prohibited in which his opinions were set forth in the vulgar tongue, and that all who sold or read these books should be excommunicated.

A decree to this effect was drawn up and published, confounding the ancient dispensation with the present; it applied to the see of Rome what is said in the book of Deuteronomy, about the place which the Lord should choose, repeating, that all who refused to obey the high priest should be put to death.

"It is well known to all," said this decree, "that the church of Rome is the place which God has chosen, under the New Testament dispensation; that he has given to it the primacy over all the church; that the pope presides in it as the true and manifest successor of St. Peter; that the cardinals, like priests of the Levitical race, are associated with him in the sacerdotal office, and that they should be resorted to in all ecclesiastical matters. It is not for the clergy of Prague to judge whether or not the excommunication of Huss is just or unjust: it ought to consider it as just, since it has been fulminated by apostolical authority."

This decree, though approved by the king, was powerless. The Hussites resisted it, and the evangelical clergy refuted the arguments of the Romish clergy. They referred to the pacificatory edict of the nobles and the royal council, which was signed by archbishop Sbinko, and stated that that primate had found in Huss neither error nor heresy. The king had been requested to order a notice in every city, that John Huss was ready, publicly, to give reasons for his faith. If no one should appear to convince him of heresy, then the kingdom must be cleared of his accusers, and they should be sent to Rome, to receive the wages due for their calumnies. The Hussite party said, that Jesus Christ alone, and not the pope, is the head of the church, and all the faithful are the members. They added, that the ecclesiastics of Prague had condemned, without sufficient authority, the forty-five articles of Wickliffe; that the church of Rome could not herself be admitted to pass sentence upon this matter, because at present there was no certainty as to where the church could be found, for the authority in which three popes contested. Those three popes, they repeated, contradict themselves, when they blame us for our attachment to Holy Scripture, and allege this very Scripture against us! They are punishable for falsehood, because they falsify Scripture and the canons, saying that the pope is to be obeyed in all things, while it is evident that there have been several heretical popes. In short, it is absurd to pretend that the orders of the court of Rome are to be put in force against John Huss, and to allege as a reason, that the clergy of Prague have always submitted to its authority. "It would follow from hence, that we should be heathens because our fathers were so—or even that we must obey the devil, because our first parents did so!"

THE POWER OF CHRISTIAN EXAMPLE.

WHO shall set limits to the influence of example? We throw a pebble into a stream, and a circle is thereby formed, which is succeeded by another and another, widening in extent, until the entire surface has been traversed. We may lose sight of the rippling current, but we know that its progress can only be stemmed by the boundary of the stream. In like manner, an apparently trifling action may be performed, which, coming under the notice of friends, and perhaps of strangers also, shall make on each one some impression, varying according to the dispositions and principles of their individual characters. In one it may suggest some new ideas—in another may be created pleasure merely—in another disgust—in the mind of a fourth it may recall some evil consequences, arising in his own case from a similar action—and in a fifth it may revive the conviction of some great truth; while not a few may be induced to inquire whether the action in itself be good or evil, and then to discover its probable tendencies. The results may be momentous, either in an immense increase of good being attained, or an equal amount of guilt being contracted. How responsible, then, are we for all our actions, and all our words; even our thoughts—the springs of both should be rigidly subjected to the crucible of self-examination. Thought is indeed the parent of a numerous offspring, of all the evil, as well as of all the good, which marks our course through life. It is only true religion which can so harmonize the thoughts, the words, and the actions of a man, that they shall be sanctioned by conscience, approved of God, and rendered conducive to the welfare of his fellow-creatures. Still the most exemplary Christian has need to wash himself daily in the fountain that is opened for sin and uncleanness. For how is it possible to sail down the current of life without contracting some stain, while the heart is still vulnerable to corruption, and is surrounded by hostile influences, by which it is constantly in danger of being enslaved? When, too, we know that there are many—the enemies of God—who are continually waiting for the halting of the righteous, there is especial need that such should be always on their watch-tower guarding against the subtle approaches of every foe, armed in that panoply Divine which the Captain of salvation has provided, with which they can defy the fiery darts of the Evil One—assured that they have only to unfurl the banner of the cross, and Satan instantly flies, abashed and discomfited.

Think, then, Christian, what a responsible, as well as honourable post is yours, and determine, in reliance on Him who has said:—"My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness,"—to glorify Him, and to benefit others by the example you set, remembering that to influence we can assign no limits. The thought is cheering, and may well stimulate you to increased effort. There may be much to discourage in the disregard shown by our fellow-creatures of our efforts to serve them by precept or example, yet He, whose eye is in every place, and who worketh all things according to his own purpose, will ultimately reward our faithfulness. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall prove alike good." The light of eternity alone shall fully reveal the amount of good which has, by the blessing of God, resulted from pious examples.

What says the wasted form and pallid cheek of that youth, lovely indeed, but marked by the hand of death as its early prey? Peace, the peace of God, sits enthroned in the heart, amidst all the decay of nature. Already his eye beams in the light of heaven, whilst we hear dropping, in sweet accents from his lips, the heart-stirring language of realizing faith, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." or, with an exultant sense of his approaching change, "I know whom I have believed," and that if my earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and were we to listen to the history of this young believer, we should most probably hear him tell of the example of a pious father, or a pious mother, and the lessons he learned in the domestic circle. See, again, that man of business, in all the vigour of years, and what is his testimony to the force of Christian example? "To this," says he, "I am indebted for my present standing, and all the satisfaction I enjoy. My

heart dictated a course which would have brought a stigma upon my character, and misery into my soul. I might have heaped up riches; but what, after all, would these have profited me, had I been called suddenly to resign my stewardship? And what restrained me but the testimony I had, in early life, to the reality and excellence of true religion.?"

If pious example has thus a restraining, it has also a stimulative power—the presence of a good man urges to the imitation of the things that are lovely and of good report. The primary motive may not be absolutely pure—the love of good or the hatred of evil may not be the grand moving spring of action; but the admiration of another's amiability, or conscientiousness, or consistency of character, has often tended to prepare the way for the love of principle, and the love of God.

But while we sometimes rejoice over such results, we have often to lament the tendency of an opposite example. Too frequently, alas! is heard the heart-rending reproach, "Oh that I had not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, or stood in the way of sinners, or sat down in the seat of the scornful!"

Reader, let such instances, especially if you are a parent, sink deep into your heart, and act as salutary warnings; remember you are solemnly responsible for the influence which your conduct may have over your children. And if you feel the weight of your accountability to God for the right exercise and inculcation of those Divine principles which his grace imparts, may you afresh buckle on your armour, and go forth to the help of the Lord against the mighty, watching yet with more jealousy your own heart—analyzing more strictly its motives—crucifying more entirely its evil desires, and more diligently guarding against all your spiritual foes, that when you shall be called to render in your account, you may do it with joy, and not with grief.

S. S.

EFFECT OF THE SCRIPTURES ON NATIONAL CHARACTER.

A sound biblical education is of imperative value to our national greatness. Unknown to us be the levelling feeling in respect of nations, equally with that which regards individuals! We love our country. We would exalt it to the truest glory. We pray for its pre-eminence. But then we little reck of arms. At any rate, we have known a surfeit of such fame. We would sedulously cultivate the arts, but their perfection could not constitute us illustrious. We must dig a deeper foundation for a lasting celebrity. Virtue can only make us free, freedom can only make us great, religion can only make us virtuous. The column, however trophied and figured, cannot stand without this plinth. The shield of the fullest orb and richest device should be distributed into its quarters by the Cross!

The national character must ever depend upon the free, independent, use of the Scriptures. This is strictly a Protestant principle. It cannot cohere with Romanism. Whenever such right by that system seems to be allowed, it is with an evasiveness which makes us doubt its sincerity, with a suspension which makes us suspect its good will, it is with a reserve which makes us distrust its truth. No vernacular has it catholically sanctioned. Diocesan and provincial license there may be, but then it is at the pleasure of the spiritual director of every licentiate. The Vulgate is the only translation formally permitted, and this has long since taken the place, and usurped the authority of those originals which it so often distorts and misrepresents. Now, go through the lands of Europe. See those where the Bible is openly, securely, avowedly read; in other words, those which have embraced the principles of the Reformation. Their peoples are strong and noble in their doings and their virtues. The climate, the mountain scenery, and atmosphere may inspire in others the love of liberty—patriotism may bind them to their native soil by a passion which is very disease—but Tyrol and Switzerland, ready enough to repel the invader, crouch beneath their own yoke, and grind to their own superstition. Look at the German mind. Luther's version of the holy volume formed the language of that country. It gave freedom to the studies of its universities. It awoke the genius of its wide-spread family. It burst the spell which had oppressed it from the time of the empire. The predictions of Tacitus would never have otherwise been fulfilled. Never, otherwise, would its banded nations—with the lyre and the sword—have driven from their bosom the military despotism which sought to draw them into itself. Its wild transport and hurrah

of hatred to oppression had never else been heard. It is this which confers self-respect on man. He is in constant communication with the truth of God. Nothing stands between him and it. His mind is filled with its noble images, its mighty conceptions, its triumphant hymns, its tender strains. He catches its inspiration. He imbibes its largeness. It is the book which makes man brave and free. The inlaying and infusion of it in his soul turn him to another man. Its saving blessings apart, its general power is mighty. It reflects itself in the noblest efforts of human genius. Poetry, eloquence, music, literature, art, borrow unconsciously, if not directly, from its wealth. The Bible is the nation's sun, reflected when not seen. It is the same to the individual. He sits at the feet of no priest. He stipulates not for pardon with his fellow-worm. His soul, bowed before the Deity, is seen in the attitude of seraphs; but it does not stoop to man. It is erect in its own rights and prerogatives. What would our national character be, were the Bible taken from us? Were it a sealed book? Could we only peruse it at the will of a confessor? How changed would be our manners and our feelings! The interdict would paralyse all that was noble and erect! It would be the reconstruction of that spiritual tyranny before which the inward independence of the spirit droops! It is in vain to say that the mind of our nation has been most abject when most religious. It was then at a pitch for solemn and grave arbitrement if it saw itself beset by artifice and overwhelmed with wrong. The men who loved the Divine Word were, in the hour of their country's peril, the men of steel. They sought peace, but they knew that it might be too dearly purchased. They hated war, but they knew that it was a better alternative than submission to injustice, and collusion with dishonour. Reluctantly they called the sword from its scabbard, but, when drawn, they spared not the quarrel. They stood for all that is dear in affection and great in principle. They urged a fearless way. No Italian monk could quell them. They had trodden down the wretched pleas of power and impiety. They reached the true heroic. The sword of the Spirit flashed from their hands, and they were invincible. Their soul gathered all dint and courage. They could resolve. They could resist. They could die. Truth to them was all. Life had no end, death no reward, but its defence. Reverse this scene. Bring back the age when revelation was proscribed. Once more set the ban upon it. Chain it to the cloister. Immure it in the cell. And you shall see the fawning upon pretension, the abandonment to dictation, in our countrymen again. It has appeared, wherever the Bible has been prohibited. A pseudo-Protestantism has mimicked Vatican expurgation. The Bible, we are told, is only capable of proof as the church—like some algebraic unknown quantity—warrants it, and is only capable of being understood as the church interprets it. Its circulation has been scorned and opposed. And what is the result? These are the men who repine at our liberty, long for the stagnancy of public thought and opinion, and would sell their country to the basest dotage of superstition, and to the most iron grasp of oppression.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

THE YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER.

No. II.

HE BECOMES DECIDED FOR GOD.

HAD Robert fallen in the battle which soon after took place at Acre, the friend who felt so anxious respecting him would, amid some hopes, have entertained many fears, lest he had not wholly given himself to God; and it was with much pleasure she received the letter containing the following passages, and written the day after the action. It bore the date of St. Jean D'Acre, Nov. 4th, 1840:—

"God was very merciful to me yesterday. He guarded me in the time of battle, and I am safe. We attacked this fortress (celebrated for its strength from the time of Richard Coeur de Lion) with the greatest success. After three hours' firing, we reduced the forts, and the town, during the night, was evacuated, leaving us masters of the place. The loss of life on the part of the enemy was tremendous. It is supposed that in one explosion, nearly fifteen hundred persons perished, besides others, who were despatched by the heavy firing, which was continually poured in upon them. Thus has one man, who, from ambition, had already sacrificed thousands, added a thousand more to the list of the slain. Our loss has been comparatively trifling, yet every ship has suffered, more or less. We

have only had four wounded, but our masts, rigging, and sails are much injured. The Commodore's pennant has had two shots through it. Your letter I received on the 29th, by the 'Vesuvius.' I read it the best way I could, being busy embarking Turkish troops, various stores, etc., for the expedition. The morning of the action I had a little time to spare, and opened the tracts you sent me, when, what do you think was the uppermost tract? It was that, asking the question, 'Are you afraid to die?' It put a home question to me, and I was about to say, 'No!' but I read it through, and that forced me to acknowledge that I was afraid, not being ready to answer the charges which would be brought against me. I however made a secret resolve to live to the Lord, and prayed that he would leave yet a little longer this unprofitable cumberer of the ground. My prayer, you see, was answered, and now, lest I should heap sin on sin upon my guilty head, by breaking my vow, I pray that he may alway be near me, and protect my soul, as he did my body, from harm from the enemy. Your last supply of tracts is gone to the hospital; and, instead of any opposition being shown, as I had feared, they were allowed to be freely distributed."

We have seen, in the early part of this narrative, that when Ellen became a converted character, she had an earnest desire that others too should be brought into the way of truth. The same evidence of a sincere change of heart was now manifested by Robert. In a letter received soon after that last quoted he says: "Have you written to E. on the subject you intended to write. If not, pray do. I think it would do good: and will you, my dear Ellen, write to S. I think there is really an appearance of a change. You don't know what success you may have. Try it, however, and may God bless it. Write to me soon. Remember it was you who first caused me to feel that I had to dread an eternity. Help me then to spend my life, so that I may spend it in bliss. Remember me kindly to Mr. A., and tell him that I also feel anxious for my fellow-sailors, and that I shall not fail to mingle my prayers with his for them."

Again Robert returned to England, but he was not permitted to enjoy any lengthened intercourse with his family, before the duties of his profession took him from home. Thanks were offered on his behalf to the God who "had covered his head in the day of battle," and he enjoyed the advantages of religious instruction and sympathy. He afterwards embarked for the Brazilian coast, and it was his great privilege to become intimately acquainted with a pious clergyman, stationed there. From this period, his religious progress became very apparent; and God was gradually preparing him for the great change which was shortly to come to him. The following extracts from his letters show the state of his mind at subsequent periods:

"My experience," he says, "is as chequered as that of most who have tasted that the Lord is gracious. I have hopes and fears, zeal and coldness, love and indifference, by turns. My besetting sins still struggle with me, and at times I am ready to give up all as lost. My heart is naturally so depraved and treacherous, that when I would be solely given up to the Lord, and happy communion with him, sinful thonghts intrude, and I cannot shake them off. And yet, in all, I think (though I almost fear to think so, lest my treacherous heart should deceive me,) that my spiritual state improves. I hope and pray for the Lord's assistance in this, as in all other matters, connected with my spiritual welfare. I often perceive the selfishness of my nature, and see that beyond my own interest, my love for my Saviour is weak. Blessed Jesus! thou knowest all that passes in the hearts of thy people! Assist that which is good, for the advancement of thy glory, (for I would have none other interest at least but that,) and root out all evil, I beseech thee."

July 19th, 1843. At sea, lat. 31° 30′ S. long. 49° 6′.

Speaking of the intelligence he received of the death of a beloved sister, he says, "This is a chastisement which I pray my God to enable me to receive without murmuring, and to look at as coming from a kind Father, who does all things for the weal of his children. Ah! little did we think on a past mournful occasion, that she would be the next called to give an account of her stewardship. 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth,' was the text selected for that occasion, and appears to have been peculiarly adapted for us all then present; and as we still keep the text be-

fore us, on what does it lead us to meditate! Perhaps while writing this to you, you may be no more; and, perhaps, before you receive it, I, who am now in health, may be mingling with the dust whence I came. May we always be ready to receive the Bridegroom when he cometh, knowing the joys that shall await us hereafter, if we die in the Lord; and seeing the fewness and briefness of the pleasures of this life, I often wonder why we cling so to the shadow, and lose the substance. Of late it has been my lot to witness the very worst passions of men let loose without restraint, and no horrors are too extreme for them to commit. Is it possible that these were created after the image of the All-Perfect? And yet it is a world such as this that we are all loath to leave, and we are prone to seek after its pleasures, instead of eternal never-changing bliss."

April 30, 1844. *Monte Video.*

"It seems that we are to finish our time on the coast of Africa, and we are at this moment detained only for a court-martial, which takes place on one of the midshipmen of the squadron. So changeable are the affairs of life! I hope I do not deceive myself in saying, as dear Mr. L. wrote to me on leaving, that I know my God is 'the God of the hills, as well as of the valleys;' and that to him I willingly resign body and soul. Hitherto I have been allowed to spend my time, since leaving England, in a manner agreeable to myself, but, I fear, not so usefully to others as it is the duty of a Christian to do. I much enjoy the society of the rev. Mr. B. He is a good man, and zealous in his Master's cause. It is a cause in which we may all be engaged. Christ's store of love is inexhaustible, and I feel certain that he deals it out bountifully to all who worship him in spirit and in truth. How can we love him too much? How can we tire of serving him? What fresh beauty and loveliness do we discover in him every day of our lives! 'As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!' My feelings of joy in the Lord are, however, but too transitory, and I sometimes fear that my indifference to the world is not caused wholly by that hatred of its pursuits and pleasures, which the people of God should possess. However I pray to God, that the farther I am from the world, the nearer I may be to him."

In reply to some remarks of his friends, respecting the unhealthy nature of the climate to which he was about to be exposed, Robert thus writes:—

"Tell my friends I care nothing for the coast: an officer should be prepared to meet death at any moment. His life is his country's. 'I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it,'" Psa. xxxix. 9.

The last letter sent by Robert to his family was penned from Sierra-Leone. It bore no date, but appears to have been written a few days before his death.

"From the much-dreaded Sierra-Leone I now address a few lines to you, to let you know of my arrival here, in health and safety. How much have we to be grateful for to the Giver of good for this, and all other of his mercies! The change I experienced yesterday was as extraordinary as delightful. I went ashore to the church, to hear Mr. Schonn, a German missionary, and there, for the first time, I witnessed the cheering prospect, before those servants of our dear Lord and Master, who spend their lives in his labour. It is certainly the most delightful sight, after leaving Brazils, where the poor African is debased, purposely, to keep him weak, to see the negroes here on the sabbath, pouring out their hearts to their God, in cheerful, and, apparently, heartfelt praise, singing of his mercies. There are, besides the episcopal church, four Wesleyan, one Baptist, one Countess of Huntingdon's Communion, and several others, which I did not see. All but one are supplied by black preachers, and from what I see, they have not, and do not labour in vain. May God in his mercy bless their endeavours, and cause the poor Africans to be rich in heaven! They will then, as they do now, bless Britons, who gloriously strive to bring them into freedom, not only of body, but of soul. Give my love to all, and let each of us strive hard to come nearer and nearer to Jesus. Let us live to him, that we may die in him, and, as Mr. Schonn said yesterday, 'Let us follow the apostle as he followed his blessed Master,' and be enabled to say, 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' In great haste, dear Ellen, accept my Christian love, and give me the greatest gift you can, in your prayers, I much need them.

"P.S. One circumstance I cannot omit telling you. When I came on board last

night, after witnessing the sabbath as spent by the poor Africans, I was made a witness to the manner in which it was spent by Europeans, and these highly-favoured Britons. I found my messmates playing at cards. God, I beseech thee, for the sake of those few who call on thy name, do not take thy candlestick from among us, though richly deserved."

Shortly after writing this letter, Robert was seized with the fever peculiar to Sierra-Leone. Delirium came on almost immediately. No time was given to the young man to ask for mercy, or to witness for God. A few short days of illness were suffered, and his body was laid in a sailor's grave, in the mighty deep, but his freed spirit ascended to God. The solemn service was read over his remains, and the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth," were in full accordance with the feelings which inspired him while living. Robert knew not that his letter was that of a dying man; yet who, that reads this narrative, is not ready to exclaim, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Which of us cannot add, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

Robert had entered his twenty-eighth year when he died, on the 12th of October, 1844. P.

TREASURES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

No. I.

THE IRISH ELK.

There are two splendid skeletons in the British Museum, of quadrupeds, which now extinct, have become so, as there is every reason to believe, within a comparatively recent date. We allude to those of the Irish elk, and the enormous mastodon. The Irish elk, so called from the abundance of its semi-fossilized bones in the turf bogs and marl pits of Ireland, which country appears to have been once its stronghold, evidently belonged to the same section of the deer tribe as our delicate fallow-deer, and not to that comprehending the elk of Scandinavia, or of North America. It was widely spread; for its remains occur in the Isle of Man, and also in France, Italy, and Germany; they have also been found in England, but far more sparingly than in Ireland.

It is remarkable, however, that few perfect skeletons have been discovered, although in Ireland the bones are so common in some districts as to attract but little regard; and skulls, with the vast and expanded antlers, have been used for stopping gaps in walls.* The bones are generally found dispersed confusedly beneath the turf, in a deposit of shelly marl,—and sometimes under this latter, resting on a stratum of clay, and almost always are in admirable preservation. A perfect skeleton exists in the museum of the Royal Dublin Society, in the Royal Museum of the University of Edinburgh, and another in the British Museum. They are truly magnificent, and lead back the mind to the time when this noble deer, equalled in stature by no living species, not even by the elk, wandered over the hills, and ranged the wilds, fearless even of the wolf, which, with his mighty antlers, he could keep at bay. These antlers are palmate, like those of the fallow deer, but much more so—the breadth of the palmation being in the Dublin specimen two feet nine inches; the span of both horns together, (measured over the skull,) is eleven feet ten inches, and their circumference at the root something more than one foot. The height of the animal at the shoulders is six feet six inches, and the length of the spine, from the head to the tail, ten feet ten inches; the length of the head is one foot and nearly nine inches. These details will give some idea of what the living animal must have been.

It was the opinion of Cuvier that, as in the case of the reindeer, the females were provided with antlers, as well as the male; and there are reasons, from the characters of the skulls, to believe that Cuvier was correct; for skulls of animals, evidently aged, are found, the antlers of which are smaller and lighter than those of the skulls of younger individuals. "What," says professor Jameson," could

* In a report which Mr. Hart made to the Committee of Natural Philosophy of the Royal Dublin Society and which was printed in their Proceedings of July, 1824, he alluded to an instance of a pair of these horns having been used as a field-gate near Tipperary. Since that he has learned that a pair has been in use for a similar purpose near Newcastle, county of Wicklow, until they were decomposed by the action of the weather. There is also a specimen in Charlemont House, the town residence of the earl of Charlemont, which is said to have been used for some time as a temporary bridge across a rivulet in the county of Tyrone.

have been the use of these immense horns?—It is quite evident that they would prevent the animal making any progress through a thickly wooded country;—that the long, tapering, pointed antlers, (digitations of the palm,) were totally unfit for lopping off the branches of trees, a use to which the elk sometimes applies his horns. It would rather appear that they were given the animal as weapons for its protection—a purpose for which they seem to have been admirably designed; for their lateral expansion is such, that should occasion require the animal to use them in his defence, their extreme tips would easily reach beyond the remotest parts of his body; and if we consider the powerful muscles for moving the head, whose attachments occupied the extensive surfaces of the cervical vertebræ, with the length of the lever afforded by the horns themselves, we can easily conceive how he could wield them with a force and velocity which would deal destruction to an enemy having the hardihood to venture within their range."

That the wolf was one of those enemies, we cannot doubt—perhaps, also the hyæna; and there are good reasons for believing that man, an enemy far more formidable, chased this noble deer, both in Ireland and on the continent, although there are neither records nor traditions respecting it. A skull of this species, described by professor Goldfuss, of Bonn, was discovered a few years since in Germany, in the same drain with several stone hatchets and urns. In the seventh volume of the "Archæologia Britannica," a letter from the Countess of Moira is published, in which is detailed the account of a human being found in gravel, under eleven feet of peat, soaked in the bog water. It was in good preservation, and completely clothed in antique garments of hair. This hair, it is suggested, may probably have belonged to this fossil deer, the bones of which are found under the peat, in the same situation as the body in question. "But" says professor Jameson, "more conclusive evidence on this question is derived from the appearance exhibited by a rib, presented by archdeacon Maunsell to the Royal Dublin Society, in which I discovered an oval opening near to its lower edge, the long diameter of which is parallel to the length of the rib; its margin is depressed on the outer, and raised on the inner surface, round which there is an irregular effusion of *callus*, (bony deposit.) This opening had evidently been produced by a sharp-pointed instrument, which did not penetrate so deep as to cause the animal's death, but which remained fixed in the opening for some time afterwards; in fact, it was such an effect as would be produced by the head of an arrow remaining in the wound after the shaft is broken off."

Thus, then, we may presume that, in distant ages, upon which, as it respects Ireland and Britain, (if then islands,) history throws no light, the savage hunter of the hills chased this mighty beast, for the sake of its flesh, its skin, and its hair. Who were the rude tribes, and of what origin, which, "ere Greece and Rome had writ their annals," occupied the island of Erin? Were they of the Celtic stock, or a people of distinct origin, preceding the Celtæ in their occupation of western Europe? Who can tell? Of this, however, we may be sure—the chase was their principal occupation; the deer roamed the hills, the wolf prowled in the glens, and, perchance, other beasts of prey, obliged man to contest with them the possession of the soil.

With respect to the wolf, we know that it owes its extirpation in Ireland to the continued agency of the hunter; but to what causes are we to attribute the extinction of the Irish elk, not only in Ireland, but in Britain, and on the continent? It appears, if we may judge from the abundance of its remains, and their only partially fossilized character—a great portion of animal matter remaining in them—that this noble deer lingered longer in Ireland than in any other part of Europe, and perhaps existed there when it had elsewhere become extinct. If we are to suppose that on the continent, like that huge-horned ox described by Cæsar, the uras of the Heracynian forest, it ultimately failed before the continued and successful persecution of its pursuers, till the last survivor perished, (as has nearly occurred to the aurocks of Lithuania,) are we to attribute the disappearance of the herds in Ireland to the same cause? Have they fallen before the bow and spear of the hunter? It is difficult to determine. Has some sudden catastrophe of nature overwhelmed them?—or were they thinned by some epidemic malady, the few survivors being destroyed by man for his sustenance, almost from necessity? We cannot tell. It is, however, singular that it is mostly under the peat that their

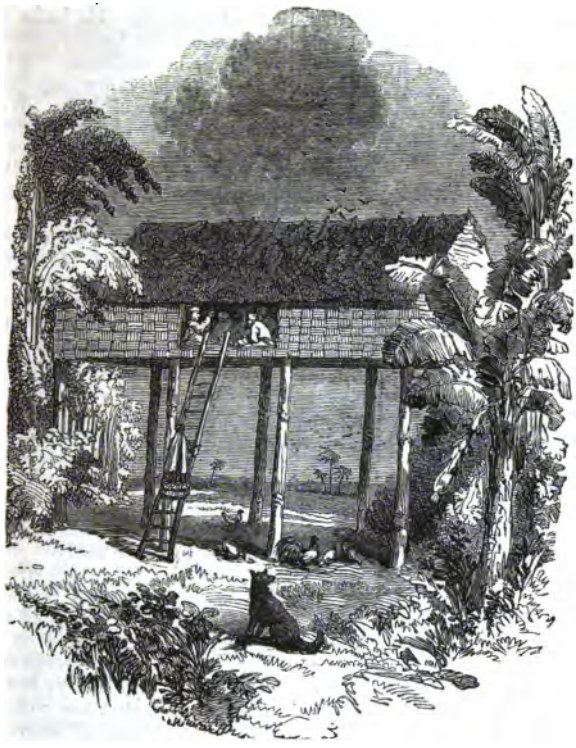
relics are found. Is the formation of the peat bogs, or the deposition of the shelly marl beneath, connected with their extermination?—that is, did the causes which produced these deposits, visit the whole race with destruction? Did some sudden local flood inundate the island, overtop the hills, and, gradually subsiding, disperse their bones, depositing, at the same time, the beds of shelly marl in the valleys? If so, why are not the bones of wolves, foxes, and other animals—nay, why are not the bones of man found intermingling with those of the mighty deer? Surely it was not the only animal extant in the ancient land of Erin! All is mere theory and vague conjecture. We know that these noble beasts once roamed the hills, and we have good reason to believe that they were hunted by man. The rest is mystery;—on that ancient people, and that ancient species of deer, rest the clouds and darkness of vague antiquity. M.

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

For objects that are not spiritual and eternal, men will seldom renounce the world for themselves and their families, as missionaries must do. Mere philosophers have never gone as missionaries; and seldom do mere philanthropists go into the heathen world, nor would they remain long, should they happen to go. Nor will a merely impulsive, unreflecting piety ever bring about a steady, persevering, laborious, self-denying mission. It generally gives out before the day for embarkation, or retires from the field before the language is acquired and the battle fairly commenced. Nothing but the grand object of reconciling men to God, with a view to their eternal salvation, and the happiness and glory thus resulting to Christ's kingdom, will call any considerable number of missionaries into the foreign field, and keep them cheerfully there. And it is necessary that this object be made to stand out alone, in its greatness and majesty, towering above all other objects, as the hoary-headed monarch of the Alps towers above the inferior mountains around him. It is not fine conceptions of the beautiful and orderly in human society that will fire the zeal of a missionary; it is not rich and glowing conceptions of the life and duties of a pastor: it is not broad and elevated views of theological truth, nor precise and comprehensive views of the relations of that truth to moral subjects; it is something more than all this —often the result of a different cast of mind and combination of ideas. The true missionary character, indeed, is based upon a single sublime conception, —that of reconciling immortal souls to God. To gain this with an effective practical power, the missionary needs himself to have passed from death unto life, and to have had deep experience of his own enmity to God and hell-desert, and of the vast transforming agency of the reconciling grace of God in Christ. As this conception has more of moral greatness and sublimity in it than any other that ever entered the mind of man, no missionary can attain to the highest elevation and dignity of his calling, unless he have strong mental power, and a taste for the morally sublime. This the apostle Paul had. What conceptions of his office and work and of spiritual things animated the great soul of that apostle! "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him"—"Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God."—"Able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

To make persevering and useful missionaries, however, it is not necessary that the power of thought and of spiritual apprehension should come nearly up to that of the apostle Paul. But there should be a similar cast of mind, similar views and feelings, and a similar character. There should be a steady and sober, but real enthusiasm, sustained by a strongly spiritualized doctrinal experience, and by the "powers of the world to come," intent upon reconciling men to God, from a conviction of its transcendent importance.

Such men must compose the great body of every mission, or it will not be worth supporting in the field; and the only way such men can be induced to engage in the work, is by having the idea of spiritual conquest, through the cross of Christ, the predominant and characteristic idea of the enterprise.



A Preaching House in Burmah.

THE KAREN APOSTLE.

EARLY in 1832, accompanied by Ko Thah-byu, the writer, (the Rev. F. Mason,) made an exploring tour through the province. We stopped about noon the first day at Shen Mouktee, an old walled town, but reduced to an inconsiderable village. This town is remarkable for containing the most famous idol in the province. It is said to have been found floating up the river on a peepul log, which stopped opposite the town; and the little brass idol, from being a few inches high, to have miraculously grown to the full size of a man beneath the spreading peepul, that sprang from the log on which it was found. Sometimes, when war or pestilence was approaching, it had been known to weep and moan. These, with other equally veracious legends, draw to its shrine all the devout people of the province; and once a year the inhabitants of Tavoy have a fête for several days, when nearly the whole population make a pilgrimage to this most holy place. The occasion had passed, but some of the most devout still lingered there; and while the Burman assistant and myself went round to see some neighbouring villages, distributing tracts, I left the old man to rest himself in one of the zayats, supposing that, as natives usually do, he would lie down to sleep. I was surprised, however, on my return, to find him surrounded by a large congregation of Burmans, whose attention seemed to be riveted on his flashing eyes, less, apparently, from love, than from an indescribable power, that may best be compared to the fascinating influence of the serpent over an unconscious brood of chickens. The first sentence I heard, on coming up, was, "Your god was a black kula."* The words were uttered with such a peculiar expression of countenance, that the events of a dozen years have done nothing to efface the impression from my memory. "If ever a man hated idolatry," observed

* That is, "a black foreigner."

one of the brethren in conversation, "Ko Thah-byu did." Now, were I able to throw on canvass Ko Thah-byu's countenance at that moment, as it exists in the picture gallery of my mind, every one that looked on it would go away and say, "If ever a man hated idolatry, Ko Thah-byu did."

On the evening of the fourth day we were, for the first time, in the vicinity of Karens, at Ka-nyen, and, though exceedingly fatigued, he requested permission to go and look for his countrymen. In like manner, when we came to Pai, the next stage, he could not be easy to rest in the Burman village over the sabbath, but must go up the river to preach to the Karens. So it was through the whole journey. If Karens were accessible, no fatigue, no obstacles, would prevent his seeking them out; but if not, he would attack the Burmans and their idolatry most unmercifully, utterly heedless of the ridicule that they would sometimes heap upon him for being an ignorant Karen. At Palou, near the southern boundary of our journey, he was left a day or two to rest on account of his infirmities, while I visited and returned from Pa-la; but it appeared on our return that he had spent nearly the whole of both days in the kyoung, talking with the priests and all that came to visit them. In short, Ko Thah-byu had a passion for preaching, and it was his ruling passion. On one occasion, when out in a boat with one of the missionaries at Maulmain, he was in evident danger of losing his life, when he cried out, not for God to have mercy on his soul, as might have been expected, (that he felt was safe,) but, "I shall be drowned, and never more preach the word of God to the Karens."

Mr. Boardman has recorded the following specimen of his preaching: "Ko Thah-byu had been describing the folly and hurtfulness of worldly things and worldly tempers, and proceeded to say, 'A worldly man is never satisfied with what he possesses. Let me have more houses, more lands, more buffaloes, more slaves, more clothes, more wives, more children and grandchildren, more gold and silver, more paddy and rice, more boats and vessels; let me be a rich man. This is his language. He thinks of nothing so much as of amassing worldly goods. Of God and religion he is quite unmindful. But watch that man. On a sudden his breath departs, and he finds himself deprived of all he possessed and valued so much. He looks around, and sees none of his former possessions. Astonished, he exclaims, "Where are my slaves? Where are my buffaloes? I cannot find one of them. Where are my houses and my chests of money? What has become of all my rice and paddy that I laid up in store? Where are all the fine clothes, that cost me so much? I can find none of them. Who has taken them? And where are my wives and my children? Ah! they are all missing. I can find none of them. I am lonely and poor indeed. I have nothing! But what is this?'" The preacher here entered upon a description of the sufferings of the soul that is lost; after which he represented the rich man as taking up this lamentation: 'Oh, what a fool have I been! I neglected God, the only Saviour, and sought only worldly goods while on earth, and now I am undone.' While the old man was preaching in this manner, every eye was fixed on him, and every ear was attentive. Soon after he pursued the following strain: 'All in this world is misery. Sickness and pain, fear and anxiety, wars and slaughter, old age and death, abound on every hand. But hearken! God speaks from on high: "Children, why take ye delight, and seek happiness, in that low village of mortality, that thicket of briers and thorns? Look up to me; I will deliver you, and give you rest, where you shall be for ever blessed and happy.'"

On reaching the eastern Karen settlements, which had been the principal scene of his labours, and, with the exception of a single visit of two or three days from Mr. Boardman, of his labours alone, the writer penned his impressions in the following language:

"I cry no longer, 'The horrors of heathenism!' but 'The blessings of missions:' I date no longer from a heathen land. Heathenism has fled these banks. I eat the rice, and yams, and fruit, cultivated by Christian hands; look on the fields of Christians, and see no dwellings but those inhabited by Christian families. I am seated in the midst of a Christian village, surrounded by a people that love as Christians, converse as Christians, act like Christians, and look like Christians. If it be worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see the Shenandoah run through the Blue Ridge, surely a voyage around the globe would be amply repaid by a sabbath spent in this valley."

ALAN QUINTIN'S INQUIRIES.

No. IV.

WHAT TROUBLES YOU?

WHAT troubles you? This is a short question, do not give me a long reply. Are you ill, crossed, disappointed, mortified, or unhappy? Does your trouble spring from yourself, or from another? Is it a passing, or an enduring grief? Is it increasing, or growing less? Can you fling it away at night, or does it compel you to groan in your weariness, and to water your couch with your tears?

What troubles you? Is it a light affliction, or a heavy grief? Does it affect the body, the mind, or the estate? Does it refer to the past, the present, or the future? Trouble of one kind or other we are sure to have. None are exempt! None can escape affliction!—"Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward," Job v. 7.

We should not try to deceive ourselves; we are not made for pleasure only. Lowering days must be lived through, stormy skies endured, and rugged paths trodden, ere we reach the grave!—"There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest," Job. iii. 17.

If we had no troubles, we should fall into strange mistakes; we should forget ourselves, and forget God. We should call weakness strength, and folly wisdom; grow proud, stiff-necked, hard-hearted, and presumptuous. We should have high minds, lofty looks, and seared consciences. It would never do! It never could do! As continual sunshine oppresses the body, so would constant happiness enervate the soul.

What troubles you—for you may mistake your case? Trouble often comes as a sharp remedy for the soul's sins; as a rod that makes us feel our faults; and as a hook and bridle, that brings us back to the path of safety. Trouble may be a friend, and not an enemy; it may humble us, instruct us, make us better, drive us from evil, and draw us to good; such a trouble is not a curse, but a blessing:

> Welcome that axe, though sharp its edge may be,
> That lops the ailing branch, and saves the tree.

What troubles you? Do you grieve because you have not your neighbour's health, strength, wealth, or learning? Do you break the law that says, "Thou shalt not covet?" Are you fretful because your house is mean, and not mansion-like; your form ungraceful and not comely, and your lot lowly and not high? Is your diet plain, your speech simple, your coat threadbare; and do these things trouble you? Are you moping, while others are merry-making; poor, when they have full purses; weak, while they are powerful—and does this afflict you? If so, then are you making your own troubles, setting thorns in your path, and putting stumbling-blocks in your own road. You shut your eyes to the sunshine, and see not the mercies that surround you: yours is the sorrow that worketh death!

What troubles you? Do you grieve that you are proud, and not humble; indolent, and not active; lukewarm, and not zealous? Do you mourn your heart's hardness, your soul's sinfulness, and the faults and backslidings that hinder you in your Christian course? This is good—this is excellent; this is that "sorrow which worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death."

Some sorrows are ready-made for us—some we make for ourselves—some come to us without calling, while to others we give an invitation. Sorrows are of all grades and shades. They are like clothes made to order, for they fit every back and every bosom, every head and every heart. It is a sorrow to lose a friend, to lose property, and to be visited with a bodily affliction. How do you bear these sorrows; patiently, profitably, bravely? Are you fretful, repining, and angry? or do you bow beneath your chastisements, show meekness under trials, and call upon Him, who "is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble?" If you do the latter, be sure that you will not sink under your sorrows, but rather be enabled to say, with the apostle, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

For the last time let me ask, and put to yourself the same question, What troubles you? Act humbly, confidingly, and fear nothing; the water shall not overwhelm, nor the fire consume you:

> Though fiercely strong the raging flood may flow,
> In meek submission to thy Saviour go;
> His mercy supplicate, his grace pursue,
> And he shall hear thee, and thy trouble too.

SAVAGE LIFE AND SCENES.

NATIVES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Mr. Angas says: We fell in with a small party of the natives from the Tattayarra country — a tribe unknown to Europeans, and dreaded by the natives upon the river, who describe them as cannibals. These people make periodical visits to the Murray, bringing with them various articles of barter, the production of their district in the interior beyond the desert. Their baskets are of exquisite workmanship. From their fine figures and superior physical appearance, I should be led to judge that they occupy a fertile country; only making excursions into the desert at certain seasons of the year in search of kangaroos, roots, or the sweet manna of the shrub. One of the men we saw was an individual of noble bearing: he trod the soil as though he were its possessor. There was no fear—no begging for flour or tobacco — no crouching to the white man: he stood before us in all the dignity of the savage —tall, erect, and strong. Tchadkai, a fine youth, was at his side, with his long black hair streaming in the wind, and his neck surrounded with ornaments of reeds strung upon the sinews of the kangaroo. This child of the desert looked at us with wonder. He put his wild dog across his shoulder, and pointed with his spear towards the east, signifying that his home was there. The Tattayarras speak of a "great water" to the eastward, and of bark canoes upon a lake, which is probably Lake Hindmarsh. As to their being cannibals occasionally, there appears to be but little doubt. According to the people of the Murray—who themselves kill boys for the sake of their fat, with which to bait their fish-hooks! —these natives devour their children in times of scarcity. One man was pointed out as having destroyed two children for that purpose; and none of them deny having recourse to so dreadful an alternative when pressed with hunger.

SUBTLETY OF THE PEOPLE.

Leaving Rivoli Bay, we fell in with two very droll natives, the only ones who had made bold to approach our camp; both were in a state of nudity. One of these fellows was a perfect supplejack; he danced and capered about as though he were filled with quicksilver. We mounted them on horses, from which they were continually tumbling off, and they travelled with us all day. When we encamped at our old resting-place, near Lake Hawden, they, by signs, requested permission to remain by our fires; which we allowed them to do, and gave them, for supper, the head and refuse of a sheep that was just killed and hung up to a tree near the tents. They showed great surprise on seeing our various utensils and articles of cookery. So modest and well-behaved did these artful gentlemen appear, that they would not touch the slightest article of food without first asking permission by signs; and they so far gained our confidence that one of them was adorned with a tin plate, suspended round his neck by a string, on which was inscribed, "Good native." In the dead of the night we were all roused by the unusual barking of the dogs; at first it was supposed the wild dogs were "rushing" the sheep; but, as the tumult increased, the sergeant-major unwrapped his oppossum rug, and looked around for his hat, to go and ascertain the cause of the disturbance. To his surprise he found that his hat had vanished. The hat of his companion who lay next him near the fire, was also nowhere to be found; and casting his eyes to the spot where the sheep hung suspended from the tree, he saw in a moment that our fond hopes for the morrow's repast were blighted, for the sheep too had disappeared. The whole camp was roused, when it was ascertained that forks, spoons, and the contents of the governor's canteen—pannikins, and other articles, were likewise missing, and that our two remarkably docile natives had left us under cover of the night. A council of war was held: black Jimmy protested that it was useless to follow their tracks till the morning, and that from the nature of the country they had, doubtless, taken to the swamps, walking in the water, so that pursuit was in vain. We had been completely duped by these artful and clever fellows; who probably had a large party of their colleagues lying in ambush amidst the surrounding swamps, ready to assist in conveying away the stolen property. Retaliation was useless; and we contented ourselves by giving utterance to our imprecations, and commenting on the audacity and cunning of the rogues until daybreak.

CHAPEL AT NEW ZEALAND.

Close to Pipitea is a *ware karakia*, or chapel, belonging to the Christian natives,

which is built of *raupo* and *tohi-tohi* grass, according to the native fashion. A small bell was struck outside the building, and it was an interesting sight to watch the effect it had upon the dwellers of the pah: one by one they came out of their houses, or crossed the little stiles dividing one court-yard from another, and, wrapping their mats and blankets around them, slowly and silently wended their way to the place of worship. On entering, each individual squatted upon the ground, which was strewn with reeds, and, with their faces buried in their blankets, they appeared to be engaged in prayer; they then opened their Maori Testaments, and a native teacher commenced the sacred service. It would have been a lesson to some of our thoughtless and fashionable congregations, to witness the devout and serious aspect and demeanour of these tattooed men, who, without the assistance of a European, were performing Christian worship with decorous simplicity and reverential feeling.

NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

During my stay in Auckland, Pomare, the chief from the Bay of Islands, who was accompanied by his fighting-general, had pitched his tent close to the entrance-gate of Government-house; and both himself and Nene lunched with his excellency captain Fitzroy on the following day. These two distinguished chiefs sat to me for their portraits, in their native full costume, wearing the *topuni*, or war-mat of dog's skin. Pomare, in keeping with his usual turbulent and offensive manners, was restless, and spoke very abusively of the queen; while Nene, who is all amiability and good humour, after stepping into the garden to gather a flower, with which he decorated his hair before the glass, stood with the utmost composure and politeness. After the sittings were over the chiefs drank wine with me, when Pomare again exhibited one of his leading characteristics, by emptying the decanters. Since my interview with Nene he has become one of the leading actors in the late war; and during the whole period of the rebellion, he has remained the firm friend and ally of the British troops; affording an example of nobleness of character seldom to be met with.

Nene, or—as he is now more generally known by his baptized name—Thomas Walker, (*Tamati Waka*), is the principal chief of the Ngatihao tribe, which, in common with many others, is comprised in the great assemblage of tribes usually called Ngapuis. The residence of this celebrated man is near the Wesleyan mission station, on the banks of the river Hokianga, where he fully established his character as the friend and protector of Europeans, long before the regular colonization of the country. In common with most of his countrymen, Nene was, in his younger days, celebrated for his expertness in acts of petty pilfering; and he himself will now laugh heartily, if reminded of his youthful tricks. On one occasion, when on a visit to one of the missionaries at Waimate, a fine gander attracted his attention, and he secretly ordered it to be seized, and prepared for his dinner in a native oven; but, to prevent detection, the bird was cooked in its feathers. However, it was soon missed, and a rigorous inquiry instituted by its owner, but without success; until certain savoury steams arising from Nene's camp excited suspicion. To tax him with the theft, however, would have been contrary to all the rules of New Zealand etiquette; and the mystery of its disappearance was not unravelled until the morning after he had taken his departure, when the ill-fated gander was found concealed among the bushes, it having been found too tough for even a New Zealander's powers of mastication.

Some years after this, a chief of East Cape killed a relation of Nene's; and, according to the customary law in New Zealand of "blood for blood," Nene went in a vessel, accompanied by only one attendant, to seek revenge. Landing near the spot where the chief resided, Nene entered his pah, called the murderer by name, and, after accusing him of the crime, deliberately levelled his gun and shot him dead at his feet, and then coolly walked away. Though in the midst of his enemies, none dared to touch the avenger: all were paralysed at his sudden appearance and determined bravery.

But Nene is no longer the thoughtless, mischievous New Zealander; for many years he has been playing a nobler part in the great drama of life; and his conduct has deservedly gained for him a lasting reputation. Some traits may be mentioned to his honour. About the year 1839, the body of a European was discovered on the banks of one of the tributary streams of Hokianga, under circumstances which led to the suspicion

that he had been murdered by a native called Kete, one of Nene's slaves. A large meeting was convened on the subject, and the guilt of Kete being established, Nene condemned him to die; the murderer was accordingly taken to a small island in the river called Motiti, and there shot! So rigid were Nene's ideas of justice!

When captain Hobson arrived, and assembled the chiefs at Waitangi, in order to obtain their acquiescence in the sovereignty of the queen over the islands of New Zealand, the governor was received with doubt, and his proposals were at first rejected; but when Nene and his friends made their appearance, the aspect of affairs was changed: Nene, by his eloquence, and by the wisdom of his counsel, turned the current of feeling, and the dissentients were silent. In short, Nene stood recognised as the prime agent in effecting the treaty of Waitangi. On another occasion his intervention was of great service to the British authorities. After the flag-staff at the Bay was cut down by Heki, governor Fitzroy proceeded to the disaffected district with a considerable body of military, thinking, by a show of force, to overawe the rebellious natives. A large concourse of chiefs was gathered together, and many speeches were made; but amongst them all the words of Nene were conspicuous for their energy. "If," said he, "another flag-staff is cut down, I shall take up the quarrel;" and nobly has he redeemed his pledge. During the whole course of the rebellion, up to the present period, he has steadily adhered to his purpose, and has on numerous occasions rendered the most essential assistance to the military. He fought in several engagements with the rebels, and each time has proved himself as superior in courage and conduct in the field as he is in wisdom and sagacity in the council. The settlers in the northern parts of New Zealand are under the greatest obligations to this chief. But for him and his people, many a hearth, at present the scene of peace and happiness, would have been desecrated and defiled with blood—many a family, now occupying their ancient homes, would have been driven away from their abodes, exposed to misery and privation. Those settlers who were living near the disaffected districts, but remote from the influence and out of the reach of the protecting arm of Nene, have been driven as houseless wanderers to seek safety in the town of Auckland; and such would most probably have been the universal fate of the out-settlers, but for the courage and loyalty of this brave and noble chief.

CHURCH MISSIONARY STATION.

It was several hours after sunset before we reached the church missionary station of Otawhao, where I was most hospitably received by the Rev. J. Morgan and his excellent wife. Nothing could exceed the kindness I received whilst staying under their roof; and during the few days I passed at Otawhao my natives recruited their strength, resting with their friends at one of the neighbouring pahs.

The mission premises at Otawhao are very comfortable, and there is an appearance of peace and happiness amidst the native population around, that speaks well for the worthy missionary's labours. Whilst attending to their spiritual interests, Mr. Morgan has not neglected the temporal amelioration of those about him; the sick are cared and provided for, and medicine is administered to those that need it; whilst Mrs. Morgan, who is called "mother," both by young and old, is unceasing in her kindness and attention to the women and children: her aid and advice are continually sought for.

A steady course of persevering industry for a series of years has enabled Mr. Morgan to have around him all the little comforts of life; so that, after undergoing toils and dangers of the most fearful description, and living for a long period at the mercy of two belligerent and cannibal tribes, he is now enabled to dwell at peace, enjoying the fruits of his labours, and witnessing the beneficent effects of Christianity amongst a people who, only eight years ago, held their banquets of human flesh at the door of the missionary's hut, and shook the severed and bloody heads and limbs of their enemies in the very face of his terrified wife.

One of the most interesting individuals at the mission station of Otawhao is Horomona Marahau, or "Blind Solomon," who has for some years acted very efficiently as a native catechist and teacher in connexion with the Church Missionary Society. The account of the early life and exploits of this once celebrated warrior, and his subsequent change to Christianity, as narrated to me from his own lips and translated by Mr. Morgan, affords a fair example of the troubled

life of many of the New Zealand chiefs. From a boy Horomona accompanied his father on all his fighting expeditions. At the taking of a pah at Waingaroa, he saw great numbers captured as slaves; he then went to Hanga, where many were slain and eaten; and at the taking of the great pah at Maungataritari forty men were killed, besides women and children, and all eaten. At a second fight at Maungataritari, whither Horomona accompanied his father, sixty men were killed and eaten. After this, an attack was made by the Nga ti Raukawa tribe upon the pah in which Horomona resided; the assailants retreated, and were pursued by Horomona and his party, but the Nga ti Raukawas rallied again, turned back upon their pursuers, and slew upwards of one hundred of them, Horomona himself narrowly escaping. At Kawhia fight, sixty were killed and eaten. At Mokau, Horomona's party were beaten off, and two hundred of them killed: here the chief met with another hairbreadth escape. Returning to Mokau, Horomona succeeded in taking the pah, when two hundred were killed and eaten, and numbers of women and children taken as slaves. During the engagement Horomona took the principal chief prisoner, but finding that on a former occasion his own brother had been saved by this chief, Horomona, as an act of gratitude, led his captive to the mountains, to enable him to get clear of his enemies, and then let him go. The next expedition of Horomona was to Poverty Bay, where two hundred men were killed and eaten, or taken as slaves. He then went to Kapiti, and from thence to Wanganui; the inhabitants of both pahs flying at his approach. After this, Taranaki became the seat of war, great numbers being continually killed on both sides, and cannibal feasts held almost daily. At Waitara, Horomona and his tribe were attacked by Rauparaha's party, and ten of their number killed; they then fled to Poukirangiora, where they were surrounded by Rauparaha and his followers, and remained besieged for several months. When at length their supplies of food were completely exhausted, they contrived to send out a spy by night, who passed through the enemies' encampment, and reached the mountains in safety; travelling along the forest ranges until he reached the Waikato district, where he gave information of the condition of the besieged. Te Whero Whero and Waharo of Matamata, the father of Tarapipipi, the present chief of that place, went to their rescue with a large party; they were, however, all beaten off by Rauparaha, and twenty of their number killed; but the Waikatos again rallied, renewed the attack, rescued their friends, beat back Rauparaha, and returned home in triumph. After this, the Nga Puis from the Bay of Islands, headed by the famous E Hongi (Shongi), who had just then returned from England with fire-arms and gunpowder, came down upon them like a host, and made an attack upon the great Waikato pah, called Makutetuke; the Waikatos had only native weapons with which to beat off their enemies, and with so unequal an advantage the Nga Puis took the pah in a few minutes. Horomona and Te Whero Whero were amongst the captured inmates. At this dreadful carnage two thousand were slain; feasts were held upon the dead bodies on the spot where they lay, and all manner of savage and dreadful rites were held in unrestrained licentiousness to commemorate this great victory of the Nga Puis. The bones of two thousand still lie whitening on the plains, and the ovens remain in which the flesh of the slaughtered was cooked for their horrible banquets. So numerous were the slaves taken during this attack, that the Nga Puis killed many of them on their way to the Bay of Islands, merely to get them out of the way. The escape of Horomona from the general slaughter was almost miraculous: he fled to the mountains, and after the retreat of their northern enemies, his tribe once more collected together and marched to Poverty Bay, where the pah was taken by them, and six hundred were killed, and eaten after the fight was over. Not long subsequent to the attack on the inhabitants of Poverty Bay, Horomona became blind at Otawhao, where he first met with the missionaries; at Matamata he heard the Rev. H. Williams preach, and at length became a convert to Christianity. For the last four years Horomona has been a native teacher under the Rev. J. Morgan; and may be seen every Sabbath-day with his class, instructing them in the truths of the Scriptures with an earnestness and energy truly admirable. He is now about to start on a journey of ninety miles, to preach Christianity to a tribe that have not yet received it. The memory of Horomona is quite wonderful: he knows the whole of the church service by heart,

and repeats hymns and many long chapters verbatim. At a late examination in the catechism, Horomona was the only individual who knew every word correctly.—*Savage Life and Scenes.*

CAXTON, THE PRINTER.

No. II.

In Caxton we discover many valuable qualities. He was apt to be suspicious of his own abilities—one of the surest marks of talent. In his life of Charles the Great, printed in 1485, he says,—"I have emprised (undertaken or attempted) and concluded in myself, to reduce (translate) this said book into English, as all along and plainly ye may read, hear, and see, in this book here following; beseeching all them that shall find fault in the same, to correct and amend it, and also to pardon me of the rude and simple reducing; and though so be there no gay terms, nor subtle nor new eloquence, yet I hope that it shall be understood; and to that intent I have specially reduced it, after the simple cunning that God hath lent to me, whereof I humbly and with all my heart thank him. And that I may do so and continue, I beseech him to grant me of his grace; and so to labour and occupy myself virtuously, that I may come out of debt and deadly sin, and after this life I may come to his bliss in heaven."

Fifty years anterior to the boyhood of Caxton, great changes had taken place in the system of education in England. In the time of Edward III. children in the grammar schools were not taught English. It was a matter of policy with the Norman kings, and long afterwards of their successors, to discountenance the old English and Saxon language altogether; and to sanction and encourage the Norman French, the language of the conquerors. This was used for all purposes in the law; the new statutes of the realm were written in French, and gentlemen, from their infancy, were taught it, in preference to English. After the time of the great plague, some schoolmasters discontinued the teaching of French, and used all construction in English. The grammar was therefore sooner learned, but there was the loss of French, which was a disadvantage to those who passed the seas. It was this change of system which occasioned the modest mind of Caxton to doubt his abilities as a translator. He feared his capacity for faithfully translating the French into English, and indeed he sometimes fell short in meeting the approbation of some of his readers. As they had not become so conversant as himself with the perpetual changes that were occurring, the introduction of new words and phrases, together with the greater difficulties of distinction between the courtly dialect and that observed by the commonalty, he was charged with the use of outlandish terms, and he was entreated to use old and homelier ones, which might be understood by all. Fain would he have renewed those of his native village; but these now sounded to him as barbarous as the more refined did when they first fell upon his unpractised ear. Improvement, like the noiseless wing of time, so gradually moves onward, that we perceive not its flight; and Caxton found it a difficult task to express himself—desirous as he was of being understood by all classes of the community. When, however, there were no books circulated generally, it was impossible to construct a universal language. The scarcity of books which existed four centuries back, can now scarcely be realized. Their costliness alone would have shut out the middle classes, much less the poorer, from the possibility of purchasing them.

The multiplication of books, in connexion with the orders of people for whom they were intended, is a theme of deep interest. Richard de Bury, bishop of Durham, in his "Philobiblion," a treatise on the love of books, written in Latin in 1344, says:—"As it is necessary for a state to provide military arms, and prepare plentiful stores of provisions, for soldiers who are about to fight, so it is evidently worth the labour of the church militant to fortify itself against the attacks of pagans and heretics with a multitude of sound books." This sentiment operated as a powerful stimulant to increase the number of volumes. The invention of paper, also, about a century and a half before Richard de Bury wrote, and then used generally instead of vellum for manuscripts in ordinary request, furnished great accession to their number, since transcribing no longer was confined to the monastic orders.

The reverence felt for books by Richard de Bury was blended, however, with

much superstitious exclusiveness and bigotry. "Laymen," he says, "to whom it matters not whether they look at a book turned wrong side upwards, or spread before them in its natural order, are altogether unworthy of any communion with books." He deprecated reading, even in the highest orders, without previously washing their hands—considering it a crime, as well as a sign of indolence, and an undue sense of their privilege, to touch the precious pages of a volume, at any time, when they did not devote their attention entirely to its contents. One of his injunctions runs thus:—"Let there be a mature decorum in opening and closing of volumes, that they may neither be unclasped with precipitous haste, nor thrown aside, after inspection, without being duly closed."

When Richard de Bury died, he bestowed a considerable portion of his valuable library upon a company of scholars who lived in a hall at Oxford; one of his chapters is entitled, "A provident Arrangement, by which Books may be lent to Strangers;" meaning, doubtless, students at Oxford, but not belonging to that hall. In this he says, —"Five of the scholars dwelling in the aforesaid hall are to be appointed by the master of the same hall, to whom the custody of the books is to be deputed. Of which five, three, and in no case fewer, shall be competent to lend any books for inspection and use only; but for copying and transcribing, we will not allow any book to pass without the walls of the house. Therefore, when any scholar, whether secular or religious, whom we have deemed qualified for the present favour, shall demand the loan of a book, the keepers must carefully consider whether they have a duplicate of that book; and if so, they may lend it to him, taking a security which in their opinion shall exceed in value the book delivered."

Such a system must have greatly limited the extent of learning, and caused many impediments to study, especially when no scholar was allowed the reading of a volume in the library more than two hours at longest. Oftener, indeed, they were restricted to one only, although even this state of things was an improvement upon former periods, when but one book was allowed to each of a religious fraternity; this being delivered to them at the commencement of Lent, and returned the following season.

In reference to existing impediments to the advance of learning in the days of Caxton, Southey says, in his "Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society,"—"One of the first effects of printing was to make proud men look upon learning as disgraced, by being thus brought within reach of the common people. Till that time, learning, such as it was, had been confined to courts and convents; the low birth of the clergy being overlooked, because they were privileged by their order:" as in our day, a name too often obtained the reward which merit alone is entitled to. But when laymen in humble life were enabled to procure books, the pride of aristocracy took an opposite and even more absurd course, insomuch that it was deemed derogatory for a nobleman if he could read or write. Even scholars themselves complained, that the reputation of learning, and the respect due to it, and its rewards, were lowered when it was thrown open to all men; and it was seriously proposed to prohibit the printing of any book that could be afforded for sale below the price of three soldi. "This base and invidious feeling," Southey goes on to say, "was never so directly avowed in other countries as in Italy, the land where literature was first restored; and yet, in this more liberal island, ignorance was for some generations considered to be a mark of distinction by which a man of gentle birth chose, not unfrequently, to make it apparent, that he was no more obliged to live by the toil of his brain than by the sweat of his brow. The same changes in society, which rendered it no longer possible for this class of men to pass their lives in idleness, have completely put an end to this barbarous pride. It is as obsolete as the fashion of long finger-nails, which, in some parts of the east, are still the distinctive marks of those who labour not with their hands. All classes are now brought within the reach of your current literature—that literature which, like a moral atmosphere, is as it were the medium of intellectual life, and on the quality of which, according as it may be salubrious or noxious, the health of the public mind depends."

A very important result of the art of printing in Caxton's time, was the promulgation of the laws, which at best could be only very imperfectly kept, when they were but partially known. The infliction of punishment on an act

of disobedience ignorantly committed, seems, indeed, scarcely justice to the offender. Another benefit was the publication of acts of parliament, which about a century afterwards became an important branch of trade. The cheapening processes, however, of the art of printing were withheld, at least from that branch which was to instruct the people in their new laws—for the statutes were the dearest of books, and this abuse has been but lately remedied.

The closing productions of Caxton's press are especially worthy of remark, since they serve to show his great vigour, and unquenchable enthusiasm. His spirit, even at almost the termination of his earthly course, was buoyant and energetic. Upon him set not the gloom of old age; but we see him as it were putting forth additional strength, as though stretching forward, in anticipation of another and a better state of being, where a wider field of knowledge would open for his contemplation, and where his faculties for enjoyment would be enlarged and perfected.

The last work in which the great printer was engaged, was, "The Art and Craft to know how to die." How completely in harmony with the event which was so shortly to occur was this! A singular passage with which the book commences somewhat abruptly, will suffice to show the character of its contents.

"When it is so, that what a man maketh or doeth it is made to come to some end; and if the thing be good and well made, it must needs come to good end; then by greater and better reason every man ought to intend in such wise to live in this world, in keeping the commandments of God, that he may come to a good end. And then out of this world, full of wretchedness and tribulation, he may go to heaven unto God and his saints unto joy perdurable."

It is not for us to decide upon the condition of Caxton's heart in the sight of a holy God; but, in the judgment of charity, we may hope that he was enabled, by Divine grace, to improve the light he had, and that "absent from the body, he was and is present with the Lord."

It has been calculated that Caxton printed no fewer than sixty-four works in the space of twenty years. Surrounded by so many difficulties, as always accompany the first introduction and application of any art, this was a great achievement. Those who followed after did more work, but they had fewer interruptions to their progress, and greater facilities than he.

Winkin de Woorde, it has been recorded, printed, in about forty years, the large number of 408 works; and Pynson, in a period of about thirty-eight years, 2012. We mention these, as they more immediately followed the venerable father of the art—the account of whom has engaged our attention.

In Dr. Dibdin's work we have an enumeration of 2926 books, bringing down his calculation to the end of the century. Since this period the increase of the number of books has been immense. Have we not abundant reason to bless God for raising up such a man as William Caxton? S. S.

A NEW CREATION.

The first thing necessary in order to the obedience which the law requires, is such a change of life and character, as shall denominate the person in whom it takes place, "a new creation." And justly may it be called so. New it is, for it carries with it altered views, altered principles, affections, joys, sorrows, objects previously unknown. God, the soul, time, eternity; sin, Christ, heaven, hell, happiness, misery—have all a meaning which the terms never before conveyed. And is not this a creation? As truly as the old one, when God made the heaven and the earth, and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And is not such a change necessary? Does not our Lord declare, that, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God?" John iii. 3. Tell us not that every person baptized is in this interior sense born again. Was Simon Magus born again, who was pronounced, immediately after his baptism, to be in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity? We admit the reality of a new birth unto righteousness wherever we see its effects; but we dismiss the enthusiastic notion that there has been a Divine change of the heart unto holiness, when the spirit and life show that the world, the flesh, and the devil, are still paramount in their influence. In short, we hold to the reasonable—I may say more, we hold to the inspired view, of St. John, in the third

chapter of his first epistle, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin: for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." And in the fifth chapter of that epistle, the eighteenth verse, he says, "We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but he that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not." The apostle does not mean absolutely, that a person born again does not ever commit sin, for he cannot be supposed to contradict himself; and in the first chapter of the epistle, he says, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." What he means, unquestionably, is, that the man who is born again does not practise sin; does not sin habitually —does not sin without continually-renewed repentance, and application to the blood of Christ; does not sin in any manner inconsistent with a life of sincere, though still imperfect obedience to the will of God. Now to say, that a man may be spiritually regenerate and yet live a life of sin, and to say that the most of those who are so regenerate do in reality live such a life, appears calculated to set aside the inspired language of St. John, where he tells us, and repeats the sentiment, that "he that is born of God sinneth not." Indeed it may well be questioned whether the value of regeneration be not altogether set aside, when from the grace of it, if that grace were universally conveyed in baptism by admission, there is not one person in ten thousand but falls away; thereby incurring, were such the fact, only an increase of guilt and responsibility. Assuredly a real, permanent change of heart is necessary, in order to the attainment of eternal life; such a change of disposition as will lead to all truth, righteousness, and purity of life. For if the law be inscribed upon the heart, the proof of its being there must be seen in the conduct. If the heart of stone be taken out of the flesh, and a new heart be substituted, out of it must the issue of a new life go forth. If the Christian be the epistle of Christ, he must be read and known of all men who have eyes to see or spirits to discern. If God hath shined into the heart, he who has received the illumination ought to reflect it, and to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.—*Rev. T. Kennion.*

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

No. I.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

"If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness;
"And my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand:
"This also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge: for I should have denied the God that is above," Job xxxi. 26, 27, 28.

A few years since, two foreigners, of a darker complexion than that of Englishmen, were seen walking through the street of a busy town, about thirty miles from London. Everybody looked at them as they passed, and some rude and thoughtless people stood gazing at them till the strangers seemed almost confounded. But they did not return rudeness by rudeness; they walked quietly on, and their mild countenances showed no traces of anger.

The dress of these two young men seemed very unsuitable for the somewhat chilly autumnal morning on which they were seen. Every one knew at once that they were natives of the east, for they wore those long flowing garments made of their calicoes and muslins, which are so pleasant in the oriental climates, but not fitted for our colder and more changeable weather. But these men of the east could not have borne the closer broadcloth vestments in which Englishmen are dressed, and which protect our countrymen so well from the variable seasons.

As they passed along the town, the townsmen asked of each other of what nation the strangers could be. One said that they must be Turks, because they wore turbans on their heads; another thought they were Arabs; and a third, Hindoos. But no one guessed quite correctly, for they were Parsees.

And now some reader, perhaps, will say, "I know nothing of such people, I never heard of a Parsee. Where do they live? what kind of men are they? and why do they come from the warm land of the east to our cold island?"

The Parsees were anciently the inhabitants of Persia, and some neighbouring countries, all of which were once included under the name of Iran. They are now a scattered people, and the few who remain in their own land are like the Jews in Palestine, an oppressed and afflicted race. They are like the Jews in another respect, that they are distinct from all other nations by their religious belief, and the ceremonies and practices con-

nected with it. But they are not like that people in one thing; they are not dispersed as the Hebrews are into all countries, and in every land, and, in almost all, treated with scorn and cruelty. It is very seldom that a Parsee is seen in England, or on the continent of Europe. The chief seat of their residence is in Bombay, so that the largest number of them are our fellow-subjects. Above six thousand families reside in the capital city of the presidency. The remainder are chiefly to be found at Yezd, in Persia.

In very early periods of the world the people of Iran were known by their peculiar religious belief. This was then called Mayianism, and the priests were called Magi. These were also learned men, and possessors of the different sciences known in the east in ancient days. They used to pretend, most falsely indeed, to foretell events by the stars, and they said they could obtain answers to questions from those who had long been dead. They professed, too, to inquire into futurity by means of divining-cups and water, and, in short, practised magic in all its forms, so that the Persians believed that they, by their skill, could influence the past, the present, and the future. There is no doubt that they acquired the great influence which they had in the east, by superior intelligence and learning; for it was undoubtedly the result of that power which the strong mind will ever have over the weak one. These magi, in the Holy Scriptures, are called by different names. If the reader will open his Bible at the second chapter of the book of Daniel, he will see that, when Nebuchadnezzar had a dream which troubled him, and of which he wished to know the meaning, he ordered into his presence "the magicians, and the astrologers, and the sorcerers, and the Chaldeans, for to show the king his dreams," Dan. ii. 2. We cannot understand precisely the meaning of the different classes into which these soothsayers were divided, but there is no doubt that they were all the magi, or "wise men." We know how God chose to confound all human wisdom, at that time, and to assert his own power alone to reveal the hidden things of the future, when Daniel came and declared the dream to the king, and added, "But as for me, this secret is not revealed to me for any wisdom that I have more than any living; but for their sakes that shall make known the interpretation to the king, and that thou mightest know the thoughts of thy heart," Dan. ii. 30.

Still more interesting is another scene of holy writ, in which the eastern magi took a conspicuous part. They were the "wise men of the east" who came, bringing gifts; "gold, and frankincense, and myrrh, and falling down and worshipping the infant Jesus, declared that he was king of the Jews. How came these eastern magi to the feet of Jesus? God brought them there. They had stood gazing on the stars, which ran their courses in the same order then, as in our later days. One bright star, or meteor, in the blue sky caught their attention; they knew it had not shone there before; they followed it, and it led to the presence of earth's Lord and King. O happy magi! your learning could have taught you but little of the great Jehovah; but Divine light was shed upon you, and ye became the humble and teachable disciples of Him who built the heavens, and framed the glittering stars.

The ancient Persians believed that there was one holy and almighty Being, the one God; but they thought that God had made two inferior, but still mighty beings, and had given them much of his own nature. Both these beings were supposed to be endued with the power of creating; and the good principle or being was called Ormuzd, while the evil principle was termed Ahriman. The former was considered to have made man, and to be the source of all that was good in the world. When the Persians saw the bright stars, or the flowering trees, or the pleasant flowing rivers, then they thought that Ormuzd had made them; but when they saw a ferocious beast, or a poisonous snake, or a noxious plant, or a blasting sand-storm of the desert, then they believed that the evil principle had been at work. The two powers of good and evil, it was supposed, were always at war in the world; but the Persians hoped for the time when good was to prevail, and Ormuzd and his followers should triumph over Ahriman, and cast him into darkness for ever.

Light was considered by the ancient Persians as partaking, more than any other substance, of the essence of the Supreme Being; and as the sun was the source of light, they paid it a religious homage, under the idea that it represented the God of life and light. They did not at first think that the sun was really God; but when persons mix any

error with truth, it often happens that the shadow cast by the error gets deeper and deeper, till at last the truth is lost in it; and so, at length, the Persians worshipped the sun as God, and all forgot that there was one Great One, who commanded the sun, and it riseth not; and sealeth up the stars; who alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea; who maketh Arcturus, and Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south, Job ix. 7, 8, 9. They used to go to the mountain heights when the morning sun first gilded their summits, and, lifting up their hands, they then offered their devotions to the great luminary; but they built no temples, for roofs and walls, they deemed, would exclude some of those rays which they regarded as the essence of the Deity himself.

But as years passed on, a philosopher arose among the Persians, whose powerful mind enabled him to gain great influence over them. His name was Zoroaster. He taught them anew the old forgotten truth, that there was one God over all the earth; but he left some old errors untouched, and introduced some new ones. He bade them still to reverence the sun and fire; and taught the existence of the two great principles of good and evil. He assured them, too, that he had obtained sacred fire from heaven, so that when the sun nightly withdrew his rays, some symbol of Deity yet might even be present with the fire-worshippers. He ordered temples to be built to contain sacred fires, all to be kindled from the flame which he professed to have received. These fires were neither to be blown by bellows nor by the breath of man, and woods of kinds deemed peculiarly sacred were alone to form their fuel. By day and night the priests tend these fires, and keep them ever burning; and the Parsees believe that they have yet in their temple the sacred flame of Zoroaster.

The doctrines of Zoroaster spread, and became the general religion over all the western parts of Asia, from the time of the reign of Cyrus, till the period when Alexander the Great conquered Persia. In the third century after Christ, the Persian monarchy was again established by Artaxerxes, and then the form of religion taught by Zoroaster became the general faith of the east, and men were commanded to follow it. Thus it continued till the religion of Mohammed was established in Persia.

The modern Parsees believe the doctrines of their great teacher; and when the sun rises in brightness, and when "his going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it," Psa. xix. 6, or when he sets in "the golden clouds of even," the Parsees assemble in great numbers on the public walks of Bombay, to present their morning or evening devotions. They do not bury their dead, but when a Parsee dies, his remains are laid on a high stone wall, when the birds of prey hover over the corpse till it is consumed. They have not castes, like the Hindoos; and they do not, like the Mohammedans, abstain from wine. They regard no particular food as unclean; but, on account of their peculiar superstitions respecting fire, they will not eat food prepared by any but Parsees. They are not like the men of the east in general, who marry several wives, for they admit of one only; nor are they, like so many natives of oriental countries, addicted to untruth, and to habits of cheating. They are, as a body, remarkable for their upright and honourable dealings, and the morality of their lives; and they partake with the Persians in a politeness of manner, which renders them very pleasing in their address. They dress like Hindoos, but their complexion is lighter than theirs. Its tint, indeed, is but of a pale olive, and not dark enough to hide those variations in colour, to which sensitive persons are subject, as different emotions affect the mind. The changing colour, the deepening blush, which so often adds expression to the countenance, is plainly visible on the Parsee cheek. Their eyes are dark and intelligent.

Nearly all the isle of Bombay belongs to the Parsees, and several families reside at Surat. The British houses of business in the former place have, very generally, a Parsee partner, and many of these people are very rich, and have large estates. They generally speak English well, and associate much with the British residents of India. The poorer people are agriculturists, or practise several mechanical trades; but they will not be blacksmiths, or carry on any business in which fire is used. Their ideas respecting fire also prevents their being soldiers, on account of the fire-arms; and, like the Persians, they seem to have, from generation to generation, a great dislike to the sea, which prevents their being sailors. It has been said of them, by British writers,

that when fires occur in Bombay, they stand quietly by, and make no effort to extinguish the flames; but this the Parsees decidedly deny, and affirm, no doubt truly, that they have, in several instances, extinguished the fire, when property was burning in the town of Bombay.

There is a celebrated spot on the borders of the Caspian sea, to which the Parsees of Bombay and Yezd make occasionally a long and fatiguing pilgrimage. It is called the "Place of Fires," of Shirwan. This spot is about two miles from the town of Bakan, and an inflammable gas exists there, which will become a flame, if lighted by any burning substance. The flame may be conducted to the height of some inches above the ground, by inserting a tube or funnel into the soil. Very ancient, but small stone temples are built on this spot, in each of which a fire burns; while a flame which burns in the centre of these buildings, and which never goes out, is believed by the Parsees to have burned thus since the world was created, and to be destined to continue till the world shall end. The flame in these places is like that of spirits of wine, and the pilgrim Parsees not only value it as the object of their devotion, but use it too in preparing their simple food, and in warming themselves, when the cold of winter renders Shirwan a dreary land. At a little distance from the temple, a beautiful clear flame issues perpetually from a natural cleft in a rock, and it is, of course, regarded with great veneration by the pilgrims. Springs of naphtha, too, an inflammable substance, are found in several parts of this province; and the naphtha which floats upon the water will, if a light be applied, produce a clear blue flame. These springs boil up about two or three feet high. The pilgrims to the "Place of Fires" attribute great virtues to naphtha in the cure of diseases, but these they believe are owing to the sacredness of the spot whence it is taken. The poor people of the neighbourhoods where it is found mix it with sand for fuel, for wood is rare in Persia; and they use it too as oil for their lamps; while, when hardened, it is an excellent material for forming the flat roofs which the people of Bakan, like other oriental people, have on the tops of their houses. Both on the continent of Europe, and also in our own country, naphtha is used for a variety of domestic purposes, and it has lately been employed as a remedy in consumption. Of the use of naphtha for giving light Milton speaks, when, describing the home of the fallen angels, he says:

> "From the arched roof,
> Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
> Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
> With naphtha and asphaltes, yielded light
> As from a sky."

All false religions have some books, from which those who profess them derive their opinions. The people of China had an ancient philosopher, who was called Confucius, and the moral principles recorded in his books form the religion of their nation. Mohammed, who made many people receive his doctrines, by threatening them with death if they were not his followers, wrote a book called the Koran; and the many thousands of Arabians, and other people, who are still living in the darkness of the Mohammedan religion, and raising the crescent as their standard, believe that the Koran was inspired by God. The Hindoos have their sacred books. And Christians have that holy book for their guidance, which now blesses both the British palace and the cottage, teaching alike the rich and the poor how we may walk with God.

The book said to be written by Zoroaster is called the Zendavesta. We cannot tell, certainly, when it was written; for we are not sure exactly at what time Zoroaster lived. But it is, by some writers, thought that it was during the period when the Jews were captives at Babylon, at that time when Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, came to Jerusalem, and besieged it. Daniel, as my young readers will remember, was, at that period, a captive in the great city. The writers of the east are very fond of saying that Zoroaster conversed with the captive Jews, and that Daniel and others among them taught their philosopher much of what he recorded. Perhaps it might be so, for certainly there are in the sacred book of the Parsees many sentiments which are like those of the Jewish Scriptures; and amidst all its errors, the Zendavesta teaches the one great truth, that there is one Almighty God, Lord over all.

But it may be asked, How came so many of the Parsees to be so far from their native land, and to have settled in India? Did they not like their own country? Yes, all people do that. The love of our native land is not merely because it is a beautiful land, and because it gives great natural, or even social advantages. The Laplander, amidst his

snows, and the Negro, on his sandy wastes, alike loves the land of his birth, and would not unnecessarily say adieu to it for ever. The Arab youth in England, who seemed tolerably cheerful and happy till he saw his native palm-tree in an English hothouse, and then burst into tears, and expressed a deep yearning for the soil whence it sprung, only feels as millions would do, if taken from their early home, and the scenes of their childhood. Yes, Persia, with its wild mountains and wide wastes, varied by spots of luxuriant vegetation, and enlivened by brilliant flowers, and famed, from earliest ages, for its magnificent gardens, was a lovely land to the Persians. They loved to look up to its cloudless sun, shining nowhere more brightly than in their native land; they enjoyed the pure air, where no damp mists float to obscure the bright light of day, or the silver moon and golden stars of night. The Persians would not have forsaken Iran; but the conqueror came with fire and sword, and, after many struggles, they were obliged to flee.

It was in the seventh century that the Arabian Mohammedans made themselves masters of Persia. The Mohammedans of every country have a great dislike to those who do not adopt the religion of him whom they term "The Prophet." They call them all infidels. In Turkey this word is applied very unceremoniously to all Europeans; and an Englishman, as he walks along a Turkish street, thinks it no wonder to hear a nurse say to the child under her charge, "Look there, my little rose, there goes a dog, an infidel!" But in Persia the term is applied more especially to the fire-worshipper; and the modern Persian calls the Parsee, gueber, (or infidel,) with the most bitter expression of scorn and hatred.

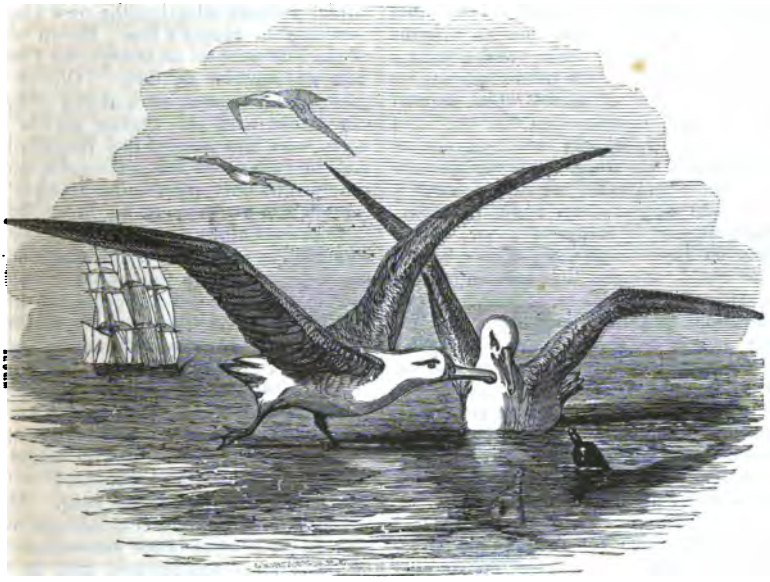
With a determination, so far as possible, to root out every other religion save that of their prophet, the Arabs strove to make the fire-worshippers submit to the rites and practices of Mohammedanism. Many of them embraced the doctrines of Mohammed, and many, after bravely resisting their oppressors, fled to another land. A few only remained in Persia, and the descendants of these are now to be found chiefly in the barren sandy province of Kerman, where, in the large city of Yezd, built on a green spot in the desert, and called by them "The Seat of Religion," they still practise the ceremonies of their forefathers, and worship in a fire temple, in which they think the flame has burned since the days of Zoroaster. But the modern Persians oppress them in various ways, make them pay heavy taxes—and not content with addressing them in words of reviling, they circulate cruel and false stories of these unoffending people. And just as, in former times, the Jews were falsely accused, in our land, of sacrificing little children at the feast of the passover, so, now, the Parsees are said by the Arabs to kill and eat infants. These oppressors, however, allow them to erect a temple for the sacred fire; and here the Parsees, strangers in the land of their fathers, assemble in humiliation, to mutter a few prayers and devotions; but they seem to have but a very confused and imperfect idea of the religious belief of their ancestors.

We all feel an interest in those who suffer for their religion, however it may be mixed up with errors. There is something noble in a fixed principle, and in the determination to uphold it at any risk of lesser interest; and the suffering for any belief, at least proves that the sufferers are sincere. But it is truly a melancholy sympathy which we feel for men who, like the Parsees, have much to endure for a faith, which after all has so little of hope for the future, and so much of doubt and darkness. It is, we feel, suffering for a superstition, and not for a valuable truth. When the holy men of old died for the faith of the gospel, or when the martyrs were burned alive at Smithfield, or other places, we know that they were supported by God's especial presence; and they had promises, that as soon as death was over, they should live for ever in glory; and when they were cast out from men, and had to wander in dens and in mountains, and in caves of the earth, because they would follow the commands of Christ, they did not do these things on some vague notion of what awaited them. God had given them promises of support in trouble; for Christ had said, "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sister, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life," Matt. xix. 29. And every one who has read the account of "the deaths of the noble army of martyrs," who from among our fathers were appointed to follow Christ through "great tribulation," must

have seen how remarkably God was with them in their hour of trial, so that they could speak cheerfully, and glorify his holy name in a most triumphant manner, in a season of great agony. Heart and flesh were failing, but they sang with David, "God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." And in that glorious vision which the apostle John saw in the isle of Patmos, and which was written for their sakes and ours, we find St. John describing the martyrs, as those that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held, and white robes were given unto every one of them, Rev. vi. 9—11; while he also speaks of some who were arrayed in white robes, and had palms in their hands: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth upon the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," Rev. vii. 14—17. Well might such men exclaim with St. Paul, "We glory, therefore, in tribulation;" but the poor Parsees who fell in the contest, or who quitted their native land because of their religion, had no promises like these to cheer their sorrows, or soothe their poverty. But the day is coming when God will teach and guide them; and missionaries are even now in India, who watch for their souls, and who pray and labour, that God may yet bring these amiable people into the fold of the great Shepherd of Israel.

But we must now turn our attention from the Parsees in general to speak of a small party of them, who, in the year 1838, visited England, and two of whose number were introduced at the commencement of this little book. This party consisted of three gentlemen and their two servants. The names of two, who were cousins, were Jehangeer Nowrojee, and Hirjeebhoy Merwanjee. Their friend and preceptor was called Dorabjee Muncherjee. They are known at Bombay as members of the Lowjee family, and one of their ancestors founded the dockyard there, while their forefathers have been long shipbuilders in the presidency. According to the eastern custom, the sons follow, from generation to generation, the trade or profession of their ancestors, and thus the two Parsees, of whom we are speaking, had also been trained as shipbuilders, and it may be observed, that owing to the wealth and skill employed by various members of the family, a dockyard now exists, which ranks as the first naval arsenal in India; and that Bombay, which was formerly a small and insignificant island, offers a city equal in importance to almost any in India. Before the dockyard was built there, the vessels of India were constructed at Surat, a city on the western side of India. One of the younger Parsees then in England, was the son, and the other the nephew, of the present master-builder in the Honourable East India Company's dockyard at Bombay.

The object which induced these strangers to visit our land, was that they might learn the mode of building steam-vessels and ships, and for this purpose they resided in England for rather more than three years. It has been observed that the Parsees, as well as the Persians, dislike the sea, and the present party formed no exception. Although they did not share in that sea-sickness so usually felt by those who cross the ocean for the first time, yet the difficulties which they had to encounter on the voyage, made them lament having chosen that mode of reaching England, and they observed, that had there not been a number of innocent children on board, whose playful tricks amused them during the passage, the voyage would have been intolerably tedious. They were not used to the tossing of the waves, and the blowing of gales, and they were sadly annoyed when the things on the cuddy table were carried away, and when they found that they could with difficulty take their meals, owing to the rolling of the vessel. "The plan we adopted," said they, "was that of holding the plate in one hand, and eating out of it; but the most laborious task was that of taking tea. We were obliged to hold the cup in our hands, and pour out the liquid, and drink it off as fast as we could;" and with the feelings of men, accustomed to the luxuries, and little used to the hardships of life, they thought with regret on the homes they had left, and determined that they would not again undertake such a voyage, but would return to India by the overland route.



The Albatross.

THE ALBATROSS.

The albatross is three or four feet in length, and nine or ten from the tip of one wing to that of the other, while some of these birds have been seen of even much larger dimensions. The bill of the albatross, which is a formidable weapon, is of a yellowish colour, and six inches in length, terminating in a crooked point. Its head is a bright brown, the back has a dingy, deep-spotted appearance, and the belly and under part of the wings are white. These colours, however, undergo considerable alterations, according to the age of the bird, the young ones having a dirty cast, while the old ones are of a snowy white, excepting the tips of the wings, which are dark brown. They then present a magnificent appearance as they hover over the bosom of the ocean, or wing their rapid flight in the upper regions of the air.

During the breeding season, they retire to the groups of rocky and desolate islands that are scattered over the ocean's bosom, as the Marion Isles, Crozettes, Tristan d'Acunha, and the Falkland Isles; while we are informed that they also visit the coast of Patagonia. Captain Hunt, who for some time commanded at the settlement on the Falkland Islands, states that he was often astonished at the peculiar attachment which existed between the albatross and the penguin, and the regularity with which they mingle their nests. On that bleak and desolate spot, of which these birds had long-continued and undisturbed possession, their little buildings were arranged by thousands, with the greatest uniformity. In the centre the albatross raised its nest of heath, sticks, and long grass, about two feet above the surface, and then seven or eight penguins using the nest of the albatross as a centre, made holes in the ground around its outer circumference. These settlements were, however, abandoned on the approach of man, and the albatross and penguin have gone to more distant shores to continue their friendly intercourse. During the season of incubation, the male bird is assiduously engaged in providing for the wants of his companion; and at this period the birds are so tame as to allow themselves to be pushed from the nest while the eggs are removed, though at other times they will defend themselves stoutly with their bills.

The power of flight possessed by the albatross is truly wonderful; for they have been often noticed between six and seven hundred leagues from land, in the middle of the Southern Ocean. Some persons, however, have partly accounted for this distance, by supposing that they rest

on the surface of the water, in the same manner as gulls. Wicquefort informs us that, excepting during the breeding season, the albatross lives entirely on the ocean, and at night, when pressed by slumber, it rises into the air to a prodigious height, and then, putting its head under one wing, beats the air with the other, and takes its rest. After a time, the weight of its body, thus partially supported, brings it down; and it may be seen descending, with a moderate speed, towards the surface of the ocean. Upon this, it reascends to its elevation, and thus, alternately ascending and descending, takes its repose. The correctness of this statement may be doubted by some; but when the power of wing enjoyed by this bird is remembered, it will not appear incredible, especially as few members of the feathered race float on the air with more ease, and for a longer period, than this bird.

The albatross is one of the fiercest and most formidable of the aquatic tribe, feeding not only on fish, but on some of the smaller water-fowl. It preys, while on the wing, in the same manner as the sea-gull, and pursues the flying-fish as they leave the water to escape their old enemy, the dolphin. When we look abroad on the ocean, in the vicinity of these temperate regions, we see nothing but a dreary expanse, ruffled by winds, and apparently almost destitute of life. But the tropical seas present a different aspect, displaying to us birds and fishes innumerable. Thousands of gulls are on the wing, hovering in every direction in pursuit of those tenants of the waters which they can reach; while shoals of flying-fish leave the sea to seek shelter in the air, where they fall a victim to the rapacity of the gulls. These, in their turn, perhaps, are pursued by their powerful adversary—the albatross, and forced to relinquish their prey; so that the scenes presented by the pursued and the pursuers form a continual variety. F.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

The year 1794 was distinguished by the first of that series of naval triumphs, by which Britain was strengthened to withstand the rapid progress of French conquest on land. After some manœuvring, lord Howe brought the French fleet to close action, on June 1st, in the Atlantic, partially adopting the new plan of breaking the enemy's line. Seven ships of the line were taken, though the French fleet was superior in force. One of the prizes, Le Vengeur, sunk at the close of the action, with the greater part of the crew, who had hoisted the English flag and in vain cried for assistance, which time would only allow to be given to the captain and a portion of his men. There were several other naval actions between single ships, or small squadrons, during this year, in nearly the whole of which the English were conquerors, even when smaller in force. The French, however, obtained one advantage from the action of June 1st, a large convoy with provisions from America, reached their ports in safety, after passing the floating wreck, which told that a battle had taken place.

The French portion of the island of St. Domingo had been occupied by the English in the preceding year. Martinique, St. Lucia, and Guadaloupe, were now taken, but the latter was recaptured by the French republicans, and the negroes whom they had declared free. The warfare in the West Indies was carried on with a dreadful mortality of the English troops from the climate, so that the fruits of their success were not lasting.

In the Mediterranean, Corsica was taken by the British, principally by the personal bravery of Nelson, and the exertions of the naval forces. On all occasions the naval forces exhibited increasing energy, successful under every sort of disadvantage. The army was still commanded by officers mostly inefficient, or men of mere routine, and as yet failed in nearly all military proceedings to accomplish what was expected. This was especially the case on the Continent, where the republicans pressed forward with an overwhelming and better organized force, against the inadequate efforts of the allies, who were soon driven from the Netherlands. On the frontier of Germany, and in the north of Italy, the French armies also successfully advanced.

In the course of the year some difficulties arose with America from enforcing the rules against neutrals trading with nations at war; but Washington, then president, was moderate in his views. A treaty satisfactory and advantageous to both nations was concluded.

The king's speech, on December 30, 1794, admitted the failures and disappointments of the allies, but enlarged on the exhausted state of France, and urged

active proceedings. The projected union of the prince of Wales with his cousin, the princess Caroline of Brunswick, was noticed. The majority for the ministers was very large; Canning took an active part in their support, but Wilberforce, much to his honour, though a constant advocate for the administration, strongly deprecated the language used by ministers, which spoke their determination to continue the war until France was again under its old government, or our country should sink under its efforts to produce such a result. He had been abroad, and had seen the state of things under the old *régime*, and he could not as a Christian, and a well-wisher for his fellow-men, desire its restoration.

The Habeas Corpus Act was again suspended. Sheridan, Fox, and Erskine contended that the result of the late prosecutions for treason showed there was no ground for alarm at the alleged conspiracies; while Windham and Adair loudly censured the verdicts of the juries. The army and navy were augmented. Twenty-seven millions were required for the expenditure of the year, eighteen of which were raised by loan. Among the additional taxes was one upon the wearing of hair powder, a foolish custom then prevalent, which has now disappeared. This impost, having called the attention of people in general to its dirty and wasteful absurdity, was beneficial, and the general effect upon the habits of personal cleanliness rendered it an improvement of some importance.

The prospects of the war were not hopeful. The rulers of Holland had found it necessary to make peace with France; that country was rapidly occupied by the French armies during the winter, the rivers and lakes having been frozen over so as to bear the passage of heavy artillery. The English forces retreated, and were embarked for England. The Stadtholder withdrew, and a Dutch revolutionary government was formed; but the people did not give way to the horrid excesses even then prevalent in France. It was evident that Spain and Prussia were likely to make peace. Austria was willing to continue the war, but required a loan, which in fact was a subsidy, of four millions. This was acceded to, though it was notorious that the money advanced to Prussia had been chiefly expended for objects connected with the subjugation of Poland. France boasted of having won nearly thirty battles in a year and a half, and of having acquired territory peopled with thirteen millions of inhabitants.

In England, during the debates of this session, there was much ground for the complaints made by the opposition; but it must be remarked, that in them, and throughout the whole of the lengthened opposition by Fox and his party, during the long years of warfare, there ever was a disgraceful anxiety manifested to exalt the enemy, and to depreciate the efforts and successes of Britain, and to represent all and any attempts to resist France as utterly useless. It was on one of these occasions that the arguments for the necessity of resistance were perverted into an idea of conquering France, and ridiculed as an imagination more foolish and insane than any vision of the knight of La Mancha. The orator who indulged in this mistaken ridicule did not live to behold the event, but many who then heard him survived. They saw, and even visited France as a conquered country; twice in two successive years occupied by the armies of the allies, and then obliged to taste, though but in a slight degree, the bitter cup she had forced others to drink. The wretched infidelity of Fox and his supporters caused them to despise the Bible, or they might have recalled and applied the memorable prophetic vision, when the seer was commanded to take the wine cup of Divine wrath, and, beginning at Jerusalem, to cause all the kingdoms of the earth, one with another, to drink. A similar day of wrath evidently was at hand. To the reflecting Christian it was plain that "the Lord had a controversy with the nations; that he would plead with all flesh;" that evil would go forth from nation to nation, and a great whirlwind be raised up from the coasts of the earth, (see Jer. xxv. 32.) Why should men be so unwise as to close their Bibles, and refuse to mark what has been, as it fully shews forth what will be, even to that period when time shall be no more?

Many who were individuals of note during the preceding years, departed this life about this time. Among them were the historians Robertson and Gibbon, eminent for their writings;—the latter ever to be guarded against for his infidel principles; and the former scarcely less censurable for his indifference to those truths which he had engaged to set forth as a professed minister of Christ. Lord George Gordon, and earl Camden, also, widely different characters, departed; and

Bruce, the celebrated traveller in Abyssinia, after returning in safety from many perils, died from the effects of a fall down the stairs in his own house! Sir William Jones, one of the few Christian statesmen of that day, died in India, about this time.

Fox and his party failed in their efforts to exaggerate the French power during the debates of this session, and little else of moment passed, except the settlement of the affairs of the prince of Wales, by which he had a revenue of nearly 140,000*l.* per annum assigned, but half of it was to be set aside to meet his debts, these amounted to 620,000*l.*

The union of the prince of Wales with his cousin, Caroline of Brunswick, had important influence on the subsequent history of Great Britain. It fully shows that while God brings good out of evil, he frequently, even in this life, causes those who forsake his word to punish themselves. The rigorous law, passed especially at the instance of George III., to limit the marriages of the royal family, has been already noticed; the determination of the king evidently was, that his children should not marry among his subjects. Assuredly, such unions were likely to promote political discords and party proceedings, but the object of the king seems to have been to prevent unions which he considered derogatory, though many of the English nobility were superior in every respect to the petty potentates of Germany. This feeling had led to the wretched position of the prince of Wales with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and subsequently to a still more scandalous preference of lady Jersey, the wife of one of the officers of his court. The prince was now urged to marry some foreign Protestant princess; he consented, but, apparently, his main object was to get his debts paid. At first the niece of the queen (Louisa of Mechlenberg) was proposed, who became the revered queen of Prussia, that sank under the troubles of her land; but the king decided for his own niece, Caroline, daughter of the duke of Brunswick. A worse choice could hardly have been made, or a more unhappy union formed.

Lord Malmesbury was sent to conclude this match towards the close of 1794. The preliminaries were soon settled, but the negotiator has left decided evidence, that from the first he had strong misgivings as to the result. The princess Caroline was an uneducated, frivolous woman—the creature of impulse, not pleasing in person, and careless in her dress and habits, yet good-natured, and not difficult to manage. The negotiator came to the conclusion, that "the princess, in the hands of a steady and sensible man, would probably turn out well; but where it is likely she will find faults analogous to her own, she will fail." And it was a signal failure. Her journey to England was attended with some difficulties and dangers. She had to leave the direct route, and, after some delay, to go round by Hamburg, to avoid the advancing armies of the French. At length she arrived in England, on April 5th, 1795, after a stormy passage. Snares were laid for her on her arrival. Lady Jersey was appointed one of her attendants, and actually sent to meet her! The prince was evidently prejudiced and disgusted. On her being introduced, he said barely one word, turned round, and retired. The marriage, however, took place; but a separation soon followed. One child, the princess Charlotte, (born January 7th, 1796,) was the only fruit of this unhappy union. The mother was an object of pity, but not of respect—insulted by her husband and his paramours, without discretion, forbearance, or wisdom to meet the difficulties of her position, or real friends to advise her. The prince refused to treat her as his wife; the king was almost her only advocate; the queen was induced to take the part of her son. A separation soon took place, when the evils to the nation from such a state of things speedily began to appear. It has been too truly said, "Unhappy couple! victims of defective education, mismanagement, and the dangers and temptations of an exalted station. Surrounded by all the glorious things of earth, possessed of everything which the mean man envies, and the poor man longs and struggles for, they were two of the most pitiable, miserable beings in the world." Yet still more miserable were those by whom they were designedly misled; and plain is the lesson, that those who become companions of fools are not wise; let it not be forgotten, that in the sense of Scripture, folly is wickedness! A previous marriage of the duke of Sussex with lady Augusta Murray, at Rome, in 1792, much displeased the king, who absolutely refused his sanction; therefore, although in every other respect a correct, and not an undesirable union, it was set aside in the ecclesiastical courts by a suit in the king's name!

The proceedings against Warren Hastings were at length brought to a close. They had been resumed in February, 1792, when his counsel proceeded with his defence in legal form. One of them spoke for five days, without going farther than the first charge: twenty days were occupied by these speeches and evidence. The trial was then adjourned till February, 1793, when Hastings shortened the proceedings on his part, closing them by proving that the property he brought from India was not more than £72,400; but the managers of the prosecution obtained delay until the following year. The prosecutors, after various wranglings, closed their additional evidence and replies on June 16th, 1794, when Burke spoke for nine days. But all was not yet over—there were matters to argue in the House of Lords, so that it was April 23rd, 1795, when the Lords assembled for pronouncing judgment, sixty out of the one hundred and sixty who had been present at the beginning of this memorable trial having departed this life. Only twenty-nine attended on that day, and of them only six pronounced Hastings guilty. He was then called to the bar and discharged. But his property was gone. He was only saved from a prison by a yearly pension of £4000 from the East India Company, granted for eighteen years, afterwards extended for his life, with a loan of £50,000, to enable him to pay the law expenses. Thus ended this extraordinary affair. There certainly were grounds for arraigning his conduct; but these proceeded rather from the position he was placed in, and the line of conduct he was required to pursue, than from any personal disposition to tyrannize; and, although acquitted, he suffered no light punishment from the long and expensive prosecution. It was one of those cases in which the English law punishes the accused, while ultimately it declares him not guilty. He lived till 1818 in retirement, amusing himself with a country life. In his latter days he was treated with much respect on several public occasions. Of the managers of the impeachment, it is unnecessary to say more than that it is not easy to suppose they were actuated only by principles of rectitude in their violent proceedings; party spirit, to say nothing of more interested motives, had much influence over their conduct. Burke, probably, was the most honest of those concerned in the affair; certainly, some good resulted from his vehemence; the affairs of India were more fully known in England, and the rulers of India saw the need of increased caution in their proceedings.

In March, earl Fitzwilliam was recalled from being viceroy of Ireland. It was considered inexpedient to proceed with the measure called "Catholic Emancipation," to which he was pledged, the delay of which, he said, would raise a flame that could only be extinguished by military force. The society of United Irishmen soon began rapidly to increase. The known progress of the disaffected caused additional efforts from the Orangemen, a name given to the bulk of the Protestants there, from a political association in which they were united.

As the year 1795 advanced, the failure of the alliance against France became clearly manifest. The conduct of the sovereign of Prussia was disgraceful, and paralyzed the confederation. Great part of his troops were withdrawn from the confederate army, while those who remained, in consideration of a heavy subsidy, were secretly ordered not to give efficient assistance to the Austrians. To Russia, mainly, this failure of the allied efforts was owing. Bitterly in after years did that power suffer for its dishonest and selfish policy. A treaty of peace and alliance between Prussia and France was concluded in April, 1795. The partition of Poland evidently was the absorbing object with the rulers of Russia, Prussia, and Austria;—it was a public crime for which they were chastised. But the evil policy of those rulers was only in unison with the mistaken feelings then prevalent on the continent. In October, 1794, a few months previously, Lord Malmesbury described the rapid progress of French opinions in Germany, adding, "The nobility, the gentry, and large capitalists cannot be made to understand the danger with which they are threatened, and which is at their very gates. They are all clamorous for peace, and, by the most fatal error which ever perverted the human understanding, attribute the evils of war, and its duration, not to the enemy who is endeavouring so strenuously to destroy them, but to the very powers who are endeavouring to rescue them from destruction. They are in a manner stunned into security; and it is as impossible to awaken them to a sense of their danger, as it is to rouse in them a due spirit of resistance and indignation." Thus early had the continental rulers been

punished by the spirit they had sought to excite.

Spain concluded a treaty of peace with France, in July, 1795. The grand duke of Tuscany had done so previously. Sweden and Switzerland, with some of the smaller German states, also recognised the republic. On the other hand, Russia entered into alliance with Britain and Austria, but was too far distant from the scene of operations, and too busy in completing the subjugation of Poland, to take any active part against France.

In England much distress was occasioned by scarcity, chiefly arising from unfavourable seasons. There were riots in several parts of the kingdom, but they were soon put down. The winter had been very severe, and inclement weather in the spring injured the crops, and destroyed many thousand sheep. The rise in prices was also occasioned by the increased monetary circulation, and the wasteful expenditure of warfare. In July, flour rose to 70s. a sack, and the quartern loaf to a shilling; but a plentiful harvest followed, when the prices somewhat declined. This was followed by a season comparatively mild, the average warmth of the month of January, 1796, being more than twenty degrees above that of January 1794. The effect of extreme cold to increase mortality also appeared. The number of burials in London, within five weeks during the former period, exceeded 2800; in January, 1796, they were only 1470. In December, 1796, and January, 1797, the cold was again severe.

PATRIARCHAL CONTEMPORARIES.

As appropriate to biblical history, and as interesting in themselves, we here insert two tables relating to the early chronology of the world.

TABLE I.—*From the Creation to the Flood, exhibiting*—1. *The number of years that each Patriarch was cotemporary with the other;* 2. *The years of the world in which each was born and died;* 3. *The age of each.*

	Adam.	Seth.	Enos.	Cainaan.	Mahalaleel.	Jared.	Enoch.	Methuselah.	Lamech.	Noah.	Shem, etc.	Anno Mundi. Born.	Died.	Age.
Adam	930											1	930	930
Seth	800	912										130	1042	912
Enos	695	807	905									235	1140	905
Cainaan	605	717	815	910								325	1235	910
Mahalaleel	535	647	745	840	895							395	1280	895
Jared	470	582	680	775	830	962						460	1422	962
Enoch	308	365	365	365	365	365	365					622	987	365
Methuselah	243	355	453	548	603	735	300	969				687	1656	969
Lamech	56	168	266	361	416	548	113	782	777			874	1651	777
Noah			84	179	224	366		600	595	950		1056	2006	950
Shem, etc.								100	95	456	600	1556	2156	600
The Flood													1656	

From this table several very valuable points of information are gained. The thought has probably arisen in the mind of every liberal student, "Is there not reason to apprehend that the account of creation and of the early events in the history of the world, such as the garden of Eden, the temptation, fall and expulsion of our first parents, etc., would be greatly corrupted by passing through so many generations, when there were no letters to perpetuate a historical event? Would not the imaginations of men and the love of the marvellous intermingle much of fancy with truth, in the account transmitted to subsequent generations?"

This sceptical suggestion arises from the idea that the story must have passed through many narrators, and that few opportunities of comparing and correcting one account by another were enjoyed. Look at the table as illustrating these points.

And first, the number of times that the story must be repeated by different persons. Noah and his three sons could receive the account of creation at the second rehearsal, and that through several distinct channels. 1. Adam could relate it to Enos for six hundred and ninety-five years, and Enos to Noah for eighty-four years. Or, 2. Adam, during six hundred and five years could discourse of it to Cainaan, and Cainaan one hundred and

seventy-nine years to Noah. Again, 3. Adam could rehearse it for five hundred and thirty-five years to Mahalaleel, and Mahalaleel for two hundred and twenty-four years to Noah. 4. Adam had four hundred and seventy years to instruct Jared in those sublime facts, and Jared was contemporary three hundred and sixty-six years with Noah. Through these four distinct channels Noah could receive a direct account from Adam. But again, 5. Adam lived till Methuselah was two hundred and forty-three years old; time enough surely to obtain an accurate knowledge of all those facts pertaining to the dawn of created existence; and Methuselah lived six hundred years with Noah, and one hundred with his three sons. And once more, 6. Adam lived to see Lamech, the father of Noah, till he was fifty-six years old, and Lamech lived with Noah five hundred and ninety-five years, and ninety-five years with Shem, Ham, and Japheth. Through these six channels the account could be brought down to the time of the flood.

Now the directness of this communication is the same as the following. My grandfather was a sergeant in the revolutionary war, and was wounded in the arm by a musket ball. How do I know that, seeing he died before my birth? He related it to his children, among whom was my mother, and she to me. He was contemporary thirty years with her, and she twenty-five years with me, and that fact is as well established, distinct, and certain to my mind as any recorded in history. Precisely such was the directness of Noah and his sons' information relative to creation; and at the same time the certainty of accuracy was increased by much longer periods of contemporary life, and a six-fold chain of testimony.

II. This table shows how many opportunities there were of comparing and correcting different accounts. The perpendicular column of names shows how many were contemporary with generations before them, and the figures in the horizontal line denote the number of years common to both. Thus, Jared was cotemporary with Adam four hundred and seventy years, with Seth five hundred and eighty-two, Enos six hundred and eighty, Cainaan seven hundred and seventy-five, Mahalaleel eight hundred and thirty, and with himself nine hundred and sixty-two. The horizontal column of names and the perpendicular line of figures under them, show the generations after them with which each was contemporary, and the length of time. Thus take the name Jared over the perpendicular line of figures, and follow it down, and he will be found to have lived with his son Enoch three hundred and sixty-five years and survived him, with Enoch's son Methuselah seven hundred and thirty-five years, with Lamech five hundred and forty-eight, and Noah three hundred and sixty-six.

These two combined show the whole number of generations with which each was contemporary. Thus, Adam was contemporary with none before him; but all after him down to Lamech. Again, take the horizontal name Methuselah, and trace it along the horizontal line of figures, and you find him contemporary with all before him, till you come to himself; then turn down the column under his name and he is contemporary with all after him down to the very year of the flood, being one hundred years with Shem and his brothers.

In this way it will be found that all the generations from Adam to the flood were eleven. Of all these Adam was contemporary with nine, Seth with nine, Enos ten, Cainaan ten, Mahalaleel ten, Jared ten, Enoch nine, Methuselah eleven, Lamech eleven, Noah eight, Shem and brothers four. Thus there were never less than nine contemporary generations from Adam to the flood, which would give, in one lineal descent, eighty-one different channels, through which the account might be transmitted.

III. Another important point illustrated by this table, is the occurrence of the flood at the precise time, and the only time, when it could have occurred, without contradicting the sacred history, and the chronological account. The reason assigned in sacred history for the deluge, was the great wickedness of men, for which all were to be destroyed, except Noah and his family. Now, if the flood had occurred ten years sooner than it did, it would have involved Methuselah and Lamech in the destruction of the wicked; for the former lived to the very year of the flood, A.M. 1656, and the latter within five years of it, A.M. 1651. And again, it would have involved a contradiction, for if the ark had been completed in fifty instead of one hundred years, and the age of Methuselah and Lamech had been given as it is, it would have brought their death fifty years after the flood! And

there is not one year from the creation, at which the date of the flood could have been fixed without involving such a contradiction, till the very date given! This is a very remarkable coincidence; and if the accounts given are fabrications, a most fortunate escape from a fatal blunder.

The results of the second table are no less striking and instructive. Whoever imagined, without making the comparison, that Noah lived to see Abram sixty years old, and that Shem lived to witness all the glorious things transacted between God and Abram, and finally to see him buried and to unite in the general mourning for the father of the faithful! Who would have supposed that Abram lived his whole lifetime, Isaac for one hundred and eight years, and Jacob for forty-eight years, with those who for one hundred years of their early life witnessed and assisted in the building of the ark; who were borne triumphantly in it through the swelling flood, saw the opening heavens, felt the heaving earth when its deep foundations were broken up, and heard the groan of a perishing world! Yet such was the fact, as will be seen by comparing births and deaths in the second table. Noah was contemporary with every generation after him down to Abram; Shem down to Jacob; and Arphaxad down to Isaac; Salah and Eber again down to Jacob, and probably Eber to the twelve sons of Jacob.

Every one disposed to do so, can trace the same facts in regard to the manifold channels of communication from the flood to Abram, Isaac, and Jacob, as we found from the creation to the flood. We will only notice here the whole chain from Adam to the fathers of the Hebrews. Three narrations only were necessary to bring the account of creation to those fathers; and a part of the cords entwined in this "cable strong," may be seen from the following collation:

ADAM could narrate to { Enos, Cainaan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Methuselah, Lamech, } could narrate to { NOAH, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, } could narrate to { Shem, etc., Arphaxad, etc., Nahor, Abram, Isaac, Jacob, }

Three narrations bring the account to the time when minute and particular history commences; and when the art of inscribing upon papyrus and probably upon parchment was understood. The participators in the awful scenes of the flood lived to see the Pharaohs, the pyramids and obelisks of Egypt, and probably to have those scenes stereotyped on monuments and in hieroglyphics which have come down to us. So that we have the account, in a manner, second-handed from Shem.

We here leave this interesting field of observation to be pursued by the intelligent Christian at his leisure.

TABLE II.—*From the Flood to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.*

	Noah.	Shem.	Arphaxad.	Salah.	Eber.	Peleg.	Reu.	Serug.	Nahor.	Terah.	Abram.	Isaac.	Jacob.	Anno Mundi. Born.	Died.	Age.
Noah	950													1056	2006	950
Shem	450	600												1556	2156	600
Arphaxad ...	350	438	438											1658	2096	438
Salah	315	433	403	433										1693	2126	433
Eber	285	433	373	403	464									1723	2187	464
Peleg	209	209	209	209	209	209								1757	1916	209
Reu	221	239	239	239	239	170	239							1787	2026	239
Serug.....	189	230	230	230	230	165	207	230						1819	2049	230
Nahor	158	148	148	148	148	67	148	148	148					1849	1997	148
Terah.....	130	205	177	205	205		100	130	148	205				1878	2124	205
Abram	60	175	148	175	175		78	101	49	175	175			1948	2123	175
Isaac		108	58	78	139			1	76	75	75	180		2048	2228	180
Jacob		48		18	79				16	15	15	120	147	2108	2255	147

Biblical Repertory.

It must, however, be remembered, that much of these remarks, and the dates in general, are based upon what is called the short chronology, which there is reason to believe was altered by the Jews after the birth of Christ. The dates appear to be more accurately given in the longer chronology, supported by Hales in his valuable work. A concise but full view of the subject, will be found in a note at the end of the Book of Genesis, in the Commentary published by the Religious Tract Society.

APPEARANCES OF NATURE.

MARCH.

MARCH, the month of "many weathers," has now made its appearance, chasing away the cold and damp which have characterised its predecessor. The words of Solomon convey a vivid idea of this period:

"Lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come."

The high winds which prevail at this time of the year, perform many important offices. They bear away the clouds, surcharged with rain, over the Atlantic's bosom; promote the rising of the sap, by violently agitating the trees and shrubs; and, drying the smoking earth, prevent the seeds from decaying which have long been lying in the ground. So beneficial, indeed, are their effects, as to have occasioned the proverbial expression, "a bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom;" and they are also so speedy, that a twelve hours' blow will dry the surface of the earth till it is almost dusty, without the assistance of the sun.

The arrival of spring, which nominally commences on the 6th of March, is hailed by every one connected with rural scenes as an event of great interest, and our poets may well delight to express their sentiments on so animating a scene. Mrs. Hemans thus gives utterance to the voice of spring:

"I come! I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

"From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves."

The preservation of the seeds during the severity of winter, and the development of the vegetable creation, are worthy of consideration. Hitherto, the grains which are to cover our land with their produce, to deck the landscape with its beauteous carpet, and to command our admiration on a thousand occasions, have been lying dormant, and apparently dead, under the cold, wet sod, unseen and unregarded, yet, in due time, they have extended their little roots, and opened their tiny leaflets. Nor is this vitality confined to a single season, for seeds have been preserved during a great number of years. Centuries, even, have elapsed, while they have displayed no signs of vitality; and yet, on being restored to a situation favourable to growth, they have vegetated, and at length attained maturity. The three great agents in the development of the vegetative powers of plants are heat, air, and water; and if these essentials are wanting, the germination of the seed will not take place.

If we look at a young plant, we shall find that it contains in embryo two distinct parts, the one consisting of the root, and the other of the plume, or stalk. The root holds the plant in the ground, and obtains nourishment for its support, while the plume shoots into the open air, and fulfils, in its support of animal life, an important office in the economy of nature. It is by this process, of which but little is thought, that the beautiful crops of corn, the sight of which cheers our hearts in the autumn, are derived. Intelligence and perseverance have in vain attempted to solve the problem, how all this is effected; and we must be satisfied with bowing to that wonder-working Hand which has produced such results, conscious of our inability to fathom the depths of the designs of God, even in the humblest plants.

"'Tis pleasant on the ground to pore,
And with discerning gaze explore
The leaves that mat the coppice dank,
The pathway side, or hedgerow bank,
Chequering the now prolific mould,
With fine mosaic, manifold
In figure, size, and tint, inlaid,
A carpet green by nature made,
Ere yet of damask work she pours
From her rich loom the blooming flowers."

With buttercups is associated the primrose, which "shines like an earth-star from amid the grass by the brook side, lighting the hand to pluck it."

"Oh, who can speak his joys when spring's young morn
From wood and pasture opened on his view,
When tender green buds blush upon the thorn,
And the first primrose dips its leaves in dew."

There, too, is our sweet little favourite flower, "the violet that on the moss-bank grows."

"She lifts up her dewy eye of blue,
To the younger sky of the self-same hue."

How unpretending is this sweet flower of spring, hiding itself under the surrounding leaves, and yet how delicious is its fragrance! We are informed, by the author of the "Flora Historica," that it was a violet that induced John Bertram, a quaker of Pennsylvania, to study botany. He had employed his time in agricultural pursuits, without any knowledge on this subject; but being in the field one day, he gathered a violet, examined its formation, and reflected on it, till he became so prepossessed with its beauties, that he dreamed of it. This circumstance inspired him with a desire of becoming acquainted with plants; he therefore learned as much Latin as was necessary, and soon became the most accomplished botanist of the new world.

There, too, is the cowslip, with its saffron tints. Its contemplation recalls to the mind of the old man a thousand pleasing associations connected with youth, when life appeared to him an unlimited horizon; and as he now leans upon his staff to warm himself with the invigorating beams of a spring sun, he remembers that

"It is the same. It is the very scent,
That bland, yet luscious, meadow-breathing sweet,
Which he remember'd when his childish feet,
With a new life-rejoicing spirit, went
Through the deep grass with wild flowers richly blent,
That smiled to high heaven, from off their verdant seat,
But it brings not to him such joy complete."

The lambs, which now appear in great numbers, are, with their ewes, a source of continued anxiety and toil to their owner. The shepherd does not go to his bed from the lambing-pen till late at night—and few are the hours allotted by him to sleep. The weakly lambs must be nourished with warm milk; the disposition which some ewes display to ill-treat their young must be counteracted; foster-mothers must be provided for the orphans of the flock, by clothing them in the skins of the dead lambs; while, where no foster-mothers can be found, or where lambs are wry-necked, they are generally reared by the assistance of cow's milk, and are called cades, or pets. If you go into the little field close by the farm-house a month hence, these little lambs will run towards you, in anticipation of their meal, and bleating, with their usual mournful tones, if they are disappointed.

Starlings may now be observed, as for months past, in large flocks; but those prodigious flights, with which at particular seasons we have been visited, especially in some of the fen districts, are considered as an accumulation from foreign countries. They often associate with other birds, not hesitating to feed with the rook, the pigeon, or the daw; and sometimes, though the friendship is not very cordial, with the fieldfare. They chiefly roost, however, with their own families, preferring some marshy situation, where reeds will afford protection. They very much dislike separation; and if one becomes accidentally separated from its companions, it will sit on some eminence, and disconsolately pipe, till joined by others. Not content, if small parties only are formed, they continually call for associates, with their fine clear note, which may be heard at a considerable distance. They delight, on a fine morning, to sit basking together on the summit of a tree, chattering in a low song-like voice. Their evolutions, too, when on the wing, are deserving of notice—forming themselves into long pear-shaped figures, then expanding into a sheet, or wheeling into a ball, with a promptitude of movement more like soldiers on parade, than the amusements of birds.

As the breeding season advances, these prodigious flights separate, and, finally subdividing into pairs, form their summer settlements. Many of them, however, leave the kingdom, and travellers inform us that they abound in Persia and the Caucasus. Their nests are formed in church steeples, under eaves, in holes of houses, often in cliffs, and sometimes in pigeon-houses. In consequence of the starling choosing a situation in the dove-cote, it has been accused of all the injuries which pigeons experience, and these birds are not unfrequently shot for deeds they never committed. After the young ones leave the nest, the parents and offspring unite, and gradually form flocks, feeding on grass lands, often in company with the rook, and seeming to prefer the company of the sheep and cattle. Their food consists of worms, snails, and insects.

The thrush now charms us with his song; he commences early in the spring, continues at intervals till autumn, frequenting small woods, plantations, and shrubberies, and seeking food on the lawn, in the garden, and the meadow. This usually consists of insects, worms, and garden snails, the shells of which he

breaks against the wall, detaching the food with great dexterity. He will sometimes regale himself on a bunch of currants, or a stray gooseberry; but no one will grudge this, who is delighted by his music. There seem to be no regular notes in his song, and sometimes the voices of several may be easily distinguished—so voluntary are the notes of each. Sometimes a strain will break out, perfectly dissimilar from any preceding series; and yet a hearer may wait a long while for any repetition of it. An intelligent naturalist informs us, that he heard a song-thrush, which frequented a favourite copse, after a certain round of note, "thrilled out most regularly some notes, that conveyed so clearly the words ladybird! ladybird!' that every one near observed the resemblance. He survived the winter, and in the ensuing season, the 'ladybird!' 'ladybird!' was still the burden of our evening song; it then ceased, and we never heard this pretty modulation more. Though merely an occasional strain, yet I have noticed it elsewhere—it thus appearing to be a favourite utterance." The blackbird usually associates with the thrush, frequenting hedges, thickets, and plantations. His voice is much mellower than that of the thrush, but is considered to have less variety and power of execution.

Hark! what hollow cry was that? It was that of the owl which has a nest in the old grey tower, and if you scramble through the wilderness of large grey twisted thorns, low-spreading mossy maples, yews, and crabs, and thread your way through the blocks of old masonry which have fallen, you may discover its place of abode. There you may see the four or five oval white eggs, or the young ones which have issued from them, covered with a thick white down, which protects them most efficiently from the cold. Or, if you watch at sunset, you may perhaps see the old birds issue from the nest in quest of food, as they are flapping gently along the lanes, hedge-rows, orchards, or near out-buildings. In some parts, if we stand on an eminence, we may observe them beat the fields over, like a setting-dog, and often drop down in the grass or corn. Their food consists of young rats, mice, shrews, small birds, and insects, and they have even been seen to catch fish.

The barn-owl screeches, but does not generally hoot; and in the solitude of her residence, she loves to utter her strange sounds. To some her cry is melancholy, and a kind of dread of the prediction of evil is entertained by many ignorant and superstitious minds; so that if one of the larger species happens to cry beside the cottage door, not a few would anticipate the death of the owner, by a slow consumptive disease, or that the favourite "bairn" would be laid under the cold sod. Many are those, however, who love to hear her voice—it brings serious thoughts into the mind, which may be productive of much good.

One of the amusements of the people of the world, at this season, is coursing—a practice of great antiquity. The intelgence evinced by the hare is not usually considered as great, but much sagacity is displayed when she flees, and secretes herself from her numerous enemies. Fearful as she naturally is, kindness has induced many hares to display much boldness, and they have become entirely domesticated. A French naturalist states that he had one living in his house, having lost all fear of its inmates, displaying it only when strangers appeared. In winter it sat before the fire, on the best terms, with two large Angora cats and a sporting dog. Cowper's favourites are well known. He says:

> "One shelter'd hare
> Has never heard the sanguinary yell
> Of cruel man exulting in her woes.
> Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
> Whom ten long years' experience of my care
> Has made at last familiar.
> For I have gained thy confidence, have pledged
> All that is human in me to protect
> Thy unsuspecting gratitude and love.
> If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave;
> And, when I place thee in it, sighing, say,
> 'I knew at least one hare that had a friend.'"

Spiders now emerge from the holes in which they have taken shelter; ants begin to show themselves from their subterranean caverns; the burying, or sexton-beetle, will be found embedded in the dead bodies of small animals; the smaller stag-beetle may be seen in rotten trees; while the orange underwing and the March moth have left their crysalides, and are flitting from spot to spot.

Such are some of those scenes which are presented to our contemplation at this most interesting season. But in our consideration of these objects, let us not forget the First Great Cause of all; for

> "Nature is but a name for an effect,
> Whose cause is God."

On every hand are the evidences of his

power, wisdom, and goodness; and in the hands of this great and gracious Being our happiness and even existence are placed. There is no diminution of his care from multiplicity of objects; the hinges in the wings of an insect, and the joints of its antennæ, are as highly wrought, and maintained in their perfection as fully, as if the Creator had executed no other work. Reconciled to him, we have no cause for fear. Those who love him may trust with confidence in God, and say, "He careth for us." F. S. W.

EFFECTS OF BIBLE DISTRIBUTION.

On August 21st, 1844, the fifth anniversary of the Bible and Missionary Society of Berne, in Switzerland, was held. Among the other speakers, was the president of the Evangelical Society of Geneva, who observed:

"By the providence of God, I have been connected with a Society, which every year sends sixty Bible colporteurs into the kingdom of France. The London Society, in like manner, sends eighty colporteurs, and by these and other institutions, during fifteen years, more than a million of copies of the Holy Scriptures have been circulated in that country. The seed has began richly to spring up. At first, the colporteurs were the natives of French Switzerland, but now, many of them, are Frenchmen, brought by the word of God from the errors of Romish superstition to Jesus Christ, the only and complete Saviour of lost sinners. True, many Bibles and Testaments have been burned by the priests in France, because they know that their authority cannot stand against the pure word of God, when that finds entrance among the people. Even in our own times, those holy books have been burned by the hand of the common executioner, while the priests cried aloud, "This is a plague! these are the devil's books!" but there are many instances like the two following, which show how the two-edged sword of God's word has touched the conscience in various parts of France.

"In one department, where formerly no protestant service was held, there are now five churches, in which the gospel is faithfully preached. In another district, the labours of the colporteurs, and the opposition made to them, united in drawing the attention of the public to the book of God; and its doctrines, in opposition to those of popery, are frequently talked over in places of public resort. There is one spot, where last spring thirty youthful females expressed their determination to take no part in the ball on the night of Shrove Tuesday, and they kept their resolution, which arose from their regard to the word of God. A converted Romish priest, the Abbé B., without human teaching, and solely through reading the Holy Scriptures, has been brought to a knowledge of the truth, and is now a minister of the Bible. His 'Farewell to Rome' has been already distributed in France to the amount of 10,000 copies, and a new edition will shortly be ready. Another priest, Maurette, has also left the church of Rome, and has made an open profession of his change in a printed publication, but for the last two months he has been imprisoned in Paris, for his faithful testimony. In one department, from which the Protestants were driven by force of arms in the days of Louis XIV., the good seed has been scattered in at least twenty parishes; the principal inhabitants have refused to attend mass, and earnestly desire the preaching of the gospel. Such is the blessing which accompanies the reading of the word of God. My friends, what a reproof this gives to another nation, in which, for hundreds of years, this great treasure has been within our reach, and yet is by many families neglected, unread, and disregarded."

Another visitor, from Basle, M. Hoffmann, next spoke, and chose for his subject, the work of missions among the heathen. He said, "Our desire is to do the will of the Lord, who will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth. Let us cast our eye over the populous empire of China. Its 360,000,000 possess all the cultivation which the things of this world can give, as to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; in many points, indeed, they are far before us. Indeed, that scorn of religion, which treats it as fit only for the lower classes, is seen in many among their mandarins, and only the poor are in some places found worshipping in the temples of Buddha, bringing their offerings of gold paper, lest they should want gold in the world to come, murmuring their prayers to the Lamas, or filling the air with the clouds of incense and sounds of cymbals and drums. The mandarins and rulers laugh at all this as folly, or, if they appear on solemn occasions, it is to

humour the weakness of the populace. They live here in splendour and luxury, and care not for a future state. There is not a more empty, heartless race of men than the Chinese, who are rich in earthly things, but wretched as to their spiritual condition. Dr. Abeel, an American physician and missionary among them, made many inquiries as to the practice of child murder in the commercial district of Fu-hian, and there he found that, in every hundred of female children, from ten to eighty are exposed to early death, and the average of survivors is not more than thirty-nine in a hundred. He asked the state officers, he asked the parents, and no one attempted to deny the horrid deed, which the mothers constantly do with their own hands, though the poor little ones frequently struggle a long time for their lives before they are quite exhausted. 'Oh!' said a Chinese to a missionary, 'had I known how wrong it was, I would not have killed eight of my children! If I had but heard you sooner, they would now be alive.' Surely those who refuse to help in the missionary work must be enemies to the welfare of mankind.

"What can we do for missions? Not much, it is true. But we can pray for the heathen, and for the missionaries too. The missionaries have many temptations as to their own souls, though I will not now bring forward any examples. Neither will I dwell upon their bodily wants—in sickness, weariness, and often early death in a foreign land. Here is a letter from Basle; not Basle in Switzerland, but that new missionary station in South Africa, where our brother Schreiner has lately gone, among the lions of the wilderness, and the still wilder Dutch boors, those bitter enemies to missions. Does not he need our prayers? I have another letter in my hand, from a missionary in Mangalore, where, only last Christmas, the superstitious Mohammedans had determined to put to death all the Christians, or Europeans, in that place, to revenge themselves on the missionaries, on account of the conversion and baptism of some natives of high rank. This danger was mercifully averted. But here, my friends, is another cause for earnest, believing prayer. The Lord will, in his own time, fulfil his promise, and bring home his wandering sheep. Those who believe and pray, will also seek to labour for him. May his grace be with us, and bring forth in us the fruits of righteousness."

OLD HUMPHREY ON BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS.

Some people gather where the grapes are few, and glean where the ears of corn are scanty; but at this moment their case is not mine, for I have a whole vintage, a full harvest before me. Beginnings and endings! what a prolific theme! what a field! what a forest! what a continent! nay, what a world to enter on! "In the beginning God made the heavens and the earth," but who shall speak of the end? Neither men nor angels can grasp the immeasurable. We must take a more limited view of our subject, we must "go on with another part of the picture."

A grain of wheat is sown in the ground, that springs up again in a cluster of goodly ears. In their turn the grains of these ears are cast into the soil, and bring forth fifty and a hundred fold; which abundant produce being committed to the earth, year after year, fails not to multiply exceedingly, till a wide-spreading harvest is seen to cover the ground—small is the beginning, but the end is very great.

Myriads of golden ears adorn the plain,
The goodly produce of a single grain.

I took an acorn in my hand, and walked with it to a grassy field, where lay a giant oak, that the woodman with his axe had brought to the ground. Its bark had been stripped off for the tanner, its leaves were collected for the dyer, its boughs had been lopped for the carpenter and charcoal-burner, and its huge trunk, an enormous ruin, was intended for the use of the ship-builder. I looked at the acorn—the beginning! I surveyed the oak—the end! And did that, which seemed a burden to the ground, really spring from a light seed, similar to what I held in my hand? Wonderful! wonderful!

In the morning of a summer's day I visited a stream that trickled from a mountain's side, and before the sun declined I sailed on a flowing river, which poured its rushing waters into the mighty deep. The trickling stream was the beginning, the flowing river was the end; for the former, fed by tributary currents, had formed the latter. How limited and feeble was the one!—how expanded and powerful the other!

From acorns springing, oaks arrest our eyes!
Where streamlets run, there mighty rivers rise.

In the year 1666, London abounded in wealth. A part of the south side of Cheapside, then called Goldsmiths'-row, was a complete row of goldsmiths' shops, glittering and sparkling with gold and silver plate. The Strand was a street of large mansions, or rather of goodly palaces of the nobility, with gardens stretching down to the Thames. Great was the grandeur and the wealth of London; but neither wealth nor grandeur could keep out the plague! The beginning was small, but the end was great. At first one victim sickened, then another, and they were carried quietly to their graves; little was it supposed that the pestilence would spread as it did through the city, but so it was; and scores, hundreds, nay thousands, died weekly. The doleful cry of "Bring out your dead," and the rumbling carts laden with mortality, afflicted the ear. Five thousand victims in one week were carried to the grave. The shops were closed; people shunned each other in the streets; grass grew on the Royal Exchange; and Whitechapel might have been mistaken for green fields. When such wide-spread calamitous endings proceed from such limited beginnings, well may we pray to be preserved from the "arrow that flieth by day, and the pestilence that walketh in darkness," Psa. xci. 5, 6.

It was on the 2nd of September, in the same year, 1666, when midnight had shrouded the great city, and slumber had sealed up the senses of its inhabitants, that a fire broke out, near the spot where the Monument now stands. Every one was made acquainted with its ending, though no one could describe its beginning. It might be that a spar in some chimney took fire, or that a half-smoked pipe, with the tobacco burning, was thoughtlessly thrown among shavings, or that some negligent master or mistress, or servant girl, put out a candle carelessly. I can fancy that I see the extinguished taper standing on the little table of a close room, near the bed-curtains. A small portion of the snuff of the candle has fallen on the table-cover, and a spark, a mere spark of fire, is seen in the midst of it. The spark is almost gone out, nay it must go out, if it does not catch one of the fine threads of the table-cover. The spark runs along a thread, and in its course sets other threads on fire; a piece of curl-paper is now lighted at its edge—it flares upward—it has caught the cap, hanging on the cap-stand—the cap, nay the bed-curtains, are on fire. The slumberer awakes half suffocated, and hurries from the chamber, unconscious that her own carelessness occasioned the calamity. And now the flame rapidly spreads to the bedstead, the table, the floor, and the window-frames. The glass panes fly, the fresh air feeds the fire—the ceiling falls, the rafters are blazing—the adjoining houses, one by one, are involved in the catastrophe, till the whole street is wrapped in a sheet of fire. Now the conflagration is fearful. As it gathers strength it runs down to the bridge, wrapping Magnus Church in flames on its way. After burning down the houses on the bridge, it hurries back to the city, like a giant tossing about firebrands in sport. Thames-street is in a glow—people hurry to their windows, and "Fire! fire! fire!" is the universal cry. On goes the flame, roaring like a hundred blast furnaces; houses, churches, and streets add to the general conflagration. Hour after hour, day after day, and night after night, hurries on the relentless element, sparing nothing that it meets in its all-devouring course. Its beginning was a spark of fire—its ending is the destruction of a city. Ten millions of property is destroyed! Halls, ancient edifices, hospitals, schools, libraries, eighty-nine churches, four hundred and thirty streets, thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling-houses! From the Tower by the Thames side to the Temple Church, and from the north-east part of the city wall to Holborn, all is a fiery, smoking ruin. Think of this, ye careless ones! and reflect on beginnings and endings.

The beginnings of sin are often too small for the powers of the magnifying glass to discover. The seeds of selfishness, covetousness, ambition, and cruelty, are smaller even than the mustard-seed, spoken of in holy writ as the smallest of all seeds, and yet these brought forth the unholy Inquisition, the cruel slave-trade, and the greater part of the murderous wars that have wasted the world. How much of unmitigated misery—how much of anger, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness—how much of sin and sorrow is contained in the words inquisition, slavery, and war! It has been computed, if the seeds of an elm-tree were sown, every seed bringing forth a tree, and the seeds of all the trees again sown in succession, that in the third or fourth generations there would be elms

enough to cover the superficies of the earth and the whole planetary system. What an elm-seed is sin! what trees of evil spring from it! and what innumerable scions of iniquity branch out on every hand! He who has not yet reflected on the beginnings and endings of sin, has a suitable subject for his meditations!

> What endless griefs on human hearts
> Have evil actions hurl'd!
> What shadows, plagues, and poisoned darts
> Has sin flung on the world!

Hateful are the beginnings of cruelty, whether practised against mankind, or against the unoffending creatures of the lower creation. How subtly they spread their odious influence on the heart of a child, and set his hands to work in doing evil! The fly is caught on the window-pane, and torn to pieces. The painted butterfly is pursued and crushed; the frog and toad are stoned to death; the cat and dog are tormented; in course of time the fish-hook and the fowling-piece become favourites. The love of war follows; and thus he who began by impaling a fly, is able to end by helping to sack a city. Sad are both the beginnings and the endings of cruelty!

It is a universal error to undervalue, if not altogether to overlook beginnings, when they are small. The stealing of a pin may be the beginning of dishonesty;—we cannot tell from what trifling causes roguery and ruffianism may take their rise; but from whatever source dishonesty may spring, both fact and fiction hold forth the warning moral, that he who will cheat another of a penny, will soon be led on to defraud him of a pound. The boy who began his guilty career by stealing a hornbook, ended it by expiring on the gallows. There is not a thief nor a highwayman, whose daring deeds are recorded in the Newgate Calendar, who was not once an unconscious, guileless infant in his mother's arms. Men no more become rogues at once, than acorns become oak trees; there is a beginning and a growth in each of them. Jonathan Wild, Jack Shepherd, and Dick Turpin the highwayman, may have been at one period of their lives as free from intentional evil to mankind as Howard the philanthropist, bishop Jewel, and John Wesley. Parents, neglect not your lisping children!—no, nor even before they lisp. Instructors of youth, have your eyes on the youngest of your charge! Be quick to discern the beginnings of evil in their hearts, guide them by precept and example, and shield them with your prayers.

The beginnings of contention often lead to frightful endings. Who is there that has not witnessed a quarrel, in which the taunting expression has been followed by the gust of passion. "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water: therefore leave off contention, before it be meddled with," Prov. xvii. 14. How rapidly one hard word calls forth another! the rushing stream becomes a torrent; the rising blast becomes a whirlwind; angry thoughts are succeeded by bitter words, and bitter words by fearful actions. At the moment I am writing these lines, a heart is beating with shame and remorse within the massy walls of Newgate for a deed of blood. Angry debate ran high, the knife was ready in the grasp of the wretched malefactor; he sprang upon his opponent, and took the precious life. What would he not now give to recal his words and his deeds! but it is too late! no created being can cleanse him of his crimson transgression. A word was the beginning of his wrath, and it led him on to murder. Ye slaves of hasty temper and sudden passion, pause for a moment, and think on the beginnings and endings of anger!

The good things, as well as the evil things of the world, are oftentimes very small in their beginnings. Who would have supposed that an unseen and unknown benevolent thought, cherished in a human heart, would ever be the means, in heavenly hands, of calling forth myriads of Sunday-school scholars? or that the same agency, under other circumstances, should spread abroad millions and millions of Bibles and religious tracts in the world? Look, ye lovers of mankind, at the beginning and the ending in these cases, and let it strengthen your hands and animate your hearts. The love of mankind is a lovely thing. Oh that it may take root, as a mighty tree, and spread forth its branches to the ends of the earth! He who is in earnest in his desire, to the extent of his ability, to discountenance vice and encourage virtue, to restrain evil and to do good, will do well to cherish the smallest beginnings of humanity and kindness.

But all beginnings are not small, neither are all endings great. How many bright bubbles do we blow, that burst into empty air! How many painted

balloons we send up in the skies, that suddenly descend, and fall into the mire! How princely we sometimes begin in the purposes of our benevolence, and how pauper-like is the ending of the same undertakings! Our pounds dwindle down to pence, and our warm hearts grow cold. In holy things, too, we begin largely, driving on furiously, like Jehu the son of Nimshi, and, like him, saying, as it were, to those around us, "Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord," 2 Kings x. 16. But what does it end in? Alas! alas! we can condemn all sinners but ourselves—we can slay all sins but our own. Jehu smote even to death those who walked unworthily, but he "took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord God of Israel with all his heart." He "destroyed Baal out of Israel; howbeit from the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, Jehu departed not from after them," 2 Kings x. 28, 29. How many begin by determining never to forsake the ways of righteousness, and end by denying the Lord of life and glory!

Though I have but touched on my subject, I must leave it to your consideration—it is worthy your deepest regard. And now comes a question that may well call up the energies of our intellect, and all the resources of our souls! That question is not what will be the end of the high, or of the mighty, or of the earth, or of the heavens; not what will be the end of others, but what will our end be? To answer this inquiry we must examine our hope. Is the house of our expectation built on a rock, or on the shifting sands of the sea-shore? Have we done the will of our heavenly Father? Have we fled for refuge to the hope set before us of eternal life in Jesus Christ our Lord?

What will be our end? Let us not evade the inquiry, for why should we be enemies to ourselves? In the end, station, and standing, and acquirements, and worldly reputation, will avail us nothing—for God is no respecter of persons. In the end, the great will be little in their own eyes, and heroes will be things of small concern. Czars and Cæsars will be reft of their tiaras, and emperors and kings will be lightly esteemed. The Diveses of all nations will be stripped of their purple, and the lowly Lazaruses clad in goodly raiment. The humble in heart will then be exalted, and the proud in spirit will be brought low. Death is a sad leveller, for he steals from the monarch his crown, from the bishop his mitre, from the soldier his scarlet coat and gilt epaulets, from the scholar his books, and from the miser his money-bags. The judgment-day will make the mighty mean, bring down the haughty look, afflict the cruel, unmask deceit, and make oppression tremble. What then is our hope? and what will be our end?

THE VALLEY OF THE GRINDEVALDE.

The valley of the Grindevalde is situated in the heart of the Bernese Oberland, and may be regarded as the formidable rival of that famous locality upon which the immense masses of the monarch of all European mountains raise their gigantic forms. This valley is bounded, on the south by three mountains (the highest of the whole chain of Bernese Alps, excepting Finisteracehorn,) on the right, by the Eiger, or Great Giant; in the centre are situate the Mittenburgh; and on its left the Wetterhorn (weather peak.) The first of the three, the Eiger, is 12,000 feet in height; the second, 13,291; and the last, 13,194 feet above the level of the sea. Seen from the village of the Grindevalde, they appear like a wonderful succession of rocks, raising their lofty crests almost perpendicularly to an elevation of several thousand feet. These immense black masses of mountain are crowned with plains of snow and ice, which are overtopped by the peaks themselves, whilst the two seas of ice known by the names of the Lower and Higher Glaciers of Grindevalde scintillate at the boundary of the pasture lands, and in the wide intermediate valleys which separate the three mountains. Until late years it was generally thought, even in the vicinity of these mountains, that these summits were inaccessible except as to Schreckhorn, (terror peak,) which had been ascended by a few Swiss naturalists, and who had there planted a flag seen through a telescope.

T.

NAMES.

We daily call a great many things by their names, without ever inquiring into their nature and properties; so that, in reality, it is only the names, and not the things themselves, with which we are acquainted.—*Dr. Aikin.*

ANOTHER RAMBLE IN IRELAND.

Early one morning my companion and I directed our steps to Mucross Abbey. The road thither passes by Lord Kenmare's house, and, crossing the river Flesk, whose waters rush along their rocky channel into the Lower Lake, skirts Castle Lough Bay, until the village of Cloghreen is reached. Here, on the right of the road, a gate leads into Mr. Herbert's demesne, in which the abbey stands. The path to it is along an undulating ground, carpeted with the richest velvet grass. Every object that meets the eye denotes the care which is taken by the proprietor of the domain to make the place beautiful, and in keeping with the exquisite scenery of the neighbourhood. The abbey itself is a very venerable ruin. It is embosomed in the midst of trees, whose long gnarled roots cross the pathway that leads to the building, while their luxuriant branches afford a pleasant shade from the heat of a summer's day. We rang a bell at the entrance, and were at once admitted into the building; which, upon examination, appeared to us less dilapidated than we had imagined. Some parts were in an excellent state of preservation; this is in some degree attributable to the attention which the owner of the property gives to it. We went first into the church, the eastern window of which, in its stone framework, is nearly entire, and, like most other parts of the building, it is covered with ivy. A great many tombs lie scattered about, some of them very ancient. This seems to be a favourite burial-place with many—as indeed all ruined abbeys and churches are in Ireland—for the graves were very numerous. The remains of the convent, with its chambers, cells, and kitchen, are sufficient to give a very correct idea of the place. The guide showed a recess in the wall, that appears to have been a fire-place, in which a stranger slept for years—a hard and cold bed for any one. Who he was, and why he selected such an uncomfortable dormitory, no one ever knew. This occurrence happened many years ago. There is a very fine yew-tree, growing near the cloisters, whose branches spread from wall to wall, and completely overshadow the vacant space. We were greatly pleased with our ramble amidst these ruins, which will well repay the attention of the tourist.

Leaving the abbey, we retraced our steps to the high-road, and passing Roche's hotel, where a number of guides were waiting the egress of the inmates, to obtain employment, we, after declining their proffered company, went on to the Torc mountain. Our intention originally was to walk to the Eagle rock, to hear once more the marvellous sounds that are there awakened, the remembrance of which had clung to the soul even in the dreams of sleep, and kindled an intense longing again to thrill under the sweet musical enchantment. But our purpose was frustrated for want of time. Near the Torc cascade, we were besieged with entreaties to purchase goat's milk and whiskey, by some of the peasants, who obtain a precarious livelihood by attending at the several places of especial interest, to waylay the visitors with their importunate appeals. We got into conversation with them upon topics of solemn importance. It was truly affecting to observe the calm indifference, as well as utter ignorance, that was displayed upon the fundamental truths of religion. Every thing was left to the priest; his performance of mass, his absolution after confession, were regarded in the light of a complete removal of the consequences of sin. Beyond this, all sense of personal responsibility seemed to cease. In answer to my remonstrance with them on this subject, quoting the words of the apostle, "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God," and the passage, "Who can forgive sins but God?" one of them, a peasant girl, said, "Why, your honour, what are we poor creatures to do? we must believe as the priest tells us. Sure he is sent by God."

"But," said I, "we are commanded to search the Scriptures for ourselves, and to prove all things—taking the word of no man. We have no right to conclude because a man is a priest, that he is sent by God; there may be, and there doubtless are, good and bad priests. We are commanded to 'try the spirits, whether they be of God, because,' as in the apostle John's days, 'many false prophets are gone out into the world.' Christ said, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

"I know nothing about it, Sir," replied the girl; "I dare say you are right, but I cannot read; and if I could, it would not be of much service to me, as I never had a Bible."

"But why not, during the long winter evenings, get some one to teach you to read," I asked, "and obtain a Bible

that you may ascertain for yourself what God has said? Ask the priest to instruct you, and if he will not, look round for some one who will."

"He!" exclaimed the girl, with a smile of mingled derision and amazement, "he would be much more likely to box my ears. He cares for nothing much, except money."

"Strike you!" I rejoined, with a look of surprise, and a tone that indicated incredulity.

"Yes, sir," said the girl, undaunted, "and I am not the only one; men as well as women feel his hand."

"And do they submit to it? do they not return the insult? An Irishman is the last man I know who is likely quietly to receive a blow."

"Strike a priest! sir," said she, with a look of horror; "why, who dares?"

And such is the superstitious reverence attaching to the *office* of the priesthood, that even while there is a profound contempt for the *man*, his word is obeyed; his anathema, and even his frown, is dreaded as a terrible calamity; and his person invested with a kind of sacredness. This feeling is confined to no one particular district, but I believe exists throughout most parts of the country.

We found our auditors much more inclined to recommend their wares than to prolong this conversation, and so we left them. We walked in the direction of Kenmare as far as the tunnel, where the road is cut through the solid rock, and after feasting our eyes with the view of the lakes which is obtained here, retraced our steps to the cottage at the foot of Torc mountain, where we obtained admission to the private grounds in which the waterfall is situated. The footpath winds by the side of the stream, which, after the great fall, proceeds pretty leisurely on its way. Near the cottage, and for some distance up the glen, it is almost hidden by the overhanging foliage, that, wet with dew, was now glistening in the rays of the sun, which was looking down from the summit of the mountain, as if rejoicing to obtain a glance at that scene of verdure and beauty. Presently, after passing through an alley of evergreens and shrubs and young trees, we came out upon the brink of a precipice, where we had a fine view of the splendid cataract, which comes leaping and thundering down from a ledge of rocks in two or three columns of water, that unite in a basin at their foot; and then, after a succession of minor falls, glides onward, much more quietly, as if exhausted with the efforts it had made in descending the chasm, and in finding its way amid opposing rocks that confronted it in all directions. We descended from our position by a somewhat precipitous path, and crossing the torrent by the help of the overhanging branches, passed along the rocks on the side of the glen, until we reached a spot close to the principal fall. It was very grand just here, the light softly gleaming on the crest of the water above, while all below was gloomy in the deep shadow of the gigantic rocks. After satisfying our curiosity, and getting pretty well saturated with the spray for our pains, we returned, and ascending the winding path, obtained another view from a much higher elevation. The proprietor of these grounds has most kindly ministered to the enjoyment of visitors, by cutting openings in the foliage at different spots in the zigzag walk that leads to the top of the fall, thus giving the opportunity of beholding it under different aspects. Seats are provided on some of the landing places, generally on the brink of the precipice. From one of these we obtained a most magnificent view of the lakes, blue now as the cloudless sky above them, with their sweet islands and verdant mountain barriers. Ever welcome, ever fresh, was that enchanting vision!

We at length emerged from the glen by a gate not far from the head of the fall, near which a slight bridge crosses the descending stream, just before it takes its bold leap into the depths below. We found ourselves now on the old Kenmare road, covered with grass; its rival, one far more commodious, and far more beautiful, having entirely superseded it. Crossing this, we directed our steps to a farmhouse, on the side of Mangerton mountain, intending to inquire our way to the top. Pressing on through a young wood of fir-trees, we at length got into the right track, but, unfortunately for us, time had outstripped us, and we were obliged reluctantly to descend, after having climbed about half-way, without paying a visit to Lough Kittane, or the Devil's Punchbowl. We were greatly disappointed in not being able to obtain the splendid view from the summit, but we were expecting a friend by the Cork coach, and feared lest our absence when he arrived should disconcert his plans. Returning by a different road from that by which we had come, and after a

descent more fatiguing than the ascent, we at length reached Cloghreen, and soon after Killarney; only, however, to meet with disappointment, as the coach brought not our expected companion. The rest of the day we spent in rambling about Lord Kenmare's beautiful park, whence are obtained splendid views of the lake and mountain scenery.

The next morning we bade adieu with a kind of fond regret to this glorious region, and leaving the county of Cork for another and more lengthened visit, retraced part of the road by which we had come from Tralee. This we soon left, and in a short time arrived at Castle Island, a poor town, with some very old ruins on the south side. The ride hence to Limerick is for the most part uninteresting and dreary,—it might appear the more so from the beauty of the scenery with which for two or three days we had been familiar. At Adare, however, there are objects of interest in the exquisitely beautiful remains of monastic buildings. They are in a fine position to catch the eye of the traveller, who cannot stay to inspect them minutely. Those in the grounds of the earl of Dunraven are the loveliest ruins I ever beheld. That nobleman has judiciously repaired them, and to a great extent stopped the progress of Time's devouring tooth. As they stand in the midst of glades and greenswards bright as emerald, themselves partially clothed with ivy, and noble trees flinging their shadows over the path, forming

> "Arched walks of twilight groves,
> And shadows brown, that sylvan loves,"

with the waters of the stream that flows into the Shannon murmuring gently by, they appeared to be retreats to which the wearied heart might gladly retire, and in holy contemplation, and the exercises of devotion, hush the voice of the loud, imperious passions that goad on the soul to folly and sin. But, as the blind bard teaches us, "the mind is its own place;" and the quiet beauty, and the wooded retirement of Adare, could no more of themselves keep the heart right with God, than the daily lawful pursuits of the busy world could prevent that being done. If history speak truth, and actions are to be regarded as the interpreters of the state of the mind, there has been as much of worldliness in the cloister as in the camp or the court; and ambition and the love of gold have reigned as despotically in bosoms that were covered with sackcloth as in hearts that beat beneath the purple, or that were avowedly intent on the pursuit of gain.

One or two of the old abbeys are used still as places of worship, having been put into a tenantable condition. The ruins of the castle stand on the banks of the river, close to the bridge, and are very picturesque. This town and Kilmallock, on the road to Cork, are worthy of attention from the tourist, on account of the exceeding beauty of the ruins. After leaving Adare, the road to Limerick presents very little to attract notice. About midway between them, on the left of the highway, is St. Patrick's well, with a staring uncouth image of the saint carved in the stone that walls it in. In the direction of the Shannon towered the "rock of the Candle," crowned with its ruins; and on all sides were indications of the proximity of a populous and enterprising city, into which at length we entered, with glad and thankful hearts; gratified with the rich treat it had been our privilege to enjoy, without molestation or accident. Here, too, I parted with my agreeable and intelligent companion, and the next morning left Limerick far behind me.

At the distance of a few miles up the river is the beautiful village of Castle Connel, near which are the finest rapids on the Shannon. Beyond this place, on the Clare side of the river, just before it expands into Lough Derg, is Killaloe, where a bridge of several arches connects the counties of Tipperary and Clare. Killaloe is a very ancient city, and has passed through a series of destructive calamities. It is at present, although a bishop's see, a very poor place. The stone-roofed churches in the cathedral yard, and on an island in the Shannon, are the most striking curiosities. At the northern end of Lough Derg is Holy Island, on which is a round tower, and the ruins of seven churches. This for centuries was sacred ground to the Irish, and the scene of many a superstitious observance. It is still visited, and like similar spots is much esteemed as a burial-place.

Eastward of Lough Derg, and on the high road to Dublin, is Nenagh, the assize town for the northern part of Tipperary. With this portion of the county, English people who have never crossed the channel, have been made painfully familiar by the reports of outrages committed by the peasantry, which are, alas! of too frequent occurrence in this dis-

turbed district. The large and castellated structure which has been erected at Nenagh as a prison, seems to announce to the traveller by its strength and size that he is in a neighbourhood where there is a stern necessity to stretch out the iron hand of the law. A gentleman who resides near the town of Roscrea, and is the owner of landed property in Tipperary, gave to me and my fellow-travellers on the coach some curious illustrations of the state of society in this county. He asserted that at Nenagh there met, at stated periods, a secret conclave of men from the surrounding country, who formed themselves into a kind of court for the trial of the *character* of every landlord. They appoint one of their number to preside as a judge; two are selected as counsel for and against the arraigned party, and others constitute a jury. Witnesses are examined according to the custom of courts of law; and, after a regular hearing, a verdict is given, and judgment pronounced. If he be a landlord against whom there can be alleged no evictions of tenantry, or seizure of property for non-payment of rents, etc., then his name is not noted down; if, on the contrary, he be one who has offended these self-constituted authorities, a letter is sent to him, warning him to beware, lest his malpractices (such they are in their estimation) should bring upon him some serious evil. If this be disregarded, a second letter is sent, still more significantly hinting at probable consequences; and if this be disregarded, a third, with a rough sketch of a coffin, or death's-head, intimates that he may expect the assassin's bullet, as he is a marked man. One of the number of his judges or jury, or some other more blind and reckless villain, easily persuaded, and indeed sworn, to obey the commands of this secret junta, is chosen by lot to execute the deed of blood; and it not unfrequently happens, as the reports of trials for murder will show, that the victim is utterly unknown to his intended murderer. Gentlemen who have been so warned are obliged to go about armed, or to have some of the rural police stationed in or near their dwellings. I give these statements verbatim, as they were told me by my fellow-traveller, whose demeanour and language bespoke the utmost truthfulness. Human life among the Tipperary men appears to be held very cheap; and terrible as is the crime, and appalling the consequences to himself, if discovered, the assassin goes about his dreadful work with a cool indifference, and will wait patiently for days and weeks, until a suitable opportunity for accomplishing his object presents itself; and as coolly will the murderer go to his death. A short time before my visit to these parts, a man had been seized by the police, after a desperate resistance, in which he had wounded two of his pursuers; and when visited by his father in prison, was asked by the old man, "Did you fight like a man?" "I did," was the reply. "Then die like a man," was the only injunction the parent deemed requisite under circumstances so affecting and terrible.

It has already been stated, (page 167, for 1846,) that almost all the outrages of an extensive character, arise out of the tenure of land. Protestants and Catholics are alike visited by these self-elected avengers; so that to religious differences alone they cannot be ascribed. We passed a fine piece of land, near Moneygall, without gate, or hedge, lying between other cultivated fields, from which some former tenant had been ejected, and no one had dared to hire it of the landlord, from a dread of the expected consequences. All this is sad in the recital, and affecting and awful in the reality; for the result of this state of things is most mischievous. Tipperary is one of the finest counties in Ireland for fertility, and its peasantry are as noble-looking a race of men as I ever saw, with energies and abilities sufficient to compass any object; and yet here insubordination abounds to a fearful extent, and property and human life, especially the latter, from the causes named, are placed in perilous jeopardy. Who will not breathe the prayer, that wisdom may be given to our senators; and a deep sense of the folly and wickedness of their doings to the misjudging people, who are inflicting a curse upon their own land, which must immediately or ultimately affect themselves?

This county is rich in objects of interest to the antiquarian, and the explorer of nature's wonders and beauties. Among the latter, the caves of Mitchell's-town are most deservedly in repute. The celebrated Rock of Cashel, crowned with its noble ruins of a cathedral, castle, abbey, Cormac's chapel, and a round tower, has often been described and delineated by the painter and the engraver. It is the lion of the county. The beautiful ruin of the Abbey of Holy Cross, on

the banks of the Suir, is also well worthy the inspection of the traveller. Roscrea, on the northern borders of the county, has also some very fine remains of pagan, ecclesiastical, and military structures, and is situated in the midst of very pleasant scenery. From this place to Kildare there is nothing particular to interest a stranger. The ruins in the last-named city are very venerable, and among them is found, what is always an object of attraction, however many of a similar kind may have been seen before, a round tower, one of the loftiest in Ireland.

My arrangements rendered it necessary to stay a night on the road, so that I was compelled to travel by the packet-boat that plies on the canal between Mountmellick and Dublin, a mode of conveyance which my experience led me to resolve never to attempt again. The boats are so slimly built, and the rate at which they go is so rapid, that a collision with other boats or any portion of the banks is likely to be attended with great danger. A few months after my visit to Ireland, a catastrophe occurred, of the very kind that I more than once apprehended would befal us, by which a large number of persons lost their lives. We, like these unfortunate persons, were fastened in the cabin, and had the boat capsized, escape from death would have been impossible. But the good hand of our God was over us. The canal skirts for several miles the bog of Allen, which stretches right across the country. This immense tract of land is by degrees being brought under cultivation, and the time, perhaps, is not far distant when, through the wise expenditure of means and money, many of Ireland's waste places may be made most productive. May it be so to the fullest extent in the darker and more dreary moral wastes that present themselves to the eye of the Christian traveller, chilling the heart, and awakening the deepest sorrow at the ruin which sin has wrought! Oh, let every one who reads these pages pour forth a prayer for benighted Ireland, crushed beneath the intolerable weight of ignorance and superstition, and bleeding at every pore; her children's energies dissipated, misemployed; and myriads annually perishing, with the upbraiding exclamation on their dying lips, uttered with their parting breath, "No man careth for our souls." That terrible wail is becoming more distinct; British hearts are thrilling at the solemn sound; and even now, amid the darkness and storms that are passing over the land, may be discerned faint gleams of a coming day, when the Sun of righteousness shall shine with unclouded radiance, the glory of the Lord being fully revealed; and when Ireland shall again be, in a sense far more scriptural than in the original application of the words, "the island of saints;" the home of religion; the abode of the free.

T. A.

THE REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

No. XIII.

While things were in this state at Prague, the voice of reason could scarcely be heard there. The archbishop proceeded from threats to acts; he put an interdict on the whole city, and on every place in which Huss might remain.

This severe measure was but feebly put in force, and the preaching in the celebrated chapel of Bethlehem was not interrupted. Yet Huss judged it prudent once more, and for some time, to withdraw from the fury of his enemies. He retired to his birthplace, the village of Hussinetz, where he had a devoted friend in the nobleman to whom it belonged; but there, as at Prague, he showed himself always intrepid, and unwearied in what he considered the cause of truth.

At this period he wrote several remarkable treatises. The most renowned of these was that concerning "the Church," which will be mentioned hereafter, and from whence were drawn most of the articles for which he was condemned. About the same time he also published a very brief but powerful treatise, called "Six Errors." The first error was that of the priests, who boasted that they made the body of Christ in the mass, and were the creators of their Creator! The second was upon the words, "I believe in the popes and the saints." John Huss maintained that we should believe in God only. The third was on the priestly assumption of power, to give to whom they pleased remission from the guilt and penalty of sin. Obedience to superiors, without discrimination as to their commands, was the fourth error. The fifth, was the not distinguishing in the effect between a just sentence of excommunication and one that was undeserved. Lastly, the sixth was simony, which Huss designated as a heresy, and he charged the greater part of the clergy with being guilty of it.

This little work, which chiefly attacked the clergy, was fixed at the entrance of the chapel of Bethlehem. It was rapidly dispersed throughout Bohemia, and it proved very successful.

John Huss also wrote at this period his treatise on "the Abominations of the Monks," the title of which sufficiently expresses its object, and also "the Members of Antichrist," a vehement and warm attack upon the pope and his court. His trials, difficulties, and persecutions, seemed to have soured his temper, to judge from the character of these last-mentioned works.

His style, strengthened by the supplies which he drew from Scripture, and inspired by a natural ardour, which too often degenerated into rage, here contains some turns and expressions offensive to modern delicacy; and abounds, also, in those emblems and that figurative style which is found in the great prophets of old, (the subjects of his study,) especially Ezekiel. He is carried away, and launches forth against all the inventions for filling the coffers of the church. Images, relics, legends, and canonizations, are each in turn vigorously attacked. He compares the persecutors and murderers of living saints to the huntsmen, who feast upon and extol the victims of their chase; or to the Jews, who having killed the prophets, whitened and adorned their sepulchres; and to the Romans, who, after slaying their emperors, erected statues to them, and honoured them as gods. He reproves the worship of dead saints, as an invention of the devil, to draw men from the duties of love and charity, which are commanded in the gospel to be practised towards the saints that are yet in the body. He closes with these remarkable words:—"This undue worship of saints, truly an invention of hypocrisy, is an inexhaustible source of superstitions, injurious to real holiness. The virtues of the dead, whose examples are removed from us, are highly commended; the piety of the living, whose examples might be more beneficially considered, is treated with scorn. Pride and cruelty, avarice and luxury, have nourished this worship; vanity is flattered by exalting the virtues of the dead; that inflicts no wound on our self-love. But envy, hurt at the virtues of those still living, uses her utmost efforts to sully their brightness. Men are generous towards the saints that are in heaven, because they are beyond the reach of their cruelty, and fear them, as being in the immediate presence of God; but they are cruel towards those still living on earth, because it is to their interest to keep down true virtue; they are niggardly towards them, and despoil them, but they are prodigal towards the glorified saints, who are in need of nothing; they deck the bodies of these with silk, with gold and silver, and lodge them splendidly, but they refuse to clothe, or treat with hospitality, those poor members of Christ who are amongst us, and at whose expense they feast and intoxicate themselves."

In the same treatise, after having referred to the glorious transfiguration of the Saviour on Mount Tabor, he thus reproves the slothfulness of prelates. He says, "They had rather follow Christ to Mount Tabor than to his cross. To satisfy their vanity they invent so many ceremonies and feasts, and bodily exercises, which are daily multiplied, to dazzle the people, and amuse them with a vain hope of meriting eternal life by observing these traditions. It were better to increase in love, to multiply works of mercy, and other Christian graces, to administer the sacraments according to the gospel, and to exercise strict discipline. But as to these things, our present scribes and Pharisees take little trouble, because they would derive from them neither worldly glory nor temporal gains." Is not this address already an anticipation of the mighty and resounding language of Luther? Are not these the first movements of the waves, and the gusts of wind, which give the early indications of the coming storm, threatening all who are found in its course?

However, there is no proof that John Huss was aware of the great revolution for which he prepared the way. To understand the drift of his mission, and the importance of the part which he maintained to the last, with equal constancy and courage, as well as his influence over Europe, it will be sufficient to number his enemies, and consider their power.

The most to be dreaded of these, who thought that he had crushed John Huss by the thunders which he hurled against Ladislaus, was John XXIII., who was himself strongly agitated by the apprehensions which beset him in his court at Bologna, and was not at all preserved from inward terrors by his supreme power of opening the gates of heaven

and hell; for a new emperor, who was an enemy to the corruption of the clergy, had just ascended the throne: this was Sigismund of Hungary, the brother of Wenceslaus. This prince was a zealous Roman Catholic, and had long devoted himself to the defence of the church; and its deplorable condition was to him a constant subject of uneasiness. It was still divided between three popes; and while John XXIII., at Bologna, was thundering against his opponents, Gregory XII. at Rimini, and Benedict XIII. in Aragon, repaid his maledictions with interest. The simony, of which the pontiffs had given example, had conquered the great body of ecclesiastics. Fresh opinions agitated Bohemia, Moravia, England, and part of Germany. Piety, among both priests and laymen, had given place to a rivalry of superstitious observances, by which the dead letter was substituted for the regenerating work of the Spirit upon the heart.

The anarchy which prevailed in Europe was but a small part of the evil that existed. Hordes of Mohammedans were already threatening its borders, advancing like boisterous waves commissioned to wash away the mass of iniquity, and to efface the stains of the church, by swallowing it in their depths.

Though such a scene might excite his sorrow, Sigismund knew not the true source of the danger; but in his twofold character, of an emperor and a devotee, he hated all opposition, all independence of mind, and attributed the woes of christendom to the advocates of the new doctrines, and the supporters of the schism. Against these, therefore, he collected all his powers, and he thought that a general council, convoked with the twofold purpose of extinguishing the schism and smothering heresy, would restore the best days of the church. The council of Pisa was not a sufficient experiment, in his opinion, and in that of the monarchs of Europe; for at that period the imperial power, and the authority of the church, were struggling for the mastery. The emperor Robert had declared himself opposed to the council, which had been too quickly broken up. Now the temporal and spiritual powers must be made to act simultaneously, and with one accord; the authority of the church must be sustained by the sword of the emperor, and all Christianity must be summoned to a general assembly, to extinguish heresy, and to reform the church, both in its head and its members.

Such were the views of Sigismund, and such the cause of the alarm of John XXIII., who trembled, especially as he was aware that his own scandalous conduct had provoked this design, and that he had been his own greatest enemy. He would willingly have treated the project of the emperor as rash and impious, and have replied to it by a fresh sentence of excommunication; but he saw the dangerous consequences of his own passions pressing upon him, and the dangers that threatened him enchained his thunders. Ladislaus, proving victorious, pursued him with mortal and implacable hatred; he was master of Rome, and the pontiff had no hope against him, except from the sword of Sigismund. Thus, in some degree, forced by an inexorable necessity, John XXIII. was irresolute, he seemed struck with giddiness. It was of the utmost moment to his personal independence, that the city chosen for the place of assembly should not be within the imperial boundaries; but all his measures were marked, as it were, by fatality. The imperial city of Constance was appointed, unknown to him, and agreed to by his legates, and when he was informed of this choice, it was too late for him to dictate another.

Pressed between Ladislaus, his enemy, and Sigismund, his defender, almost equally afraid of both; alarmed by the recollections of a life passed in crimes, which were about to be openly disclosed; in short, bitterly reproaching himself, John XXIII. was already vanquished, when a memorable conference between himself and Sigismund was entered upon at Lodi. There both were in disguise; the pope concealed his weakness beneath the splendid array of his pontifical dignity; the emperor covered his authority under the simple habit of a deacon. The discussion was long, but not serious, and the name of the city of Constance having been pronounced, the emperor asked, in a tone of determination, "Does that city suit you, holy father?" "Yes, my beloved son, it suits me well," returned the pope. And he shuddered, as he bent his head, evincing thus, by his want of power, what a historian who witnessed this scene has truly remarked: "There is no way of escape from what God has decreed."—(*Leon. Aret. de rebus Ital.*)

The convocation of a general council was at length settled. The place and

time of the meeting were fixed. Sigismund pressed forward. On October the 30th, 1413, he published an edict, announcing that, in perfect accordance with pope John XXIII., whom he called his mighty lord, a council should be assembled at Constance, on the first of November in the following year, that city being chosen as one in which full liberty to all parties might be promised.

Sigismund, in his character of the defender and advocate of the church, titles which the canons allowed to the emperor, invited to the council Gregory XII., Benedict XIII., the king of France, and the other sovereigns. "The malice of men," said he, in his letter to Charles VI., "has increased to such a degree, that, unless a prompt remedy is applied, it is to be feared, that hereafter any cure will be impossible." John XXIII., in concert with the emperor, invited to the council all who possessed any authority in Christendom. They projected, not only to reform the church, and to extinguish the schism, but also to stifle the rising heresy. There was then a man in Bohemia, who, by the sound of his name, by his writings and boldness of speech, and especially by the oppressive lustre of his virtues, represented in himself all the innovators of Europe, and this was John Huss. In him they must all be silenced, and therefore he was cited to appear before the council.

Never, from the earliest time of Christianity, had such pains been taken to have so imposing an assembly. Never were more weighty questions proposed for debate. It was now to be decided whether the man was accursed, who refused to believe that a simoniacal and impious priest could open or shut the gates of heaven at his will—whether, in the interpretation of Scripture, the rights of conscience were to be respected or condemned — whether the clergy could fix the boundaries, and engage wisely to employ the powers they had so far abused. Lastly, for many, it was now to be determined, whether the Roman Catholic religion could be reformed, and whether that church which refused to allow that salvation was possible out of its own bosom, could save itself!

THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH THE CARPENTER.

The following is from "Weissman's Latin Historia Eccles.," a valuable work, written about 1700, never translated into English:

It is wonderful to observe the deep and sacred silence of the Scriptures, and the foolish curiosity and vain reasoning of men, upon the subject of the reputed father of our blessed Lord. The chief thing that is known of Joseph, the carpenter, of Nazareth, is contained in one word, of the fullest meaning; he is called, in holy writ, a just man. He was honoured by frequent messages from God and visits of angels, and it may be added, that he showed his ready faith and exact obedience at these divine warnings, so that it is easy to prove that he was a pious man, humble, and despised by the world, but not by God.

He was the protector of the Son of God during the early years of his earthly life. The espoused husband of Mary, the mother of Jesus, thus received a name which has been known in all ages of the world. As head of the family to which Jesus belonged, he exercised some sort of authority over him, Luke ii. 51, and was a fellow-worker in the secret purposes of God! Matt. i. 16. These are mysteries, not to be too curiously questioned.

He was a lowly mechanic, and the same title was given to the Son of God himself, Mark vi. 3. But he was adorned by a title that was better than all the purple and gold of Herod, because it bespoke an upright and holy mind. Not crowns or riches, power or station, distinguished him; but he was humble and pious before God and man, united to the Saviour in spirit, as well as in the flesh.

It is not known whether Mary was his first wife or not. Some have thought that the individuals mentioned, Matt. xii. 41; John ii. 12, were the children of Joseph by a former marriage; but the word brethren will apply also to other kinsmen less near—the relatives of Joseph and Mary. Many fabulous circumstances narrated respecting Joseph must be passed over; but it is to be observed, that the message, on returning from Egypt, was given to him, not to Mary, or to the child Jesus, that due order in the family arrangements might be maintained. It is probable that Joseph was the first to be removed by death, and it is not unlikely that his body might have been one of those raised after the resurrection of Christ, Matt. xxvii. 52, 53.

The Carse of Gowrie.

THE CARSE OF GOWRIE.

The road from Perth to Dundee passes along the Carse of Gowrie, so celebrated for its fertility. This is an argillaceous plain, about fifteen miles in length and four in breadth, bounded on one side by the Tay, which divides it from the Fife, and on the other by a range of hills. From geological appearances, it may be inferred, that the space occupied by the carse was formerly an estuary or inland lake, dotted here and there with islands, which still rise a little above the plain, and bear the appropriate denomination of "inches," inch being the Gallic for island—as Inchyere, Meginch, and Inchture. So lately as the middle of the eighteenth century, the greater part of the ground continued to be in the condition of a clayey marsh. Tradition is supported by the appearance of the country in representing the first channel assumed by the Tay skirting the hills on the north side, while the Earn pursued a solitary course where it now flows in union with the larger river. The original road from Perth to Dundee, which was only about sixty years ago superseded by the present line through the carse, lay along what must have been the left bank of the Tay. An ancient anchor was found within the memory of men, in the old channel at Flawcraig, near Fingask, where a cliff on the face of the hills has commonly obtained the name of the Anchor Rock. These great changes in the face of nature appear to have made a strong impression on the people, who are full of old sayings and traditions respecting them, and entertain a notion that the waters of the Frith of Tay are still in the course of receding from the land.

At Invergowry, about four miles from Dundee, there are two large boulders, which are said to have been formerly surrounded by water, but are now left by every tide; these are called the Gows of Gowry. According to popular report, Thomas the Rhymer gave out that,

"When the Gows of Gowry come to land,
The day of judgment 's near at hand."

Another fire-side tale refers the following rhyme to the same authorship :

"St. Johnston ere long in the Highland will be,
And the salt water scarcely will reach to Dundee:
Sea-cover'd Drumly will then be dry land,
Another Bell-Rock as high as the Ailsar will stand."

It is certain that the amount of sand daily deposited by the Tay is very considerable, and appears likely, at no distant period, to reduce the Frith of Tay to little more than a deep river.

The carse is enlivened by a number of thriving villages. Errot, distinguished in the landscape by its handsome parish church, which is seen from a great distance, is situated near the centre of the track. Inchture and Longforgan are populous and rapidly-improving villages, on the road from Perth to Dundee. The battlements of Castle Huntley, seen over the trees which surround it, have a strikingly romantic effect. At Port Allan, Powgavie, and Invergowrie, on the Frith of Tay, are small harbours, from which the abundant produce of this rich agricultural district is shipped.*—"*The Face of the Earth,*" *published by the Religious Tract Society.*

APPEARANCES OF NATURE.

APRIL.

How applicable to this season of the year are the words of the psalmist:

"Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it:
Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water.
Thou preparest them corn,
When thou hast so provided for it.
Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly:
Thou settlest the furrows thereof:
Thou makest it soft with showers:
Thou blessest the springing thereof.
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;
And thy paths drop fatness.
They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness:
And the little hills rejoice on every side."

April is proverbial for its showers, conspiring with the objects associated with them to augment our admiration of the Power by whom the minutest arrangements of nature are adjusted and perfected. The alternations of fair weather and showers are much more favourable to the progress of the vegetable creation, than any uniform course. To obtain this variety, the antagonistic forces of steam, air, and heat, are continually acting and reacting, thus producing the beneficial changes which characterise this month. And now

"April hath come on,
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
Falls in the beaded drops of summer time.
You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in
His beautiful bright neck."

To adopt the words of Gawain Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld: "The glebe, fearless of the northern blasts, spreads her broad bosom. The corn crops and the new sprung barley reclothe the earth with a gladsome garment. The meadow is besprinkled with rivulets, and the fresh moisture of the dewy night restores the herbage which the cattle had cropped during the day. The blossoms in the blowing garden trust their heads to the protection of the young sun. The blooming hawthorn clothes all the thorns in flowers. The budding clusters of the tender grapes hang end-long by their tendrils from the trellises. The germs of the trees unlocking, expand themselves into the foliage of nature's tapestry. There is a soft verdure after balmy showers; the flowers smile in various colours on their bending stalks; some red, others watchet, like the blue and wavy sea, speckled with red and white, or bright as gold. The daisy embraids her little coronet. The grass stands embattled with bane-wort; the seeded down flies from the dandelion. Under the boughs that screen the valley, or within the pale-enclosed park, the nimble deer troop in ranks, the harts wander through the thick wood-shaws, and the young fawns follow the dappled does. Kids slip through the briers after the roes, and in the pastures and leas the lambs bleat to their dams. The ring-dove coos in the tall copse. The starling whistles her varied descant; the sparrow chirps in the clefted wall; the goldfinch and linnet fill the skies; the cuckoo cries, the quail twitters; while rivers, shaws, and every dale resound; and the tender branches tremble on the trees, at the song of the birds and the buzzing of the bees."

Who, that in the smallest degree appreciates the beauties of nature, is not filled with pleasing emotions, on observing the cheerful verdure of the meadows, the luxuriant appearance of the trees, the bloom of the flowers, and the animal creation happy and active? Well may the thoughtful have found in these objects a delightful theme, and the poet chosen

* Chambers' Scotland.

them as the burden of his song. Nature is redolent of beauty, and many endeavour to participate the enjoyment it affords. The naturalist shuts the book he has been perusing, and hurries forth to the bank of the river, the fertile vale, and the mountain side, to collect new facts on his favourite topic; the botanist quits his herbarium, to observe

> "The first gilt thing,
> That wears the trembling pearls of spring;"

while those who love to see God in his works find that the objects presented to them are increasing in variety and beauty. Nor is the enjoyment of the season limited to the refined and the wealthy. The ploughman whistles with pleasure, as he thinks of the pleasing change; the shepherd feels a similar satisfaction, that the storms of winter have passed; the mechanic strolls forth, to obtain some of that invigorating air, from which his occupation usually debars him; and even the village children stroll from the cottage-doors, to play in the fields, and to gather wild flowers:

> Along each hedge and sprouting bush
> The singing birds are blest,
> The linnet green and speckled thrush
> Prepare their mossy nest.

Birds-nesting is a very favourite amusement with country lads; and it seems as useless to endeavour to convince them of the folly of eating apples before they are ripe, or pulling the nuts while they have nothing in them but pith, as to tell them that there is not a vast amount of pleasure in this pursuit. Sometimes a lad will proceed along the side of a brook, or search where a bank is overgrown with bushes and small trees, beating the hedge as he proceeds; and when a bird dashes out, he examines every sprig for the nest it has left. Then he listens to detect the voices of the different songsters, and brings all his experience to decide whether the nest is near. Perhaps he approaches the nest of a pigeon, a crow, or a hawk, perched on the upmost bough of a tall tree, and after driving the bird off, will climb to the summit, and considering the more difficult the ascent the greater is the honour gained. Then, again, he poses over the sedgy bank of a great pond, for the nest of the water hen, built of flags and grasses, among the rushes. Nothing daunts the determined birds'-nester; and Howitt informs us, that he has been held by the heels over a coal-pit, one hundred and eighty feet deep, to reach a blackbird's nest, built in a hole, two or three feet below the surface of the ground. Nor is this a solitary instance of juvenile hardihood. Marvellous are the escapes of many of the young. Well would it be were they wiser to avoid unnecessary dangers, and grateful for the deliverance they experience.

No doubt there is much wanton mischief connected with birds'-nesting; but many boys intend to ornament their rooms with the eggs they obtain, and to rear the young they carry away. They think not, indeed, of the physical suffering they occasion; but perhaps no one ever told them of it, or stated it in a manner likely to impress them. Often do they show much attention to the unfledged brood. They obtain worms, grubs, slugs, caterpillars, flies, crumbs of bread, and everything else they can think of, to furnish their little favourites with food, though ignorant alike of the amount or the kind that is required. If they think their pets are ailing, they prescribe for them as well as they can; and the writer has seen a child affectionately engaged in cramming so huge a spider down the throat of a little bird, that it died of suffocation! Thus the short lives of little birds are spent in being stuffed with food often unsuitable, if not suddenly killed by the rough kindness they experience, by being smothered in wool, or starved to death for want of the cherishing wings and downy breast of the parent bird. All this, however, must be ascribed to the true motive, though effort should be made for the prevention of unnecessary suffering. Let the child be told how different is the way in which the old birds supply their offspring from that which he adopts. Tell him, that if he looks at the swallow's nest over his bed-room window, he will see that hardly a minute passes throughout the day, without one of the parents supplying their young; and that this process is maintained from two o'clock on the summer's morning till sunset—a period of sixteen hours; so that they often have a thousand feedings a day. Let the truth be implanted in his youthful mind, that every species of bird requires a different treatment, and he will soon comprehend the fact. The heart of a child is susceptible of the tenderest impressions, and of keen sensibility; let him know, then, that the very "fowls of the air" are under the protecting guardianship of

God; that "a sparrow doth not fall to the ground without our heavenly Father," and the result may be highly beneficial.

Who that has ever seen a bird's-nest can fail to admire the words, and sympathise in the feelings of Hurdis, when he said,

"It wins my admiration
To view the structure of that little work—
A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without—
No art had he that wrought; no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all;
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every complement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another? Fondly, then,
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius shames."

Some birds are miners, as the sand-martin; ground-builders, like the blue hawk; mason-birds, like the swallow; carpenter-birds, like the tomtit; platform-builders, like the ring-dove; basket-makers, like the jay; weavers, like the weaver-bird; tailors, like the tailor-bird; felt-makers, like the chaffinch; dome-builders, like the wren; and parasite birds, like the house-sparrow. The choice of situation for the nests of birds is as remarkable as the materials of which they are formed. Those which build early in the spring seem to require warmth and shelter for their young, and the blackbird and thrush line their nests with a plaster of clay, whose cottage-like walls perfectly exclude the strong and perhaps keen winds of the opening year. If accident should deprive the parents of their first brood, even when the summer is advanced, they will construct another nest for a second progeny; but the limitation of their powers is here illustrated—for the new erection will be on the model of the previous one, though the milder season would rather require coolness and a free circulation of air. There is far more of art and cunning in the construction of nests than the casual observer would suppose. The wren always adapts her nest to the colour and appearance of the surrounding foliage, or whatever else may be near the large and comfortable abode which she forms for her tiny family. If they commence building with the old leaves of the last year, they will form their nests entirely of the withered leaves of the beech, so that a passer-by considers it nothing more than a chance collection of leaves heaped together, though the nest is firmly constructed. When, however, the bird builds in the spruce fir-tree, she covers the outside with green moss, which, of all the substances she could select, is the one most resembling the foliage of the spruce.

The larger birds, the size of whose nests will not admit of concealment, adopt other precautions for their safety. A raven, who builds in a tree, invariably fixes on the one that is the most difficult to climb, if she has the choice; preferring one whose large size and smooth trunk will defy the efforts of the schoolboy. When a cliff is chosen as the site, she fixes on a niche, protected by some projection of the rock from all attacks both from above and below—at the same time choosing the most inaccessible part of the precipice. The same plans are adopted by the eagle and the falcon, while the magpie seems rather to rest her security on the fortification of brambles and thorns with which she surrounds her nest, than to the situation which she fixes on.

The wood-pigeon collects merely a rude platform of sticks; the jay makes a basket-work of brittle dead twigs, on the fork of a bush or tree; the bullfinch constructs its nest of soft materials, in low thick bushes; the missel-thrush prefers rotten twigs on the outside, which, with dead grass, hay, or moss, form a compact mass; the reed-warbler uses exclusively grass and hay, finishing the interior with great nicety; the sedge-warbler adds roots, wool, and hair; the chaffinch lines its abode with a smooth thick texture of cow's hair, forming a fine contrast to the white wool, intermixed with grey lichens, and green moss around the brim; while the nest of the long-tailed titmouse, or, as it is familiarly called, long-tailed-tom, is shaped like a bag, externally fabricated of moss and different herbaceous lichens, collected chiefly from the sloe and the maple, but in the inside is contained a profusion of feathers, forming a downy covert for its fourteen or sixteen pea-like eggs.

Among our visitors at this time is the cuckoo—and the sound of his voice is welcomed by all, as another record of the return of spring. But what melodious sounds are those that fall on the ear, as the shades of evening come on? It is the nightingale, who has just begun her song for the year; and such volume, quality, and execution are combined in that voice, as is rarely to be met with. It is the most loved of our feathered songsters; and its thrilling accents may well charm the ear and improve the

mind, by considerations such as those of honest Isaac Walton, when he said, in reference to this bird, "Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?"

The brood hens have now generally hatched, and while bustling about the fields or the village with their little chirping families, they afford many amusing developments of maternal affection. This feeling, with the pride of beholding her young brood, seems to alter the very nature of the barn-door fowl, and to give her new life and energy. No longer cowardly or voracious, she abstains from every kind of food that may prove acceptable to her young; boldly flies at every creature that she imagines likely to injure or disturb them; and however strong the offending party may be, she repeatedly attacks it. Even the ruminating cow, or the faithful mastiff, is not allowed to pass without proofs of her disapprobation. When marching at the head of her little troop she acts as commander, and varies her notes continually, either to call them to her food, or to warn them of approaching danger.

From the present time, through the summer and autumnal months, the rabbit is seen in particular districts of our country. Its existence is, however, universally proscribed—from the similarity of taste, and consequent clashing of interests between the rabbit and the farmer. This little animal is fond of the cabbages and succulent plants of the garden, and has a special partiality for the young corn. He rises while the farmer sleeps, and often riots in the garden, the field, and the wood, on that which should reward the tenant's toil. Thus an endless train of prejudices and antipathies arise, which cease only with the existence of the contending parties. Guns are brought into requisition, the nests of young rabbits are taken, and the young ones destroyed; burrows are laid open with the pickaxe and shovel; ferrets, dogs, and traps are actively employed. On the other hand, the rabbit, peeping cautiously from his burrow, sees the tender corn-blades glistening with dew, and fears its numerous enemies, who debar him of his choicest viands. Perhaps the plainness of his coat, the want of a proportionate benefit to counterbalance his ravages, and his adroitness in escaping his foes, only aggravate the hatred with which he is regarded. The lovers of nature and of rural charms, however, will appreciate the innocent playfulness of his manners, and the moonlight scenes to which he lends animation.

Unfitted by its organization from that power of long-continued and rapid motion by which the hare is distinguished, the rabbit seeks its safety in deep holes of its own construction, and associates in large societies, in places favourable for the easy excavation of burrows, and the necessary supply of food. In sandy or gravelly heaths, covered with large bushes, rabbits often multiply to a great extent: the furze affords a secure cover and a wholesome food; for the young tops of the plants are found constantly eaten down, and the bushes present the appearance of a solid mass, with the surface even and rounded, as far as the rabbits can reach them when standing on their hinder legs. In a warren the ground is pierced with deep and tortuous holes, which so undermine the ground that Varro relates an instance of a town in Spain having been destroyed by their excavations.

The orchard especially deserves notice at this period of the year:

> "Ye fair trees,
> How ye are changed, and changing while I gaze!
> It seems as if some gleam of verdant light
> Fell on you from a rainbow; but it lives
> Amid your tendrils, brightening every hour
> Into a deeper radiance."

What refined resemblances and distinctions there are between the various blossoms of the fruit-trees, and no less so is it in their general effect than in their separate detail. Observe, too, the almond-tree in the garden, which appears so soon, while destitute of leaves, displaying its beauteous rose tints. Nor is there a flower, of the thousands that crowd on the sight in every part, that does not contain the precise number of thirty little threads, or one of these little threads that has not its regularly-figured head placed in the same direction on its summit, and filled with a waxy dust, destined to impregnate the already teeming fruit.

The peach and nectarine are now full blown, appearing as though growing out of the hard bare wall, or the rough wooden paling. They are of a deep bluish colour, and of a delicate bell shape; the lips, however, divided, and turning backward, to expose the interior to the cherishing sun. But perhaps the bloom which is richest is that of the cherry and bilberry.

During this month barley and oat sowing are completed, if not finished in March; and peas, tares, sainfoin, and lucerne, are committed to the earth; top-dressings of manure are applied to wheat, barley, and other crops; water-meadows which have been eaten are closed at the end of the month; early potatoes are planted; hops are poled, and the ground between the rows dressed. Osiers are cut, and then are set on end in sheaves, in standing water, a few inches deep, till, by the ascension of the sap in May, they will readily peel. Birch-trees are tapped in this month, and birch wine made—some trees running twenty-four gallons in as many hours.

The bush-harrow is used during this month; this consists of a gate, or flake, or a frame resembling one of these, on a pair of wheels, with thorns drawn through the bars, and so pulled about the grass fields by a horse, to level and scratch down the worm-heaps, or other lumps of earthy matter, before the fields are "laid" or shut up, for the grass to grow for mowing. How often has the country lad mounted the bush-barrow, and ridden up and down the field, in all that joyfulness which a bright April day, pleasant companions, and a happy spirit, induce.

Another April employment is the rolling of grass lands, where they are in a fit state to allow it; for the earth must neither be very wet nor dry, if it is to be performed to advantage. A moderate shower softens the earth to the required degree where the soil is dry, while, on the contrary, wet lands will require a drying air. By this means the heavy clods are broken up; or, if it is grass land, a level surface is obtained. Young crops are sometimes treated in the same way, and the plants have a much firmer hold on the ground, and thrive more vigorously.

Among a particular class the amusement of deer-hunting is followed during this month. The fleetness of the chase, the sagacity of the noble animal, the dangers of the pursuit, conspire to render the occupation in a high degree exciting. Scotland and its borders appear early celebrated for this pursuit, and it was regarded as a matter of serious importance, as supplying the wants of the inhabitants with food and clothing. Even as late as the time of Henry VIII., the Highland huntsman found most of his wants supplied by the deer which he killed. From the increased demand for land for agricultural purposes, the quantity of deer in Britain is greatly diminished, and the occupation is necessarily less frequent. The chase, and its attendant cruelties, have been pathetically, yet truly delineated by our poet, Thomson:

"At first in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, roused by fear,
Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight.
Fleeter than the winds
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood.
Oft in the full descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarmed,
With selfish care, avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course; but fainting, breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart; he stands at bay,
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face,
He groans in anguish, while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous chequered sides with gore."

F. S. W.

THE WORD OF CHRIST.

By the "Word of Christ," our apostle seems to have meant the whole of the inspired Scriptures; not excluding the word or doctrine of Christ, as preached by the apostles "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven," and afterwards communicated in written epistles; but embracing the whole volume of inspiration. The universal terms employed, and the reference to the book of Psalms in the following clause of the verse, appear to imply a well-known book, acknowledged and received as the word of God or the Holy Scriptures; and this, I conceive, the apostle calls, with a particular view to the case of the Colossians, the "Word of Christ."

And the Holy Bible may well be thus styled as containing our Lord's personal preaching of the gospel with his own lips; as revealing the mystery of his redemption; as dictated by his Holy Spirit; and as terminating, in all its parts and bearings, in the manifestation of his glory.

For the Holy Scriptures contain our Lord's personal teaching; all the gospel in its main particulars, as preached by him when he was on earth. The four gospels are only the narrative of the words of Christ proclaiming salvation to man. His Divine voice preached the good tidings, appealed to the Old Testament Scriptures; gave a Divine attestation to the law of Moses, the Psalms, and

the prophets; formed the connecting link of the old and new dispensation; and exhibited the first specimens of the "opening the door of faith to the Gentiles." For example, we read on one occasion, that when our Lord came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up, there was delivered to him the book of the prophet Isaiah, and when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, to bind up the broken-hearted:" "and he closed the book;" and began to say unto them, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears."

But the Scriptures, in all their amplitude, are the word of Christ, as revealing the mystery of his great redemption, with a continually increasing development. "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." From the very fall of man, a revelation of the future Messiah was made in the brief but pregnant promise of "the seed of the woman." Then followed Abel's sacrifice; the covenant with Noah; the call of Abraham, and the Mosaic types, ceremonies, priesthood, and great day of atonement, all typical and prophetical of Christ. The book of Job, also, the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Songs; and the prophecies from Jonah to Malachi are, with various degrees of light, resplendent with the mystery of Christ. So far as to the Old Testament: the New speaks for itself. This very epistle to the Colossians, what does it treat of but "Christ in" and among "the Gentiles the hope of glory?" And as it was in this mystery that the Colossians especially needed to be established, the apostle may, therefore, have chosen to call the whole inspired volume, the "Word of Christ," Col. iii. 16.

But the Scriptures are the word of Christ because they are inspired by the Spirit of Christ. "The prophets," we learn from St. Peter, "searched what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." The people in the wilderness are said to have "tempted Christ." The apostle calls Moses' endurance of the afflictions of Egypt, "his preferring the reproach of Christ to all the treasures of Egypt." "That rock was Christ," says St. Paul, speaking of the rock pouring out its streams for the refreshment of the multitude in the desert. St. Peter teaches us, also, that Christ went by his Spirit in the prophets, and preached in the days of Noah. Thus it was the Logos, the Eternal Word, the "Creator of all things visible and invisible; the image of the invisible God; in whom the fulness of the Godhead dwelt," who inspired "the prophecies of old time;" which "came, not by the will of men; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Accordingly, our Lord thus directs the Jews, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they that testify of me." All this, again, has a bearing on the errors at Colosse which were seducing them from Christ.

The Scriptures are, further, the "Word of Christ," because they terminate, in all their parts, in the manifestation of his glory. Christ is the burden and end of them. Take away Christ from the Bible, and you blot out the sun from the firmament. Take away Christ from the Bible, and you leave only a lifeless mass of precepts and ceremonies. The Holy Scriptures have their sum, and centre, and scope, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of the Revelation, in his glory. Not only have we in the Bible his personal preaching—not only the mystery of his redemption—not only the inspired dictates of the Holy Ghost as sent by him, but much more; Christ is the end of the whole volume, the golden thread to guide through the labyrinth; the pearl of unknown price, which the evangelical merchantman having found, went and sold all that he had, and bought; the treasure hid in the field, which when a man had discovered, he went, and, selling all that he had, purchased that field. Christ is the key of the arch; the corner-stone of the foundation; and the sun illuminating with his righteousness and salvation the whole system to its remotest limits. The design of the Almighty therein was to "give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," 2 Cor. iv. 6. The Colossians, therefore, must never listen for a moment to those who would draw them away from Christ, and substitute for his sole mediation, that of angels and saints.—*Bishop of Calcutta.*

ALAN QUINTIN'S INQUIRIES.

No. V.

ARE YOU OUT OF DANGER?

ARE you out of danger? is a very important inquiry, for we are "fearfully and wonderfully made." A thousand dangers are within us, and ten thousand are about us. Our pillow and our pathway are equally beset. At home and abroad we are in jeopardy; but my inquiry regards not the body but the soul.

I know, and you know, or ought to know, with regard to the body,

> That perils in our paths abound,
> And winged deaths are flying round:

the roof may fall upon our heads; the floor may give way beneath our feet; consumption may waste us by degrees, or the thunderbolt may smite us in a moment. We have no earthly shield to keep us safe from plague, pestilence, and famine; no buckler to defend us from battle, murder, and sudden death. We are ever in danger; we never can be out of danger. There is danger in the heat and the cold, in the wet and the dry, in the glare and the gloom, in the day and the night. But now leave the body; turn to the soul, and answer my question, Are you out of danger?

There is great difference in dangers. Some move slowly—you may see them coming; others are upon you before you are aware. Some are quiet and soft in their tread, as the footfall of the tiger; others make a din like the roar of artillery. Some give notice of their approach by a handwriting on the wall; others, without notice, cry aloud, "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee." It is necessary to know these things, to think of them, and to ponder them in our hearts. Do you know them, think of them, and ponder them? And do you believe that you are out of danger?

You may be in danger from delay; you may be putting off instead of acting; but there is no time to spare—years are rolling forwards, months are passing on, hours are hurrying by, and moments are flying that lie between you and the grave. Time will not stay for us; not an hour, not a minute, not a second; you cannot bribe him, for gold is dross and diamonds are dust in his eyes.

> While fleeting moments onward roll,
> What dangers may beset the soul!

Some are in danger without knowing it. This is a sad state, a fearful attitude, a perilous position. Fancy a man asleep in a house that is on fire; talking at his ease in the cabin of a sinking ship; walking in the dark where a draw-well is in his path; or resting his candle on a barrel of gunpowder. Your danger may be equally great. Look around you. Look every way. Try, inspect, challenge, and thoroughly examine your heart, your life, your hope, and your expectation.

Some are in danger from riches; and truly their danger is great, very great. House must be added to house, field to field, vineyard to vineyard. Like swimmers bearing burdens in deep waters, their souls may sink beneath the weight of their possessions. What a millstone round the neck of the ungodly rich is that text of Holy Scripture, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven!" Wealth, mansions, equipages, and gay apparel, are the gewgaws of a vain world. As the idiot wastes his hours in gathering rubbish and pebble stones, so the unrighteous rich man sacrifices his soul for his treasures. If time does not rob him, eternity will strip him of them for ever.

He that overvalues earthly things is ever in danger. Put them in the balances, give them their just weight, but no more—not an ounce! not a drachm! not a grain! and never let temporal things rank with those which are eternal. The oaks and cedars of the earth will fall, the very pyramids will crumble, and even the "everlasting hills" be destroyed. Nothing beneath the skies is to be trusted. Look up; seek heavenly aid; be a climber, and never rest satisfied till you are safe in heaven.

Many are in danger through pursuing vanities, frivolous follies, airy nothings, and bursting bubbles. Some will have husks, and leave the fatted calf. Some will follow the butterflies of time, and neglect the treasures of eternity. Is it so with you? Can we wonder that they who are idle in summer should suffer hunger in winter? that he who sows the wind should reap the whirlwind? What are you laying up for the future—grain or chaff? gold or dross? joy or sorrow?

> Who makes his bed of brier and thorn
> Must be content to lie forlorn.

Are you sure that you are not the slave of pride, vainglory, or hypocrisy? Are

you certain that your heart is not tenanted by envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness? If the strong man armed has got possession, it will not be easy to dislodge him. If your soul has set up a Dagon, it will be hard to break the idol in pieces. Ask yourself if you are out of danger.

Do you know that your enemies are abroad, and that their name is "Legion?" that they are subtle, malicious, and implacable? quick, skilful, and deadly? Are you prepared for the surprises of deceit and temptation, the lust of the flesh, the pride of life, the world, the flesh, and the devil? Are you aware that your arch adversary goeth about as "a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour?" Are you awake, up, armed, and ready? If not, you are not out of danger.

Some think themselves right when they are wrong; wise when they are foolish; and strong when they are weak. How is it with you? Are you glorying in your wisdom and strength? or lamenting your folly and your weakness? If you feel your feebleness, you will seek for succour and cry aloud for strength. This is the way to be safe. Ask, petition, pray, and strive earnestly for heavenly aid; then will you be able to leap over a wall, then will you come off more than conqueror.

Examine yourself; ask your heart what it loves and what it hates; and you will soon see if you are out of danger. Did you never read the words, "Love not the world, nor the things of the world." If you love riches, honours, pleasures, and your heart is taken up with them—have a care! Mischief is brewing! Danger is approaching! But if you love quietness, peace, faith, hope, charity, prayer, and praise, your feet are on a rock, your eyes are rightly directed, and you are on the highway to heaven.

To sum up all—the things of the earth may be excellent for time, and yet of no value for eternity. If you are trusting your health, your strength, your riches, your friends, or the world, you are in imminent peril. Escape for your life; walk, run—nay, fly from destruction! Again I ask you, Are you sure that you are out of danger? If you feel weak, go to the strong. If you are ignorant, go to the wise. If you are a sinner, hasten to the Saviour; know him, fear him, obey him, love him, and trust him.

Who trusts the Lord of life shall perish never—
His soul is safe for ever and for ever!

THE REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

No. XIV.

WICKLIFFE AND GERSON.

There is an advantage in seeking to understand characters who have been conspicuous for their conduct or abilities in the contests of their day, when it is clearly manifest who were their guides, and their opponents. With this twofold inquiry, the melancholy figure of John Huss is inseparable in history from those of Wickliffe and Gerson; their names are inseparable from his. The one was his instructor, the other his accuser and his judge. Both had considerable influence in the portion of history now under consideration: Gerson by his life, by his zeal, in combating popes and heretics, in defending with Gallican catholicism the principles of morality, and in founding the church upon the authority of councils: Wickliffe by the memorial he has left, by his writings, which animated John Huss, which excited the emulation and admiration of succeeding reformers, and the anger and alarm of the Romish clergy.

These two great men, who now appear to us as standing on opposite sides, really present more points of resemblance than of contrast in their character and conduct. In both their minds a pious and ardent fervour was united to a superior understanding. Both regarded the high and holy subject of religion as inseparable from reason and morality. Both were enemies of that scholastic system, which, in the discourses and writings of theologians, substitutes the vain refinements of a subtile logic, instead of the suggestions of a right mind and generous spirit. Both desired a living stream of knowledge which should influence the heart, instead of those idle dialectics, which, as Bacon says, taught the art of splitting a hair into four parts, and which Gerson compared to cobwebs, which could never be of any service in the cause of truth.* Both were equally indignant at the sinful lives of a priesthood that neglected spiritual worship for mere ceremonial observances, and who forgot or despised the teaching or preaching the gospel as the means of saving souls.† Gerson wrote from Bruges to Pierre D'Ailly, in his first letter upon religious reformation, "I speak from ex-

* Gers. Sermo in die septua. A.D. 1388. III. p. 1029.

† Wickliffe. Of a feigned contemplative life.

perience; I assert that in our cathedral churches and everywhere else the rites of worship are senseless, the remainders of sacrilegious ceremonies of pagans and idolaters. The word of God, which is doubtless the great remedy of all mental disorders, and the preaching of which is the chief duty of prelates, is neglected by them as useless, and derogatory to their grandeur." (Gers., op. I., 121.)

Both Wickliffe and Gerson endeavoured alike to restrain by the secular power the encroachments of the priesthood; both were supported, in circumstances of difficulty, by the princes for whose interests they contended: in later life, when this support failed them, they refused to sacrifice their principles to their interests, and after passing their lives in a courageous struggle against the intolerable assumptions of the papacy, both died—the one condemned, censured by the church, and disgraced by his king; the other suffering the rigours of voluntary exile. Both were accused of heresy by eager and implacable enemies, whom they had raised against themselves in their own order; and, in fact, when they contended for returning to the manners and discipline of the ancient church, when they condemned the abuse of ecclesiastical riches and power, by their allegations against the court of Rome, and the corruptions of both the regular and secular clergy, it would not be easy to say which of these men spoke with the most boldness or used the strongest and most severe language.

As to the question of the respective jurisdiction of popes and kings in temporal matters, not only does Wickliffe oppose the claims of the pope over kingdoms, and over church property, but he discloses the vast abuse of the decretals, and settles as a principle, that priests should be subject to the laws of the land, and to magistrates, as to their property and personal conduct. What was the language of Gerson on the same subject, in his above-mentioned celebrated treatise on the means of reforming and uniting the church? He stated that the arrogance and pride of the Roman pontiffs alone, had produced the books so injurious to the rights of bishops and emperors, called, "The Sextines, the Clementines, and the Decretals. And yet," he said, "the popes desire that they should be received as implicitly as the gospel itself."

The same striking similarity between the statements of Wickliffe and Gerson, when they treat of discipline and manners, may also be traced on some doctrinal points, especially as to the authority of priests in the confessional. Nothing is more remarkable among the doctrines of Gerson, and nowhere does he advance farther on the boundary which separates popery from the protesting communions.

The difference between Wickliffe and Gerson is rather in the inferences they drew from their principles, than in those principles themselves; it exists in their thoughts, not in their words. Gerson, in short, withdrew from the doctrines of Rome, and agreed with St. Augustine and with Wickliffe on the doctrines of election, and justification by faith without works, and perhaps his expressions are clearer and more decided than those of the English reformer. He says, "Man can, by his own will, do nothing to raise himself from the state in which he is fallen. He merits nothing by his own works; Jesus Christ is the only Saviour, and he saves only those who are predestinated from all eternity."*

Gerson certainly understood that the Romish clergy considered that there was only a very short distance between him and the heretics; and at his own peril he sought to widen the small space that separated him from them. He thought himself near the port of safety, and trembled to think that one step farther, and there was a bottomless abyss, into which the church, such as he deemed it in his catholic thoughts, might fall and disappear. Hence arose his extreme harshness to those who invited others to pass this last barrier;—the narrower it seemed, the more necessary he thought it to heap up obstacles, and to secure it by terrors and punishments. His heart was governed by his mind; he thought to save the church by arming it with all its thunders against those whom he deemed infected with heresy. The manner in which he persecuted Wickliffe after his death, both in his disciples and in his memory, proves, that he would not have spared him had he still been living, and the approximation we have shown to exist between that great man and himself would have seemed to him the greatest possible offence.

There are many reasons which explain why Gerson and Wickliffe came to such

* Gers. de Consol. Theol. I. 137.

different results, beginning from the like principles: among the chief may be noticed the great difference between their national churches.

In France, the earliest remembrances of the establishment of episcopacy, were connected with all the great national recollections since the fall of the Roman empire. They recalled ideas of protection, independence, and patriotism. There the greatest abuses of the court of Rome had been rejected by the kings in unison with the clergy. The French church had preserved some liberties, some valued privileges. From all these causes, those in France, who desired reformation, were induced to put their trust in the bishops, and to hope for everything from them.

It was not so in England. The remembrances of the Norman conquest were not yet effaced; the men of Saxon origin, who composed the great mass of the population, never forgot that England had been adjudged to William the Conqueror by the papal see, and that the bishops of their race had been dispossessed and replaced by the victors. The Norman prelates had subjected Saxon England to the requirements of the court of Rome; the whole episcopal order only recalled to the bulk of the nation remembrances of oppression and spoliation; and men who desired reformation, expected from their bishops neither aid nor sympathy.

This double fact in some degree explains the different courses of Wickliffe and Gerson, under circumstances which were, in many respects, similar. Gerson, who was a member of a distinguished body, who filled a high station in the Gallican church, grounded all his hopes on the episcopal order and the universities. Wickliffe, seeing in the prelates strangers and masters rather than pastors, placed his hopes elsewhere; he distrusted the ecclesiastical hierarchy, and placed his confidence in the books of Scripture, the word of life, which he set before the people as their only infallible guide.

Entering upon this course, each pursued it with the ardour natural to him, and was urged by the influences peculiar to his character and circumstances. Gerson, a statesman, fitted for action, early accustomed to important business, thought in the first place of order and authority, and sought especially to reconcile moral reform with the institutions of the church, without endangering the latter. Wickliffe, more retired and reflecting, saw more in the church calling for condemnation, than requiring that it should be supported; he thought less of outward discipline than of inward cleansing, less of bodily coercion than of regeneration in spirit and in truth. He valued priests less than Christians, and thought less of conforming to the traditions of the church than to the rules of the gospel.

Gerson said, "The papal see has been occupied by heretics and murderers; therefore infallible authority is not in the pope, it must be sought for in those general councils that represent the universal church."

Wickliffe said, "God alone is he who has never deceived, and cannot be deceived by any."

Both admitted that no man could be really absolved or excommunicated but by God himself. Gerson did not regard the word of the priest as useless for declaring and confirming the Divine sentence. Wickliffe did conclude that the word of God in heaven needed not to be ratified by a man upon earth.

Gerson desired that the disposal of church property should be subject to such laws as would assure its employment for the service and advantage of Christianity. Wickliffe, convinced that the clergy could never be rich without being also corrupt, would have brought back the priests to the poverty of the first preachers of the gospel. He said that ministers had no right of their own to possess riches; that in the New Testament the tithes were purely alms; and that if the ecclesiastics did not employ their possessions according to the intentions of the donors, they ought to be deprived of them.

Limiting his bold measures by ideas of outward order and spiritual authority, Gerson always saw in the priesthood men endued with powers bestowed by the Holy Spirit: Wickliffe thought, on the contrary, that inward regeneration, by the hope of eternal life, and union to God through faith in his divine Son, and conformity to the image of Christ, was all in all in religion, in true Christianity. He believed that God gave spiritual influences only to those in a state to receive them; he did not believe that words of excommunication or absolution, pronounced by a priest defiled with sin, could open or shut the gates of heaven or hell to any person, whatever he might be. He concluded logically that it was for man, aided by Divine grace, to work out his salvation, and he boldly stated the following pro-

positions, subversive of the ecclesiastical power, then commonly attributed to churchmen: that it is of no use for a dying sinner to be furnished with bulls of indulgences and pardons, or enriched by a treasure of countless masses from monks and priests; that the prayers of a wicked priest avail nothing before God; that those only are true priests and bishops whose lives are conformed to the law of Christ, for by this law alone is such authority given to him.

Gerson admitted most of the doctrines generally received by the Roman catholic world at this period. Wickliffe refused, among others, one that was imposed upon the English church after the Norman conquests. He rejected transubstantiation—the belief that Christ's body is actually present in the Lord's supper.

All this tends to prove that there was more unity, more consistency, in the doctrines held by Wickliffe, and that he did not draw back from any of their consequences; while Gerson, less free, more unsettled, laid down propositions which terrified even himself. His inward life was a painful and continual struggle; if, on one side he was drawn towards what was new, by the workings of an ardent and generous mind, and by the indignation which the corruptions of the church excited within him; on the other, he was restrained, compelled by his filial regard for that church, and by not unfounded apprehensions of the results of individual judgment among a brutal and ignorant people, in a country destitute of government, and having scarcely any legal restraints. He not only stopped, as we have seen, before the bounds which Wickliffe ventured to pass, but he was often inconsistent with himself. He allowed that it was needful to refuse to obey a superior who was guilty, or in error.

He gave, by his own conduct, the example of unconquerable resistance to a pope whom yet he owned as lawful. Yet we see him devoting himself, with indefatigable ardour, to prepare some celebrated treatises for promoting the re-establishment of the same ecclesiastical and hierarchical authority which he had, on other occasions, so severely attacked: "The universal church," he said, "is alone infallible; it consists of the clergy, and of all believers." But while he gave this popular definition to the church, he did not adhere to it. He dreaded the influence of the people, as well as that of the pope; he thought that there might be a representative body in the church, a double aristocracy of rank and science; namely, of prelates and teachers. He admitted that the people ought to be represented, but he would not allow them to choose their representatives. His views of church authority thus rested on grounds purely arbitrary. His decisions, supported by the civil power, might direct outward and temporal matters; but how could they bind the conscience, and regulate the inward intercourse of the heart of man with God? and what connexion can there be, between a degree marking certain attainments in knowledge, and sovereign power to regulate the faith of men?

Gerson recommended meditation on the Divine word as a remedy for the worst of evils. He desired to pour it in floods into the hearts of men, yet he forbade the simple and unlearned to read this word, and condemned the translation of the Bible into the vulgar tongue. He laboured to promote a moral reformation in the church, and he called on those who throve by its abuses to unite with him. He was greatly mistaken; the reformation of the clergy by the clergy was the aim of his whole life—a noble and praiseworthy object, but one impossible to be attained, though he sought it with courage and constancy deserving admiration.

We may follow him on the great field where he fought, and failed; and, perhaps, he alone, through his ardour and self-deception, felt not the horror inspired by the barbarous acts in which he took part. The blood of the martyrs was on his venerable head, but he felt not the stain. We enter into his struggles, his glorious defeats, and the ruin of his dearest hopes, and we own that he was greatest in the sight of God, when he was conquered, repulsed, and beaten down by his fellow-men.

In conclusion, suffice it to say, that the end of Gerson was hastened by bitter treachery, and that Wickliffe was saved by death from the malice of his enemies. The former was ill supported in the noblest part of his work, by which he desired to effect the moral reformation of the clergy; but in his resistance to the encroachments of the Romish see, he was naturally sheltered by the bishops, at whose expense the popedom had arisen. Wickliffe, however, attacked not only the morals, but the authority assumed by the

body of ecclesiastics, and was regarded by almost all of them as an enemy.

The doctrines of the Gallican church were in some degree identified with Gerson; he was, in fact, the soul of those great assemblies, in which they were debated and established during the schism. The doctrines of Wickliffe included the different opinions of many celebrated men who had gone before him, for example, Claude of Turin, Arnold of Brescia, Berenger, and Peter Waldo. Wickliffe arranged their ideas in a more complete and regular form. He embodied them afresh. He grounded them, on the one hand, upon the downfal of that church authority which was considered infallible in spiritual things, and independent of the civil power in worldly matters. But he also, on the other hand, based them upon the declarations of Scripture, interpreted by enlightened reason, the first translation of which was made by him into the English language.

Gerson was the great forerunner of Bossuet.* Wickliffe prepared the way for Luther, by his bold language, his mental abilities, and his exemplary life; he was really the forefather of the great reformation of the sixteenth century, to which the name of Luther has been attached. This honour has been seldom given to Wickliffe, because the success of human opinions depends less on their own worth, than on the circumstances of the times in which they are set forth. To insure triumph to the principles stated by Wickliffe with such logical force and eloquence, in one corner of the Christian world, it was necessary that these doctrines, after having crossed the seas, should take root, at a favourable season, in the heart of Europe. It was needful that men of deep understanding, and of high moral character, should first send them forth by their words, and then seal them by their blood. This actually took place at the time of the great western schism; it was the work of a Christian who sacrificed his life in the cause of spiritual freedom—this martyr was John Huss.

* A celebrated French divine in the seventeenth century.

TREASURES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

No. II.

THE MASTODON.

Who that visits the British Museum, can behold without emotions of wonder the skeleton of the huge, the colossal mastodon giganteus, compared with which that of the elephant is puny? And who that beholds and wonders, is not anxious for some information respecting an animal so stupendous, and furnished with such enormous tusks?

At no very remote period, America, Europe, and Asia, possessed amongst them about eleven recognised species of the now extinct genus mastodon, of which the mastodon giganteus is the largest. The relics of this animal are found in North America, especially at the Big-bone Lick, in the north part of Kentucky, near the Ohio, and along the borders of the river of the Great Osages, which runs into the Missouri a little above its confluence with the Mississippi.

Contemporary with the gigantic mastodon were several species of mammoth or elephant, the ponderous megatherium and the mylodon, besides other gigantic forms, now blotted out of creation. The large animals at present extant on the land are reduced to a very few; they are summed up in a brief catalogue: two species of elephant, the hippopotamus (perhaps two species,) and six ascertained species of rhinoceros. These are the relics of the mammoths, the mastodons, the megatherium, the mylodon, of vast hippopotami, and of huge rhinoceroses, which once appear to have been spread respectively over almost all the habitable portions of the globe; and that not thinly, but in considerable numbers, attended, as we have reason to believe, by carnivorous animals bearing the same relative proportions to them that the lion, the tiger, and the hyena of the present day do to the modern elephants and rhinoceroses. Nor is the date of their existence remote; their remains are found in the superficial deposits of the tertiary series; and could the traditions of ancient nations be thoroughly sifted, it is not improbable that some accounts might be gleaned, which, however obscured by fable, related to some of these terrestrial giants. Indeed, in North America, the red men till very lately held traditionary accounts relative to the mastodon, which, although greatly distorted and mixed up with absurdities, as might be expected, are not to be set aside with utter contempt. Mons. Fabri, a French officer, informed Buffon that the savages regarded these bones scattered over various parts of Louisiana and Canada as belonging to an animal which they named "Father of the oxen," or

"Père aux bœufs." The Shawnee Indians believed that men of proportionate stature existed contemporarily with these enormous creatures, and that the Great Being destroyed both with thunderbolts. The Indians of Virginia state that once a troop of these tremendous quadrupeds advanced onwards, destroying the bisons, the deer, and the other animals created for the use of the Indians; and that the Great Being, in order to avert the threatened catastrophe, slew them all with his thunderbolts, except the big bull, who, nothing daunted, presented his enormous head to the bolts, and shook them off as they fell, till at last being wounded by one in the side, he bounded away towards the Great Lakes, where to the present time, he continues concealed in the deepest recesses of the forests. This tradition, though no stress must be laid upon it, seems to point to some convulsion of nature, as the cause of the ultimate destruction of the gigantic mastodon. It is, however, remarkable that the bones of this animal, so abundant at Big-bone Lick, and other saline morasses elsewhere, exhibit no appearance of having been rolled, but seem to have lain undisturbed since the creature's death; many, in fact, especially on the banks of the river of the Great Osages, are in a vertical position, as if the animal had sunk in soft mud, or a quagmire, and so perished. With these relics are found those of buffaloes, stags, etc., and all are impregnated with ferruginous matter.

In its general form the mastodon resembled the elephant, but was more massive. It had a large proboscis, or trunk, and the tusks grew to a great size—those of the skeleton in the British Museum are enormous. The grinders, instead of presenting on the surface transverse laminæ as those of the elephant, are crowned with numerous large conical elevations, which wear down by use. These bold projections led Dr. W. Hunter and some other men of deserved celebrity to regard this animal as having been carnivorous, overlooking the utter incompatibility of every part of the frame with predatory habits. There can be no doubt that the mastodon fed in the same manner as the modern elephant, using its proboscis in tearing down the branches of trees, and in otherwise collecting bundles of herbage. If we are to trust to some accounts, skulls with a portion of the flesh, and with the proboscis preserved, have been occasionally noticed. Barton states that, in 1762, out of five skeletons examined by the natives, one skull still possessed what they termed a long nose with the mouth under it; and Kalm describes an enormous skeleton discovered by the savages in the country of the Illinois, in which the trunk was apparent, but half decomposed.

Formerly the mastodon was confounded with the fossil elephant or mammoth so abundant in Siberia, and though the learned Pallas pointed out the distinctions, the error prevailed till Cuvier laid the results of his investigations before the scientific world, and cleared up this and other points of difficulty. Since the time of Cuvier the increase of knowledge has been rapid; nor is this confined to the scientific world alone. Public institutions, lectures, museums, and zoological gardens show how general the thirst for information is, and how widely it is beginning to be disseminated. The British Museum is in itself a world of wonders; and the crowds that throng the noble rooms, which contain the treasures of zoology, demonstrate the improving state of the public mind, and the interest which the works of art and of nature have already excited. The light of knowledge is spreading, and if religion goes hand in hand with science, the happiest results may be anticipated.

We need not enter into the minute points of distinction between the mastodon and the mammoth or fossil elephant of Siberia, the bones of which are scattered so abundantly in that country, and in such preservation that the tusks are collected for the sake of the ivory, which is very firm and excellent. Strange to say, a mammoth with its hair and skin and flesh, all as perfect and fresh as if the animal had just died, has been seen and examined in modern days. It was in the year 1799 that a Tungusian, employed in collecting mammoth's tusks in Siberia, perceived the enormous carcass at the mouth of the river Lena in a large block of ice. During the course of the year 1801, the gradual melting of the rock of ice rendered it still more distinct. In 1803 it had become partially exposed, and in 1804 it was so free that a Tungusian cut off its tusks and sold them to a merchant for fifty rubles. For two years after this did the mammoth remain on that icy shore, where Mr. Adams found it, but considerably mutilated; bears, wolves, foxes, etc., had feasted upon it, and the Yakutski had taken away a

great quantity of its flesh as food for their dogs. The proboscis was gone, and one foreleg; the skin, however, was almost perfect, and one ear with a tuft of reddish hair. The skin was thick and strong and of a dark tint, and was covered with long wiry blackish hairs overlaying a reddish furry undercoat. Great quantities of this fur were trampled into the mud by the bears. These remains were now, at last, carefully collected, the tusks repurchased, and the whole transported to St. Petersburgh, where the skeleton and other relics adorn the museum of the academy. This is not the only instance of the kind on record. A mammoth preserved in ice was found on the banks of the Alascia river, which flows into the Icy ocean, beyond the Indigirska. Its hair and its structural characters were precisely those of the Lena specimen. In 1771, the body of a huge extinct species of rhinoceros was found preserved in frozen earth and gravel near the Velhoui; its head and feet were sent to St. Petersburgh. Besides these, the head and feet of the mammoth, with the flesh, have at various times been observed in the ice; and could the shores of the Icy ocean and mouths of the Siberian rivers that flow into it be diligently explored, other specimens might probably be obtained.

It must produce an indescribable sensation in the mind to gaze upon a perfect animal, the race of which has passed away, preserved in the ice, during a long lapse of ages. How many empires rose and fell; what strange mutations took place; what great events came to pass; what "armies shook the earth with thundering tread;" what monuments of human labour crumbled away, while the massive carcass lay in its icy entombment; embalmed by the power of cold! Time rolls on; and at length it becomes revealed to the wondering eyes of the rude peasant; beasts of prey feed upon its flesh; and its relics ultimately find, in some museum, another resting-place.

We shall not here attempt to enter into any explanation of the causes that may have led to the extinction of the mastodon, the mammoth, or other colossal animals coeval with them; for although probable theories on the subject have been advanced, nothing is determinately known. They once existed, they once abounded in the regions where their remains are buried; but they do not now exist, and have not existed for ages. This is the sum and substance of all that is certain concerning them, with the exception of what their structure palpably declares relative to their habits and manners. The British Museum is rich in the fossil relics of the mastodon and the mammoth. M.

SCENE AT A CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Lord John Russell, a few months ago, when in Edinburgh, mentioned, in one of his public addresses, the case of a friend of his who had been put to considerable annoyance, somewhere on the continent, in consequence of having a copy of the works of Plato in his portmanteau. Whilst the noble lord was narrating the circumstance, I felt myself able to lend his friend the fullest sympathy, from having narrowly escaped being exposed myself, from the same cause, to the same annoyance. In the course of my tour I had picked up several books here and there, and finding, on my arrival at Basle, to which I had, for the most part, transmitted them, that my collection was becoming rather bulky, I had them done up by a bookseller in two tolerably large packages, which, after some hesitation, I determined, as the best course, to carry with me. On our arrival at the frontier of Baden, these packages were of course turned out with the rest of the luggage for inspection; but as the examining officer, who was a portly German, lazy, phlegmatic, and pipe-loving, seemed to make a mere form of his duties, I was in hopes that my word would be taken for their contents, and that their well-secured fastenings would not be unloosed. Accordingly, when he came to them, I said, "These two parcels contain nothing but books which I have bought for my private use." I could not have, apparently, said anything more dreadful. My inquisitor immediately dropped his dull leaden look, and fixing on me an eye of keen scrutiny, said, "Books! I must see them, meinherr."

"Oh! of course, if you wish it," I replied, "but I can assure you it is just as I say."

"Books! so! (puff! puff!) what sort of books?"

"Chiefly theological, and a few classical."

"So! (puff! puff! puff!) There are a great many of them, meinherr."

"I only wish there were more of them."

"Potz! there are very many!" (puff! puff!)

By this time one of the parcels had been got open, and the officer, seizing one or two of the books, began to scan them very closely, puffing away all the while with prodigious energy. At length he pounced upon a volume of Stallbaum's Plato, and after turning it over and over, and trying to look exceedingly wise upon it, he at length said, "What is this?"

"A volume of Plato's works."

"So! Plato! Hmn!" (puff! puff!)

"And this?" (pulling out another.)

"Another volume of Plato."

"Potz! and what is it about?"

Now, this was a question I did not altogether relish, for as one of the volumes I had contained the treatise περὶ πολιτειας, I was afraid, in case that one had fallen into the officer's hands, that, translate the title as I might, I should be constrained to use some word such as "republic" or "constitution," which might be of ill omen in the ears of the agent of a petty German sovereign. Great was my relief, therefore, when, on getting hold of the volume, I found it contained the Timæus, and that, consequently, I was able, with a good conscience, to give an answer such as was not calculated to increase the suspicion with which I and my books were evidently regarded. After turning most of the volumes over, the officer seemed to get tired of his work, for he abruptly asked me, "Meinherr, where are you going?" I replied, "To England." "Immediately?" "Yes, I am now on my way." "And do you take all these books with you?" "Certainly; and a few more I hope." "Donner!" and with that he very good-naturedly repacked my parcel for me, and corded it, which was more than I ever knew a Douanier do before or since. Upon the whole, but for the fright about Plato, I got off very well. Why his should be a name of dread among custom-house officers, I cannot conjecture; but manifestly, however delightful may be a stroll with Plato through "the olive grove of Academe," there is no small risk in selecting him for a travelling companion within the range of the Zollverein.

The diligence reached Freyburg between four and five in the morning. Without delay I sought a few hours repose in the comfortable *gasthof*, "Zum Goldner Löwe."

Have any of my readers ever encountered that rarest of all phenomena, a porter or hackney coachman who owned himself overpaid? For once in my life I had this gratification at Freyburg. The hotel was only a few yards from where we stopped, but not knowing where it was, I engaged a man to conduct myself and convey my baggage thither. On our arrival, I took out a franc, which I handed to him, saying, "That is too much?" Of course, I meant it only in jest, but to my surprise, the man replied, "Ja, ja, meinherr, das izt allzu viel," ("Yes, yes, sir, that is quite too much,") and with that he pulled out a canvass bag, and began counting out a lot of the odd-looking things that pass for coins in those regions. I waited to see what change he would offer to give me out of my franc, and what he would consider a fair remuneration for the service he had rendered me. As nearly as I can estimate, he laid down about the value of half the franc, which of course I immediately restored to him, too happy to have such an opportunity of expressing my admiration of honour and fair-dealing in one of a class among which such virtues are but too rare.—*Dr. W. L. Alexander.*

DEATH.

Though we believe that death will completely cleanse the holy soul from its remaining pollutions, that it will exchange defective sanctification into perfect purity, entangling temptations into complete freedom, suffering and affliction into health and joy, doubts and fears into perfect security, and oppressive weariness into everlasting rest; yet there is no magic in the wand of death which will convert an unholy soul into a holy one.—*Hannah More.*

ROBBERY.

Robbery is a sin literally forbidden only in one commandment, but by inference in all. What sin is committed, but some person is not robbed? Doth not idolatry rob God of his worship; blasphemy of his honour; sabbath-breaking of his reserved time? Doth not irreverence rob our betters; murder rob a man of his life, theft of his goods, and false testimony of his name or right?—*Adam.*

Title-page to the Cave at Ipsambul.

THE CAVE AT IPSAMBUL.

The purpose of the Egyptians in their use of the art of design was very different to that of the Greeks, from whom modern art has been altogether derived. It was not to excite the imagination, but to inform the understanding; not to give pleasure, but to convey facts, that painting and sculpture were employed in Egypt. According to Clement of Alexandria, an Egyptian temple was γράμμα, "a writing;" it addressed itself to the mind in the same manner as a book. And, to proceed with the metaphor, the groups of figures which covered it with their hieroglyphic explanations were the several chapters or sections of which the book was composed. So that it was designed to be a written record of the historical facts which led to its erection, and of the Mythic fables, in conformity to which it was dedicated.

It will usefully illustrate the extent to which this mode of speaking of an Egyptian temple was literal rather than metaphorical, if we give here some account of the devices which were engraved at the entrance, generally on the propyla, which are two truncated pyramids placed on either side of the gateway. On each of these was designed a gigantic figure of the Pharaoh by whom the temple was built, grasping with his left hand the hair of one or more captives who are kneeling before him, and brandishing a sword or club in his right hand. These captives represent the nations who were conquered in the war, the events of which are detailed on the walls in the interior of the temple, and whose spoils had contributed to its erection, having been consecrated to that use by the conqueror. So that these designs really answer the purpose both of title pages and tables of contents. We have prefixed an example, which is the title-page to the cave at Ipsambul.

The four lines immediately above the hero in the act of striking, the second of which is somewhat defaced at the top, read—"The living good god, the glorious guardian, smiting the south country," (that is, Africa,) "treading down the north country," (that is, Asia; some of the captives he is smiting have the features and complexions of Africans, others of Asiatics: the walls of the temple itself are covered with an immense scene, representing his campaigns in both these continents,) "the victorious king cometh smiting with the sword the boundaries of all the nations of the world." Then follow the names of the hero, "The lord of the world (sun, guardian of justice, approved of the sun, Sesostris.) The Lord of Egypt, (Ramses, beloved of Amon.)"

Immediately above his head is Harn-hat, the celestial sun, the symbol of sovereignty. The vulture holding a ring in its claws is the symbol of victory. The two columns immediately under his arm read, "King of an obedient people, the righteous Horns, lord of the sword. Devoted to Seben, (the goddess of victory, the vulture,) living lord of the world, who is in this cave, his glorious habitation." On the left is the god Amon, to whom the cave is dedicated, holding out a sword to Sesostris. Over him is written, "Thus saith Amon-ra, the lord of the thrones of the world, Take thy sword, smite with it; we have given thee to tranquillize the south country, Africa; to conquer the north country, to trample under foot all the evil races of the world; to multiply thy great halls beyond the boundaries of Egypt." Ipsambul is not in Egypt proper. The last phrase is obscure.—*Osburn's "Antiquities of Egypt," published by the Religious Tract Society.*

ENGLISH HISTORY.

Holland became an ally of France, but the revolutionary party were startled at the large requisitions levied on them by their friends, to the amount of a million and a half of pounds sterling, while the English ministry ordered the seizure of Dutch property, and commenced hostilities, early in 1795. In the autumn the colony of the Cape of Good Hope was taken, and shortly after the greater part of the Dutch settlements in the East Indies were also occupied by the British.

In the Mediterranean the French had sent a fleet to sea, chiefly composed of the ships that escaped destruction at Toulon. They proceeded against Corsica; but admiral Hotham, with an inferior British squadron, drove them back, after a partial action, in which two of the French line-of-battle ships were taken, chiefly through the energy of Nelson. Hotham was inert, and too much attached to old rules, or the enemy would have suffered more severely, both then and later in that year. Nor did Hyde Parker, who succeeded to the command, act wisely or with energy. Both neglected Nelson, who by this time had become a distinguished commander — though by no means duly valued or honoured by his superiors, or those who had the direction of naval affairs. It was manifest, that much improvement in that branch of service was requisite. Earl Spencer was placed at the head of the Admiralty, but found it impossible fully to meet the exigencies of the times. Lord Bridport had a successful, though partial, action with the channel fleet; and in many contests between single ships, the British prevailed. In the West Indies the French were partially successful—the British losses, from climate and other causes, not having been adequately supplied.

The Vendéens again made head against the supporters of the national convention; so that the horrible attempts to exterminate the insurgents had failed. After the death of Robespierre less ferocious proceedings were adopted; and early in 1795, Charette, the Vendéen leader, agreed to terms of peace. But the emigrant princes, with the British government, again roused the Vendéens to action; an expedition was sent to Quiberon in June, but much time had been lost in the preparations, and more was wasted in disputes among the leaders on their arrival. General Hoche was at hand, with an overwhelming force, which soon drove the invaders and their supporters to the sea-shore. The efforts to repulse the forces of the convention wholly failed. Driven literally into the sea, a part of the emigrants surrendered upon promise of terms, but they were massacred soon afterwards. The British ships carried off as many as could be rescued, but the loss was dreadful. Other small bodies of British troops and emigrants continued to arrive on the coast, but attempted nothing; the Vendéen leaders, however, were induced to keep up a desultory warfare for a few months longer, when Hoche succeeded in destroying them. The whole history of this expedition showed the want of ability and energy in the count D'Artois and the leading emigrants, with the usual blunders and failures in the British leaders and administration. The horrid extent to which the province of La Vendée was depopulated is shown by the state of a town called Chollet, which, having been plundered and sacked, was left without inhabitants. It then remained in the possession of some hundreds of fierce dogs, kept to protect the neighbouring bleach-grounds. These animals fed on the dead bodies, and maintained possession; when the few survivors came they resisted, till they were destroyed by a body of soldiers marched against them. It was calculated that more than four out of every five of the male inhabitants of La Vendée perished!

After the death of Robespierre, the reign of terror soon ended. The most atrocious of the revolutionary party were executed or banished; but the daily sacrifices by the guillotine ceased. The laws limiting prices, and other insupportable enactments of the Jacobin party, were soon repealed; but still there was, for some time, a very unsettled state of things at Paris: while at Lyons and in the south, the royalists, with those who put down the terrorists, plundered and destroyed their opponents, in much the same manner as the terrorists themselves had done;—thus the destruction did not close for many months.

In Paris the matter was first brought to an issue. The price of provisions, and the excessive depreciation of the paper money, excited much discontent. The daily allowance of bread distributed was diminished to two ounces for each person. The people arose, and beset the convention, which, however, on more than one occasion, was efficiently protected by the youth of Paris, who had been in some degree organized by the destroyers of Robespierre. On May 25th the contest was brought to a crisis; the mob took possession of the convention hall, but were driven out by these self-acting protectors; and the few violent revolutionists who remained in that body were seized, tried, and executed.

A new constitution was now adopted, by which many of the worst arrangements of the preceding governments were done away. The people were to choose electors, by whom a council of five hundred members, of at least thirty years of age, were to be chosen, and another council of one-half of that number, who were to be above forty years old. The former body was to have the right of proposing and adopting all laws, but these were subject to confirmation or rejection by the council of ancients. The councils were to appoint an executive body of five directors, one of whom was to go out of office each year. This constitution was mainly the production of the abbé Siéyes, a great theorist as to governments.

The convention, having thus provided a ruling power, were about quietly to dissolve themselves, when an attempt was made in Paris to disturb the proceedings. A central meeting was formed, over which the duke de Nivernois, a royalist, presided, supported by a part of the national guard; but the convention acted with energy. Buonaparte was thought of, and put in command. He was then living at Paris without employment, and thinking of going to offer his military services at Constantinople—having declined to serve in La Vendée. He instantly sent Murat, with what force could be collected, to seize a number of pieces of artillery at Sablons, near Paris. Murat was just in time to anticipate the other party; the guns were brought to Paris, and placed round the convention by Buonaparte, who was supported by about 7,000 men, chiefly regulars. Their assailants were tardy, though several times more numerous. When they moved to the attack, they were met by discharges of artillery, which soon cleared the streets; and Buonaparte promptly following the repulsed masses, they were quickly dispersed. This advantage was followed up by energetic measures. The populace of Paris was disarmed, the national guard re-organized, the clubs dissolved. In a word, the violent revolutionary faction came to an end. The directors were installed in the palace of the Luxembourg, and took upon themselves a degree of state. Life in Paris soon passed from the squalid ferocity of the reign of terror, to the orgies and dissipations of an unprincipled, greedy set of adventurers. The chief difficulty was in adjusting the finances. The expenditure had been supported by an unlimited issue of promissory notes, or assignats, of which, in January 1796, forty-five thousand millions of francs, equal to about 2,000,000,000 of English pounds sterling, had been circulated! These rapidly depreciated, and would not purchase more than one-thousandth of the nominal value. The government received them for taxes for some time, at one-fifth of that amount, but at last they became of no value. After some attempts to avert the evil, the nation was bankrupt—and most disgracefully so. In these changes, almost all the original possessors of property found it disappeared one way or another. The bartering of commodities took the place of sale and purchase by means of money, even among the higher classes; while those who still retained land, went and lived on its produce; and the few that survived, for the most part, literally begged their bread. Unprincipled speculators had somehow profited by these fluctuations, they took the lead in society, and splendour began to re-appear. But it was evident that morals had not im-

proved, for profligacy was more open than before. Thus the revolution in France may be said to have terminated its first course. A more orderly state of things followed: military despotism, as usual, was rapidly succeeding the popular fury it had put down; but the awful and painful results of what had passed affected other nations for many years. At the moment, however, the French armies were checked, for the struggles of the nation had left it in a comparatively enfeebled state.

In July, 1796, a declaration was issued, allowing all persons to transact business in whatever money they pleased; and the mandats, a paper currency which had taken place of the assignats, at the rate of one franc of the former, for thirty of the latter, were to be received at the current value of the day. Matters now resumed a somewhat orderly course; and as Alison says, "France owes to the directory, during the first year, the immense obligation of having reconstructed the elements of society." But this was done without any acknowledgment of the Divine power, consequently it was unsuccessful. Much suffering had yet to be gone through, though in other forms. Military despotism, though free from many evils of revolutionary anarchy, was scarcely less grinding to those who were crushed by its measures.

In June, 1795, a great sensation was caused by Camille Jourdan,' who openly pleaded for religious toleration, and exposed the already faded extravagances of atheism and infidelity; but though received with applause, his views were not yet admitted. The nation still endeavoured practically to live without God in the world.

While France was becoming more settled, the agitations in England increased. Never, during the eighteenth century, was the aspect of public affairs so gloomy as at this period, and through the first portion of the following year. The rise in the price of the necessaries of life, caused by the war, and by the large additions to the circulating medium, was heightened by the failure of crops, and the ungenial season of the preceding year. There had been no recent successes to engage public attention, and the increase of burdens occasioned an outcry for peace. The discontent was aggravated by those who desired a revolution; these were still united under the pretext of seeking parliamentary reform. A large assembly was held in the fields near London, by the political association called the London Corresponding Society; a remonstrance to the king was voted, with strong resolutions; but this was merely for a public exhibition. A few days afterwards, there was a more serious popular outrage. When the king went to open the parliament, on October 29th, 1796, a stone, or ball, apparently from an air-gun, passed through the state-coach, between his majesty and the nobleman who sat opposite. The king was again insulted on his return, and afterwards was in considerable danger while passing through the park to Buckingham House; but some of the bystanders rushed forward to protect their monarch, while the escort succeeded in driving off the mob.

These outrages had the effect of rousing the spirit of loyalty in the larger and better mass of the nation, so that the wide difference between England and France was speedily shown. This period may be marked as that of a crisis in this country. The upper and middle classes were alive to their duties, and Britain was saved from the horrible results of revolutionary anarchy, though the struggle was protracted through the succeeding years. The quiet courage of the king was manifested under these dangers and personal annoyances. The very next day after his narrow escape he appeared in public, and was loudly cheered. Some strong enactments against treason and sedition were passed, perhaps even stronger than necessary, and these, with the employment of secret agents, rather tended to keep up a ferment in the public mind; but under the circumstances then existing, it was not possible to avoid extremes, and certainly there was sufficient ground for much alarm. In May, the chairman of the London Association (a body formed to diffuse loyal principles) was tried at the instance of the House of Commons, for writing a pamphlet, in which he advocated extreme monarchical principles; but he was acquitted, as well as others of directly opposite principles, tried a few days before for an alleged conspiracy.

Among the more pleasing events of the same year, may be mentioned the distribution of 4,000 Bibles among the emigrant French clergy, half at the expense of the University of Oxford, and half at the cost of the marquis of Buckingham. God has declared that his word shall not return unto him void, and we may therefore believe that this distribution was not without

effect; but, in not a few instances, the Romanist clergy sought to propagate their false doctrines too successfully, and without feeling what was due to the country that sheltered them.

The press in England was now actively employed in disseminating principles opposed to anarchy and infidelity. Here, again, is a pleasing contrast to the abuse of printing on the continent. In Britain, the press is unshackled, and without the interference of the ruling powers. There always has been an extensive desire to employ it in behalf of religion and social order, though it is deeply to be lamented that very much has emanated from it of a different description.

The financial pressure rapidly increased in 1795. More than seventy millions had been added to the national debt since the beginning of the war, a large part of which had been wasted in useless schemes, or had fallen to contractors and jobbers of various descriptions. The general wish of the nation certainly was for peace, so that in the summer of 1796, Pitt thought it expedient to make overtures to France, and to send Lord Malmesbury to Paris to negotiate. This concession emboldened the directory, and they merely amused the English plenipotentiary by allowing him to treat with them. England, perhaps, could have made terms for herself; but she continued faithful to her allies, demanding the restoration of their territories, to which the French rulers would not listen. Towards the close of 1795, the territories thus acquired by France on the continent, included some of the most fertile districts of Europe, inhabited by a population of thirteen million souls. Since the commencement of these negotiations, the position of France had much improved. Her armies, under Buonaparte, were victorious in Italy, which affected Genoa and Naples. Spain also declared war against England; but, above all, the moment seemed to have arrived when a fatal blow was to be struck at Britain itself.

Ireland, after a long series of neglect, or of ill-judged measures, was receiving attention from the English government; but the hostile feelings, chiefly proceeding from, and exasperated by, the bigoted spirit of popery, made the bulk of the nation a willing prey to whatever was proposed against England. Some Irish revolutionists, at the head of whom were Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Tone, and O'Connor, entered into negotiations with the French, assuring them that the arrival of a fleet, with some troops, in that island, would be responded to by the simultaneous rising of half a million of men, already organized for that purpose. Hoche's army, of 25,000 men, set free by the termination of the Vendean war, was ordered on this service; and a large fleet was prepared at Brest, under the pretence of an expedition against the West Indies.

All being ready, about the middle of December, Lord Malmesbury's proposals were negatived, and he was ordered to leave Paris. On the 19th, the large armament sailed. The English fleet was divided, and not on the spot to encounter the enemy; but Divine Providence protected Britain, and, as in the case of the Spanish armada, "the winds blew, and they were scattered." Immediately on sailing, the French fleet was dispersed: only a few of the ships reached the destined point of attack, Bantry Bay, where they anchored for nearly a week, and then, uncertain of the fate of the rest, they returned to France, without attempting to land a soldier. The greater part of the fleet returned, but twelve were lost or taken, out of the forty-three sail of the line of which it was composed. This was, indeed, a signal deliverance; for the British government had remained ignorant of the destination of the French armament, so that only partial preparations against it could be made, while the mass of the discontented Irish nation was prepared to rise, and join an invading force on its landing. The knowledge of these things called for precautionary measures of increased severity on the part of the government, which did not remove the evil feelings abroad.

One ill-judged measure at this time was the establishment of Maynooth College, as a place of education for the Romish priesthood, now deprived of the places of education on the continent to which they had usually resorted. The government adopted this as a politic measure, likely to conciliate the Romanists; but it is considered that the result has only aggravated the evils arising from that superstition by which a large portion of that land has so long been enthralled—it introduced a more ignorant and uncultivated class of men to the influential position of the Romish priesthood. It is painful to reflect that the English governments have never adopted measures for enlightening the ignorant Irish in accordance with the spirit of the gospel. Its

proceedings, whether repressive or conciliatory, have been based on wrong principles. They "have sown the wind, and reaped the whirlwind."

THE PLOUGH AND THE SWORD.

"Though blinded warriors seek renown in arms,
Pant after fame, and rush to war's alarms,
Mine be the pleasures of a rural life,
From noise remote, and ignorant of strife."
LIVINGSTON.

In one of the quiet villages that beautify the valley of the Connecticut, sleeping like nests among the green drapery, was a pleasant and somewhat antique farm-house. It stood retired from the public road, overshadowed by a lofty elm, with broad, drooping branches. A silver brooklet came bubbling from the hillock in its background; then flowing into a nook amid the roots of some old trees, and growing deeper and more subdued, was content to refresh the steed of the passing traveller, or the herds who drank and ruminated in its waters, as though it were to them a Helicon.

The smaller tenements and appendages of the farm-house evinced neatness and good husbandry. A dense hop-vine clustered over its long piazza, and a row of bee-hives sent forth their busy people among the thyme and balm-beds. The sound of the matron's wheel, mingling with her song, was heard from the open casement in summer, while the rich products of the churn and cheese-press attested her skill in the dairy.

In the labours of the farmer, his two young sons were constant and active participants. They assisted to draw the furrow in early spring, and to scatter the seeds from whence their bread was to grow. In summer they followed the scythe with their lighter implements, preparing the fragrant food for their domestic animals. In autumn they aided to gather into the garner the varied bounty that God, through their mother-earth, sent as a reward for faithful toil. In winter they sought, with equal diligence, at the district school, those mental stores which were to enrich the whole of life.

One cold evening, they were seated with their books beside a bright fire, fed by the trees of their own forest, while their lamp cast a cheerful ray over the snow-covered landscape. The younger, a boy of thirteen, threw aside his lessons, and said,

"I intend to be a soldier. I have read of Alexander the Great, and of Bonaparte. There is nothing in this world so glorious as the fame of the warrior."

His brother raised a thoughtful brow, and regarded him with a steady glance for a few moments, ere he replied.

"To destroy life, and bring mourning into families, and misery into the world, seems to me cruel, instead of glorious."

"Oh! but the rich dress, and the fine music, and the glittering arms—think of them! And then, the honour and the praise! To have hosts of soldiers under your command, and all the people talking of your courage, and distant nations applauding your victories; how can you be blind to such greatness as that?"

"Did not our minister say, last Sunday, from the pulpit, that the 'end of life was the test of its greatness?' Now Alexander of Macedon, whom you call the Great, fell in a fit of drunkenness, and Bonaparte died on a desolate island, like a chained wild beast."

"I am sorry to see you are so easily prejudiced. Indeed, I must say that you have a very narrow mind. I doubt whether you are capable of admiring heroes. You had better, by all means, be a farmer. Your highest ambition, I suppose, is to break a pair of steers, or ride a dull cart-horse to market."

The voice of the father was heard from an adjoining apartment,

"Boys, go to bed."

Thus ended, for that night, their conversation on martial glory; the only subject on which they strongly disagreed.

A few lustrums swiftly and silently pass by. How quiet is the lapse of time in an agricultural village. Masses of men are not there to level the hillocks, or rear the red brick where the forest waved, or toss the slumbering waters into the cauldron of the steam-spirit, or give the green lanes to the tramp of its iron horse. Seed-time and harvest alternate; the beautiful seasons complete their annual round. The child comes forth from the arms of his mother and guides the plough; a little more silver is sprinkled on the heads that have passed their prime; the old man leans more heavily upon his staff; a few more green mounds are visible in the church-yard.

The features of the rural scenery which we have already described, were but slightly changed. The elm had thrown its groined branches somewhat higher, and marked out a broader circumference of shade. The brook still told an unfinished tale to listening summer, and in

winter incrusted with frost-work and diamonds its root-wreathed basin. On the roof of the farm-house more moss had gathered, and its rough fence of brown bars was replaced by a white paling.

Within was the same cheerful fire that blazed when we last visited it. By its hearth-stone stood the same arm-chairs, but its former occupants had become tenants of that lowly bed which no rising sun awakens. In their place sat the eldest son, and by his side a woman of mature age and pleasing countenance, on whose knee was a fair infant. On a pallet, in a shaded nook of the apartment, two little ones quietly breathed in the sleep of innocence, and at a small table two boys, with thoughtful brows, pondered their lessons. A wintry storm was raging, and as the blast shook the casements, the farmer said to his wife,

"In such cold, bad nights, I cannot help thinking of my poor brother. But so many years have passed since we heard aught of him, and his way of life was so full of danger, that it is most probable he no longer needs our sympathy."

"Husband, just as you began to speak, I thought I heard some one knock; or was it the winds striking the old elm-tree?"

On opening the door, a motionless form was found extended near the threshold. A staff was still feebly grasped in his hand, and a crutch, that supplied the place of a lost limb, had fallen at his side. With difficulty he was borne in, and pillowed in a large chair near the fire. After the application of restoratives, he opened his eyes, and seemed to gaze on every surrounding object—clock, and oaken table, and large old Bible—as on some recollected friend. Then there was a faint sound of "Brother!"

That tone touched the tender memories of earliest years. Their welcome to the poor wanderer with the broken frame and tattered garment, was heart-felt. Yet their tears freshly flowed at his pathetic tones, "See, I have come home to die!"

They hastened to spread the refreshing repast, and to press him to partake. Afterward they induced him to retire to rest, without taxing his exhausted strength by conversation. The next morning he was unable to rise. They sat by his couch, solacing his worn spirit with kindness, and with narratives of the changes that had befallen them and other friends in the peaceful spot of his birth. At intervals he mingled his own sad recital.

"I have had many troubles. But that which hath most bowed me down inwardly was my disobedience in leaving home, against the wishes, and without the knowledge of my parents, to be a soldier. I have felt the pain of wounds, but the sting of conscience is keener. Hunger and thirst have I known, and the prisons of a foreign land. When I lay sick and neglected, it would sometimes seem, in the fever-dream, that my mother bent kindly over me, as she would if I had only the headach; or that my father came with the great Bible in his hand, to read, as he used to do, before our prayers, morning and evening. Then I cried out, in my agony, 'I am no more worthy to be called thy son.'" He paused, overcome with emotion, and his brother hastened to assure him of their perfect forgiveness, and of the fervour with which he was brought ever before their family altar as the son erring, yet beloved.

"Ah, those prayers! They followed me like angel wings. But for them, I might have been a reprobate both to God and man."

By little and little, as his feebleness admitted, he told the story of his wanderings. He had been in warfare both by sea and land. He had heard the deep ocean resound to battle thunders, and seen earth saturated with the red shower from the bosom of her sons. He had served in the armies of Europe, and pursued the hunted Indian in his own native clime. He had plunged recklessly amid the thickest dangers, seeking everywhere the glory that dazzled his boyhood, but in vain. He found the soldier's lot was hardship, privation, and death, that others might reap the fame. He saw what wounds and mutilations, what anguish, mourning, and death were implicated in a single victory. He felt how far the renown of the greatest conqueror falls short of the good that he forfeits; how it fades away before the misery that he inflicts.

"For a few moments," he said, "on the verge of battle, I felt a shuddering, inexpressible horror at the thought of destroying my fellow-creatures; but in the heat of conflict all human sympathies vanished. Desperate madness took possession of me, and I cared neither for this world nor the next. I have been left helpless on the field beneath trampling horses, my open gashes stiffening in the chill night air, while no man cared for my soul. Yet why should I pain you by

such descriptions? You have ever dwelt within the sweet influences of mercy, and shrank to distress even a soulless animal! You cannot realize the hardness of heart that comes with such a life as I have led. The soldier is enforced to be familiar with suffering and violence. His moral and religious sensibilities are in continual peril. Profanity and contempt of sacred things mingle with the elements of his trade. The softening, hallowing privileges of the sabbath are not for him. The precepts of the gospel that were instilled into his childhood are in danger of being swept away. Still my heart ceased not to reproach me in seasons of reflection, though I would fain have silenced it. Oh that it might be purified by penitence, ere I am called to answer for deeds of blood, and for a lost life!"

His sympathising brother and sister still cherished the hope that, by medical skill and careful nursing, his health might be restored. They placed much reliance on the bland influences of his native air, and on the salutary trains of feeling which the kindness of early friends awakened.

Yet his constant assertion was, "My vital energies are wasted. They can be rekindled no more. Death standeth at my right hand. When I came to the borders of this valley, my poor swollen limb tottered, and my whole frame began to fail. Then I besought Him whom I had so often forgotten, 'Oh! give me heart and hope, and hold me up but a little while, that I may die in the house where I was born, and be buried at the feet of my father and my mother.'"

The suffering and humbled man sought earnestly for the hope of salvation. Feeling that a great change was necessary ere he could be prepared for a realm of purity and peace, he studied the Scriptures with prayer, and listened to the counsels of pious men.

"Brother, dear brother, you have followed the example of our parents. In the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, your life has flowed on like an unruffled stream. I chose to toss among whirlpools, and made shipwreck of all. You have kept the law of love even with inferior creatures. You have shorn the fleece, but not wantonly destroyed the lamb. You have taken the honey, and spared the labouring bee; but I have destroyed both the hive and the honey, the fleece and the flock, man and his habitation. I have cruelly defaced the image of God, and crushed out that breath which I can never restore. Bitter is the warfare of my soul with the prince of the power of the air, who ruleth in the children of disobedience."

As the last hour approached, he laid his cold hands on the head of his brother's two little sons, saying, with solemn emphasis, "Choose the plough, and not the sword!"

Tender gratitude lighted up the glazing eye as he faintly uttered, "Sister, brother, you have been angels of mercy to me. Peace be in your hearts, and upon your household."

The venerable pastor, who had been the teacher of his childhood and the comforter of his sickness, stood by his side as he went down into the dark valley of the shadow of death. "My son, look unto the Lamb of God!"

"Yes, father. He taketh away the sin of the world."

The white-haired man lifted up a fervent supplication for the departing soul. When he ceased, the eyes of the dying were closed. There was no more heaving of the breast, or gasping. And they spoke of him as having gone where no sin or sorrow can have place. Yet again the eyelids trembled, and one long, struggling sigh burst from the marble lips. Bending down, the mournful brother caught the last sounds, faint, yet tuneful, "Land of peace!" and "Saviour of sinners!"—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

A WORD FOR THE POOR, BY OLD HUMPHREY.

"Those scraps of mutton!" said I, musing as I went along; "those scraps of mutton!"

It never answers, in writing a piece that is intended to affect the heart, to begin fiercely and end faintly. We ought rather to gain than to lose strength as we go on. It is such a sad fall off when treating on an elephant to descend to an ant; when dealing with sunshine, to decline to shadows; and when dwelling on the glory of heaven, to come tumbling down to the glooms of earth. Better, a great deal, to reverse this method; better to go from ants to elephants, from shadowy scenes to sunbeams, and to mount up from earth to heaven.

There would be something really amusing in giving up an hour or so to consider how differently the world provides for those who have money and those who

have it not, if it were not for the heart-ach that would accompany the investigation. Old Humphrey is not the man to envy and rail against the rich, nor to make the poor discontented with their portion; much rather would he remind both that the advantages of riches and the evils of poverty are of very short duration. He cannot, however, see human deprivation without feeling human sympathy.

Yes! the rich are provided for in one way and the poor in another, and it must of necessity be so. There is some difference between the linendrapers' shops of St. James's and St. Giles's, and not less difference in the costliness of the articles they sell. The rich lady makes her purchases at the former establishment, the poor woman buys what she requires at the latter. They are both descendants from him who was formed in the image of God, both fashioned by the hand of the Most High, and both of them may be, in the best sense of the word, "King's daughters," heirs of the kingdom of heaven; and yet while the one, with ease, pays fifty pounds for a Cashmere shawl, the other lays out two shillings for a cotton petticoat.

In some of the first-rate shoemakers' shops, the boots and shoes in the windows are so exquisitely formed that a droll friend of mine once affected to regret that he could not have his leg made to the boot, instead of having the boot made to his leg. To these shops go the rich; but Monmouth-street is the place for the poor, where thousands of patched-up old trampers, both boots and shoes, are daily to be seen, looking, with the "bloom of the blacking brush" upon them, better than they are. While the rich order their new boots elsewhere, here the poor purchase their second-hand shoes. Strange scenes have I witnessed in Monmouth-street, and you may witness them too, if you have any interest in seeing the poor wrestling with their poverty.

A pleasant thing it is to look in at the shop of a seller of second-hand books, and to roam over the old lettered stores. Some of the worthy old volumes are in parchment jackets, some in leathern jackets, and some in no jackets at all. What goodly rows of encyclopædias, voyages, travels, divinity, and books of all kinds, in folio, quarto, and octavo, for those who have money! and for those who have it not, or but little of it, there is the box of oddments at the door, so that while a "well-to-do" customer lays out a pound, the poor purchaser in the threadbare coat buys a book for a penny.

When I took up my pen, it was not with the intention of writing about linendrapers, shoemakers, and booksellers' shops, and yet I have touched upon them all. It is now high time that I begin to tell you what I have to say about "those scraps of mutton!"

As I passed a butcher's shop in the city, I could not but notice how differently, as I said before, the rich and the poor were provided for. There were hanging up in front, and spread out on benches covered with clean cloths, inside the shop, quarters, sirloins, and rounds of beef, with saddles of mutton, haunches, and other joints of the very first quality. Just at the moment came up to the shop a good-looking, light-hearted, broad-breasted man in a white waistcoat, jingling his gold seals, and making a low, half-whistling sound with his mouth. He looked carelessly at the prime joints, bargained for a sirloin, a haunch, and a tongue, obtained a little abatement, more, I suspect, because it was business-like, than for any other reason, and walked on in the direction of the Exchange, thinking, I believe, no more of the money he had paid, than he did of the penny which a minute before he had given to the sweeper of the crossing.

But while the light-hearted, white-waistcoated man thus bargained for the prime joints on the benches covered with clean cloth, I observed another bench which had no cloth at all upon it. It stood at one end outside the shop, almost like a separate concern. Hardly need I say that it was intended for the poor. It had upon it scarcely anything else than scraps of mutton. The white-waistcoated man, I verily think, never saw them, never thought of them, never knew that they were there. If he had, he was as likely a looking man as any one I know to have given a hundred of them away to the poor. It is often rather want of thought, than unkindness, that keeps the wealthy from performing deeds of charity. "Those scraps of mutton!" thought I, "those scraps of mutton!"

A poor, meek-looking woman, with famine in her face, passed by with an old basket in her hand, and she paused and looked at the scraps of meat wishfully, then ventured to lift up one of them, to turn it round, and to ask the price. I warrant you, by its appearance, that it

had been handled by twenty people at least before her. The poor woman shook her head at the price, and walked slowly on, returning, however, in a little time and making a bidding, when the good-humoured butcher told her to take it, and make it out to him another time. But though this poor woman bore away her scrap of mutton, many others did not do so who appeared to be in as much need as she was. Some, who had short tempers, told the butcher that he ought to be ashamed to ask poor creatures so much for such wretched scraps; others went away in silence; and one, tall, thin, sharp-faced man, very dirty and very ragged, seemed quite ready to beg, to borrow, or to steal. In a word, I saw in a little time a great deal of misery, and walked away with a heavy heart. "Those scraps of mutton!" said I, musing as I went along, "those scraps of mutton!"

Again it occurred to me, how differently the rich and the poor are provided for. The lighthearted man in the white waistcoat never looked at the scraps of mutton, not he! he never dreamed of such things—they were quite out of his way. The poor woman never looked up to the sirloins and saddles that were hanging up. Why should she? She might just as well have gazed up at the gilded ball at the top of St. Paul's, for she was about as likely to obtain the one as the other. "Those scraps of mutton!" thought I, "those scraps of mutton!"

You may, perhaps, be thinking, reader, and I hope you are, that I ought to have helped some of the poor creatures described by me. Supposing, however, that I was deficient in kindness, that will not justify you in following a bad example. I am about to propose to you how, providing you have leisure, ability, and inclination, you may pass an hour and expend a few shillings very pleasantly. Post yourself, then, on a Saturday night, within view of a butcher's shop, and exercise your discrimination and kindness by helping the poor people who come to purchase the scraps of mutton.

Take care, however, that you do not fall into an error. You must not expect to find them all cleanliness, propriety, good manners, and gratitude, but rather take them as you find them. Poverty is not the less real because it is attended with unlovely qualities. Now and then you may fall in with a poor widow dressed in her clean cap, whose manners may proclaim that she has "seen better days," and whose thankfulness may more than repay you for your kindness; but, more frequently, you will meet with a want of cleanliness, a want of good manners, and a want of gratitude. The words of holy writ are not, Blessed is he that considereth the neatly dressed poor, or the well-behaved poor, or the thankful poor, but, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble," Psa. xli. 1.

It is hardly well to expect too much from poor humanity. Some people never think of the martyrs without imagining them to be a company of quiet, wise, grey-headed men, as comely to behold as good father Latimer himself, and women as prudent in their conduct and matronly in their appearance as we suppose Sarah, the wife of the patriarch Abraham, to have been; but instead of this, they were of all ages and appearances, and many of them, no doubt, deficient in worldly wisdom and good manners, having very little to recommend them to notice; but this only sets forth the grace of God more strikingly, that such people should have faith and courage enough to die a cruel death, rather than deny the Lord.

A poor woman may be uncleanly and forbidding, and yet be suffering grievously through distress; a poor man may be uncivil and unthankful, and yet poverty may be gnawing him to the bones. Take the poor, then, such as they are, bear with them, speak kindly to them, correct their bad habits if you can; but, at any rate, relieve them.

What fearful narrations have reached us from Ireland and Scotland of distress and famine! Why, if only half the accounts given are true, and I have no reason to doubt them, it behoves every one, according to his means, to lend a helping hand to mitigate the wide-spread distress that has fallen on a suffering people. The fruit of the ground has failed; famine is stalking abroad; disease is wasting the strength of thousands; and the darts of death are thickly flying around. Ireland has cried aloud in her agony, and promptly has England hastened to her aid; and if Scotland has more patiently endured her visitation, she is by far the more, on that account, entitled to our kindest sympathy and support. If there be such a thing as honest pride, I feel it when I look over the fair page of English philanthropy—the free-hearted, open-handed charities of a generous people.

But is it in Ireland and Scotland alone that want is known, and that the poor are struggling with distress? Call to mind the high price of bread, meat, vegetables, and coal, with the difficulty of dividing a few shillings so as to secure a week's supply, and you will see at once, even without a knowledge of the painful accounts which are abroad, that among us, even in England, the poor are struggling hard with unusual distress, and enduring great privation. You know now something of the thoughts that came over me when I musingly exclaimed, "Those scraps of mutton! those scraps of mutton!"

Broken and unconnected as my remarks may appear to have been, they have all had one common end and bearing; the Cashmere shawl and the cotton petticoat, the exquisitely formed boot and the Monmouth-street patched-up second-hand shoes, the folio volumes and the box of oddments, the sirloins and saddles, and those "scraps of mutton," all have been intended to call forth your sympathy for those whose bits and drops are precarious, whose comforts are small, and whose lives are one continued struggle with the evils of poverty.

Mistake me not in thinking that I regard a lowly lot as a misfortune; that daily labour, common food, and coarse clothing are evils. On the contrary, I believe that many a poor, hard-working man has less care, less sorrow, and more health, sound slumber, peace, and real enjoyment of heart, than his richer neighbours; that there is this difference between the rich and the poor, that in trying times the one can retrench with advantage, while the other cannot. Hundreds and thousands of poor people, at the best of times, struggle hard to meet their daily wants, and these when trouble comes in any shape, are of necessity reduced at once to great distress. Think of these things and look around you; these are trying times; show that you have hearts in your bosoms; and that you have not only gratitude to the Father of mercies for the comforts he has bestowed, but also sympathy for those who are battling with distress. Practise economy, kindness, and charity. Be assured that "there is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself," Prov. xi. 24, 25.

CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

The time and place at which watches were first made, similar to those now in use, are not positively determined. The first step towards its accomplishment must have consisted in making a main-spring, the source of motion, instead of a weight.* The invention of the fusee speedily followed the main-spring, and without it the former would be useless, in consequence of its tension varying according to the size of its coil. In the time of Elizabeth a watch was a very different kind of instrument to one of the present day. As regards size, it closely resembled one of our common dessert-plates. Before Dr. Hooke's improvement, the performance of watches was so very irregular that they were considered as serving only to give the time for a few hours, and this in rather a random kind of way. The invention by Dr. Hooke of a spiral spring applied to the arbor of the balance, by which means effects were produced on its vibrations similar to the action of gravity on the pendulum of a clock, was perhaps of more importance than any improvement which has been subsequently made. Watches were common in France before 1544, as in that year the corporation of master clockmakers in Paris had a statute enacted to ensure to themselves the exclusive privilege of making and causing to be made, clocks and watches, large or small, within the precincts of that city. The anchor escapement was invented by Clement, a London clockmaker, in 1680. Previously to 1790, two kinds of watches were made, the vertical and the horizontal. The former was first used in clocks, then in watches. The horizontal was invented in 1724, by George Graham, F.R.S. (an apprentice of the renowned Tompion), to whom we are indebted for two of the most valuable improvements in clocks which have ever been made, viz., the dead-beat, or Graham escapement,† as it is called, and the mercurial compensation pendulum. The best proof that can be adduced of the importance of these inventions is, that they still continue to be employed in all their early simplicity, in the construction of the best astronomical clocks of the present day. Graham's horizontal escapement is still extensively employed in the Swiss and

* This was first used early in the 16th century.

† A very detailed and learned pamphlet has just been written on this beautiful escapement by Benjamin L. Vullimay, F.R.A.S., clockmaker to the queen, entitled, "On the Construction and Theory of the Dead-Beat Escapement of Clocks."

Geneva watches, but in the better sort of those of English manufacture, it has been superseded by the duplex, and recently by the lever, which is nothing more than the application of Graham's dead-beat escapement to the watch, though patents have been taken out by various persons who have claimed the invention. The most remarkable inventions of this period were those of Harrison, consisting of his gridiron pendulum, the going fusee, the compensation curb, and the remontoir escapement. In 1736, he appears to have completed his longitude watch, and received from the Royal Society their gold medal; he ultimately received the government reward of £20,000, together with other sums from the Board of Longitude and from the Hon. East India Company.

Notwithstanding his application of the compensation curb to the watch, it was still a subject of inquiry, and by many persons it was thought that the expansion and contraction of the metal, of which the spring is composed, was the source of variation in the equality of its motion under changes of temperature; but the consideration that the change of rate in the clock, with a seconds, pendulum, in passing from the winter to the summer temperature, amounted only to about twenty seconds, while that of the watch exceeded six minutes and a half under similar circumstances, led careful observers to infer that some other cause must be assigned for the anomaly, and the loss of elasticity of the balance-spring by heat began to be suspected, as appears by the following passage in the Prize Essay of Daniel Bernoulli, read before the French Academy:—"I must not omit," said this celebrated geometrician, "a circumstance which may be prejudicial to balance-watches; it is, that experimental philosophers pretend to have remarked that certain changes of elastic force uniformly follow changes of temperature. If that be the case, the spring can never uniformly govern the balance." That which Bernoulli only conjectured, was in 1773 established as a matter of certainty, and the amount in loss of time, due to each of the three conjointly operating causes, determined by Berthoud to be,—loss by expansion of the balance, 62 seconds; loss by elongation of the balance-spring, 19 seconds; and loss by the diminution of the spring's elastic force by heat, 312 seconds, by an increase of 60° of heat of Fahrenheit's scale. We have previously observed that Harrison's compensation curb was inefficient, as, besides other defects, it interfered too much with the isochronism of the balance-spring, as the inventor himself was candid enough to confess that the balance, balance-spring, and compensation curb, were not contemporaneously affected by changes of temperature, since small pieces of metal were sooner affected than large, and those in motion before those at rest. Whence he was led to conclude, that if the provision for heat and cold could properly reside in the balance itself, as was the case with his gridiron pendulum clocks, the timepiece might be made much more perfect. This ingenuous observation is the more to Harrison's credit, as it was certainly his interest to conceal such a suggestion, being at that time a candidate for the government reward. The complexity of Harrison's time-keeper, and the high price, £400, demanded by Kendall to make them after that model, still left the time-keeper to be discovered that would come within the means of purchase of private individuals: for admirably as Harrison had succeeded in the construction of those which had procured him his reward, and great as were the talents of his assistant Kendall, yet, for practical purposes, there needed an instrument of greater simplicity, and to John Arnold we are indebted for its invention.

Arnold is also celebrated for the manufacture of the smallest repeating-watch ever known; it was made for his majesty George III., to whom it was presented on his birth-day, the 4th of June, 1764. Although less than six-tenths of an inch in diameter, it was perfect in all its parts, repeated the hours, quarters, and half-quarters, and contained the first ruby cylinder ever made. Indeed so novel was the construction of this little specimen of mechanical skill, that he was forced not only to form the design and execute the work himself, but also to manufacture the greater part of the tools employed in its construction. It is minutely described in Rees's Cyclopædia, and also in the Sporting Magazine of that time, in which latter work it is correctly stated to be of the size of a silver twopence, and its weight that of a sixpence. The king was so much pleased with this rare specimen of mechanical skill, that he presented Mr. Arnold with 500 guineas; and the emperor of Russia afterwards offered Mr. Arnold 1000 guineas for a duplicate of it, which he declined.

Arnold's model, though destined to

perform the same office as Harrison's, was entirely different in its construction, and was as simple as his predecessor's was complex. By progressive stages of improvement, it was brought by the inventor himself to so high a point of perfection that it continues to be the model followed in the construction of the best chronometers of the present day. The instruments upon which Arnold experimented, are now in the possession of his successor, Mr. C. Frodsham, and show the gradual progress of advancement made in the escapement, etc., until he arrived at that beautiful, yet simple, detached escapement, which is still followed, and known under the name of the Arnold escapement. He was the first watchmaker who introduced jewelling into watches and clocks, and in 1771 he applied ruby pallets to the two clocks of the Royal Society by Graham and Smeaton, and likewise to the transit clock by Graham at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. In 1776 Arnold achieved what was unquestionably his greatest work, viz., the invention of the cylindrical spring and compensation balance, and their application in the chronometer, which is the name that Arnold then first employed to designate his time-keepers. This ingenious and valuable discovery introduced a new era in chronometry. Each part of the machine under the new arrangement performed unchecked the office assigned to it. The escapement was completely detached, except at the moment of discharge and giving impulse; the balance-spring, no longer interfered with in corrections for temperature (as formerly) by the compensating curb, became a free agent and the generator of motion, in which state only it is capable of being perfectly isochronized; the balance, by its expansion and contraction, varied its inertia according to the varied tension of the balance-spring by its increased or diminished elastic force in changes of temperature, while the office of the main-spring was reduced to that of a simple maintaining power. This beautiful discovery, together with the law of isochronism and other important improvements in the modification of the compensation-balance, procured for him and his son, John Roger Arnold, the reward from government of the sum of £3,000. The accuracy with which chronometers keep time is truly astonishing; in 1830, two chronometers constructed by Mr. Charles Frodsham were submitted for public trial at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, for twelve months, and were observed daily. One of them made an extreme variation of 86-hundredth parts of a second, and the other of 57-hundredths only; but even this degree of accuracy, surprising as it is, is surpassed by the performance of his best astronomical clocks. It is therefore highly honourable to the English artists, that by their ingenuity and skill they have accomplished the great object which had occupied the attention of the learned of Europe for nearly 300 years, namely, the means of discovering the longitude at sea. It is not a little singular that Sir Isaac Newton suggested the discovery of the longitude by the aid of an accurate time-keeper.

If we go back to the period of Philip III. of Spain, we shall then see the interest and importance attached to this great discovery. As early as 1598, this monarch offered a reward of 100,000 crowns to any person who should discover the means of finding the longitude of a ship at sea; but what was the opinion then entertained of the nature of the task to be accomplished by means of the balance-watches then in use, may be gathered from an expression of Morin, who wrote about the year 1630, and who, in speaking to the cardinal Richelieu of the difficulty of constructing an instrument which should keep time to the requisite degree of accuracy for that purpose, is reported to have said, "Id verò an ipsi dæmoni nescio, homini autem suscipere scio esse stultissimum."*—*Beckmann's Inventions, by Francis and Griffiths.*

THE ROMISH MISSIONARY XAVIER.

Some account of the celebrated Francis Xavier, who was an active and devoted missionary of the Romish religion, may be found interesting, as giving some idea of the efforts of the Jesuits in the east, at an early period, and exhibiting both the right and wrong features of a character of no common order, calculated to serve as an example, and also as a warning to others. His history is little known to the generality of Protestants, and among Papists it has been mixed with foolish and fabulous legends. The chief facts are as follows, being stated in Hough's "Christianity in India:"—"One of the first and best of Loyola's disciples

* "I know not what such an undertaking would be even to the devil himself, but to man it would, undoubtedly, be the height of folly."

was Francis Xavier, whose zeal and charity would have done honour to any cause, had they been directed solely by the word of God instead of the interests of his exclusive order and intolerant church. He was born April 7th, 1506, at the family castle of Xavier, which stands at the foot of the Pyrenees, seven or eight leagues from Pampeluna. At a very early age he manifested a contemplative mind, and took much more delight in wandering alone amid the wild mountain scenery of his native land than in the sports of the field. He was carefully educated at home under able masters, and made considerable proficiency in the classics. He removed to Paris in 1524, when eighteen years of age, to prosecute his studies at the celebrated university of that metropolis. Here he entered with ardour into the study of philosophy, and obtained great credit by his lectures on Aristotle. But he was soon to be diverted from his literary career. Ignatius Loyola (the founder of the society of Jesuits) came to Paris to complete his studies, and hearing of Xavier's fame, determined to become acquainted with him. He drew so impressive a contrast between the wisdom and honour of this world, and of religion, as to cause the determination of Xavier to waver, but he could not yet consent to forego the temporal ease and advantages within his reach.

"At that time there were several Lutherans at Paris, in whose conversation he appeared to take greater interest than in that of Loyola; and there can be little doubt that what he learned from them had some influence on the formation of his character, though he was dissuaded from adopting their sentiments.

"When Xavier had once fairly entered on his new career, he followed the spiritual exercises of Ignatius, with characteristic ardour, subjecting himself to all the privations which they enjoined. His teacher does not appear to have directed him to depend on the Holy Spirit to mortify the flesh with its affections and lusts, and there is no reason to suppose that he was actuated by the pure and disinterested motive of love to Christ. Ignatius had contrived to conciliate his confidence and regard, and to communicate to him no inconsiderable share of his own enthusiasm. Nothing could be more entire than his voluntary renunciation of all that the world presents to captivate the young and ambitious, and his adoption of everything repulsive to human nature. Ignatius, Francis, and five other converts, solemnly dedicated themselves, on the summit of Montmartre, to the service of the pope, and the church of Rome; and faithfully did Xavier perform his vow, to the last moment of his life.

"After several years spent in active labour and patient suffering, performing long and perilous journeys on foot, in the depth of winter, and exposing himself to hardships that nearly brought him to the grave, he and his five companions were called by Ignatius to Rome, and introduced to the pope, who encouraged them to act under his direction. Xavier was afterwards appointed to proceed to India. His farewell to Loyola was very affecting: 'It is impossible for me to forget you, Ignatius, or not to recall to my memory that sincere and holy friendship which you have shown me. Father of my soul, when I am afar, I will think that you are still present, and that I behold you with my eyes; write to me often. The smallness of my talent is known to you; share with me those abundant treasures which Heaven has heaped upon you.'

"On his arrival at Lisbon, finding the next fleet for India was not to sail before the spring, he employed the intermediate time in visiting the beds of the sick, and the dungeons of the inquisition. The king and queen offered him apartments in the palace; but he preferred lodging in the hospital of All Saints', where he was surrounded by the sick and dying.

"The fleet arrived at Goa, May 6th, 1542, when Xavier waited on the bishop with his credentials, and was received with kindness and confidence. His first attention was given to the Portuguese, whom he found in a demoralized condition, and, in a short time, it is said, he had the satisfaction of observing a general improvement in their conduct.

"Although thus actively employed, he was not inattentive to the primary object of his mission—the conversion of the heathen; and he availed himself of every opportunity to prepare for the work. Natives were flocking to Goa from all parts of India, for purposes of trade, and from these he obtained information respecting their languages, customs, and religion. He visited no less than thirty villages along the coast, and thus describes his mode of proceeding: 'I went about with my bell in my hand, and gathered together all I met, both men

and children; I instructed them in the Christian doctrine. The children learned it easily by heart, in the compass of a month; and when they understood it, I charged them to teach it to their fathers and mothers, then to all of their own family, and even to their neighbours.

"'On Sundays I assembled the men and women, little boys and girls, in the chapel; all came to my appointment with an incredible joy, and most ardent desire to hear the word of God. I began with confessing God to be one in nature, and triune in persons. I afterwards repeated distinctly, and with an audible voice, the Lord's prayer, the angelical salutation, and the apostles' creed. All of them together repeated after me, and it is hardly to be imagined what pleasure they took in it. This being done, I repeated the creed distinctly, and, insisting on every particular article, asked if they really believed it. They all protested to me, with loud cries, and their hands across their breasts, that they firmly believed it. My practice is, to make them repeat the creed oftener than the (other) prayers; and I declare to them, at the same time, that they who believe the contents of it are true Christians.

"'From the creed I pass to the ten commandments, and give them to understand that the Christian law is comprised in these precepts, that he who keeps them all, according to his duty, is a good Christian, and that eternal life is decreed to him. That, on the contrary, whoever violates one of these commandments is a bad Christian, and that he shall be damned eternally in case he repent not of his sin. Both the new Christians, and the Pagans admire our law, as holy and reasonable, and consistent with itself. Having done as I told you, my custom is to repeat with them the Lord's prayer and the angel's salutation. Once, again, we recite the creed, and at every article, besides the paternoster and the ave maria, we intermingle some short prayer —and almost in the same manner, we run over the ten commandments.' The false doctrines which are implied in these statements need no comments.

"This is a fair specimen of Xavier's usual mode of proceeding with the natives, whether heathen, or nominal Christians. How he can have expected them to comprehend this confusion of doctrine and precept, is unaccountable. Perhaps he did not expect it, and sought only to obtain that implicit acquiescence in all that he told them to believe and do, which the Roman church inculcates as the first duty of her children. This she calls Christian humility; and these poor people were, in this respect, as humble as could be desired. In fact, they were too dependent on the Portuguese, to think of withholding their assent from whatever their preceptor told them to believe. We are not surprised, then, at his numerical success, nor that he himself at last became ashamed of the converts he had taken such means to instruct.

"He spent fifteen months among these thirty villages, giving, upon an average, about a fortnight to each, and he placed over the congregations formed in this manner, the most intelligent persons he could find among them. These he taught to repeat what he had translated; which appears to have been their principal, if not their only qualification.

"Obtaining three companions, and having assigned to each of his colleagues a district on the coast, he penetrated further into the country alone. He thus wrote to Mansilla, one of his colleagues: 'You may judge what manner of life I lead here, by what I shall relate to you. I am wholly ignorant of the language of the people, and they understand as little of mine, and I have no interpreter. All I can perform is to baptize children, and serve the sick—an employment easily understood, without the help of an interpreter, by only minding what they want.'

"His attention was next directed to Travancore,—the rajah of that country having been induced, at the solicitation of the Portuguese, to allow him to preach in his dominions. There he found a more numerous population; and pursuing the same course as with the fishermen on the coast, he met with even greater success. He writes, that in one month he baptized with his own hand ten thousand idolaters, and that frequently in one day he baptized a well-peopled village. He says, also, that it was to him a most pleasing object to behold, that so soon as these infidels had received baptism, they ran, vieing with each other, to demolish the temples of the idols." No less than forty-five churches were immediately built for the use of these converts. Those who know the care and patience required to inculcate Divine truth upon the Hindoo mind, will be able to estimate correctly such rapid and wholesale conversions. Instead of improving by experience, and taking more pains to instruct the Malabars, than

he had bestowed upon the Paravar (fishermen,) he seems to have thought that they required even less preparation for baptism, and was satisfied with their demolition of the Hindoo idols and pagodas, in proof of their sincerity. But all this intemperate zeal naturally aroused the anger of the Brahmins, who regarded the missionary as an invader of their province, and laid snares for his destruction, from which he narrowly escaped.

Xavier appealed to the universities of Europe, and particularly that of Paris, but with no other effect than to call forth one general burst of admiration. The warm admirers of his zeal and diligence had no ambition to follow his example.

It is impossible within these limits to record many of the incidents that were connected with his journeys, but one anecdote must not be omitted. Xavier once "embarked at Cochin, and one of his fellow-passengers was a Portuguese gentleman—a libertine and atheist, who glorified in his infidelity. Xavier determined to make his acquaintance, with a view to his conversion; and, by his courteous manners and conversation, they soon became intimate. But the man would not allow the missionary to speak to him about his soul, and whenever his sins were touched upon, he flew into a rage. The vessel in which they sailed touching at Connamore, they went on shore together, and took a walk in a wood. They had not been long there, before Xavier stripped himself to the waist, and inflicted on himself so severe a chastisement, that his back and shoulders were soon covered with blood. He then cried to his companion—'It is for your sake that I do this, and it is nothing to what I would cheerfully suffer for your soul. But you have inflicted a much severer penalty on Jesus Christ. Will not his passion, nor his death, nor all his blood, suffice to soften the hardness of your heart?' Then, lifting up his voice, he said, 'O Lord, be pleased to look on thine own adorable blood, and not on that of so vile a sinner as I am.' All this produced the desired effect, for the man immediately threw himself at the father's feet, entreated him to forbear, and promised to confess and turn from his wicked course." That Xavier could resort to the practice of such penance, how benevolent soever his intention, is another evidence of the prostration of his understanding—his absolute subjection to the carnal ordinances of his church.

He visited Malaya, Java, Japan, and many of the adjoining islands. Some of his converts, at least, evinced sincerity in their Christian profession, suffering losses of property, and even death, from their heathen superiors. But it would be needless to pursue the history of his labours, though it is interesting to know that his last effort was an attempt to reach China. But his course was run.

"When they had proceeded on the voyage as far as the isle of Sancian, he was taken ill, and desired to be put on shore. His request was complied with, indeed; but the officers and crew of the vessel shamefully neglected him, for they left him to die in a miserable shed, exposed to the beams of a vertical sun by day, and to cold winds by night. He expired December 2nd, 1552, and was immediately put into the ground, without much ceremony. But, at the request of his two friends, and ashamed, probably, of having paid so little respect to the remains of so distinguished a man, they disinterred his body, for the purpose of transporting it to India. At Goa it was received with due solemnity, put into a coffin enchased with silver and precious stones, and enshrined in a monument of exquisite art. Thus terminated the career of this extraordinary man, at forty-six years of age, ten and a half of which had been spent in the east.

"What an appalling instance does he present of the thraldom of a noble spirit under a system of darkness. As a minister of Christianity, he had great faults—the faults of the system which enthralled his mind. His personal character appears to have been unexceptionable, and this may be fairly attributed to the instructions and impressions he had received in early life through his Protestant associates at Paris. His missionary character, in some respects, is worthy of admiration. For bold fidelity to persons of the highest, and engaging condescension to men of the lowest estate—for unwearied devotion, self-denial, and renunciation of the world, he has left behind him an example which few have surpassed since the apostles' days. Could this pure metal have been detached from the dross with which it was mixed, and cast into the mould of God's word, he would have formed one of the brightest and best instruments ever used to deliver mankind from the bondage of Satan, and restore them to their rightful Lord."

DISCOVERIES IN ASTRONOMY.

No. II.

On surveying the moon with the naked eye, her disc appears diversified by dark and bright patches, which, on being examined with a good telescope, are discovered to form strata of mountains, bearing a strong resemblance to the towering sublimity and terrific ruggedness of Alpine regions. Masses of rock rise at once from the plains, lifting their peaked summits to an immense height in the air; while projecting crags springing from their rugged flanks, and threatening the valleys below, seem to bid defiance to the laws of gravitation. Around their base are strewn fragments, which at different periods have been sent from the pendent cliffs. The strata of lunar mountains, called the Apennines, which traverse a portion of the moon's disc, from north-east to south-west, rise with a precipitous and craggy front, from the level of the Mare Imbrium, in some places their elevation being about four miles. They often descend, however, into the valleys, presenting an inaccessible barrier to the north-east; while in the south-west, they sink in gentle declivity to the plains. Sir J. Herschel informs us, that they offer, in its highest perfection, the true volcanic character, as it may be seen in the crater of Vesuvius; and in some of the principal ones, decisive marks of volcanic stratification, arising from successive deposits of ejected matter, may be clearly traced with powerful telescopes. The moon's surface presents no appearance of the existence of vegetables, and no animals similar to those on the earth could exist there. Everything appears solid, desolate, and unfit for the support of animal or vegetable life.

Mars is the next planet in order of distance from the sun, and from which it is distant 142,000,000 miles. It is of a red colour, which indicates an atmosphere of great density and extent. Sir J. Herschel states that he saw, with perfect distinctness, the outlines of what may be continents and seas; and the brilliant white spots at its poles he regards as snow, for they disappear when they have been long exposed to the sun, and are greatest when just emerged from the long night of their polar winter. He also pronounces the seas to be green and the land red, the general soil having an ochry tinge, like what the red sandstone districts on the earth may possibly offer to the inhabitants of Mars, only more decided.

At the distance of from 225,000,000 to 263,000,000 miles from the sun, there appears a cluster of five small planets, named Ceres, Pallas, Juno, Vesta, and Astræa, which are regarded as fragments of a larger planet which has burst; and many of the meteoric stones which have been found, are considered as other portions of the disruptured body.

Jupiter, the next in order, is the largest planet in the system. Its mean diameter is 90,000 miles, and he revolves round his orbit in 9 hours 56 minutes. He is little less than 490,000,000 miles from the sun, and possesses four moons, or satellites, varying from 2,508 to 2,800 miles distant from the planet. On the 2nd of November, 1681, Old-style, Molyneux saw Jupiter without any of his attendants—a conjunction, it has been calculated, which will not occur again for more than three thousand billions of years.

The planet Saturn is situated at the inconceivable distance of 890,000,000 miles from the sun, and its diameter is 76,000 miles. He presents a most remarkable phenomenon, consisting of two flat and broad rings, the outer diameter of which is 176,418 miles, and its inner diameter, 117,339 miles; the distance of the outer ring from the planet is 19,090 miles. His surface, also, is diversified with belts parallel to the equator, five of which were observed by sir J. Herschel, one of them broad, uniform, and bright, close to which was a dark belt, divided by two narrow white streaks; so that he saw three dark belts, and two bright ones, occupying a wider space than the belts of Jupiter. Besides these splendid rings, which must furnish the planet with a blaze of light, he is illuminated by no fewer than seven satellites, placed at different distances.

Saturn was regarded as the remotest planet from the sun, till the year 1781, when sir W. Herschel discovered the Georgium Sidus, now called Uranus, revolving round the sun in 84 years, at the distance of 1,800,000,000 miles; it has also six satellites.

No one is ignorant of the important influences exercised on this our earth by the law of gravitation. Though Galileo explored its nature, it did not occur to him that its action extended to the celes-

tial mechanism. This great principle was first suggested to the speculative mind of Kepler, who discovered that as one atom exercised its influence on another on the earth, so one planet was mutually acting and acted on by another. He ascertained that this influence took place between the earth and the moon, and he even regarded the tides as produced by the gravitation of the waters of the sea towards that luminary. Hooke also supposed the heavenly bodies to have a gravitation to each other, and obtained so distinct a view of the mode in which the planets might be retained in their orbits by the attraction of the sun, that, had his mathematical attainments been equal to his philosophical acumen, and his attention to the pursuit more detailed and accurate, it is highly probable that the principle of gravitation would have been fully developed to his mind. The great discovery, however, was reserved for Newton, who, while meditating on the nature of this force, was struck with the thought that since gravity is a tendency unconfined to bodies on the very surface of the earth, but reaches even to the summits of the loftiest mountains without its intensity or direction suffering any sensible change, it might reach even to a greater distance—perhaps to the moon! Before this question, however, could be answered, it was necessary to suppose a law according to which its intensity diminishes. Newton soon perceived that this law would require the force of gravity to diminish exactly as the square of the distance increases; so that the attractive force of the earth at the distance of the moon must be as much less than it is at the surface of the earth, as the square of the radius of the earth is less than the square of the moon's distance from the earth. He then, partly aided by a previous calculation of Galileo, computed that the moon might be retained in her orbit by the power of terrestrial gravitation.

Nor was he content with a mere problematic examination of so important a consideration, but subjecting to rigid demonstration every question before he regarded it as definitely settled, he was rewarded for his intelligent perseverance with the discovery, that all the celestial motions known in his time were the consequences of the simple law that each and every particle of matter attracts every other particle of matter in the universe, with a force proportional to the product of their masses directly, and the square of their mutual distance inversely, while they are attracted with an equal force. Proceeding thence to applications of greater difficulty, he proved that some of the principal inequalities of the lunar and planetary orbits are necessary consequences of the mutual gravitation of the different bodies of the system to each other, and that the same mysterious power not only regulates the motions of all the planets and satellites in space, but also determines the figure of the earth, causes the precession of the equinoxes, and produces the tides of the ocean.

Little attention is usually given to this great principle, though a view of the superintending providence of God is displayed, which the mind is unable to comprehend, when we remember that not only the universe at large, but every particle of matter in detail, is every instant under the governing agency of the Omnipotent. Heat and light are regarded as essential to existence, but solar gravity is as essential to our well-being as anything material which we can imagine. The complete annihilation of the human race would be the inevitable result of its suspension.

Besides the gravitation of planets towards the sun, the attraction which each exercises on each is of a highly important nature, and these antagonistic forces produce differences of motion—inequalities in the earth's motion being produced by the disturbing forces of the sun and moon. The simplest case of these deviations from regular movement would be displayed by the existence of but three bodies—a central and two revolving ones. If one of the revolving ones were to be so situated in respect to the other as to disturb its regular movements in reference to the central one, it would be an interesting discovery to find out the cause and extent of such perturbations, as they are technically denominated. Though not free from difficulty in the simplest form, it may be easily conceived that the complication is greatly augmented when the combined influences of the various bodies in the solar system are taken into consideration, in the discovery of the cause of peculiar movements in any individual body. Astronomers have been long acquainted with the fact, that in the comparisons of the calculated and ob-

served positions of Uranus discrepancies have appeared, the results of the influence of some unknown body. This circumstance was particularly observed by M. Le Verrier, who determined closely to examine the movements of this planet. The tables which had been constructed of its orbit displayed great irregularity in its path, and only a small amount of it could be accounted for by the attraction of known forces, and it was also noticed that these tables in no way agreed with the latest observations. He then resolved to discover, if possible, the cause of these irregularities, and commenced a rigid investigation of the data and calculations which had previously been considered as established, and after much perseverance he determined with great precision the amount of perturbation in the orbit of Uranus due to the attraction of Jupiter and Saturn. With these corrected data before him, he proceeded to compare the calculated path with its actually observed positions, and ultimately arrived at the conclusion that the discrepancies were due to some unknown cause. He next attempted to discover the nature of this influence, and the resistance of the ether; —the existence of some vast satellite of Uranus—some variation in the law of gravity at that enormous distance from the sun—and lastly, an unknown planet, were each in their turn examined; and having satisfied himself that all the former were inadmissible, he determined fully to consider if the influence in operation could be traced to another orb.

The late M. Cacciatore, the successor of Piazza, had previously declared, that he had followed for three days a moving star, which, from the slowness of its motion, he expected was beyond Uranus, but nothing definite had been ascertained. M. Le Verrier having satisfied himself that the stranger was not within the orbit of Uranus—because if a larger body it would then influence Saturn,—he undertook the problem of computing the probable situation of the supposed planet. His task proved successful, for on the 23rd of September last, M. Galle, whom he had urged to watch, discovered the stranger at the Royal Observatory at Berlin, and it has been since seen at Mr. Bishop's Observatory in Regent's Park. It appears to have a volume two hundred and thirty times that of the earth, and Mr. Lassels, of Liverpool, has examined the orb, and announces the probability that it has a ring like Saturn and a satellite. He says: "On the 3rd of October, at 8¾hours, I observed the planet to have apparently a very obliquely situated ring, the major axis being seven or eight times the length of the minor. I observed the planet again, about two hours later, and noticed the same appearances. With regard to the existence of the ring, I am not able absolutely to declare it, but I received so many impressions of it, always in the same form and direction, and with all the different magnifying powers, that I feel a very strong persuasion that nothing but a purer state of atmosphere is necessary to enable me to verify the discovery. Of the existence of a star having every aspect of a satellite, there is not the shadow of a doubt. Afterwards I turned the telescope to the Georgium Sidus, and remarked that the brightest two of his satellites were both obviously brighter than this small star accompanying Le Verrier's planet."

Since that period, the planet has been frequently observed both in our own country and on many parts of the continent, its distance being about 3,200 millions of miles from the earth, while it is 140 millions from Uranus, whose action it disturbs. With the exceptions of Jupiter and Saturn it is the largest of the planetary system, being 50,000 miles in diameter, and 250 times larger than the earth in cubic bulk.*

Such is a brief description of one of the most important astronomical discoveries of modern times. Though the observation of a new planet would, abstractedly regarded, confer no particular credit on the individuals concerned, yet the circumstances connected with this discovery are truly honourable, and illustrate the mighty achievements which the highly-wrought and well-directed mind is enabled to perform. F.

POPE PIUS IX.

The Romish journals, and also the purely political portion of the press, are very much occupied with the doings of Pius IX. On his accession to the pontifical throne, he excited in the minds of many great expectations. Not a few per-

* The French and English astronomers have agreed in giving the name of Neptune to the new planet. Its sign in the celestial maps is to be a trident.

sons said, with emphasis, "This is the pope who realizes our ideal. He is the pope of modern times—the pope of the nineteenth century—the model pope, who will give to the Roman Catholic church a new and healthful impulse! Pius IX.," they added, "has an enlightened mind, vast intelligence, a noble and generous character. He has thoroughly studied the tendencies and wants of our epoch. Wait; have a little patience, and he will do wonders."

Such were the fine promises made by the journalists on behalf of Pius IX. The Jesuits, it is true, said nothing; unless, indeed, they occasionally essayed to throw some doubts on the new pontiff's liberality. But they were not listened to; the French press, almost without exception, eulogised Pius IX., and attributed to him every imaginable good quality. As for us Protestants, we knew not what to think of this concert of praises, and we waited with impatience for some positive proofs of this liberality. It appeared to us prudent not to trust to mere words; for the holy see has not accustomed the world to reckon on it as the originator of useful reforms.

Well, what has occurred up to the present moment? Alas! I fear that the Jesuits were perfectly right. Pius IX. will be what his predecessors have been —neither more nor less; he will not renounce one of the false traditions of the holy see; he will not reform any of the abuses of popery; he will not curb the tyranny of the clergy in temporal affairs; he will not accord to his lay subjects any real share in the administration of his government; he will not even dismiss his Swiss soldiery—those mercenaries who are the detestation of his people. In short all will remain as heretofore, and the magnificent hopes excited by the new pope will prove nought but a bitter and cruel deception. This, in fact, is now being discovered in the pontifical states. The people expected that Pius IX. would make them some liberal concession on the day appointed for *Il Possesso*—that is to say, the solemnity of taking possession of the church of St. John of Lateran. On the morning of that day a proclamation was posted on the walls of Rome. The people, all eager and impatient, flocked in crowds to read it, expecting to peruse the articles of a constitutional charter. But, oh! how great was their mistake! How cruel their disappointment! This proclamation contained nought but a license to construct four poor little fragments of railroad! The liberalism of Pius IX. proved to be just on an equality with that of the Russian czar! Was it worth the trouble of waiting so long to obtain so little? The Roman people were "cool," as was confessed by the correspondents of the popish journals, and the "holy father" did not receive on his way the applause to which he had grown accustomed. I fully believe these statements. It is even probable that the Romans will not be content to remain "cool;" their enthusiasm will become transformed into indignation, and Pius IX. will learn, perhaps too soon, that nations have no liking to be made the dupes of a deceptive farce.

The publication of his Encyclical Letter was not a circumstance calculated to diminish this discontent. You have doubtless read this document, and I shall therefore not say much about it. Pius IX. pronounces an ostentatious eulogy on poor Gregory XVI., who was but a feeble, pusillanimous, and ignorant monk. He then attacks all the philosophers, men of letters, and journalists of our age, and loads them with the most abusive epithets. Next he comes to that great stumbling-block to the Vatican, the "Bible Societies," and asserts that we imitate the "old artifice of the heretics," by indiscriminate distribution of the Scriptures. Finally, he addresses some very flattering compliments to the Romish bishops, who, (if the "holy father" is to be believed,) are all animated with marvellous zeal, and almost angelic virtue. But not a word about the reforms which had been so pompously announced—not a syllable touching the liberal intentions of the holy see; on the contrary, the pope takes care to repeat, in very explicit terms, that whatever is opposed to the doctrines and practices of the Roman church is "a work of the devil," which will meet its punishment in eternal fire. Gregory XVI. could not have said more. It was curious to observe the attitude assumed by our political press, when this Encyclical Letter arrived in France. The most prudent preserved complete silence, not finding anything either to praise or blame in the document. Others pretended that it was not to be understood in the "strict sense of the phraseology" employed—that such was the "official style," and that the new

pope was better than his epistle. Others, again, sought to discover a "hidden sense" beneath the insulting language of the pontiff, and exhausted their sagacity to make Pius IX. say that which he did not say. Some, however, more bold and truthful than the former, have honestly confessed that the Encyclical Letter deceived their expectations, and already they employ severe language against the man whom, a few months back, they lauded to the skies. Let us leave them to finish their experience, and the most credulous will be compelled to blush for having reposed such confidence in the reforming spirit of the Vatican.

The Protestants, and they only, have found the Encyclical Letter what they had expected. Why were we to indulge in vain illusions? Rome will continue to be what she has ever been, until she perishes. She endures a punishment like that inflicted by Mezentius, who, according to the narration of Virgil, was accustomed to bind together a living man and a dead body; thus is the church of Rome chained to the corpse of her former self. Pius IX. can easily give some examples of personal generosity; he will open the prison-doors to a certain number of victims; in the interior of his palace he will be frugal, temperate, affable, and disposed to listen to the complaints of his subjects. Give him the benefit of as many personal virtues as you please: these I will not dispute. But we may be certain that he will take care not to be a real reformer of his church, or of his temporal government. Were it even in accordance with his wishes to effect a thorough reform, he would not have the power; for the cardinals, the general of the Jesuits, and other dignified ecclesiastics, keep him under their jealous tutelage. The pope is an idol—but he is an idol in fetters.—*Evangelical Christendom.*

PAMAHO; OR, SCENES IN THE PRAIRIE.

PAMAHO is bearing away a slaughtered deer from the prairie: his bow and ornamented quiver hang at his side. The extended plains of wild, uncultivated lands, called in South America, pampas; in Europe, heaths; in Asia, steppes; in Africa, deserts; and in the southern states of America, savannahs; in North America, are called prairies. The prairies extend for thousands of miles. Here they are flat; there in waving ridges. In one part they are sterile, in another abounding with flowers and fruits, or covered with grass eight or ten feet high, varied with rich, green velvet turf; hills, bluffs, and ravines, stretching to the brinks of the rivers. On these prairies, skirted and divided as they are by mountains and valleys, gloomy forests and mighty streams, wander mountain goats, wolves, elks, antelopes, grizzly bears, and vast herds of buffaloes or bisons. And there, too, in their tents, or their wigwams, the different tribes of Indians reside.

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A branch from the Upper Mississippi is rolling southward, and Indians of friendly tribes are fishing in the river. Among the Indians, perhaps, the Crows and the Blackfeet, the Sioux and the Creeks, are the most numerous. The Mandans and many other tribes are extinct: the small-pox, the tomahawk, and the white man have destroyed them. From Baffin's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, the different tribes are scattered; some live in large villages, some in clustered tents, and some in solitary wigwams. Their customs, dress, and language or dialects differ. Some of them cultivate the ground, but fishing and hunting and war are their customary occupations. Rarely is a bow drawn or a spear thrown in vain. Trappers and fur-gatherers of all kinds, some with white men and some coloured, paddle up the rivers, and roam through the forests and prairies, in quest of beavers, badgers, and minx; foxes, martins, and racoons; lynxes, hares, and rabbits; musk-rats, squirrels, and stoats. Pamaho is standing in a nook by the river's side; his lines, hooked with pointed bone, are laid in the running stream, and his spear lies beside him at the water's edge. A canoe is sailing across the river, the Indians holding up their blankets for sails.

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A party of Indians, with Pamaho among them, have arrived at Red Pipe Stone Quarry, in the Coteau du Prairie, a hundred miles, or more, from St. River's River, between the Upper Mississippi and Upper Missouri. See what immense granite boulders are standing yonder! This is a place sacred to all the tribes, for here they procure the red stone with which they make their pipes. The war-cry may resound through the

woods, and the tomahawk may be busy on the prairie, but here, all is peace. Here, say the Indians, the Great Spirit killed his buffaloes, and their blood turned red the rocks below. Here he assembled the tribes, and commanded them all to make their pipes of the stone. The war club and the scalping knife were ever to be harmless at the spot. As he took his last whiff of his great red pipe, and just when the dark clouds rolled over the multitude, the rocks were melted in a blaze of fire, and the Great Spirit vanished away. The red man believes in the traditions of his fathers, and the superstitions of his tribe are as a part of his being. Thus will it be till "the day break and the shadows flee away."

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A lodge or wigwam made of the painted skins of buffaloes spread over high poles, cut from the Rocky Mountains, stands on the border of the prairie. Chiefs and braves are assembled within it, and weapons of war, dresses, and musical instruments are seen hanging up or arranged on the floor; gay dresses of coloured skins, fringed with scalp locks from the heads of their fallen foes; war clubs, tomahawks, bows, and quivers of arrows, spears and shields, with robes, mantles, war-eagle and raven head-dresses; belts, pouches, mocasins, tobacco sacks, whistles, rattles, and drums. Pamaho and a few others have arrived with a message from their tribe, which is now being considered. Two of the chiefs are very tall, their medicine bags are of the skin of the ermine, they wear war-eagle head-dresses, and their hair reaches to the ground. The untutored Indian is as fond of finery as the more polished inhabitants of the world; and see him, lance in hand, on horseback, or on foot, fully painted, arrayed in his flowing buffalo robes, his necklace of bear's claws over the skin of the white wolf; his head-dress of war-eagle quills; his scalp locks, leggings, mocasins, and medicine bag, and few Europeans would cut a finer figure.

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Four mystery men have sat smoking through the night to the Great Spirit, the ball-play is begun, and hundreds of spectators are assembled. The contending parties, painted of different colours, are catching the ball with their webbed sticks, and striving to urge it beyond the goal. The ball-play is changed to the Pipe of Peace Dance, such as takes place when a treaty of peace has been solemnized. The hostile warriors, with calumets or pipes of peace in their hands, join in the dance. The chiefs smoke; those who are sitting around, who one by one are pulled up to mingle in the dance. Another change! With ugly masks on their faces, the Indian group are engaged in the Buffalo Dance, just as it is danced when buffaloes are scarce and famine stares them in the face. They chant a wild prayer-song to the Great Spirit, imploring him to send them herds of buffaloes, and promise him the fattest and the best for his pains. Now they are grotesquely jumping about to the music of the drum, and imitating the buffalo. Pamaho, equally ready to swim rapidly in the river, to hunt the buffalo, to attack the enemy, or to join in recreation, is the most active in his movements, and the most unwearied in the dance.

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The prairie, yonder, for miles, is a garden of fruits and flowers. Endless clusters of delicious grapes; hundreds of acres of heavily laden palm-trees, wild currants, gooseberries, strawberries, rose-trees, and myriads of odour-breathing flowers, are rivalling one another in sweetness and profusion; but every earthly paradise has its serpent. The eyes of the copper-head glisten among the fruit! the folds of the rattlesnake are seen among the flowers! The "black drink" has been freely taken to prepare the red men for the season of green corn. The Green Corn Dance has been duly performed, the first kettle of maize has been offered up to the Great Spirit with a song of thanksgiving. The riot and excess are over, and the tribes are pursuing their wonted occupations. In a large tent sits a chief, receiving presents from a young Indian who is about to marry his daughter. The presents are received, the chief gives his daughter to the young Indian, who strikes the palm of her hand with his own. This is the whole of the marriage ceremony. The bride receives presents from those who attend, among whom is Pamaho, and the marriage dance is performed by the joyous throng. And how did the young Indian win his bride? for he has neither polished manners, nor wealth, nor fine clothes. True; but he has showed the scalp-locks of his foes! He has killed the wolf, the bear, and the buffalo;

and she knows that he has a bold heart, and a hand strong to defend her.

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A buffalo herd! a buffalo herd! The horned animals are many. The very prairie in one direction is blackened with their number. This is a sight that the red man loves to see. Pamaho and a hundred others, well mounted, and armed with bows, arrows, thin spears, and a few rifles, are cautiously following the trail. The herd have taken the alarm; loud is the trampling of flying hoofs, and a cloud of dust is rising from the prairie. Pamaho, with unerring aim, has discharged the two barrels of his rifle, and is now galloping alongside a buffalo bull, which is trying to escape. He cautiously poises his long, thin lance, making occasional feints till he sees that he can inflict a mortal wound, then plunges the pointed spear deep into the hapless buffalo, near the shoulder, and, soon after, the bulky beast is rolling on the plain. At least a score buffaloes have already fallen, and a score more will shortly be added to their number. Indians, with carts and sledges, are following in the trail of the flying buffaloes, to bring home such as have been slain.

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On the rude and broken ground by the high bluff, near the river's side, a party of armed Indians have met a huge grizzly bear and killed him. They have left the shaggy monster where the death grapple took place, to follow a deer which has taken shelter in the weedy wilderness. The high grass, springing up six or eight feet from the prairie, and the rough sedge are dry as the burning sun can make them: hardly would tinder more rapidly take fire. A wandering Trapper has dropped his pipe, and in picking it up has left some of its burning contents in his path. It smokes, it sparkles, a little flame runs along a dry blade of grass; it has reached the stem; it has mounted half way up it, setting other blades and stems on fire; the flame has burst forth; it gathers strength; the wind from the west bears it onward. Fearful! Fearful! The prairie is on fire! See how it rushes forward! Hark, how it bellows in its course! The fire-fiend is abroad in his rage, and woe to those he overtakes, for he spares neither man nor beast. Birds are rising on the wing; buffaloes and deers are forcing their way through the grassy forest in the extremity of their fright; and on! on! rolls the overwhelming flood of fire! A band of mounted Indians have burst through the flaming barrier, and are flying over the dark and smoking prairie, where the conflagration so lately raged. Pamaho leads the band, prompt and self-possessed, for he is no stranger to a prairie on fire.

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The swift runners, carrying their red pipes, have hurried through the tribe; the young men have smoked through the reddened stem, and thereby volunteered for war. A council has been called. The chiefs, and braves, and mystery men have deliberated. Their resolution is taken; their plan agreed upon; the war dance is at its height; and anger, revenge, and cruelty have entered into the heart of the red man. Excited by exercise and warlike music, all are wild in their demeanour. Every eye is glaring with bitterness and rage; every bosom panting after the scalp locks of the foe. Brandishing their war clubs, they leap about to the music of the drum, and violently strike the reddened post, while the mystery man wildly chants the song of death. Black paint is rubbed over their faces; again they brandish their weapons around the reddened post, and scream the war-whoop in their rage. And now the preparation will be made for the approaching struggle; the arrows will be straitened, and feathered, and pointed; the quiver refilled; the best bows chosen; the war-club, the tomahawk, and the scalping-knife duly prepared. Soon will the warrior band, under cover of night, and the shelter of the forest, steal silently on their unsuspecting foe. Not more stealthily creeps the panther towards his prey than the Indian on his enemy. Pamaho is the first in the war dance, the first in the warlike preparations, and he will be first in the onslaught of death.

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An Indian village stands where the wood and the prairie meet. All is still; the accustomed sounds of even are hushed in the repose of night. Not a movement is heard in the melon ground; not a breath of air rustles the leaves of the vines. Silence reigns around, and darkness rests upon the face of the prairie. But see! A flame has burst forth! A wigwam is on fire! and hark! the shrill war-whoop is ringing in the air! Dark forms are rising from the ground, and armed men

are leaping forth from the gloom into the glare. Pamaho takes the lead in the fierce attack. The war-cry bursts from a hundred voices! the death grapple is begun! A hundred redskins are engaged in the work of destruction, and the massy club, and the murderous tomahawk spare neither the warrior nor the wife, the old man nor the babe. The contention goes on; the scalping knife is at work; but now the village is aroused, and the assailants are outnumbered. They make a hasty retreat, but not till the wigwams are wrapped in flames. The word of God has taught the white man mercy, though too often he neglects the lesson; but with the red man, revenge is virtue.

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Pamaho, and the warriors, painted and armed, are assembled to perform the scalp dance in celebration of victory. Screaming aloud, they form themselves into a circle, wildly dancing, and brandishing their war clubs, while the squaws or women in the centre hold up the scalp locks which have been taken in battle. Then they hang up the medicine bag of a slain companion, opposite the lodge of his widow, singing to it, and giving offerings to the widow. Now their song and their dance are ended. A wounded Indian is lying in a tent, writhing with agony, and drawing near his end. The bystanders are bemoaning him. But hark! a rattling and scuffling noise approaches! It is the medicine, the mystery man, or conjurer, for he is called by all these names, and he comes to cure the wounded man of his ailment. Here he is, with his looking glass, his drum of deer skin, his rattle of antelope hoofs, and the skin of a yellow bear flung over his head and shoulders. He chants a wild air; he dances round the patient, increasing continually the violence of his gestures. He paws the dying man, and repeats his incantations and mummeries, but all in vain. The wounded Indian dies, and the medicine man, shaking his rattles, and growling hideously, makes his escape.

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All must die! The civilised and the savage; the white man and the red! The sentence has gone forth to the ends of the earth, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Though the foot of the Indian be swift as the antelope, and his frame strong as that of the grizzly bear, he must die. Be he chief, or brave, or warrior, he must die. This is a solemn hour, for an aged Indian chief is drawing near his end. He has summoned around him the warriors of his tribe, and Pamaho is at his right hand. He has arrayed himself in his richest mocasins, his scalp locks, leggings, his robes, his belt, and his head-dress of war eagle plumes. He has half painted his face, and his hands are vermilion red. He has armed himself as if for war. He has grasped his comrades firmly by the hand, and bidden them farewell; and now, with a smile of triumph, and the air of a conqueror, calmly crossing his hands, and holding his tomahawk in one of them, he draws his last breath. No sigh escapes him: no struggle is visible. He is motionless. The aged chief is departed.

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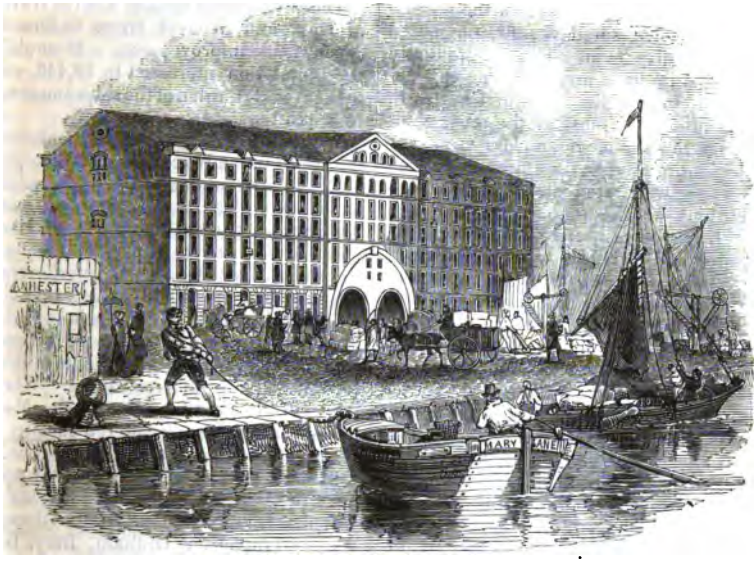
As the red men of the forest and prairie live in different kinds of lodges, some in movable tents covered with skins; some in wigwams of bark, flags, and reeds; and some in more substantial earth-covered dwellings, so do they dispose of their dead in different ways. Some bury them, some float them on the water, and some deposit them on elevated scaffolds, leaving them till they fall through decay. The body of the aged chief, wrapped in skins, has been borne with solemnity to the burying-ground, and deposited on a high scaffold, with a due allowance of provision. A thousand whitened skulls placed on moss, or grass, or scented herbs, surround the place. The moon is up, and a shadowy form is standing thoughtfully beside the scaffold of the aged chief. It is Pamaho. But think not that he is reflecting on the white man's heaven! "Worthy the Lamb" is a song which has never reached his ears, and the "great multitude" that no man can number, clothed with white robes, and with palms in their hands, are equally unknown to him. He believes that as the aged chief has been a hardy hunter, and bold in battle, slaying many enemies, that he has a beautiful lodge in a beautiful country, where he will for ever follow the chase with success. This ignorance will be done away, for the gospel will prevail, the heathen be enlightened, and the grave of the red man bear the inscription, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though after my skin worms destroy this ody, yet in my flesh shall I see God," Job xix. 25, 26.



Duke's Dock, Liverpool.

THE DOCKS AT LIVERPOOL.

The rise and progress of Liverpool, from an obscure and mean condition to one of almost unparalleled commercial distinction and wealth, is full of interest. Its early history appears to have had but little attention, and perhaps deservedly, from the insignificance of the object. For what was Liverpool?

"Where Mersey's stream, long winding o'er the plain,
Pours his full tribute to the circling main,
A band of fishers chose their humble seat;
Contented labour bless'd the fair retreat:
Inured to hardship, patient, bold, and rude,
They braved the billows for precarious food:
Their struggling huts were ranged along the shore,
Their nets and little boats their only store."

In the reign of Henry VIII., Leland thus notices this little town: "Lyrpole, alias Lyverpoole, a pavid towne, hath but a chapel, Walton a iiii. miles of, not far from the Se is paroche chirch; the king has a castelet there, and the earls of Darbe hath a stone house there. Irisch marchauntes cum much thither as to a good haven; after that Mersey water cumming up to Runcorne, in Cheshire, liseth among the commune people the name, and is Lyrpole. At Lyrpole is smaule custume payd that causith marchauntes to resorte. Good marchandis at Lyrpole, and moch Yris yarn that Manchestre men do buy there." In 1570, we find Liverpool particularly noticed, the Mersey being designated "a little creek subordinate to Chester," and the matter was obstinately contested in the Duchy Court of Lancaster, in consequence of Chester seeking to engross the trade with Spain and Portugal, to the prejudice of the Liverpool merchants. This led to the first recorded deputation on commercial matters from that town to the government, who waited on the earl of Derby, and requested his interference for the adjustment of the question. On its being referred to the Master of the Rolls, he gave his judgment in favour of Liverpool, and a hogshead of wine was the expression of acknowledgment to the arbitrator by the merchants, a subscription being made for the purpose of defraying the expense. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, the improvement of the town appears to have been much impeded, and the inhabitants, in petitioning queen Elizabeth for an exemption from certain impositions, described themselves as belonging to "her majesty's poor decayed town of Liverpoole;" and it is ascertained, that at that period it contained only one hundred

and thirty-eighty householders, whose principal wealth consisted in the possession of twelve small vessels, navigated by seventy-five men. Though gradually recovered in some measure from this depression, yet, in the reign of Charles I., it was inferior to most of the other commercial towns; as it appears from the statement relative to the ship-money, that Liverpool was rated at 25*l.*, while contributions to the amount of 26*l.* and 1000*l.* were respectively demanded of Chester and Bristol. On the establishment of the commonwealth, Liverpool was put under the command of colonel Moore, who fortified it with a strong mud wall and a ditch, while a strong castle commanded the neighbourhood. It was, however, invested by prince Rupert, in 1644, and after a month's siege it was taken. The forces of the parliament again recovering possession of the place, a grant was made of five hundred tons of timber, for repairing the edifices which had suffered in the siege. From this period the commercial interests of the town appear to have been on the advance, and towards the close of the seventeenth century, further accommodation for the shipping was deemed advisable; as the land being low, the ships in the Mersey were exposed to every gale. It was therefore determined to apply to parliament for power to construct the old dock, which was the first erection of the kind in England, for keeping vessels afloat; and by the act of queen Anne, 1708, which created the dock-estate, the corporation were empowered to construct the works, and to receive the duties from June 1710 till 1731, at the expiration of which time, one-fourth only of the duties then paid were to be chargeable. The corporation accordingly furnished the ground free of charge, and the dock was constructed, the site of which is described in the act, as "in or near a certain place called the Pool, on the south side of the said town of Liverpool." It was soon found advisable to apply to government for further powers, and these being granted in 1717, the dry dock was constructed. It is of irregular proportions, communicating with George's Dock at the north end by means of a canal. On the eastern side is a magnificent pile of warehouses, with an extensive piazza for the accommodation of foot passengers. These improvements were found to have so beneficial an influence on the commercial interests of the town and country, that powers were obtained for the construction of canals; and the Irwell, Mersey, and Weaver rivers underwent considerable improvements. Meanwhile the population increased to 10,446, and the aggregate burden of the ships amounted to 8,326 tons.

It should here, however, be mentioned, that the rapid advancement of Liverpool is chiefly attributable to the improvement which took place, during the eighteenth century, in the manufactures of Manchester. Up to this period, the merchants had obtained their inferior commodities from Scotland, which they disposed of on a very limited scale in Africa and the West Indies; for in all the more important places, the merchants of Bristol were able to undersell them. When, however, the productions of the Manchester looms were rendered superior to those of Scotland and the continent, they soon became of the greatest importance to Liverpool. It is an indisputable fact, that Liverpool being the port through which Manchester, Oldham, Bury, Bolton, Ashton, and other great seats of the cotton manufacture, are supplied, they have augmented, to a prodigious extent, the wealth of the town; and it is no exaggeration to affirm, that the wonderful inventions and discoveries of Arkwright, Hargreave, Crompton, Cartwright, and others, have been, though not so direct, almost as powerful in their effects at the docks of Liverpool as at the mills at Manchester. In the year 1730, three hundred vessels entered the port of Liverpool, and in 1734, an act of parliament authorised the construction of Salthouse Dock. On this occasion the corporation gave, in addition to the land, a donation of 1000*l.* towards the expenses. It was opened in 1753, being chiefly used for Levant vessels, and lying north of the Bridgewater Dock. Its form is irregular, being on the east side about 300 yards, at the south end 80, and on the north end 150 yards; the whole, with the passage, comprising an extent of area of 23,025 square yards. Salthouse Dock has recently been altered, in consequence of a deficiency in its depth, and there being a wish to correct a peculiarity of form. In order to accelerate the works, relays of workmen were appointed, relieving each other every twelve hours, the labour being continued night and day. Those who worked by night slept by day, breakfasting at eight o'clock in the evening, and dining between twelve

o'clock and one. The spectacle thus afforded was unique in its kind; three hundred workmen, spread over an extent of five acres, in some places fifty feet below the observer, were displayed to view by the flickering glare of countless torches. The result of the construction of this dock was most important. New streams of commerce were directed to the port, because new markets were opened; besides, they furnished employment for a larger number of industrious persons,—and the "poor decayed town of Liverpool" raised its head, and claimed to rank with the great commercial ports of Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Venice, Antwerp, and, in our own country, with Bristol, and even with London, the great emporium of the merchandize of the world.

"Thus did fair Commerce found the chosen place,
And smiled approving on th' industrious race.
Lo! as she waves her hand, what wonders rise!
Stupendous buildings strike the astonish'd eyes:
The hollow'd rock receives the briny tide,
And the rude ships secure from Neptune ride:
With busy toil, the crowded seats resound,
And wealth, and arts, and plenty spread around."

Other circumstances must now be glanced at. Francis Egerton, having projected an extensive plan of canal navigation, on coming into possession of his title and fortune, as duke of Bridgewater, proceeded to the execution of part of his design. In 1758-9, he obtained power for the construction of his first canal, which commenced at Worsley, seven miles from Manchester, and united with the Mersey at Runcorn, where barges from Liverpool enter. This was accordingly finished, and the annual amount of tonnage arriving by the canals of the duke, the Manchester Old Quay, the Weaver and Sankey navigation, amounted in 1825 to about 1,000,000 tons. The dock of the duke of Bridgewater, called in honour of its constructor, was intended solely for the use of his flats. This dock is small, but elegantly constructed. It has a range of storehouses upon an arch, under which vessels may enter and have their cargoes moved up to the proper warehouses above. In 1796, the Queen's Dock was excavated, which closes the lists of the older docks, and up to which time the cost of construction amounted to 120,000*l.* The Prince's Dock is the largest of all, and was completed in 1821, at an expense of 461,059*l.*—more than half of which was expended in wages to the men employed in excavating—exclusive of the land, which is valued at 100,000*l.* It has an area of 54,000 square yards, and a length of quay-space of 1,613 yards. The dock and its quays are enclosed by brick-walls, having gates on the north, south, and east. Between the western wall and the river is the East Marine-parade, which is 700 yards long and eleven yards broad, and protected on the side next to the water by a stone wall, three feet in height, forming a delightful promenade when the tide is in. The Clarence Docks, named in honour of king William, were first opened in September, 1830, and are furnished with works of the most durable, and sometimes handsome, kind. A lofty and spacious shed extends the entire length of the eastern side, and the whole of these works is surrounded by a strong and lofty wall. Most of the docks are intended for the use of, and are visited by, particular classes of ships. Thus the Brunswick Dock is for vessels laden with timber from America; the Queen's, for West Indian, Baltic, and Dutch vessels; the Coburg, for the large class of sea-going steamers; the King's, for the tobacco vessels from the West Indies and North America; and the Prince's Dock, the most magnificent of all, for ships from India and China, and for the largest class of American vessels. Each one is differently arranged, with a view to the accommodation of the class of vessels for which it is intended; and, in some cases, accommodation is furnished on one quay for unloading a particular kind of cargo, and on the other side for loading for the return voyage. The cast-iron posts situated around the basins, with which to secure the vessels, reminded an intelligent foreigner of the manner in which his countrymen, in their promenades at Bremen, jump over the entanglement of ropes by which the quays are traversed, in order to fasten the vessel to the trees on the opposite side, certainly presenting a remarkable custom. The warehouses surrounding the basins are worthy of notice; and situated around the quays are sheds, under which the merchandize can be immediately removed on leaving the vessel, and from which it can be packed in the wagons that are to carry it away. These sheds have side walls, consisting either of wooden boards or of canvass, stretched on iron rollers; and, being movable, can be put out of the way when the weather is favourable, or they can be

restored to their places should a heavy rain come on, converting them at once into closely protected warehouses. The difference in the situation of the houses here and in London, leads to a difference in discharging and loading ships; in the latter case it is performed by the servants of the different dock companies, and in the former by persons who undertake the employment, called "lumpers." These individuals have a number of followers, chiefly Irishmen, and they engage to load or discharge a vessel for a specified sum, according to the nature and amount of the cargo, the lumper being master and superintendent, and paying his men day wages, though sometimes it is a joint concern. The expense of the removal of goods is about sixpence per ton each time they are changed; though the hire of labourers for loading is not charged to the ship, but paid by the owners of the goods. Every precaution is made to prevent the accumulation of mud in the docks; that which is unavoidably admitted is removed by the application of the steam-dredging machines; while strict regulations, enforced by a vigilant police force, are established to maintain good order, and to prevent both fire and depredations. The docks may be said generally to be the property of the public; they are constructed with money borrowed on the security of the rates levied, those rates being pledged by act of parliament for the payment of interest in the first place, and of the principal in the second.

The trade with the sister island has become of late years of great importance to this port, for Ireland might, until very recently, be denominated the granary and storehouse of Lancashire. This county, distinguished as it is by its manufacturing and commercial prosperity, has never ranked very high as an agricultural district; and even if it had, no degree of skill could ever have rendered so limited an extent of country adequate to the support of a population of upwards of a million of inhabitants. For many years the thickly-peopled manufacturing districts of this country have been supported by the produce of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire on the one hand, and of Ireland on the other; the imports from the latter only, in 1833, amounting to more than eight millions sterling, and the increase since that period has been enormous. The warehousing or bonding system has tended very essentially to augment the commerce of Liverpool. In 1803, an act was passed for allowing goods imported from foreign countries to be warehoused without payment of duty in the port of London; and in 1805, the privilege extended to such of the other outports as choose to avail themselves of its privileges. The merchants of Liverpool were not slow in comprehending the advantages thus offered, and this city soon became the second bonding depôt in the kingdom. The number of warehouses and vaults for bonded goods are very considerable, and there are a number of yards for bonded timber, as well as ample granaries under the government key for foreign corn. The tobacco warehouse is a building of immense size, covering with its area three acres and a half of ground, and the estimated value of bonded property in this port is nearly two millions sterling, though there is considerable alteration at particular periods. Merchandize of various descriptions, the produce of every clime, is warehoused in these buildings, and consequently the duty, which was formerly paid in cash previous to the landing of the imports, being suspended under this system till the merchandize is taken out of bond for consumption, the merchant is enabled to carry on trade with less capital than was formerly required, and foreigners are induced to deposit their cargoes in Great Britain till an opportunity is presented for sale, whether in this country or elsewhere. By this improved arrangement of our fiscal department, the shipping interest is greatly augmented. The importance of Liverpool as a commercial town, is not easily conceived. In 1834, its exports were considered to amount to 19,700,000*l.*, and its imports to 15,000,000*l*, which increased to about 40,000,000*l.* in its aggregate amount in in 1844. The mercantile marine belonging to this port is inferior only to that of London, there having belonged, on the 31st of December, 1842, 1,256 sailing vessels, of the aggregate burden of 338,458 tons, manned by about 15,000 seamen; of these, 125 vessels, of the burden of 4,042 tons, were under fifty each. There also belonged to Liverpool, 46 steamers of the aggregate burden of 5,000 tons. These, however, have increased to an immense extent, and some of the finest steamers in the world sail from the port of Liverpool. The commercial bustle, the forests of masts, the

splendid harbour, and the docks, form a spectacle unequalled in the world with the exception of London, and in some respects, even the docks of the metropolis are inferior to those of Liverpool. In London, for instance, when docks were thought of, it was impossible to move away half a town, so the new works had to make way for the old ones; but in Liverpool, a convenient site was made from the first for the docks, and the custom-house, the exchange, and the counting-houses of the merchants, were grouped round them. In London, when a merchant wishes to transmit an order to his ship in the docks, he has frequently to send his clerk a considerable distance, perhaps part of the way by railroad; while in Liverpool, a merchant might almost make himself heard in the docks, out of his counting-house window. The whole length of the river side at Liverpool is occupied with harbour works, including an extent of more than two and a half English miles, and a breadth of from 250 to 500 yards. Basins are cut in the rock, and then lined with solid masonry, around which admirable quays are constructed. There are entrance docks and canals, provided with various kinds of locks, and crossed by handsome iron bridges or by wooden pathways. If the Mersey is visited at low water, a lofty sea wall will be observed along the whole extent of the river side, while the basins behind appear filled with ships. The quays crowded with busy workmen, engaged in loading and unloading merchandize, with the imposing warehouses, and the not inelegant residences of the officers of the docks, complete the scene.

The unrivalled advantages possessed by Liverpool over the other western ports of the empire are worthy of notice. Placed at the mouth of a deep and navigable river, easy of access to those acquainted with the navigation of the port, and affording safe anchorage to commercial vessels of every size, it was admirably adapted, even before the formation of its docks, to attract ships visiting the north-western coast of England. Since the decline of the port of Chester, it has become, however, not only the best, but the only outlet and inlet of the commerce of the northern and central counties which is directed to the western coast. To the south, the mountainous districts of Wales cut off the central counties of England from the sea, and give a northern direction to all their commercial intercourse with the western coast; while to the north extends a long line of shore, without a single harbour accessible to ships of considerable size. It is not only the port of south Lancashire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, but of Cheshire, Staffordshire, and even of Warwickshire. Thus the foreign trade of these districts is concentrated here, and the manufacturing skill, mining wealth, and general industry supplies the rest. Through the port of Liverpool are poured into the interior the raw materials of our manufactures, and all the various commodities which minister to the wants and wishes of a wealthy and highly civilized people; while through the same medium every quarter of the globe is supplied with those products of British ingenuity which render England the workshop of the world. Contemplating the commercial prosperity of Great Britain, of which Liverpool possesses so important a share, it appears of stupendous proportions. Not a breeze that fans the cheek, not a wind that blows from any point of the hemisphere, but is made available for some of our richly-laden barks in their progress to the destined haven. The heats of summer and the destructive blasts of winter are but materials for our use, and Britain's commercial power influences to an immense extent every quarter of the civilized world. It is this that has made princes of our merchants, and has raised England to the position she enjoys among the nations of the globe. That her power may be as just and benignant as it is extensive, must be the sincerest wish of every philanthropic mind! F.

LETTERS OF REV. JOHN NEWTON.

An interesting volume has lately been published, consisting of one hundred and twenty-nine original letters, from the Rev. J. Newton to the Rev. W. Bull, of Newport Pagnell. The following are two of them:

My dear friend,—I have been witness to a great and important revolution this morning, which took place while the greatest part of the world was asleep. Like many state revolutions, its first beginnings were almost undiscernible; but the progress, though gradual, was steady, and the event decisive. A while ago, darkness reigned. Had a man then dropped for the first time into our world, he might have thought himself banished

into a hopeless dungeon. How could he expect light to rise out of such a state? And when he saw the first glimmering of dawn in the east, how could he promise himself that it was the forerunner of such a glorious sun as has since risen? With what wonder would such a newcomer observe the bounds of his view enlarging, and the distinctness of objects increasing, from one minute to another; and how well content would he be to part with the twinklings of the stars, when he had the broad day all around him in exchange! I cannot say this revolution is extraordinary, because it happens every morning; but surely it is astonishing, or rather it would be so, if man was not astonishingly stupid.

Such strangers once were we. Darkness, gross darkness, covered us: how confined were our views! and even the things which were within our reach we could not distinguish. Little did we then think what a glorious day we were appointed to see—what an unbounded prospect would, ere long, open before us. We knew not that there was a Sun of righteousness, and that he would dawn and rise and shine upon our hearts. And as the idea of what we see now was hidden from us, so at present we are almost equally at a loss how to form any conception of the stronger light and brighter prospects which we wait and hope for. Comparatively we are in the dark still: at the most we have but a dim twilight, and see nothing clearly; but it is the dawn of immortality, and a sure presage and earnest of glory.

Thus, at times, it seems a darkness that may be felt broods over your natural spirits. But when the Day-star arises upon your heart, you see and rejoice in his light—you have days as well as nights; and, after a few more vicissitudes, you will take your flight to the regions of everlasting light, where your sun will go down no more. Happy you, and happy me, if I shall meet you there, as I trust I shall. How shall we love, and sing, and wonder, and praise the Saviour's name!

Last Sunday, a young man died here of extreme old age at twenty-five. He laboured hard to ruin a good constitution, and unhappily succeeded, yet amused himself with the hopes of recovery almost to the last. We have a sad knot of such poor creatures in this place, who labour to stifle each other's convictions, and to ruin themselves and associates, soul and body. How industriously is Satan served! I was formerly one of his most active under-tempters. Not content with running the broad way myself, I was indefatigable in enticing others; and had my influence been equal to my wishes, I would have carried all the human race with me. And doubtless some have perished, to whose destruction I was greatly instrumental, by tempting them to sin, and by poisoning and hardening them with principles of infidelity; and yet I was spared! When I think of the most with whom I spent my unhappy days of ignorance, I am ready to say, I only am escaped alive to tell thee. Surely I have not half the activity and zeal in the service of Him who snatched me as a brand from the burning, that I had in the service of his enemy. Then the whole stream of my endeavours and affections went one way: now my best desires are continually crossed, counteracted, and spoiled, by the sin which dwelleth in me. Then the tide of a corrupt nature bore me along: now I have to strive and swim against it. The Lord cut me short of opportunities, and placed me where I could do but little mischief; but had my abilities and occasions been equal to my heart, I should have been a Voltaire and a Tiberius in one character—a monster of profaneness and licentiousness. "Oh to grace how great a debtor!" A common drunkard or profligate, is a petty sinner to what I was. I had the ambition of a Cæsar or an Alexander, and wanted to rank in wickedness among the foremost of the human race. When you have read this, praise the Lord for his mercy to the chief of sinners, and pray that I may have grace to be faithful. But I have rambled. I meant to tell you, that on Sunday afternoon, I preached from "Why will ye die?" Ezek. xxxiii. 10, 11. I endeavoured to show poor sinners, that if they died it was because they would; and if they would they must. I was much affected; for a time I could hardly speak for weeping, and some wept with me. From some, alas! I can no more draw a tear or a relenting thought than from a millstone.

You bid me either write or come. Come, I cannot; and therefore I obey you in the alternative. Partly, because it is my bounden duty to obey Mr. Bull; and partly to coax you out of a letter, which will be very acceptable, especially if it be a good long one. The Lord has watched over us night and day since you

were here, and we are in health and peace. We join in love to you and Mrs. Bull. Come and see us as soon and as often as you can, and always think of me, and pray for me, as your very affectionate friend and brother,

JOHN NEWTON.

Olney, 27th October, '78.

My dear friend,—I could have wished for a more favourable account of your complaint, but you are in the Lord's hand—in the hand of him who loves you better than I do, better than you can love yourself. He will therefore order all things concerning you, and give you strength according to your day. This great Physician can support and heal, when other physicians are found to be of no value.

I am waiting with suspense for a further account of the fleets. You will hear sooner than we. If the news prove unfavourable, it will come soon enough to us all. Now perhaps is the crisis, or perhaps before now the blow is struck. My soul, wait thou only upon God; he directs the storm, and he can hush it into a calm. He loves his people, and numbers the hairs of their head. Whatever may be his purpose towards the nation, he says to his own people, it shall be well with them.

Here I was interrupted by a visit from Mrs. Foster; she has just left us, and I am just going to the great house,* and therefore cannot fill up my paper as usual. I wish the bearer may bring me a better account of you. May the Lord fill you with his peace. We join in love to you and Mrs. Bull. I am constrained to subscribe myself in haste, affectionately yours,

JOHN NEWTON.

Olney, 7 Sept. '79.

* What is called the great house, was an ancient mansion, then unoccupied, and now pulled down, in which Mr. Newton rented a room, where meetings were held for prayer, and exposition of the word of God. In this room my father sometimes preached for Mr. Newton. I have by me a list of names, in the hand-writing of the author of these letters, of the persons who engaged in prayer; and it is interesting to observe among them the frequent recurrence of the name of the poet Cowper, from the year when he came to reside at Olney, to the year 1773, when a dark cloud came over his mind, and peculiar views of himself unhappily prevented him from entering a place of worship to the end of his days. So strictly conscientious was this interesting man, that I have frequently seen him sit down at table when others have risen to implore a blessing, and take his knife and fork in hand, to signify, I presume, that he had "no right to pray." "Prove to me" (he writes, in a letter to my father) "that I have a right to pray, and I will pray without ceasing, even in the belly of this hell, compared with which Jonah's was a palace, a temple of the living God."—Southey's "Cowper," vol. iv. p. 235.

Two of the "Olney Hymns," "On opening a place for social prayer," one composed by Mr. Newton, and the other by Mr. Cowper, were most probably used when this room was first set apart for this purpose.—See "Olney Hymns," book ii. hymns 43, 44.—The following names occur in the paper above referred to:—Raban, Cowper, Kaye, Samples, R. Stamford, J. Harris Chater, Hull Clifton, Percy, B. Nind, Halward, Jones (curate of Clifton,) Trinder (Northampton.)—ED.

BOATSWAIN BILLINGS; OR, SCENES ON THE OCEAN.

THE wide-spread world of waters is heaving to and fro; dolphins are sporting in the waves; a lonely albatross is winnowing his way above the bounding billows, and a distant sail to the south is seen on the horizon. We call the ocean green, but it is blended with all hues—green, blue, slate-colour, silvery white, ebon black, glittering like gold, and sometimes of all colours at the same moment, as the light, the sunshine, the clouds, and other causes, affect it. At one time the sun blazes on the billows, and at another the dark clouds fling their inky shadows on the deep. Now the sea is calm, now adorned with narrow ledges of snowy white foam, now rushing onward in huge curling ridges, and now heaving wildly in fearful commotion, headstrong, mountainous, boundless, grand, magnificent, awful, and sublime. The mighty voice of ocean is like the wallowing of a river and the windroar of a forest, sometimes low and sometimes loud, but ever fitful, restless, incessant, and eternal. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts," Psa. civ. 24, 25.

How dread the frown on ocean's angry brow!
How great, how dread, O God! how infinite art thou!

* * * * * *

The good ship Mary Anne is lying at anchor, all right and tight from keel to sky-scraper, and from stem to stern. Look at her masts, sails, and rigging, and at the fine build of her bows! The master is a true sailor, though the mate is hardly to be trusted. The crew are bold fellows, but the best seaman on board is Billings the boatswain. Billings can reef, rig, and steer with any one, and every yard, sail, block, brace, and rope's-end in the Mary Anne is an old acquaintance to him. He has joy in his

heart when ploughing his way through the heaving ocean in the ship that cradled him when a boy, and that has been a home to him ever since he became a man. He loves every rib and plank in her sides, and every yard of canvass in her sails that stretches itself to the blustering breeze. No music is sweeter to him than the voice of his messmates, the dash of the billows against the bows, the straining of the masts, the creaking of the timbers, the flapping of the sails, and the sharp sound of the wind whistling through the rigging. Billings has a daring spirit and a kind heart; every inch a sailor. The lion and the lamb are mingled in his disposition. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep," Psa. cvii. 23, 24. "Truly the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods," Psa. xcv. 3.

He speaks the word, and angry ocean wild
Obeys his voice, obedient as a child.

* * * * * *

It is sunset. The beautiful blue sky is dappled with grey clouds that melt into airy nothing to the north and south, but grow more distinct and bright towards the west, where they are tinged with dun on their under sides, and here and there with a blush of vermilion. Below the dappled clouds the sky is of a glowing yellow, a sea of glittering gold, through which the all-glorious sun is sinking to the ocean. The Mary Anne is under sail with a fair breeze. How boldly she breasts the billows! How beautifully she cuts her way through the waves! Her canvass is filled with the wind; the waters sparkle with rainbow hues; dolphins sport on the surface of the deep, and sea gulls are waving their long wings, now high in the air, and now hovering over the ridge of the rising wave. The master is in spirits, the crew steady, and Billings all alive. He who has the charge of the rigging, sails, cables, anchors, and flags, and the call of the watches, has enough to perform; but Billings is equal to his duty. England owes her sailors much, and much should she repay them, both with regard to time and eternity.

On flies the ship; the waves before her bow;
Hope spreads her sails, and smiles upon her prow.

* * * * * *

The Mary Anne is off Newfoundland, but neither Newfoundland nor any other land is to be seen; hardly can the crew descry the water through which the ship is slowly moving. The master says that old Neptune is giving them rather a wet birth of it, and Billings talks about cutting a main-sail out of the thick fog which prevails. You may see something like a mast, and some of the shrouds and ratlines, and perhaps a lift or brace, but as for the hands aloft, they would not be more out of sight if they were above the clouds. Stand on the deck amidships, and stem and stern are both lost to you. In a storm seamen have something to do, and in a calm they have usually something to see; but a fog, when off shore, hangs heavily on their hands and their hearts. So far from clearing away, it seems to get thicker. The crew are tired of the weather, the mate is out of temper, the captain in his pea jacket is restless, and Billings himself is but ill at ease. Breathing a fog like this is almost like breathing water.

A misty mantle lies upon the deep;
The winds are still, and all the billows sleep.

* * * * * *

Contrary winds have prevailed, and the Mary Anne has been blown out of her course. She is now among the icebergs, off Greenland, in 77 N. L., and fearful is her situation. There is another ship, lying off in the distance; her sails and rigging are hung with icicles, and are all frozen together. An hour or two ago the Mary Anne was stuck fast in the ice with the snowy peaks rising around her. How dreadful is the Frozen Ocean,

Where cold intense, and ice and snow abound,
And everlasting winter reigns around!

Inhospitable clime! fit only for seals, walruses and whales, sharks, white bears, and birds of prey! The weather is giving way; the sun just glitters in the heavens; a hard gale has sprung up from the north, and the ice is in fearful motion, crashing and thundering as it is borne on by the current, and grinding and sawing the ship's sides. And now come two mountainous icebergs, threatening to crush the ship between them. They are but a cable's length from the vessel, nay, they now hang beetling fearfully over her stern. See! the ship is lifted out of the water; she will be crushed as if she was made of pasteboard! The icebergs have divided! The ship is safe! The Mary

Anne sits like a sea-fowl on the water, and Billings remains at the helm.

* * * * * * *

Bound on another voyage, the Mary Anne is off the Canaries. She has fallen in with rough weather, and had a man fall from the main-yard; but there are dangers everywhere, on land as well as on the main. The roll of the waters, the heavy swell of the sea, has abated by degrees, and, unruffled by a breath of wind, the boundless ocean is tranquil as a lake. As motionless as a rock on shore lies the Mary Anne on the calm surface of the deep. There is neither straining of masts, creaking of timbers, nor flapping of sails; no whistling wind is heard among the rigging, and no billow is seen dashing against the bows. The moon is up; the ship makes no way; she is becalmed on the silvery ocean. The hands are mostly in their hammocks, but now may be heard the cheerful tones of a violin. Hark! that is the strong and clear voice of Billings the boatswain.

"In storm and calm, while shines the sun,
Duty cheerily must be done;
Though dangers frown and tempests blow,
Warily, merrily, on we go!"

* * * * * * *

The ship is riding easy, and the sun in the mid arch of heaven is flinging down on the deck his unbearable beams. The crew of the Mary Anne are at their accustomed sports on crossing the line. A seaman in a long beard, with a crown on his head, and a harpoon for a trident in his hand, is playing the part of old father Neptune, the monarch of the main, while another is acting the part of Amphitrite, his wife. The fresh hands are being roughly shaved, with a tar brush and a rusty piece of iron hoop. A sailor, with bleeding cheeks, has just had the tar-brush, not playfully, but brutally thrust into his mouth by the mate. A bad fellow that mate! The sailor has had the board on which he sat pulled from under him, and he is now floundering in the tub. There he goes, staggering along the deck, pelted with old rope swabs, and soused with buckets of water. Rough sport this, but seamen enjoy it. Sailors have ready hands and hardy frames—

They blithely sing, while on the vessel flies,
And laugh at danger when the billows rise.

The master looks on good-humouredly, and Billings is righting some of the fresh hands that have been tarred and drenched, and helping to make them look ship-shape. The boatswain has a kind heart beating in his bosom.

* * * * * * *

A storm is abroad; nay, a hurricane, and the Mary Anne is in distress. How awful is the angry ocean, when the black sky is as a pall above, when the voice of the tempest is heard in thunder, and when the wings of the wind in wrath are sweeping the face of the deep! Twice has the ship been on her beam-ends, the mizen-mast is sprung half through, the main-sail blown to shatters, and water is deep in the hold. The hands have been long at the pumps, but a panic has struck the hearts of the crew; though some of them are bold fellows; but this is no common storm. In vain the master cheers on his men gallantly, and sets them a brave example. The roaring waves dash over them, and the raging deep yawns for their destruction. Frightful is the scene; the lightnings flash, the thunder roars, and the rain comes down like a deluge. The crew are in confusion—some have broken open the spirit casks, and are drinking, in the madness of despair. Drunken sailors roll about on the deck, passengers fall on their knees to pray, and women shriek aloud. The ship has struck, and oh! how fearfully she is beating her hull against the rocks!

Thunder roaring, lightning flashing
Through the gloom, and billows dashing.

All on board have lost their self-possession. No! not all, for two are yet steady—the master and Billings the boatswain.

* * * * * * *

The sea at times makes a clear run over her decks; but a crisis is at hand, for she cannot stand this long. Dark is the night, and wild the angry storm. The vessel has strained her bows, and shipped more water than is likely ever to be baled out of her. On the larboard bow the crew are trying to get a hawser to the cliff; the stern is yet in deep water. Amid the breakers on the starboard is a mother clasping her babe to her bosom, in all the wild energy of despair. She battles bravely with the raging billows, and now a rope is flung to her. She has grasped it, and they have hoisted her half way up towards the gunwale. Alas! her hand relaxes its hold—she falls, and is swallowed up by the whelming waters. See! see! A sailor, with

a rope coiled round him, has leaped into the raging flood, and the zig-zag lightning shows that he has hold of the drowning woman. The rope is pulled up to the deck, and mother, child, and seaman all are saved. The daring plunge was made by Billings the boatswain, who is now crying out, in a momentary lull of the storm, "Keep up, my hearties! and the old barky may perhaps yet be saved!"

When perils rise, and stormy billows roll,
How nobly hope sustains the sinking soul!

* * * * * *

Though the Mary Anne is once more gliding smoothly through the waters, peril is in her wake, on the chase, and will very soon overtake her. Bear a hand, boys! squalls are coming on and are on the lee bow. There is mutiny in the ship, and that evil-eyed mate is at the head of it. The master must be told of this. Hark! the storm is bursting. But the ruffian mate and his followers are binding him, with horrid oaths and threats on their lips, and the master calls aloud for aid. Billings has burst away from two fellows that had grasped him—seized hold of a handspike lying on the deck, felled the mutineer that was guarding the gangway, and rushed down into the captain's cabin, followed by a few brave fellows, not won over by the mutineers. The master, with his hands half-tied, is struggling with his lawless crew; but Billings is at hand. Short and desperate is the struggle—the master is at liberty—the mate, by a blow of Billings' handspike, is weltering on the cabin floor, with others of his guilty companions. The mutiny is quelled, the mutineers are put in irons, and on sails the Mary Anne through the yielding waves. There is One who holdeth the sea in the hollow of his hand, who maketh the storm a calm, who raiseth the humble, and putteth down the proud.

Sailor, look up! and his almighty power
Shall shelter thee in danger's darkest hour.

* * * * * *

Alas for the good ship Mary Anne! She has weathered many a storm, but is now in sad extremity. Often has she struggled with the winds and the waves, but now she is the prey of all-devouring fire. An hour ago a cask of spirits was staved by accident, a lantern fell on it, and in a moment the spirits were in flames. The light blue vapour changed into a dark, dingy cloud; the fire caught the cable-tier, and soon the thick smoke came curling up the hatchways, and the flame burst forth. The lower deck was scuttled, the combings of the hatches cut, and the lower parts opened. In rushed the water on the blazing hold, but the fire had found its way to the rigging, and mounted the masts. A sail is in sight, but what ship will dare to approach a vessel on fire! When a ship is right and tight, the sea smooth, and the wind fair, all sailors seem alike; but it is in the hour of trial and distress that daring spirits show their self-possession. The Mary Anne is a scene of confusion, dismay, and wild despair; but there is courage in the heart of the master, and steadiness, enterprise, and endurance on the brow of Billings the boatswain.

Unbroken still in danger's stern control,
The heart of courage and the daring soul.

* * * * * *

The strange sail has borne down on the Mary Anne, and now lies within a cable's length or two of the burning ship. Her long-boat has gone and taken on board the hapless passengers, but the master and Billings have remained on board, though the ship is almost covered with flames. They are bent on saving the lives of the guilty mate and his comrades in irons. Hurrah! Here they come. They are now in the long-boat—they have reached the ship—they are all safe on board—the passengers, on their knees, are thanking God for their escape—the master of the deserted vessel looks mournfully on her blazing hull, and Billings the boatswain is drawing his sleeve across his eyes, as the good ship Mary Anne sinks through the yielding waters. Cheerily, Billings! cheerily! Thy cradle, thy hammock, and thy home, are swept, by the fiery blast, from the face of the deep, but there is yet a bit of blue left in the sky! Look up, Billings, to Him who controls the winds and the waves. "The sea is his, and he made it, and his hands formed the dry land," Psa. xcv. 5. Look up to him steadily, through the mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord, and thou shalt yet weather the storms of life and death.

Though earth's and ocean's proudest hopes shall sever,
Yet heaven and heavenly things endure for ever.

THE BIBLE.

Not long ago a proposition was made to prepare a book of asbestos, whose pages should record the annals of the world; and as the material is incombustible, and would survive the fires of the last day, the volume was to be called, "The Book of Eternity." Vain aspiration! the true book of eternity is already extant—the Bible; and with this vast superiority over the human invention, that it is mysteriously related to a twofold eternity: it is the gift of the past eternity to time, and will finally be restored by time to the eternity which is yet to come. It is a leaf from the book of the Divine decrees; it reveals thoughts which were revolved from everlasting in the mind of God; in its march through time it scatters those thoughts like seeds, whose fruit is to be gathered in eternity. It is the voice of one eternity speaking to another, for the benefit of every listening child of time and heir of immortality. It has never been out of the hand of the Eternal; though he graciously presents it to us as an open book, and turns it over, page by page, to the willing eye, yet it will hereafter appear, that he has never allowed it to pass out of his keeping, but has always held it in the hollow of his hand. This alone will account for its preservation.

So copiously did the Fathers quote from the New Testament, especially from the Gospels, that had that portion of Scripture been destroyed, their writings, it is said, would have supplied and restored the whole again. That destruction will eventually take place; but when the final conflagration shall have reduced the material of the Bible to ashes, the indestructible truths will be found transcribed by the finger of the Spirit, and enshrined in the hearts of the renewed. The disembodied spirit of truth will appear before the throne of God, and beholding in every face the reflection of her own image, will justly claim them all for her offspring.

There are certain places on the face of the globe which mankind seem, by general consent, to have selected for the theatres of great events. Such, for instance, is the Plain of Esdrelom, the battle-field of empires, where every nation of the old world has seen its banners wet with the dew of Hermon. And such the Mediterranean, the *naumachia* of the nations, where empire has often been lost and won. But the Bible is the arena of more and higher conflicts still; it is at once the object of contest, the armoury which supplies the weapons, and the chosen ground of struggle. Why has it witnessed more frequent and fierce encounters than any other object on the face of the earth? Ask why is the rock of Gibraltar an object of fierce contention in every war with the power that holds it. Why is the pass of Thermopylæ steeped to the centre with blood? The Bible is the frontier fortress of the church; all the armies of error, in every age, have beleaguered it; but the sons of truth, who hold it for God, have received it with this address, "Here stand, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against you;" and they "loved not their lives unto the death."

The Bible is the true prophet of hope. The books of pagan antiquity sung only of the golden-aged past; for the future, their moral was despair. Like the stern-lights of a ship, the radiance they threw fell only on the track behind. The Bible builds on the future; the chorus of all its songs is of a glory to come. In the mid-winter of humanity it has gone on sowing light for the righteous—seeds of the sun. And in the captivity of the church, when the daughter of Sion sat disconsolate in her chains, the voice of the Bible has ever been, "Arise, and shine." No dell of Tempe, no garden of the Hesperides, no vale of Cashmere, no slope on the banks of Gennesareth, where the seasons met and danced together, ever dazzled with more golden fruit, or charmed with fairer verdure and richer fragrance, than the Bible presents in the moral landscape of the future.

> "O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true!
> Scenes of accomplished bliss! which who can see,
> Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
> His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy?
> Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
> And clothe all climes with beauty. * *
> The various seasons woven into one,
> And that one season an eternal spring."

To the Bible, the great philosophers, legislators, and founders of ancient sects were indebted, directly or indirectly, for nearly every thing excellent in their codes and systems.

> "Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
> Repairing, in their golden urns drew light."

A live coal from off its altar, quickly transmitted—like the torch passed from hand to hand in the lamp-game of the Grecian youth—kindled the light of Persia, Greece, and Rome. Hence, doubt-

less, Plato drew the dim conception which he is supposed to have entertained, of the necessity of a Divine Mediator; whether from an indistinct echo of the patriarchal faith, or from rays refracted from the Hebrew prophets, through a Phœnician medium, it is not easy to determine. Probably both cooperated, with his own deep sense of necessity, in partially unveiling the awful truth to this divine philosopher, this "plant from the wreck of Paradise, thrown on the shores of idolatrous Greece."

The Bible is distinguished from every other book professedly inspired—from the Shasters of the Brahmin and the Koran of Mahomet—by its earnest commendations of knowledge. Imposture fears the light; the Bible courts and creates it. Not only does it extol knowledge as a glory, it excites a thirst for it, and commands us to seek after it as a most sacred duty.

And, oh, what a field for contemplation does it lay open! It is the history of a world, of our own world—its morning, its meridian, its many changes, its prospective close. The countless multitudes of antiquity pass before our eyes, the heroes, and tyrants, and martyrs of old time, their enormous wealth, their glittering palaces, and mighty cities. We hear the tumult of their armies, and the fame of their kings proclaimed—Assyrian and Persian, Babylonian, Egyptian, and Mede; and all is suddenly swept away. Another king or conqueror comes, and another army, more numerous than the last, and that, too, perishes before our eyes; and another after rises up, and then another. And all these men were our fathers, whose virtues and vices are recorded in blazing letters, and whose punishment or reward is made known to the uttermost regions of the earth, for the benefit and guidance of us, their sons. Were it but the ruin of a history it would be venerable; were it a fiction only, it would be a grand one; but it is complete and true, it is full of general as well as individual interest, it is replete with simple and manly narration, with passionate appeals and overwhelming eloquence. It is addressed to ourselves, it is connected with us and our well-being; it gives us a story of the past, and a lesson for the future. There is nothing in Homer which can mate with the soaring spirit of its poetry; there is nothing in Virgil which can equal the gentle pathos of its strains. Dante is less awful, and Ariosto less wild; even Milton, who has topped the sublimity of all other writers, and Shakspeare, who has surpassed the united world in prodigality of imagery and variety of thought, must yield to the infinite grandeur and beauty which are impressed on the living oracles, or scattered in exuberance over every page.

I have said the Bible is the history of our world, but this is not saying enough; its subject is the fate of worlds, the revolutions of heaven and of earth—destruction and restoration on the vastest scale. It is more than the history of all this, it is the philosophy of the history; and, more than this, the theology of the philosophy. But in the remarks I have made, I have only ascended the steps of the temple, the hallowed interior is yet to be viewed. For the present, it only remains for us to admire the manner in which the Bible embodies its great doctrines, and inculcates its great lessons. It narrates interesting facts, and teaches by example. And here I shall avail myself of a paragraph in Mr. Binney's "Discourses on the Practical Power of Faith:" "We are more likely to be successful in our inculcation of duty, if we not only state what it is right to do, but actually show how it has been done. The mind, in such cases, seems to have the advantage of another sense—it not only hears, but it sees; the understanding is not only put in possession of truth, but the fancy is furnished with illustrations and images. Many a man who could not comprehend the arguments for a particular providence, can feel the proof as seen in the lives of Abraham or Joseph. He whose weakness would be overcome by temptation or calamity, could he remember nothing but the abstract precepts of the preacher, may be stimulated to exert both firmness and faith, by knowing that others have been equally tempted, without sacrificing their virtue, and equally afflicted, without losing their confidence. For this very purpose, we imagine, has the Holy Spirit included so much of an historical nature in the inspired volume. On the same account, our Divine Lord conveyed most of his instructions in parables, embodying, in the intelligible actions of men, the particular truth he intended to enforce. This was emphatically 'teaching the multitude.' The mass of mankind feel, rather than reason; they arrive at truth by sensation, rather than by argument; the voice of

nature from within, responds to the voice of nature from without. They cannot go along with you, perhaps, in your demonstration of a principle; but they can comprehend the principle itself. They can learn nothing from a laboured disquisition on the beauty of virtue; but they can both see its beauty and feel its attractions, if presented before them in action and character. Now, by becoming familiar with the history of holy men, you will become familiar with the principles of religion itself; for it is these, in fact, you are required to contemplate, embodied in obvious and striking illustrations."—*Dr. Harris.*

THE REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

No. XV.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE EMPEROR AND THE COUNCIL AGAINST THE POPE—ORATION OF GERSON, AND CONCLUSIONS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS—DECREES OF THE FIFTH SESSION—SECOND FLIGHT OF JOHN XXIII.

JOHN XXIII. considered that the council was broken up by his withdrawal, and it nearly was so in reality, if not in principle. Several of the cardinals had already followed the pope to Schaffhausen. The Italians, who were almost entirely attached to his interests, and who reckoned 300 votes, were inclined to leave Constance, and of the three other nations, those who feared that John XXIII. would, on his return to freedom, resume his former authority, and others, indeed the most numerous part, either from feelings of discouragement, or weariness, were equally inclined to retire.

Sigismund averted the danger; animated by his ardent zeal for the peace of the church and the union of Christendom, immediately after the departure of the pope, he showed himself worthy of the title of protector of the council, and acted as became an emperor.

The day next following he appeared on horseback, attended by the elector palatine, and all the princes of his court. He paraded the city with trumpets sounding, promising to every one the same security as before, declaring that the council was not interrupted by the flight of the pope, and that he would shed the last drop of his blood in its defence. At the same time, he secretly ordered that a writing should be everywhere posted, declaring, in energetic terms, the past conduct of the pope and cardinals, their breach of faith, their efforts to dissolve or fetter the council, accusing John XXIII. of tyranny, simony, and other offences; and finally exhorting the members of the council to judge him according to his deserts, and according to what had been done with the concurrence of former emperors, in deposing several popes.

Sigismund then caused the nations again to assemble in the cathedral, and there, in the presence of all, once more declared that he would support the council at the peril of his life. Deliberations arose, as to bringing back John XXIII. to Constance, and constraining him to abdicate. At length four deputies, namely, three cardinals and Regnaud de Chartres, archbishop of Rheims, were sent to Schaffhausen, to convey to him the resolutions of the council. But in order to give efficacy to the measures taken for reducing the pope to submission, others must be adopted, to subdue Frederick of Austria, the companion of his flight, and his protector. For this purpose, the emperor assembled all the princes, and in their presence denounced the archduke as a traitor to the empire and the council, and required them to unite their efforts to subdue him. All yielded to his firmness; not a single voice was raised in the defence of Frederick; he was summoned to give account of his conduct before the council, and the emperor and Sigismund prepared to overcome him by force of arms.

The pope, terrified at the storm which was bursting upon his head, wrote to the emperor in submissive language, that he had arrived at Schaffhausen, unknown to the archduke of Austria, not to avoid fulfilling the promise to abdicate, which he had given, but that he might freely execute his promise, and without danger to his health. Yet it was evident that John XXIII. would yield only to force; and after the emperor had successfully directed his temporal power against him, the council resorted to other arms no less formidable.

The departure of the pope again excited the great question already discussed, and at one time settled, by the council of Pisa, as to the respective rights of popes and general councils, and the superiority of the one over the other. They had to decide as to whether the obstinate resistance of a pontiff could annul the acts of an universal council, or if the

latter, acting for the interests of the church, could not overcome a rebellious and factious pope. From the moment when the council, in the absence of the pope, persisted in declaring itself a lawful assembly, the solution of this problem was no longer a matter of uncertainty.

Those who had, from motives of fear, at first objected to declare themselves in opposition to the pope, wisely proceeded to deprive him of weapons which he would otherwise have turned against themselves, and hastened to join the men who, led by conscience alone, resisted the omnipotence of the papacy. Among the latter, the representatives of the university of Paris were conspicuous, and among the most eminent, their admirable chancellor.

On March 23rd, 1415, Gerson preached, in the presence of the representatives of the four nations, a celebrated sermon on this text, "Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you," John xii. 35. His discourse was the torch which enlightened the council. In the words of the apostle, Gerson advised his hearers, "to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Let there be," said he, "but one body and one soul; one God alone, one faith alone, one baptism only. Let us be united in Christ, our Head, on whom every member depends, and to whom all are bound and subjected." From this primary truth he deduced twelve propositions, of which the chief were, that ecclesiastical union has reference to one Head alone, who is Jesus Christ; and that it is made by a secondary head, who is called the sovereign pontiff, and who is the vicar of Jesus Christ; and that in Christ the church possesses a spouse so inseparable, that he never can give her letters of divorce; but that, on the contrary, the church is not so bound to the vicar of her spouse that they cannot be separated.

"The church, or the general council which represents it," observed Gerson, "is an ordinance directed by the Holy Spirit, and appointed by Jesus Christ, that every man, even a pope, is bound to hear and obey, or else to be considered as a heathen man and a publican. In many cases, the church or council has met, or may be assembled, without an express consent or command from the pope, even when his election has been canonical and his life regular. Such cases are the following: for instance, if the pope, being accused, and required to answer, obstinately refuses to call together the church; or if a general council having decided that another council shall be held at a stated season, the pope refuses to summon it; or, finally, if there is a schism or strife between several popes." Gerson closed with these words: "The church, or the general council, ought to seek the extirpation of error, and the correction of those who err, without any respect of persons. The order and hierarchy of the church should be reformed upon the model of the celestial hierarchy, by conforming to ancient rules. And there is no more effectual method for the church to attain this object, than by prescribing the continuation of general councils, without neglecting provincial councils."

The university of Paris made use of still stronger and more energetic expressions, in two memorials addressed to the council. One of these expressed, in substance, that the church is more necessary than the pope, because none can be saved out of the church, but men may well be saved without the pope. The church is more useful and excellent, because the pope is for the church, and not the church for the pope. More honourable, because she is the spouse of Christ, the wife of the Lamb. More powerful, because the gates of hell shall not prevail against her, though by vices and heresies they often have prevailed against the popes. Possessing more understanding, because she is adorned by many gifts, which never were united in any one pope. That it is from the church the pope receives the sovereign authority which habitually dwells in her, though she gives to the pope authority to exercise it. To the church Jesus Christ has given the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and the pope only holds them from her; and, when lawfully convoked, the church can use these keys to judge, to correct, or to depose the pope, even as it has power to snatch a sword from the hands of a madman; and that the church has not entrusted these keys to the pope to destroy, but to build up. The conclusion of the memorial is, that, in many cases, the council is superior to the pope.

The cardinals had refused to listen to the preaching of Gerson, and from that time they kept themselves apart. They felt, that in the state of things which then existed, the acts of the council would strike a serious blow at the authority of

the Romish church, of which they were the representatives; and their chief aim was to restrict or shackle the decrees of the assembly.

John XXIII., on his part, had recourse to all sorts of means for his own defence. He addressed a letter of apology to the king of France, the duke of Orleans, and the University, protesting against the validity of the acts of the council, and his reasoning, in some respects, was plausible. He said, that at Constance, the customs of the earlier councils had not been observed. The suffrages had been collected, not individually, but by nations. All persons were indiscriminately admitted, whether religious or secular, married or unmarried; whether they had taken degrees or not, whether or not they were of honourable stations. All these things had been done, although, according to the canons, only cardinals, patriarchs, and prelates had a right to deliberate and vote in councils. The pope accused the king of the Romans of having assumed an authority at Constance which did not belong to him, while he himself was deprived of all liberty. He concluded by avowing the assistance of the duke of Austria, which he had denied in his letter to the emperor; and while thus negotiating with foreigners, he redoubled his efforts to withdraw from the council the Italian nation, the cardinals, and all who by their interests or fortune were united to the see of Rome.

Sigismund, supported by the three other national bodies, overcame all resistance by force, and on March 23rd, he caused the third general session to be opened, which was the first after the flight of John XXIII. Two of the cardinals only were present; these were Zabarelli, cardinal of Florence, and Peter d'Ailly, cardinal of Cambrai, who both, especially the latter, manifested unfeigned zeal for the extinction of the schism, yet at the same time desired to preserve the privileges of the Romish church.

The cardinal of Florence, at the commencement of the session, read an act, by which the council declared, that it was not dissolved by the withdrawal of the pope and most of the cardinals; but that it remained, in all its power and authority, whatever might be said, either in present or future time, to express a contrary opinion. Every prelate and member of the council was forbidden to withdraw without lawful cause. As for those who had obtained permission to retire, they were required to leave their powers with those who remained. These clauses were to be observed under the penalties imposed by the canons, or any others which the council might impose. These articles were agreed to by the representatives of all the assembled nations.

Nevertheless, the pope continued his intrigues; and the commissioners sent to Schaffhausen, returned with words, in which the council could perceive nothing but the wish to escape from the dangers of the moment, by holding out deceptive prospects. John XXIII. said that he was ready to appoint representatives, to make the resignation he had promised; then he added, as pope, that he would issue a bull for the reformation of the church, and required that he might still be attended by a court, and especially, that nothing might be undertaken against Frederick of Austria, who alone protected his independence.

Provoked by these evasive replies, Sigismund increased his efforts to subdue the pope, both by the decrees of the council and the arms of his soldiers. He caused still stronger articles to be prepared, to be read in another session, even more precise than those which had been adopted by the preceding assembly.

These articles stated, that recourse had been had to all the measures sanctioned by the canon-law for constraining and punishing such as obstinately refused to obey the decrees of the council, or of any other general council lawfully assembled. They also declared that the pope, and every other member of the council, had enjoyed perfect liberty. Gerson caused a strong declaration to be appended to these articles, which were presented by the bishop of Tolentino, and declared that the flight of the pope caused strong suspicions of heresy and schism, and that he could not allege any fears as a sufficient excuse, since it was his duty to sacrifice his life for his flock.

The fourth general session was announced for March 30th, and its formidable preparations filled John XXIII. with terror. He was no less dismayed to see the imperial armies in motion, and he felt himself no longer secure at Schaffhausen, so near to the council and the emperor, and accordingly quitted that place of residence; while already several princes and cities, terrified at the storm which threatened his protector, the archduke, had severed the feudal ties which

bound them to him. Messengers arrived from all quarters, bearing evil tidings; and the reports of such fallings off, says a contemporary writer, were as wings or spurs to John xxiii.

He turned his course towards the castle of Laufenbourg, situated on the banks of the Rhine, where he arrived in the evening. But he was scarcely out of the walls of Schaffhausen, when, calling for a notary and for witnesses, he dictated to them a retractation of all that he had done at Constance, protesting that when in the council there, his promises and oaths had only been the result of violence and fear, and that, in consequence, he was not to be considered as bound to the performance of such promises. His secretary relates that he repeated this protestation in various places; yet, regulating his words not by the truth, but by the inclinations of those to whom his epistles were addressed, he wrote several in a very different style, thus constantly giving himself the lie in a shameful manner.

THE TURKEY VULTURE.

Foreigners, when they visit the coast of Peru for the first time, are much surprised at the immense number of birds of the vulture species which they meet with about the roads and on the roofs of the houses. In Callao and in all other ports, the Turkey vulture (*Cathartes aura*, Illig.) is frequently seen. It is called by the Spaniards *Gallinazo á cabéza colorada* (red-headed vulture.) Farther in the interior of the country it is frequently seen, though there it is less common than the black gallinazo (*Cathartes fœtens*, Illig.) The colour of the former is dark brownish-black; the unplumed head and throat are red; the throat is full of wrinkles and warts. The latter is very like it in size and colour, only the head and neck are greyish-black. These birds are the size of a turkey-cock; but they are lanker and more angular in form. The black-headed gallinazo is inactive, heavy, and seldom flies far. When seeking food he hops about on the ground in short regular springs. When he wishes to move faster forward, he helps himself with his wings, but without flying. Its cry is seldom heard, and never long continued. At noon, sometimes from sixty to eighty of these birds perch themselves on the tops of the houses or on the adjoining walls, and with the heads under the wing they all go to roost. They are extremely voracious, and devour every sort of animal substance they can find, however filthy it may be. They are not in the least degree shy, for they hop about among men and cattle in the most populous places. The Turkey vulture is far more lively, and its movements are more light. It flies faster and continues longer on the wing than the black-headed gallinazo. It is, however, more timid. It nestles in sandy rocks and uninhabited islands. The female lays three or four whitish eggs, which are hatched in February and March. The common gallinazo usually builds its nest on the tops of houses, churches, ruins, and high walls. The female lays three or four eggs, which are whitish brown and speckled, and are hatched in the same months as the eggs of the Turkey vulture.—*Tschudi.*

THE WORD OF GOD'S PATIENCE.

Let all the churches know what the word of God's patience is, and observe and keep the same; for, saith our Saviour to the church of Philadelphia, "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world; and him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out," Rev. iii. 10—12. He that overcometh is the same that keepeth the word of Christ's patience. What is that? In all times there is some truth, which is the trying, suffering truth. In Luther's time, the doctrine of justification by faith alone was the word of God's patience; in queen Mary's time, that truth which opposed transubstantiation was the word of God's patience; in Athanasius's time, the doctrine of Christ's Deity was the word of Christ's patience. There is always some truth or other, the profession and owning whereof saith, "Here is the patience of the saints." Now if the churches keep that word, and overcome in the keeping of it, the Lord Christ will make every member of them as a pillar in the temple of God, that shall go no more out.—*William Bridge.*

[Is not the truth that opposes baptismal regeneration "the word of God's patience" now?]

Fire place in an English Baronial Hall and other large Apartments.

HOUSES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

No. I.

An elaborate delineation of the

"Halles ful heygh, and houses ful noble,
Chambers with chymnes, and chapels gaye,"

in which our fathers resided, would be more suited for the architect or the antiquarian than for the general reader. Still, a sketch of their general domestic arrangements will be not less interesting than improving.

The whole art of building, according to certain proportions and rules, was determined and regulated by various circumstances. In its early history it appears rude in the extreme; but it is remarkable, that in all countries it assumed a character suited to meet the wants of the people. The wooden hut was the first type or model of architecture; and the Greeks, working upon it, transferred to stone the forms of an assemblage of carpentry; giving rise to the orders of architecture which are, at this day, the ornaments of our buildings. The first trees driven into the ground, for the purpose of bearing a covering for shelter, were the precursors of the insulated columns of the portico of a temple: and to other objects equally simple we trace the various details of this interesting and most useful art.

The early baronial mansions of this country were adapted to the character of the times; and much of the restless and warlike disposition of the people might be learned, from the remains of the constructions of those periods, even if history had been silent. Their principal strength consisted of a tower, or keep, the walls of which were from six to ten feet thick, the windows being only holes of one or two feet square, placed at irregular intervals. The floors were built on arches; the roof was flat, and battlemented with notches in the parapet, from which the retainers of the chieftain might defend themselves with instruments of war. Around, or in front of the main tower, there was usually a court-yard, protected by a high wall; the arched entrance was carefully sheltered by a portcullis, and frequently by a wet ditch.

As the times became less barbarous, the houses less resembled castles, but were still firmly constructed. They occupied a large space, in consequence of being of one ground-floor, often comprising a large square court. Many of the apartments, however, were occupied by the retainers of the household; and the remainder, which were more particularly the baron's habitation, comprised one great and several little rooms. The great chamber contained the armory, while the weapons of his fathers, the gifts of friends, and the spoils of enemies, were disposed around the walls.

In the sixteenth century, the mansions of the nobility began to relax from fortified castles into social halls; and as self-defence was not so immediately the object of thought, convenience took its

place. Happily, the manners of the baron visibly softened, as his windows were unbarred and increased; the vigilant warder no longer attended his gate, the drawbridge was constantly open, the moat became dry, and the dungeon untenanted and useless. The wet ditch disappeared, and was superseded by a shrubbery; and instead of the drawbridge and portcullis, there was a regular approach with a gate of ordinary construction. Instead, also, of a bare region around, in which no foe might shelter himself, gardens were established, and an avenue of trees led to the modernised building.

As the arts of civilized life gained an influence over the people, they became gradually more enlightened. The nobility, instead of vying with one another in the number and boldness of their retainers, acquired by degrees more temperate habits, and preferred to excel in the splendour of their equipages, houses, and tables; while the common people, no longer maintained in vicious idleness by their superiors, were obliged to apply themselves to some industrious calling, and thus became useful to themselves and to others. It must also be generally acknowledged, that as the tradesmen of the present day are better and more useful men than the idle retainers of olden time, so the lives of modern noblemen are more laudably employed than those of the ancient barons.

As time rolled on, the furniture of the houses was much improved in character, and the comforts of the people increased. Nor is this remark confined to the nobility; for the middle classes displayed an equal advancement. Harrison, in writing on the condition of his times, informs us of the great improvements which had occurred within the remembrance of many then living:—"In the houses," he says, "of knights, gentlemen, merchantmen, and some other wealthy citizens, it is not geson to behold generally their profusion of tapestry, Turkey-work, pewter, brass, fine linen, and thereto costly cupboards of plate, worth five or six hundred, or a thousand pounds, to be deemed by estimation. But as herein all these sorts do far exceed their elders and predecessors, and in neatness and curiosity the merchant all the other; so in time past the costly furniture stated there, whereas now it is descended yet lower, even unto the inferior officers and many farmers, who, by virtue of their old, and not of their new leases, have, for the most part, learned to garnish their cupboards with plate, their joined beds with tapestry and silk hangings, and their tables with carpets and fine naptery, whereby the wealth of our country (God be praised therefore, and give us grace to employ it well,) doth infinitely appear. Neither do I speak this in reproach of any man, God is my judge, but to show that I do rejoice rather to see how God hath blessed us with his good gifts. Our fathers (yea, we ourselves also) have lain full oft upon straw pallets, or rough mats, covered only with a sheet, under coverlets made of dogswain, and a good round log under their heads, instead of a bolster or a pillow. If it were so that the good man of the house had, within seven years after his marriage, purchased a mattress or flock bed, and thereto a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself to be as well lodged as the lord of the town, that, peradventure, lie seldom in a bed of down or whole feathers; so well were they contented, and with such base kind of furniture. As for servants, if they had one sheet above them, it was well; for seldom had they any under their bodies, to keep them from the pricking straws that ran oft through the canvass of the pallet, and razed their hardened skins."

LYCIA AND ITS PEOPLE.

Be pleased, good reader, to imagine that you are just leaving the most southern promontory of Greece, and sailing nearly due east. To your left are the waters of the Egean, the modern Archipelago, stretching inward so as to mark the seaward boundary of old Thessaly, Macedonia, and Thrace, and separating, like a magnificent bay, between the shores of Greece which look towards Asia, and the shores of Asia Minor which look towards Europe. On your right, is the blue line of the open sea, closing upon the horizon, its waters spreading on and on in that direction, until they fall on the coast which extends from the Straits of Gibraltar to the estuary of the Nile. But your vessel is floating towards that line of coast in Asia Minor, which looks due south, and where snowy mountains lift themselves aloft, as if striving to rise higher than the intervening sea which separates them from the sight of their brother mountains on the African

continent. In approaching this aspect of Asia Minor, you have the elevated points of its coast opening upon you on your left and in front, and the island of Rhodes near upon your right. You have not long passed that island, when a portion of the Asiatic continent is seen to be projecting in front of you far into the sea: and the point at which that projecting curve commences on this western side, and that to which it recedes on the eastern, mark the extent of the shores of ancient Lycia. This irregular coast measures about a hundred miles; the Lycian territory inland extends to about sixty miles, narrowing considerably as it recedes. Long before you approach its nearest point, your attention is arrested by the snow-covered heights of a range of mountains, forming part of the great projecting line of coast just mentioned. Those are the Cragus and Anticragus, or the *Cragi Vertices Octo*—mountains of the ancients; so called, because, like some ancient oak, they sent their roots down in such huge masses into the sea as to form eight capes upon its shore. In modern geography, these mountains bear the name of the Seven Capes. They rise to the height of nearly 7,000 feet above the sea, and beyond them, to the east and north-east, are the Massicytus and the Solymean heights, the white ice-bound peaks of the former rising to the elevation of 8,700 feet, of the latter, to 9,000.

The whole territory, anciently known by the name of Lycia, is of a nature to satisfy the expectation raised by this approach to it. Its three ranges of mountains send their graduated points and slopes over the greater part of its surface, forming capes, harbours, and well-watered valleys; high pasture lands of every kind of temperature; natural fastnesses of the most romantic description; ravines and gorges as wild as Salvator Rosa himself could have coveted; dense forests rising far up the mountain sides, and contributing to mark the line which separates the space where vegetation is possible, from the elevation where the snow reflects the ever-varying hues of the rising or the setting sun. Nearly everything that could impart beauty and value to a country, and render it the home of a joyous and a free people, seemed to meet in the land of the ancient Lycians. Its principal river is the Xanthus, which bursts forth abruptly from one of its northern mountains, and winding its course, with an amplitude as broad as the Thames at Richmond, and with much more rapidity, towards the sea, divides the country into two somewhat unequal parts, the eastern section being the largest. The following is a description given by some recent travellers of a scene from a high point of Anticragus:

"On waking in the morning, we found that, in the darkness of the night before, we had come unawares upon a scene of surpassing grandeur. Beneath our dwelling sank a tremendous ravine, cleft down to the very sea, the waves of which were dashing against the margin of a small flat plain, buried in the gloom of the abyss. Immense masses of rocks, torn, rent, and broken up, lay scattered and hanging on every shelving ledge, while tremendous precipices towered upwards to the snow-crowned summit of Anticragus, which rose majestically over this wondrous gulf, seven thousand feet above the sea, the waves of which and the mountain-top were visible to us at once from the same spot. There seemed no passage to the other side, and none but a native of this rugged solitude could have guessed where a route might be. A way there was, however, but a dizzy one, and in places the horses could scarcely get along—sometimes clambering over slippery ledges not two feet broad—sometimes bending under gigantic impending blocks, which had fallen from above, and been arrested in their descent. One of the great boundary precipices presented a most singular aspect, in consequence of being partly formed of beds of shale, contorted so as to show as many as fifty doublings, which lay pressed, as it were, between great masses of horizontal strata of scaglia. There is not in all Europe a wilder or grander scene than this pass through the Seven Capes of Cragus."

Here is a description of another scene, from a less elevated spot inland, and giving you Cragus and Anticragus, as part of your mountain outline:

"The house in which we lodged is one of the largest in the valley of the Xanthus. Our host, a gloomy-looking, well-dressed, one-eyed man, was extremely polite, and paid us much attention. Our room was a long, well-proportioned chamber, the walls ornamented with arabesque paintings, and the ceiling of carved wood. Near the door, a framework of wood divided off the greater portion of the room, which was elevated

above the lesser. Over the fireplace was a carved wooden canopy. Round the house were many stables; and in the yard was a large wooden house, so Swiss-like in its form and carvings, that it might have been brought from Interlaken. In front was a flat grassy courtyard, being the levelled summit of the Acropolis. At sunset, the view from this platform was surpassingly beautiful. The distant snow became tinged of the brightest crimson, and rested on mountains of the deepest purple. The valley which lay outspread far below seemed a sheet of dark golden green, through which wound tortuously the silver thread of Xanthus. Cragus, towering between us and the sun, was a mass of the darkest blue. In the far distance lay the golden sea; and the few clouds, which hung in a sky of azure above and gold below, were like fire altars suspended in the heavens. Poor Daniell, whose spirit was deeply imbued with the love and appreciation of art, the friend and enthusiastic admirer of Turner, would sit and gaze with intense delight on this gorgeous landscape, and, eloquently dilating on its charms, appeal to them as evidences of the truth and nature which he maintained were ever present in the works of the great living master, whose merits he thoroughly understood."

But the people of this beautiful country —what of them? The earliest mention of Lycia is in the poems of Homer. We find the Lycians at the siege of Troy. They were then a warlike and powerful nation. Signal services were rendered by them to the Trojans, under the command of their several leaders, Glaucus, Sarpedon, and Pandarus. From the parley between Glaucus and Diomede in front of the two armies, it is clear that the language of the Lycians at that time was Greek. So also was their religion—Homer having described them as the worshippers of Apollo.* Herodotus was a native of the neighbouring province of Caria, and as that historian evinces much curiosity about the language of the people whom he describes, it is not to be supposed that he would have failed to mention any peculiarity of that nature among the people of Lycia if such had obtained. The evidence, we think, amounts to everything but certainty, that a language distinct from the Greek, and peculiar to Lycia, was not known in that country until after the Persian invasion. But so far back as the time of Homer we trace two distinct races of inhabitants in Lycia—the one a conquering, the other a conquered people. The conquered people were in all probability the earliest inhabitants.

* Iliad, Book iv. 150; vi. 150.

The Lycians, and their neighbours the Cilicians, were the only people in those regions who held out against Crœsus. But before the Persian power their bravery availed them not. The inhabitants of Xanthus, being defeated in battle, retired within the walls of their city, collected their wives, children, slaves, and treasure, within the Acropolis, and having committed the whole to the flames, they sallied forth, and perished in a dreadful onslaught upon the besiegers. In this display of an indomitable spirit, their example was followed by the people of Caunus. But, speaking generally, the Lycians appear advantageously in history as a peaceful, well-governed people, taking no part in the piracies to which many of their neighbours were addicted.—*British Quarterly Review.*

APPEARANCES OF NATURE.

MAY.

How much is there to enjoy in a very early morning walk at this period of the year! Let but the summit of that hill be gained, and many objects may be quietly and gradually observed. The white and fleecy fog is still in the valleys and along the sources of the streams, while the whole landscape is so soft, shadowy, and undefined, that the visible outline can only be filled up by conjecture, and it appears to become more indefinite as the sun approaches the horizon. The dews seem to feel the coming influence,

> "Jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top,"

and the one streaming pencil of golden light, which marks the eastern horizon, tells us that the sun is dissipating the shades of twilight. If the sky be perfectly clear, this "blink" of the rising orb sometimes has a very curious effect, for its appearance is but momentary, and all seems darker than before. But this shade passes away as quickly as the early light, and the rising grounds are soon displayed in that beautiful grouping of light and shade which never appears

when the sun is at any height. Then the shadows extend from eminence to eminence, filling all the intervening hollows; and though deep, they are remarkably transparent, as evaporation has not yet begun to give its fluttering indistinctness to the outlines of objects. The fogs now melt away, except, indeed, a few trailing fleeces, over the streams and lakes, that lie sheltered beneath steep or wooded banks; yet these soon retire, and the mingled fields, woods, and streams are arrayed in green and gold. The charms of the distant landscape, with their varied forms, are now fully revealed. The meadows, refreshed during the night by the softening dews, show their bespangled flowers glittering in the sunbeams. The lark soars to the clouds, the small birds salute the orb of day as they flutter on the trees and hedges, while the clear voices of the blackbird and thrush charm the ear in every grove. A thousand insects wake into existence, while the lowing herds and bleating flocks feel the all-pervading and invigorating influence. Every heart exults in the cheering scene, while the hills, the valleys, and the woods resound with rural harmony. Well might one of our poets say:

"Spring, how delighted in life's early dawn
I trod each bending vale and breezy lawn,
And mark'd each opening flower of freshest hue,
That drinks the genial rain or morning dew!
How pleased, beneath the noontide's silent sky,
I heard the feeble lamb's repeated cry,
While the fond mother, anxious, ceased to feed,
And watch'd my careless footsteps o'er the mead.
How pleased the calm and sun-warm'd lane I traced,
Its sides once more with cheering verdure graced,
Where, 'mid the varied moss, untaught and wild,
The violet sweet and golden lily smiled,
The snow-drop meek, in virgin white array'd,
And primrose, tenant of the pathless shade."

Vegetation shares in the benefits imparted to animated nature. The rich green of spring continues, and the luxuriant meadows send forth their rich perfumes. The trees teem with blessings. The wild flowers are distinguished by their beauty and variety, as the botanist well knows. The sweet woodruff sends forth its perfume, which even increases when it is dead; the bedstraw appears, with others of the same tribe; the cleavers attach themselves to the clothes of the passer-by; the cross-wort bedstraw shows its feeble branches and small yellow flowers; and the herb-robert is conspicuous for its beautiful rose-coloured blossoms; while the geraniums and hyacinths cannot, from their frequent occurrence, escape observation. The creeping-crowfoot appears on the uplands, and the meadow's yellow tint tells of the presence of the cowslip. The banks are adorned with primroses and violets, and here and there with pilewort, over which the blackthorn hedge hangs its blossoms, soon to be succeeded by those of the white thorn. The orchards present

"One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower,
Of mingled blossoms;"

for the plums, the cherries, the apples, and the pears are in full bloom, varying the landscape, and delighting the heart of the owner by the promise of future plenty.

But time—not inclination—would fail, were we to examine a thousand beauteous objects that crowd upon the view, or to notice as many pleasing associations which are suggested to the mind. There is the shady green lane—the old turnpike-road—the village stile—each of which is full of interest. There are the cattle grazing peacefully in the meadows, or crowding beneath the old thorn bushes by the pond; there is the farmhouse at the corner of the village, surrounded by gardens and orchards, and adorned with jessamines and roses, while the barn on the hill-side, with its outhouses, corn-hovels, and stacks, tell us of rural plenty. There is the peaceful valley, the verdant hill, the rugged cliff, with the busy windmill, relieved by the green corn-fields, beautified by the placid lake, and traversed by the gentle rill, which dashes over the opposing pebbles, and is lost in the dense foliage of the wood. There, too, is the village, from the cottage-chimneys of which the smoke ascends in long blue volumes, while the spire of the old church rises above the trees in which it is embosomed. Such scenes as these may well be interesting to the most illiterate, and are capable of instruction to the most enlightened. But, unhappily, there are many who are prevented from enjoying them, while those who have the opportunity often pass them over without notice, or prefer the indulgence of sleep to the elevating contemplation of nature's richest gifts. Often, indeed, is the reproof merited—

"Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?

To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life."

Many of the birds which were in their eggs last month, now, for the first time, use their feeble pinions; nor are their attempts to fly unworthy of observation. Probably there is much which is usually regarded as the effect of parental instruction, that is rather the result of the instinct of the little creature. The duck precedes her young ones on the water; but though this would naturally appear as a kind of lesson to her brood, it is well known that, if the ducklings are hatched by a hen, or in an oven, they will seek the nearest water, and exercise their powers on it as soon as possible. On the other hand, a brood of turkeys has been raised by a goose, and she has been desirous to lead them on the water, yet have they as pertinaciously refused to go, as the ducklings did to quit it. Swallows and sparrows, too, may readily be imagined to be instructing their young, when it is only partially the case. The family may have left the nest, and as they bask in the sunshine, and enjoy the freshness of the balmy air, the parents are joyfully flitting from place to place. These movements, however, may be nothing more than the expression of their pleasurable feelings; and the movements of the young birds are easily accounted for, on the same principle that young frogs and fish learn to swim, though their parents may be far away or dead. Doubtless, much confidence is experienced by the young birds when aided by their parents; and even if supplied with food and warmth, we question whether they would attain proficiency in so short a time as when under parental guardianship.

When the primrose, the violet, and the daisy made their appearance, we noticed the early birds, as they arrived from distant climes—among which were the wheatear, as it was seen on sandy downs; the whin-chat, among the thickets of furze; and the ring-ouzel, in the woody districts. As the season advanced, when the hawthorn displayed its fresh young leaflets, and the sloe was covered with a profusion of sweet white flowers, the swallows enlivened the air; and the shrill whistle of the swift was heard as he wheeled in rapid flight over the houses. These were followed by the cuckoo, the bunting, the stone curlew, the quail, and the terns; and during the present month the sedge and reed warblers, the field-titlark, and the last of the feathered visitors will arrive. The migratory movements of birds may be regarded as one of the most wonderful instinctive impulses possessed by animals, and it supplied an apt illustration of the prophet's views when he reproached the chosen nation of God for their neglect of appointed duty—

"Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times;
And the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming;
But my people know not the judgment of the Lord," Jer. viii. 7.

It was long considered by naturalists that the disappearance of birds during the winter was accounted for by their being hidden in holes in rocks and trees, and even under the surface of the water. And it is very possible that occasionally there may be found birds concealed in holes; but it is now universally agreed that the migrations of birds are to distant countries. Some persons have, indeed, gravely argued that they retire to the moon; and the calculation was even made that the journey would be accomplished in two months, while, in order to support the absurd argument, it was suggested that when they arrived above the lower regions of the air, they would have no occasion for food. "Concerning the great distance between the moon and the earth," one writer continues, "if any shall remain still unsatisfied, I leave only this to his consideration, Whether there may not be some concrete bodies at much less distance than the moon, which may be the recess of these creatures, and serve for little else but their entertainment."*

In whatever part we now direct our steps, the sweet notes of feathered songsters fall upon the ear, and "the music of the groves" may well have become a poet's favourite theme. Thomson has said:—

"Every copse,
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And woodlark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert; while the stock dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole."

* Essay in reference to the Movements of the Stork, etc. Crouch, London, 1703.

Though the unpractised ear does not detect the varied yet peculiar notes of different birds, those who have entered into the examination of them have been able to distinguish and classify the voices and modulations of the feathered tribes. Not only, however, has each tribe its peculiar class of notes, but each song is modified by the influence of other birds and the season of the year. The notes of soft-billed birds are finely-toned, mellow, and plaintive; those of the hard-billed tribes are sprightly, cheerful, and rapid. This difference proceeds from the construction of the larynx; as a large pipe of an organ produces a deeper and mellower-toned note than a small one, so the trachea of the nightingale, which is wider than that of the canary, sends forth a corresponding note. Another division may also be made of the vocal powers of birds, each of which is very expressive, even to us, of the feelings which agitate the bird. There is the call-note of the male in the spring; then the loud, clear, ardent, fierce notes of defiance, which are followed by the softness, tenderness, and melody of the bird, as it soothes the cares of its mate while she hatches her young. This is sometimes interchanged for the war-cry, when an enemy is perceived, or notes expressive of alarm when danger is apprehended, succeeded by the cry of the parent to its brood and the chirp of the young. The notes of the young are of two kinds—those uttered while on the nest, and those used when it is left—for they are very distinct sounds; while to these may be added a soft, murmuring kind of note, emitted by the male when he is feeding the female on the nest, and by her as she receives the nourishment. The note of alarm which is given by the male to the female, for her either to lie closely, or quietly to slip from the nest, is considered by some to be peculiar to the different species, though there appears to be a note of alarm common to birds generally, and if uttered by one, all who hear it, though of different species, utter a separate cry, and fly to the bushes for shelter. Frequently, however, the result is very different, the call being regarded as the signal for mutual protection. Then, instead of hiding from danger, the most timid are emboldened to run every hazard, and, if the enemy be a hawk, the swallows from the neighbourhood collect in a mass around him, and, the small birds reinforcing the party, attack the powerful intruder till he flies away, though perhaps carrying off a little prize which has fallen a victim to its temerity. The note which is uttered in this case differs from that which is used when man approaches their nests, this being confined to a particular species.

Though the bird-fancier values only the love and war songs of birds, the admirer of nature is delighted with them all, for his enjoyment is augmented by the variety. Some may inquire, How is it that, though measure and rhythm are totally disregarded by the feathered songsters, their music is so delightful? The cause has been partially traced to association, but assuredly the style and character of the notes of birds, whether their general influence on the mind be considered, or the variety and rapidity of their intonation, the contrast between rapid flights of double demi-semi quavers and lengthened and sweet minims, exceedingly surprise and delight us.

Great is the power exercised by music over the mind of man, for where harmony is found—and every cultivated mind loves this—there, there is music. Our minds might have been so constituted, that sensations would be a source of pain to us, instead of the instruments of our gratification and enjoyment. But the benevolent Author of creation has ordained otherwise, and sound conveys to us many of our most pleasing sensations. Nature is full of music, and by it the ear is gratified, the heart is sweetly influenced, and the troubled spirit feels its composing power.

But we must dwell on other objects. As herds and flocks have now been turned out to grass, they roam the flowery pastures and crop the fresh herbage, while the graziers of many parts attend the neighbouring markets, or proceed to the Welsh counties, for the purpose of stocking their land. This has been already done in many parts, but cattle will continue to come in for some time yet, if there is a sufficiency of grass. The sowing of spring corn is now nearly completed in all parts of the country, though the situation modifies the period. In the midland districts, however, a "large breadth" of oats is sometimes sown in May, occasioned by the land not being sooner in a sufficiently prepared condition for the reception of the seed, as in the case of a piece of turf land which had to be pared and burned. The turnip fallows must be well "stirred," in order to render the soil friable, and towards the latter

part of the month it is manured for the crop. For this purpose the manure is drawn out of the yards and laid in heaps, which improves it for spreading; but it ought to have some soil laid on the top to prevent the escape of ammonia, which is a very valuable constituent. Potatoes and cow-cabbages are planted during this month; and whenever a flood occurs, the water is turned on those meadows where it is wanted, as the silt which a winter's frost has crumbled into the watercourses is spread over the land. Oak and alder trees are felled, as the rising of the sap allows of their being barked. Swallows now sit, the last lambs of the season appear, and are denominated cuckoo lambs, from their coming when that bird is heard, and "rearing calves" are turned out to grass, but still are furnished with their rations morning and evening.

The field crops now demand attention, and the hoeing of wheat, beans, peas, and other produce, forms a principal employment; but if the wheat has been sowed "broadcast," it cannot be so effectually cleared as when the drill has been used. Horse-hoes are frequently employed, of which there are many varieties; and if the hoe is well used, the loosening of the earth and its collection round the plants have been found greatly to increase the amount of the crop by the production of new stalks. Turnip "seeding" is now commenced in many parts, though the principal crop is not sown till June. The land is thoroughly cleansed, the soil pulverised, and the manure well broken, before it is ploughed in. Three species are usually cultivated—the white globe, which furnishes a full and early crop; the yellow, which is a hardy plant; and the Swedish turnip, or *ruta baga*. Many plans have been suggested to prevent the destruction of the turnip crops, which very frequently occurs. Their principal enemies are the turnip-fly, or *Chrysolema saltatoria;* and the canker produced by another insect, called the *Tenthredo oleracea*, especially dreaded in the county of Norfolk, where, in the course of a day or two, on the prevalence of a north-easterly wind, whole fields are not unfrequently covered with it. Some have endeavoured to escape these depredations by steeping the seeds in train or linseed oil for twenty-four hours; others have sown their land with quicklime, vegetable ashes, soot, or barley-chaff, or sprinkled it with lime or tobacco-water; while others have rolled the ground during the night, when the insects are abroad.

The ploughman stalks "a-field," whistling a blithe strain, or chants some rural ditty with a heart more light and buoyant than of late, for he now fully experiences the difference between the pinching winter and the genial breezes of May, as they waft abroad the delicious fragrance of the opening flowers. The plough is, however, not so much in requisition as it has been during some of the first months, and its bright share and coulter usually are resting near the barn. The farm-yard is cleared of manure, water meadows are irrigated to encourage the growth of the grass, poultry broods are the objects of care, rearing calves are turned out, young quickset hedges are cleared, while the hop plantations are attended to.

The use of oxen as draught beasts is chiefly confined to the western counties. Mr. Youatt informs us of a peculiarity attending the driving the ox-team which is very pleasing to the stranger, and the remembrance of which, connected with his early days, the native does not soon lose. A man and a boy attend each team, the boy chanting that which can scarcely be regarded as any distinct tune, though it is a pleasing succession of sounds. He sings away with unwearied lungs, as he trudges along, almost from morning till night; while every now and then the ploughman, as he directs the movements of the team, puts in his lower notes, but in perfect concord. When the traveller stops in one of the Devonshire valleys, and hears the simple music from the drivers of the ploughs on the slope of the hill on either side, he experiences a pleasure which this operation of husbandry could scarcely be supposed to afford. This chanting is said to animate the oxen somewhat in the same way as the musical bells that are so prevalent in the same county, and the singing to the camels in the east. Certainly, the oxen move along with an agility which would scarcely be expected from such cattle, and the team may frequently be watched a long while without one harsh word, or the goad or whip being applied.

Bloomfield says truly of the good housewife at this period,—

"And now the dairy claims her choicest care,
And half her household find employment there.
Slow rolls the churn, its load of clogging cream
At once foregoes its quality and name;
From knotty particles first floating wide

Congealing butter 's dash'd from side to side.
Streams of new milk through flowing coolers stray,
And snow-white curd abounds, and wholesome whey."

In populous districts, where a large supply of milk, butter, and cheese is required, the cowkeepers and dairymen obtain in other places cows that have recently calved, in order to meet the demand. It is, therefore, only in particular districts that the attention of graziers is exclusively directed to dairying; and, even as regards this department, there are other considerations beside the making of butter and cheese, for they are enabled to pay attention to the rearing of calves and pigs. In connexion, however, with most farms, there is a dairy, of greater or less dimensions, having one or two cows for the private use of the family. In some districts, where the poor have had pieces of land set apart for their support on the enclosure of the domain, one portion is appropriated to the growth of their little crops, while perhaps another part is let to any who will rent it of them. This is usually done by some of the neighbouring farmers, each paying for an acre if the land is good, and they thus become entitled to put one cow on the land; any expenses connected with the maintenance of "the pasture," as it is called, in good condition, being equally divided. Early in the morning, and also during the evening, the voice of a boy may often be heard:—

"With well-known halloo calls his lazy cows;
Down the rich pasture heedlessly they graze,
Or hear the summons with an idle gaze;
For well they know the cow-yard yields no more
Its tempting fragrance, nor its wintry store.
Reluctance marks their steps, sedate and slow;
The right of conquest all the law they know."

It is pleasing to observe the directions which they severally take to the different houses to which they belong, and when they are no longer wanted, they slowly walk to "the pasture" gate, waiting for a passer-by to admit them.

The pursuit of the otter, though an occupation at this time comparatively disused, is yet sufficiently practised to deserve notice at this period. In Wales, the practice is still maintained, some of the more romantic portions of that varied country affording good opportunity for successful sport. Beating for the animal having been begun, notice is taken of everything that appears like a "seal," or footmark, in the soil, and these appearances being presented, will afford a tolerable indication whether the animal be still in the neighbourhood, or whether a further search should be made for indications of his presence. As soon as he is discovered, the scene becomes exceedingly animated; the otter takes to the water, and dives, continuing a long while out of sight, and rising at a considerable distance from the spot at which he disappeared. His pursuers, many of whom are mounted, and mostly armed with long spears, watch with great attention for the first indication of his "vent," while the dogs follow and endeavour to overtake him. These, however, have not an easy task to perform, when they have so far succeeded; and the attempts of the cunning animal to drown them, by diving while fastened to him, the baying of the hounds, the shouts of the hunters, and the fierce and dogged resistance with which the poor quarry holds his pursuers at bay, inflicting severe and often fatal wounds, and holding on with unflinching pertinacity even to the last, give us an idea of the stubbornness of the conflict, the determined character of the animal, and the dangers also incident to the practice.

Rook-shooting is an occupation pursued by the proprietors of rookeries and their friends, who assemble for the purpose of shooting the young birds, and great numbers are thus slaughtered. The rookery at Hampton Court Palace is one of the places thus visited, and the destruction of one hundred dozen is no uncommon occurrence in one season. The melancholy cries of the parent birds may be heard at a great distance, and some of them may be seen, exhausted by their fruitless exertions, sitting on a solitary tree, waiting till the so-called sport is over, that they may return and see whether any of the offspring they have reared with such care are left to them.

The remainder of the month and the season are now rapidly passing away, and soon the richness of spring will be exchanged for the luxuriant maturity of summer. Time wings his flight with rapid and untiring pinions; but if the hours allotted to us are properly employed, the enjoyment will be pure, and there will be an elevated satisfaction in connexion with its retrospective contemplation, which will remain when time itself shall be no more. F. S. W.

THE NEW POPE'S ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

THE following quotations are taken from the encyclical letter of pope Pius IX., just published by authority. They show that Popery still retains and manifests its enmity to the Bible:—

"You already well know, venerable brethren, that there are other deceits and frightful errors with which the children of this age sharply contend against the Catholic religion, and the Divine authority and regulations of the church, and endeavour to trample under foot all laws, as well of the church as of the state. Such is the tendency of those wicked enterprises which have been undertaken against this Roman see of blessed Peter, in which Christ laid the impregnable foundation of his church. Such is the aim of those secret societies, which have emerged from their obscurity to devastate and destroy all that is most venerable, both in the church and in the state, and which have been repeatedly anathematized and condemned by the Roman pontiffs, our predecessors, in their apostolic letters; which anathemas, we, in the plenitude of our apostolic authority, confirm and command to be diligently obeyed. Such is the object of those most crafty Bible Societies, which, reviving an old device of the heretics, do not cease to put forth an immense number of copies of the books of the Sacred Scriptures, printed in various vulgar tongues, and often filled with false and perverse interpretations, contrary to the rules of the holy church, which they continually circulate at an immense expense, and force upon all sorts of persons, even of the rudest sort, with a view that, rejecting the divine traditions, the teaching of the fathers, and the authority of the church, they should all interpret for themselves, and by their own private judgment, the word of God, and so, perverting the sense, be led into grievous errors—which societies Gregory XVI.—in whose place, though most unworthy, we are now placed, emulating the example of his predecessors, vehemently condemned in his apostolic letters—and we desire to join as eagerly in their reprobation. * * * * Such is the aim of that hideous plague of books and pamphlets, everywhere flying about, and teaching them to sin, which, well written, and full of sophistry and artifice, and boldly circulated at an immense expense for the destruction of Christian people in every quarter of the globe, disseminate everywhere their pestiferous doctrines, corrupt especially the minds and souls of the unwary, and inflict the most alarming injury upon religion. From the pernicious influence of these filthy and diabolical errors, presenting themselves on every side, and the unbridled license of thought, and speech, and action which now prevails, it happens that morals have fallen into decay, the sacred religion of Christ is contemned, the majesty of Divine worship is despised, the authority of this apostolic see is assailed, the power of the church is opposed, and herself reduced to an ignominious subjection; the laws of the church are trampled under foot, the sanctity of the marriage vow is profaned, the influence of every species of authority is weakened and destroyed, and all those other evils, affecting as well the existence and welfare of the church as of the state, have arisen, which we are compelled, venerable brethren, together with yourselves, to deplore with mutual tears."

ENGLISH HISTORY.

THE warfare in Germany was warmly contested between Austria and France, during 1796. The archduke Charles drove the invaders across the Rhine by the end of October. In Italy, the French prevailed. Buonaparte had been appointed to the command of this army, through the influence, with Tallien, of Madame Beauharnais, whom he had lately married. His energy, activity, and superior tactics prevailed. A fierce combat at Lodi gave him the command of the north of Italy, where he abundantly provided for his army by plunder and forced contributions; gratifying the national vanity, by requiring a number of works of art, which were sent to Paris. An attempt to resist, made by the people of Pavia, was followed by giving them up to the horrors of war. Buonaparte, after adroitly setting aside an attempt to limit his power, proceeded southward. Leghorn, though in a neutral state, was seized and plundered; other cities shared the same fate. The pope was obliged to submit, and to pay an enormous contribution. The French general was then recalled, by the advance of another Austrian army upon his rear. At first he was repulsed, and not having been adequately reinforced, was nearly overpowered; but the German leaders blundered, and were

inert, as usual; their active adversary prevailed, and gaining the battle of Arcola, drove them back into the Tyrol, thus remaining in possession of Italy.

In this year, two characters of note were removed from public life, widely different in their principles and proceedings. One was Catherine, empress of the Russias, who was found dying in her cabinet—a hasty summons to one like her, guilty of many crimes, and of a notoriously vicious life. The other, Washington, then retired from public affairs, regretted by the nation, for whose liberties he had so successfully contended, and generally respected for his virtuous and moral conduct. Alas! that even the best characters among rulers, though "just" among men, can so seldom be spoken of as "ruling in the fear of the Lord." Washington died in the year 1800.

At the opening of parliament, in October, 1796, considerable anxiety prevailed respecting the armament then preparing in France. Additional forces were levied; so that the various descriptions of military amounted to more than 190,000 men. Twenty-eight millions of pounds were required for the expenditure of the year, of which eighteen millions were raised by loan, but fourteen millions in addition were afterwards voted. The heavy calls for money, and the large sums sent abroad for subsidies and other purposes, pressed hard upon the circulation in specie. The directors of the Bank had for some time remonstrated with Pitt on this subject. In addition to the other demands, many people began to hoard, and the jacobinical part of the press endeavoured to increase the alarm. Towards the end of February, the drain of gold and silver from the Bank was so great, that on the 25th, only 1,272,000*l.* of cash and bullion remained in its coffers; while the notes in circulation, payable on demand, exceeded ten millions. Government found immediate and decisive measures needful. Such was the emergency, that an order of council was issued on Sunday, February 26th, directing that the Bank of England should suspend paying any of its notes in specie. A parliamentary inquiry into the affairs of the Bank, showed that it had a surplus of property of fifteen millions and a half, being about four millions beyond the capital, or sum lent to government, which in the whole was nearly twelve millions; but gold and silver to pay off its promissory notes could not then be had. A bill was passed, authorizing the suspension of cash payments till June 24th, and requiring all persons to take bank notes, which were now issued as low as for 1*l.* sterling. A number of Spanish dollars were also stamped with a small head of the king, and issued at 4*s.* 9*d.*, to assist in supplying the deficiency of specie. Silver tokens for 3*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* were subsequently coined for the Bank, worth about two-thirds of their nominal value. A new copper coinage was ordered; this was very useful. The dollars were afterwards entirely recoined, and issued for 5*s.* each.

The suspension of cash payments continued till 1819; but when the panic had passed away, little or no practical inconvenience in the transactions of business was found from the substitution of notes for gold. The wide difference between the French assignats and the English bank notes will be observed. The former were mere promises to pay, issued by the government, without limitation, and without any funds existing to provide for the repayment. The bank notes were not government paper, but engagements issued by a corporation, possessed of large funds, responsible for the ultimate payment, and only to such an amount as was needful to supply the actual demand for circulating medium, instead of gold and silver money. The circulation of these notes in many respects facilitated monetary transactions, while the Bank made large profits; being able to lend freely, without the necessity for keeping a supply of gold and silver to be forthcoming at the moment of demand. A declaration was made a few days afterwards, by the leading commercial men of the metropolis, stating their readiness to take bank notes in all transactions; this was soon signed by more than three thousand persons. That prices increased, owing to the increase of the circulating medium, cannot be denied; and when gold was needed for special purposes, it could only be obtained at a higher rate than the mint value of the gold coin; still, in the common transactions of life, there never prevailed two sets of prices, one for specie and another for paper, as in France and elsewhere, when the issue of paper money has been excessive.

This increased circulation of what represented money tended to raise the prices of commodities, in some cases to double the former cost, and to encourage

speculation. The country banks also began to issue 1*l.* notes; so that the chief part of the money circulated in each neighbourhood consisted of these local notes; and as no limitation existed, large sums were often forced into circulation, by loans to rash speculators, which notes were presented for payment whenever circumstances induced the holders to claim the amount. This payment was to be made in Bank of England notes; so that the payment of large amounts being often unexpectedly pressed, the banks failed, when heavy losses were incurred by all classes. The stimulus thus given to commerce, however, enabled many to realize large properties, while the increase of prices pressed heavily on the fundholder and all persons of fixed and limited income. The price of the funds fell, in consequence of the state of affairs, and the large additional amount of stock created by the loans. The price of the public funds was now at about 50*l.* for every nominal 100*l.*, paying a dividend of 3*l.* per annum—about half the value of the same nominal amount before the war. Pitt, thoughtlessly, if not worse, continued to borrow, principally by pledging the country to repay, at the rate of 100*l.*, for whatever might be the market price of the funds; thus getting little more than half the amount of the sums the nation was liable to pay; a most wasteful proceeding. If he had borrowed on annuities for a term of years, he would not have engaged the nation to repay any of the principal sum he received, and would have had to pay but little more as the annual dividend; so that, with very little more of annual burden, the nation would now be nearly free from the heavy debt, which can only be liquidated by the repayment of nearly double the amount borrowed. But the common system of loans was more convenient at the moment, and more to the mind of money-jobbers; and thus the future welfare of the nation was almost wholly disregarded. The paper circulation enabled the loan system to be continued; and by these means, the supplies needful for the protracted warfare were found, while the nature of the paper money issued prevented that fatal excess which had ruined the French finances. It has been calculated that, at this time, coin to the value of about forty millions existed in England, but much of it was foolishly hoarded by the possessors—forgetful that such a proceeding only hastens national troubles, and that, when such troubles arise, their hoards will soon be forced from them, notwithstanding every precaution. In reference to this change in the monetary system, Alison observes: "Such was the commencement of the paper system in Great Britain, which ultimately produced such astonishing effects; which enabled the empire to carry on, for so long a period, so costly a war, and to maintain for years armaments, greater than had been raised by the Roman people in the zenith of their power—which brought the struggle at length to a triumphant issue, and arrayed all the forces of eastern Europe, in English pay, against France, on the banks of the Rhine. To the same system must be ascribed ultimate effects, as disastrous as the immediate were beneficial and glorious: the continued and progressive rise of rents; the unceasing, and, to many, calamitous fall in the value of money; increased expenditure; the growth of sanguine ideas and extravagant habits in all classes of society; unbounded speculation, prodigious profits, and frequent disasters among the commercial rich; increased wages, general prosperity, and occasional depression among the labouring poor; a vacillation of property unparalleled in any age of the world; a creation of property in some, and destruction of it in others, which equalled, in its ultimate consequences, all but the disasters of a revolution."

Before the agitation caused by the stoppage of payment in specie had subsided, another cause for serious alarm arose—a mutiny of the seamen. There had been much to complain of in naval affairs. The pay and pensions of the sailors had not been increased since the last century; there were many abuses respecting their provision and clothing, both as to quantity and quality, and by the deductions from the nominal amounts; while too many officers were improperly harsh, and even cruel in their discipline. A painful instance of the result of this was exemplified, in the case of the Hermione frigate, the commander of which was extremely severe, so as to drive his men into a state of insubordination. Some bad spirits in the crew raised a mutiny; they murdered him and the other officers, and carried the ship into a Spanish port. Their conduct was deservedly execrated, but it gave an awful warning; while the doers, being disregarded by the enemy, and many being executed when they

were taken in after years, no encouragement to similar acts of atrocity was given.

The mutiny began in the Channel fleet, by some petitions to lord Howe, the commander, then staying at Bath for his health. These were neglected; but in April information was given of a design, regularly organized by the sailors, to rise against their officers. The fleet was then ordered to sea; but on the signal being given, the seamen refused to weigh anchor. They seized the officers, putting many of them on shore, and keeping the rest as prisoners, but treating them with respect. Two delegates from each ship's crew then proceeded to the flag-ship, where they formed a ruling council, and enforced order and discipline; nor did they interfere with the sailing of merchant fleets, or the ships of war appointed to convoy them. Petitions to the admiralty and to parliament were drawn up in respectful terms, asking for the redress of their principal grievances—which, in fact, ought to have been removed long before, without waiting for attention being thus called to the subject. The lords of the admiralty proceeded to Portsmouth. After some negotiations and altercations, a royal proclamation, declaring a free pardon, with an indirect general promise of the redress of grievances, was issued, when the commanding admiral, lord Bridport, rehoisted his flag, and the crews lowered the red flags of defiance they had displayed. But, on May 7th, when the fleet was again ordered to sea, the sailors refused to obey, alleging that no steps had been taken to secure the redress of grievances. The government had as yet done nothing on the subject, but on the contrary, seemed inclined to repress the consideration of it. Admiral Colpoys resisted the delegates, on their coming on board his ship; but his seamen disarmed and confined the officers and marines who supported their commander. Some of the seamen were wounded, and one or two killed in the scuffle; but no violence resulted further than turning the officers on shore.

The matter now was pressing. On May 11th, lord Howe arrived with an act of parliament, granting the redress of grievances. The sailors received him with much affection, and agreed to request the royal pardon for their mutiny. Thus all was settled, though not till it was agreed that one admiral, four captains, and some inferior officers, complained of for their harsh conduct, should be withdawn from their commands. Before matters were settled at Portsmouth, a mutinous spirit was shown in the North Sea fleet, at the Nore and Sheerness. It was supposed, that the terms agreed on would satisfy and stop this; but on the 20th these ships hoisted the red flag, and appointed delegates; a sailor, named Parker, was chosen as their president. Much more of an organized, and even a revolutionary character, was exhibited in this instance; their demands were not reasonable, and they were refused. The fleet then stopped the navigation of the Thames, detaining the merchantmen that attempted to pass. All now was consternation and alarm in the metropolis. Fox and his principal supporters increased difficulties, by agitating the question of parliamentary reform at this juncture, and other proceedings by which they disgraced themselves; but much to his credit, Sheridan took a different course, by doing all he could to support the ruling powers, and to strengthen their refusal of the unjustifiable demands of these seamen. Vigorous measures were taken, batteries on shore were provided, sailors crowded to enlist against the mutineers, and all intercourse with them was forbidden. The best-disposed of the mutinous seamen saw that things had gone too far, and some of the ships made sail, and escaped from their companions. By June 13th all had returned to their duty, giving up Parker, who was tried by a court-martial, and hanged on the 30th. A few more of the most violent of the delegates were executed, or punished, and the fleet returned to their duty. Several of the ships that formed a part of the fleet blockading the Dutch ports, had left their stations, and joined the mutineers; but admiral Duncan, though only three remained faithful, continued off the Texel with them, and by his manœuvres and signals kept up the impression that his whole fleet was in the offing, till the rest returned to their duty. In October, the Dutch fleet took advantage of a short absence of their opponents, and sailed; but Duncan lost no time. He returned before they got away, and bravely fought the Dutch fleet off the coast of Holland, where, after a severe action, resembling the fierce sea-fights with the Dutch during the preceding century, the greater part of the hostile fleet was taken.

Another naval victory had distinguished the early part of the year 1797; it was

gained, in February, off Cape St. Vincent, near the entrance to the Mediterranean. Sir John Jervis, with fifteen sail of the line, defeated a Spanish fleet of twenty-seven, and captured four. The British commander acted with spirit and ability; but the chief brunt of the battle fell upon Nelson, who behaved with much skill and energy, and showed romantic personal bravery. This victory was gained at a timely moment; the commander was made earl St. Vincent, but Nelson only a knight of the bath; though the victory was owing to his prompt and daring courage. In the July following, he commanded an attack on Teneriffe; but, owing to untoward circumstances, failed, and there he lost his right arm. There were many other actions and proceedings at sea, in which the English were almost always successful. The Spanish fleet was blockaded in Cadiz, by earl St. Vincent, who displayed much ability. A disposition to mutiny also appeared in this fleet, but it was repressed by his vigilance and strict discipline. One expedition, on the part of the French, was unaccountable. In February, four ships of war entered the Bristol Channel, and then proceeding to the Welsh coast, landed 1,400 men at Fishguard; they were soon met by an armed force, hastily collected, including some militia, when they surrendered without resistance. It appears to have been a desperate experiment, on the part of the French, partly induced by exaggerated reports of discontent in England.

The year closed by a memorable procession of the king, attended by the parliament and officers of state, to St. Paul's, to return thanks to Almighty God for the mercies and successes vouchsafed in the recent victories. It was an animating sight, which contrasted favourably with the atheistical proceedings of the French in their public rejoicings. On this, as upon other occasions, George III. was influenced by a really devotional spirit, which deeply impressed the observers, and had a beneficial effect on all ranks of society.

REDEMPTION.

The following passage, forming part of a sermon on Romans iii. 25, is one of the most remarkably and fully sustained specimens of imagery in our language:—

"When our world fell from its first estate, it became one vast prison. Its walls were adamant, and unscalable; its gate was brass, and impregnable. Within, the people sat in darkness, and in the shadow of death; without, inflexible Justice guarded the brazen gate, brandishing the flaming sword of the eternal law. Mercy, as she winged her flight of love through the worlds of the universe, paused to mark the prison aspect of our once paradisiac world. Her eye affected her heart. Her heart melted and bled, as the shriek of misery and the yell of despair rose upon the four winds of heaven. She could not pass by nor pass on. She descended before the gate, and requested admittance. Justice, waving the flaming sword in awful majesty, exclaimed, 'No one can enter here, and live!'—and the thunder of his voice outspoke the wailings within.

"Mercy expanded her wings to renew her flight amongst the unfallen worlds. She re-ascended into the mid-air, but could not proceed, because she could not forget the piercing cries from the prison. She therefore returned to her native throne in the heaven of heavens. It was 'a glorious high throne from everlasting,' and both unshaken and untarnished by the fallen fate of men and angels. But even there, she could not forget the scene which she had witnessed and wept over. She sat and weighed the claims of all the judicial perfections of Jehovah, and of all the principles of eternal law; but although they arose upon her view in all their vastness, she could not forget the prison. She re-descended with a more rapid and radiant flight, and approached the gate with an aspect of equal solicitude and determination; but again she was denied admission. She stood still—her emotion was visible. Justice ceased to brandish the sword—there was silence in heaven!

"'Is there admission on no terms whatever?' she asked. 'Yes,' said Justice, 'but only on terms which no finite being can fulfil. I demand an atoning death for their eternal life—blood Divine for their eternal ransom.' 'And I,' said Mercy, at once, 'accept the terms.' It was asked, with amazement, 'On what security?' 'Here,' said Mercy, 'is my bond; and four thousand years from this time, demand its payment on Calvary—for, to redeem man, I will appear in the incarnate form of the Son of God, and be the Lamb slain for the sin of this world!'

"The bond was accepted without hesi-

tation, and the gate opened at once. Mercy entered, leaning on the arm of Justice. She spoke kindly to the prisoners, and gave them some hints of her high undertaking on their behalf. All were amazed, and many melted, by this timely and tender interference; and, to confirm their hopes, Mercy, from time to time, led the 'captivity' of some 'captive,' that their salvation might be the pledge and prelude of her eventual triumphs.

"Thus, the gathering of 'first-fruits' in the field of redemption went on for ages; and at last the clock of prophecy struck the 'fulness of the time.' Then Mercy became incarnate in the person of the Son of God, who appeared in the form of a servant, publishing his intention and determination to pay the mighty bond. And soon the awful day of payment arrived; then the whole array of the judicial attributes of Jehovah took their stand on Calvary, with Justice at their head, bearing the bond of redemption. Angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, principalities and powers, left their thrones and mansions of glory, and bent over the battlements of heaven, gazing in mute amazement and breathless suspense upon the solemn scene; for now the Mediator appeared, 'without the gates of Jerusalem, crowned with thorns,' and followed by the weeping church. As he passed along the awful array of the judicial perfections of the Divine character, none of them uttered a word of encouragement—none of them glanced a look of sympathy to him. It was 'the hour and power of darkness.' Above him were all the vials of Divine wrath, and the thunders of the eternal law, ready to burst on his devoted head; around him were all the 'powers of darkness,' on the tiptoe of infernal expectation, waiting for his failure. But none of these things moved him from the purpose or the spirit of redemption. He took the bond from the hand of Justice, and moved on to the cross, 'as a lamb to the slaughter.' He resigned himself to that altar of ignominy.

"Then Justice unsheathed the flaming sword, and marshalling all his terrors, went up to the altar to enforce his claims. The rocks rent under his tread — the sun shrank from the glance of his eye. He lifted his right hand to the eternal throne, and exclaimed in thunder, 'Fires of heaven! descend, and consume this sacrifice.' The fires of heaven, animated with living spirit by the call, answered, 'We come! we come! and when we have consumed that victim, we will burn the universe!' They burst—blazed—devoured, until the humanity of Immanuel 'gave up the ghost;' but the moment they touched his Divinity, they expired. That moment Justice dropped his flaming sword at the foot of the cross; and the law joined the prophets in witnessing to 'the righteousness which is by faith;' for all had heard the dying Redeemer exclaim in triumph, 'It is finished!'

"The weeping church heard it, and lifting up her head, cried, 'It is finished.' The attending angels caught the shout of victory, and winged their flight to the eternal throne, singing, 'It is finished.' The powers of darkness heard the acclamations of the universe, and hurried away from the scene in all the agony of disappointment and despair; for the bond was paid, and eternal redemption obtained."—*Christmas Evans.*

THE MANNER IN WHICH THE WORD OF CHRIST IS TO BE STUDIED.

"LET the word of Christ dwell in you richly," says the apostle, "in all wisdom." These words imply a continual pondering upon it in our hearts, an adequate regard to all its instructions, and a just and careful use of it to its proper ends.

A continual pondering over it in our hearts. This is implied in the command, Let the word of Christ dwell in you—not be a stranger; not stand without; not be saluted at a distance; not be slightly known; but enter and dwell in your house as a favoured and intimate guest; dwell in your hearts as a master resides in his own abode, and regulates and orders everything there; and be meditated and pondered over with diligence and ceaseless care as the object of holy and intimate curiosity and delight.

This pondering over the word of God stands opposed to the reading of it in a hurried, perfunctory manner. It must be read with great attention and reverence, with entire calmness, and with prayer to God for his Divine illumination. We must "meditate therein day and night." We must "lay it up in our hearts." We must "search," dig, explore, go to the bottom of the heavenly mine.

This pondering stands opposed, also, to the mere occasionally reading the Bible by fits and starts when curiosity is awakened, or a desire to settle some critical difficulty occurs. We must study the Scriptures steadily, systematically, and with time duly allotted for the duty. It must be one of the businesses of each day of our lives.

This pondering, again, stands opposed to a cold, reluctant, and formal study of the Scriptures from official calls of duty, and not from choice, pleasure, delight, joy. "As new-born babes," we are to "desire the sincere milk of the word, that we may grow thereby." We are not to treat the Bible with coldness, but let it dwell within us, and abide continually in our minds by love and meditation; it must be not less known or less familiar than those who are with us as "the men of our counsel," and "our own familiar friends." The apostle does not say, "Let the word of Christ be among you; let it be praised; let it be known; let it be read;" but, let it dwell in you. As the soul dwells in the body and vivifies it, so let the word of Christ be the soul of your religion; let it vivify, direct, govern all the actions of your life.*

But the word of Christ is to dwell in us richly; this implies a regard to every part of its Divine contents, in its full and adequate meaning and import. The word richly here means copiously, abundantly, in a full and adequate manner; the memory being stored with its instructions, the tongue furnished, the judgment formed, the conduct directed and governed.

We say of a river, that it flows rich and full, in opposition to a shallow stream. We say of a student thoroughly versed in classical lore, that he is a rich and ripe scholar. So of a philosopher, a physician, a statesman, a general; the experienced and mature minds of such persons we term rich and well-stored, in opposition to men without resources, and only partially masters of their profession.

In like manner, the word of Christ is not only to dwell in us, and be pondered over with calmness, assiduity, and delight, but to dwell in us richly and abundantly; that is, in all its parts, without omission, and with a thorough, experienced, and well-practised habit of judgment, without haste and crudeness, and partial affection.

It must dwell in us richly in all its treasures, in all its promises, all its history, all its devotions, all its prophecies, all its evangelical narratives, all its apostolical epistles, all its precepts, all its threatenings, all its discoveries of a future world, all its spirit and bearings.

And this must be received by "senses exercised to discern good and evil," with repeated meditation; a comparison of one part with another; the use of all the aids of sound and cautious criticism; a regard to the manner in which God is pleased to convey truth; diligence in the employment of all means of instruction—as ministers, commentators, devout writers, and divines, ancient and modern; consideration of difficulties again and again reflected on; the mind exercised and practised "in the word of righteousness;" first impressions and crude notions rejected; opinions sounded, examined, and resolved, before they are adopted. Thus the word of Christ will dwell in us richly.

But the apostle adds, in all wisdom; which requires of us something more than pondering on Scripture, and in all its parts; it implies a just and careful use of it to its proper ends. For Satan can quote Scripture, if he be allowed to pervert it. Every heretic can cite the passages which appear to favour his cause. The Jewish and philosophizing teachers at Colosse, with their enticing words, would no doubt largely appeal to whatever the Scriptures said of angels and their ministrations, and of man and his weakness. Nor would they omit to urge the abstinences and privations of the Levitical law in favour of their own traditions.

Wisdom, therefore, is necessary to use the word of Christ to its proper ends, on proper occasions, with application to the persons for whom it was designed, and in the spirit of the sacred writers. Wisdom puts the different parts of truth in Scripture together, proceeds with calmness and deliberation in deducing consequences, considers all circumstances, and adopts, as we have more than once observed, the best means for attaining the highest ends proposed by them.—*Bishop of Calcutta.*

* Daillé in loc.

A GREAT CONTRAST.

When devils had cast off God's yoke, and practically declared him a tyrant, and men had followed their example, the Son of God came down from heaven, and, in the presence of these revolters, was subject to the very law which they had discarded.—*A. Fuller.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON TURNING EVERY THING TO ADVANTAGE.

It would well answer the purpose of any one to serve a seven years' apprenticeship, if thereby he could attain the art of turning all things to advantage. Talk of "philosophers' stones!" why this art is, at any time, worth a wagon load of them. Had I the iron of Europe, the pearls of Asia, the ivory of Africa, and the silver, the gold, and the diamonds of America, willingly would I barter them all, to be enabled to turn everything to advantage. Were the art of turning all things to advantage to be put up by auction, hardly could crowned heads afford to bid for it; for a good bargain would it be to the emperor of all the Russias, were it knocked down to him at the price of half his dominions.

But valuable as this art may be, there are those who, judging by their practice, attach to it no value at all, for so far from attempting to make the best of every thing, they appear systematically to make the worst of it. Shadows of anticipated evil are turned into substances; molehills of misfortune are magnified into mountains; and many an imaginary trouble is distorted into a scarecrow, a spectre, a positive raw-head-and-bloody-bones, to bewilder, to affright, and to confound. Such as are afflicted with this perverse propensity to make the worst of things have no need of a weightier calamity. The difference between a disposition to make the best, and an inclination to make the worst of things, is the same as the difference between hope and despondency, day and night, light and darkness. There are many good things in this bad world, and among the very best of them may be mentioned the art or quality of turning every thing to advantage.

That which is easy to one is frequently difficult of accomplishment to another. A cheerful disposition is not soon depressed, neither is a gloomy spirit easily elated. It would, therefore, be unreasonable to expect that the latter could, as readily as the former, turn all things to advantage. How many who have gone mourning through the world, might have passed through it, as it were, leaping and dancing. And how many who have hung down their heads in silence, might have burst into a song, taken up the timbrel and harp, and on an instrument of ten strings, praised and magnified the Lord for ever.

The art of turning all things to advantage is applicable to small things as well as to great; to trifles as well as to affairs of consequence; indeed, to derive from it the proper benefit, we should constantly practise it in the common affairs of life, spring and fall, summer and winter, morning, noon, and night. The simplest occurrence of our existence, if turned to advantage, may become to us a cause of joy; and, on the contrary, if made the worst of, it may possibly prove a source of abiding sorrow. I will give you a short sketch of one of my rambles last winter, when the snow lay on the ground, as it may set in a clearer light what I mean by applying the principle of turning all things to advantage, to the common and every-day circumstances of our existence.

Hardly had I set my foot on the ground before I had well-nigh fallen, for the path was very slippery. This matter, however, was turned to good account, for having known more cases than one in which a similar trip had occasioned a broken bone, I doubled my care, and went on, repeating to myself, with a thankful heart, the words of the psalmist, "My feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped." "When I said, My foot slippeth; thy mercy, O Lord, held me up," Psa. xciv. 18. A trifling slip, both of the foot and of the conduct, has been a matter of fearful importance to many.

As I passed on, a maimed workman was carried by me, stretched at his full-length on a door. He had trodden on an unsound rafter in a house that was under repair, and fallen from a great height. Poor fellow! It was out of my power to turn the sad accident to his advantage, I therefore tried to turn it to my own; so, as I proceeded on my way, I began to reflect on the matter thus.

In the every-day labours of life, men usually show themselves wise in their generation, and seldom trust themselves on false supports. The mason ascends a stout ladder, the bricklayer works on a strong scaffold, and the miner is let down into depths by a rope that would bear twenty times his weight. Now and then, to be sure, a careless and reckless workman runs a needless risk, and ventures on what will not bear his weight, when the crash that follows sounds harshly in his ears, and his fall convinces him of

his folly. But these instances are exceptions to a rule, and even the accidents which occur are not without their use; for though they fall heavy on the few, they increase the safety of the many by adding to their precaution. Well would it be for us, were we as wise in spiritual as in temporal things. Were mankind half as much alive to the welfare of their souls, as they are to the safety of their bodies, they would not so often lean on that which pierces them through with many sorrows, nor so frequently trust to supports that must fail in the season of sorrow and the hour of death. That was a wise resolution of the royal shepherd, "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God," Psa. xx. 7.

As I walked on, a sudden storm of hail and snow came upon me, and having no umbrella, I was fain to seek a temporary refuge under a door way, beside which grew a fine, tall, Lombardy poplar. As I stood in my place of shelter, I tried to turn my situation to advantage, by observing the poplar tree narrowly, and musing and moralizing thereon. Had I not done so, I could not have now noted down the following remarks.

There is that in the Lombardy poplar which I have never observed in any other tree; a character that is altogether its own, and from which an excellent lesson may be obtained. The branches of an oak start off on all sides, full of power and independence, as though, conscious of their strength, they were determined to seek their own fortunes, and never more to return to their parent stem. They seem to say, "Leave us alone! we require no help; let the winds do their worst! we can battle for ourselves;" but this is not the case with the branches of the poplar, for they all strive to remain at home, and to keep as close to the parent tree as possible. There they are, spreading out in family clusters, but not a cluster, branch, or single spray is there, from the bottom of the tree to the top, that does not seem bent on clinging as closely as it can to the stem that gave it birth. So much is this the case, and so close are the branches to the stem, that, could an oilcase covering be drawn tightly over the tree, it would resemble a huge silk umbrella in its case, or a gigantic walking-stick. Look, ye divided families, rent asunder by anger, heart-burnings, and jealousies, the parents against the children, and the children against the parents, look at the Lombardy poplar, and blush crimson red. See the parent tree and the offspring branches all dwelling together in peace! all bound together in the bonds of unity and brotherhood! and all looking together towards heaven!

In the midst of my reflections on the poplar, there came by two children carrying an umbrella, which suddenly the wind turned inside out. Poor little lambs! they were in a world of trouble, for the wind kept tugging at their inverted umbrella, as if determined to get possession of it, and the storm beat upon them piteously. I turned this matter to their advantage and my own, by quitting my place of shelter and relieving them from their difficulty. On went the little maidens one way, and as the storm had in some degree abated, on I went the other, ejaculating the hope that they would be sheltered in every storm, and find at last a home in heaven.

On turning a corner, I came suddenly upon a party of young urchins, who, having provided themselves with a pile of snow-balls, were ardently occupied in pelting all who came near them. Now, to tell the truth, I rather like to see boys snow-balling, when they are neither tyrannous nor ill-natured. Seeing, however, what a store of snow-balls the young rogues had got together, and not being over anxious to be made a snow man of, I endeavoured to avert my danger; so, instead of shaking my stick at them frowningly, and threatening them with all the pains and penalties of my wrathful indignation, I jokingly told them, that if I were their schoolmaster, every one of them should have a half-day's holiday. This vastly pleased them, and put them into high good humour. "Don't throw at him!" said one; "No! no! don't throw at him," said another, and so I got clear off. Had I been peevish, and not thus made the best of this affair, most likely Old Humphrey would have had it, hip and thigh, head, back, and bosom, and not improbably, as he sheered off, be-battered and discomfited, two or three additional balls would have been dashed into his neck hole.

But, perhaps, if I proceed further in this strain, some of my readers will suspect that I have introduced this subject rather to show off my own cleverness than for any other purpose; let me, then,

reader, turn to you. If it should so be that you are in the daily and hourly habit of turning all occurrences to the best advantage, patiently enduring your troubles, gratefully enjoying your mercies, and zealously improving all the gifts with which God has so liberally endowed you, my remarks will not injure you; and if you are not, they may do you good. Though I venture to question you, I shall put the same inquiries to my own heart.

Are you turning to advantage your health, wealth, and influence? for these things were not given you to trifle with. A steam-engine is a powerful thing, and on account of its power it can be made to do, according to the use to which it is applied, a deal of good or a great deal of evil. This is just the case with health, wealth, and influence. Turn them to advantage, and they will be peace to your spirit, oil to your joints, and marrow to your bones; but put them to a bad purpose, and they will turn against you and rend you, beat you with many stripes, mercilessly trample you in the mire, and bring you down with sorrow to the grave.

What are you doing with God's gifts? How are you using the endowments of your mind? What a priceless gift is the gift of reason! If you would think highly of a favour from a king, how much more should you estimate a favour from the King of kings? If you would prize a gift from the mighty of the earth, what value should you set on the gifts of Him who is almighty in heaven? The way to refrain from evil and to do good, to avoid sorrow and secure joy, is to turn the gifts of God to the best advantage.

If thou wilt rightly use the gifts
That God has given to thee,
Thy seed of joy shall soon become
A wide and spreading tree.

Though barren be thy land, and dark
The grief that round thee grows,
The dreary "wilderness shall smile,"
And "blossom as the rose."

Are you digging manfully in the inexhaustible mine of God's holy word, and obtaining what is far more precious than silver and gold? Are you enjoying and improving your sabbaths and seasons of prayer, and so using the means of grace that they abundantly increase your hope of glory? God has neither given his word, his sabbaths, his sanctuary, nor his services in vain, and they will either be wings of lightness to you, or a millstone around your neck. Agree, resolve, determine, to turn these things to advantage.

How do you deal with God's mercies and judgments? Do you consider whence they come, why they were sent, and how you can turn them to the best account? There is some difference between health, strength, and plenty; and plague, pestilence, and famine; and yet all come from the same Almighty source. Do God's mercies make you thankful? Do God's judgments humble your hearts? Do you profit by them both? Indeed, I hope so. Despise not the chastening of the Almighty.

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand;
Prostrate his providence adore;
'T is done. Arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more."

What account can you give of your poverty, your discouragements, and your disappointments? Oh, these in the hand of the heavenly Physician are often more medicinal than the balm of Gilead! Overlook them not; undervalue them not. They are as rough cocoa-nuts, with milky hearts; as masses of black earth, in which diamonds are embedded; as dark clouds, from which sun-beams burst forth. Profit by them, improve them, and turn them to the best advantage.

Do you turn your afflictions to the best account? For if not, you are depriving yourself of great advantages. One hour of affliction sometimes teaches us more than a year of health. It humbles a proud heart, and abases a haughty spirit; it shows us our weakness, and manifests God's power; it sets before us the value of health; it softens our rugged dispositions; it compels us to feel for others' woe; and it often is made a means of directing our eyes to the hills whence cometh our help, and of assisting us up not a few of the rounds of the ladder that reaches even to heaven.

To sum up all, are you turning to the best advantage, both in great and little things, your faculties, your opportunities, your wealth, your poverty, your health, your sicknesses, your hopes, your fears, your joys, and your sorrows, in such a sort, that you can, of a truth, say, I know "that all things work together for good to them that love God?" Rom. viii. 28. If you are doing this, all that I can hope is, that I may be mercifully enabled to follow your good example; and if, conscious of your manifold infirmities, you are, like him who is now addressing you, seeking

above for strength to do what hitherto you have not been able to accomplish, why then, as fellow-strivers together after good, let us do what we can for each other. Give me your attention to my remarks, and I will give you, in return, the prayer, the blessing, and the "God-speed" of Old Humphrey.

IMPORTANCE OF VENTILATION.

One of the most general and potential sources of mischief, is the want of sufficient ventilation, external and internal, to the homes of poverty. In the process of supporting mankind and animals, the atmosphere is deprived of its oxygen, and exhaled in a morbid condition, unfit for combustion and the sustenance of life, and the respiration of plants contributes also to the derangement; but the play of the winds, whispering in gentle breezes and rushing in powerful gales, is a machinery appointed by Providence to subserve the purpose of remedying this vitiated condition of the atmosphere, dispensing and separating the poisonous elements, rendering them innocuous by bringing about new combinations, thus keeping up that due proportion between the component parts of the aërial envelope, upon which its life-conserving property hinges, yet which the functions of life are perpetually destroying. The *crétinisme*, or idiocy, common in some of the Alpine valleys, narrow and shut in by high mountains, where the fresh air does not circulate freely, Saussure attributed to the stagnation of the atmosphere; and though such instances of physical deformity and intellectual incapacity may be the combined effect of various causes, it is in harmony with the one referred to, to suppose it an influential agent in the unhappy phenomena. But in providing house-accommodation for the poor, it might seem to have been the builders' or the projectors' object, to deprive them as much as possible of the providential boon, in constructing the narrow alleys and courts, closed at one extremity and only accessible through a covered passage at the other, as if to prevent any farther supply of the breath of heaven from entering, and the escape of the noxious gases that are generated. The enforced sufficient opening of these courts, and the absolute prohibition of their construction in future, should not be delayed; and proprietors may be reconciled to some sacrifice of their own private interests in the matter, by the thought, that in such sites the pestilence is born, against which they have no security that it will not sally forth and level an envenomed spear against themselves in their own airy abodes.

But of no avail is an external supply of pure air, unless provision is made for its interior reception; for of course it is the condition of the atmosphere habitually breathed that influences health. Here let us reflect upon the importance of this invisible element, more necessary to life than food, without the due furniture of which, no food, however excellent and abundant, can sustain health and strength. The tall pine—

> "Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
> Of some great admiral,"

is often seen springing from a scanty stratum of impoverished soil, and the spectator has wondered at its stately dimensions in such a site, ignorant of the fact that its main feeder is the common air we breathe. It is a curious result of chemical science, that oxygen, a constituent part of the atmosphere, a light and invisible gas in its simple state, constitutes water in combination with hydrogen, and enters largely into combination with the earths and metals, so as to compose fully one-half of the solid contents of the globe. This may enlarge our conceptions of the important office assigned to air in the scheme of animate and inanimate nature; and rebuke our folly, in being inattentive to the causes which vitiate it, and of the means by which a pure supply may be constantly kept up. To feed on putrid substances, and accept a draught containing a poisonous admixture, would not be a whit more irrational than is the toleration of an impure atmosphere.

But even the refined and intelligent classes of society display a marvellous lack of knowledge or consideration respecting the state of the ethereal medium so essential to their well-being. Strikingly yet truly is the scene presented by a London drawing-room on a gala-night, pictured in the following statement:—"That lofty duchess's head is sparkling with diamonds—that slight, lovely being, leaning on her arm, has the pearls of

India wound around her brow—those statesmen and warriors are decorated with stars — the dense mass displays flowers, ribands, and ornaments of every colour in the rainbow; but among them all, is there, we ask, a single one who for a moment has thought of bringing with him the hogsheads of air per hour necessary for his respiration? And if every guest present has neglected to do so, in what manner, it must be inquired, has the noble host provided for the demand? Alas! the massive, pictured walls around us, and richly-stuccoed and gilt ceiling over our heads, answer the question; and one has only to cast a glance at them to perceive that the 500 persons present are, like those in the Black-hole at Calcutta, conglomerated together in a hermetically-sealed box full of vitiated air. Every minute 500 gallons of air pass into the lungs of those present, from whence, divested of its oxygen, it is exhaled in a morbid condition—every respiration of each elegant, nay, even our own contemplative sigh, vitiates about sixteen cubic inches of the element; and yet, while every moment it is becoming more and more destructive to health, while the loveliest cheeks are gradually fading before us—while the constitutions of the young are evidently receiving an injury which not the wealth of Crœsus will be able to repay—what arrangements, we repeat, has the noble host made for repairing the damage he is creating? If foul air, like manure, could be carted away, and if good air, like fresh, clean straw, could be brought in its stead, surely one of the simplest luxuries which wealth could offer to society would be to effect this sanitary operation; and thus, instead of offering a set of lovely women ices and unwholesome refreshments, to spend the money these would cost in pouring upon their heads, necks, and shoulders a continual supply of that pure, fresh, exhilarating oxygenous mixture which gives animation to their hearts, and colour to their cheeks. But is this expensive, troublesome, complicated, horse-and-cart mode of purifying the horrid atmosphere we are breathing necessary? No! everybody present knows that, outside the shutters and plate-glass windows of the rooms, there is in waiting, not two inches from us, an overwhelming supply (which might be warmed) of pure air, just as desirous to rush in as the foul air we have been breathing and rebreathing is eager to rush out."* In this case, the sufferance of evil by the party is only taxed for an hour or two; but tens of thousands in London, Manchester, and Liverpool, are spending day and night in this "durance vile," moping, emaciating, and sickening, under the debilitating and noxious influence of a stale, pent up, and corrupt atmosphere, which simple and inexpensive means would put in circulation and refresh.

In Mr. Toynbee's evidence before the Health of Towns Commission, some remarkable details are given respecting the varieties of disease which may be referred to atmospheric impurity, particularly scrofula, one of the most terrible scourges of the human frame. He states his own experience, with that of his medical colleagues, and some other authorities, to be corroborative of the view taken by M. Baudelocque, in his treatise "Etudes de la Maladie Scrofuleuse," namely, that the repeated respiration of the same atmosphere is the cause of scrofula; and that if there be entirely pure air, there may be bad food, bad clothing, and want of personal cleanliness, yet scrofulous disease cannot exist. According to M. Baudelocque, it is invariably found, that a truly scrofulous disease is caused by vitiated air, in which it is not necessary to remain long in order to its production. Frequently a few hours each day is sufficient, and thus persons may live in a healthy country, pass a considerable portion of time in the open air, and yet become scrofulous, because of sleeping in a confined place, where the air has not been renewed. The liability of shepherds to this disease, usually attributed to exposure to storms and atmospheric changes, and to humidity, he assigns to their passing the night in a confined hut in France, which they transport from place to place, and which only admits the external air through a small door, closed during the day, and closed upon their betaking themselves to rest. The case of the village of Oresmeaux, near Amiens, is mentioned, occupying an open elevated site, but consisting of small confined houses, in which the inhabitants were constantly ravaged by the malady, and many families became extinct, the last members dying rotten of scrofula. Upon a fire destroying great part of the village, the houses were built in a more salubrious manner, upon which the disease became less com-

* Quarterly Review, No. cxlii. p. 419.

mon, and altogether disappeared from the new dwellings.

The instances are numerous in which mortality and disease have been brought under immediate control and largely curtailed by the application of plans of ventilation. In the year 1882, scrofula broke out in the pauper school at Norwood, which then contained 600 children, and great mortality occurred, which was ascribed to bad and insufficient food. Upon the case being examined by Dr. Arnott, the food was found to be ample in quantity and quality, and atmospheric impurity, through defective ventilation, was suspected to be the cause. Ventilation was therefore applied, and soon afterwards the disease disappeared; and nearly double the number of children are now maintained in good health, where comparatively the few were sickly and scrofulous. The managers of the Zoological Gardens have had similar experience. At the commencement of that establishment, a large number of the animals died, which was attributed to the cold, the damp, the soil, and the general climate; but it was ascertained to arise from the closeness of their dens, for the effect was remedied by giving a proper supply of air to them. Science has been called in to preserve the health of our legislators from suffering injury through an impure atmosphere in the House of Commons, and large sums of the public money have been expended to secure the object; but there are several cheap and simple modes of ventilation which might be applied to the workshops and residences of the labouring population with signal benefit, thousands of which are now the active producers of physical suffering and of moral disorder, through preventing the change and circulation of the fluid upon which life and health depend. Mr. Toynbee mentions having introduced with success the simple expedient of a very finely perforated zinc plate, fixed in the window-pane farthest from the fire or the bed, the expense of which, including the fixing, only amounted to two shillings. Some effective arrangement to prevent the exclusion of the bounteous goodness of Heaven from the dwellings of the people, and to banish the diseases which are spontaneously engendered in consequence, is a proper object to enforce by law; for as well tolerate a butcher in vending a putrid carcass, as a landlord in letting a poisonous tenement.—*Rev. T. Milner.*

ALAN QUINTIN'S INQUIRIES.

No. VI.

ARE YOU IN THE RIGHT ROAD?

Again let me question you, plainly, closely, and urgently, yet still kindly, Are you in the right road? If you are, every movement is in your favour. If you are not, every step is against you. You cannot stir without helping yourself or hindering yourself—without doing yourself good, or doing yourself evil.

There is no such thing as standing still in the world, not for an hour, not for a minute, no! not for a second. On! on! on we must go, whatever be the road on which we travel. We may not believe it; we may not know it; we may not so much as think of it, yet on we go. The world itself is turning round at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, though we do not perceive it. And we are hurrying to eternity quite as rapidly, whether we perceive it or not.

We are all hastening to the tomb, but that is not what I mean. That is a serious thing, an important thing, a solemn thing, an awful thing; but there is something much more serious, important, solemn, and awful. We are all hastening to eternal life, or to eternal death! This renders my question, are you in the right road? doubly serious, doubly important, doubly solemn, and doubly awful.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death," Prov. xiv. 12. Nay, there are many ways of this description, smooth ways, green ways, flowery ways, pleasant ways, delightful ways; but then they are deceitful ways. They are safe and lively at their beginning, but dangerous and deadly at their end. There is a right way, and a wrong way; a narrow way, and a broad way. Many move in the one, many miss the other:—

"For why? Alas! the gate of life
Is narrow, low, and small;
The way so prest, and close, and straight,
There seems no way at all.

"This narrow way, found out by few,
Ten thousand snares beset,
To turn the seeker's steps aside,
And trap the traveller's feet."

Are you in the right road? Is there a doubt about the matter? Can you eat your food, walk abroad, retire to rest, and sleep, in doubt whether you are in the road to life or death, joy or sorrow, end-

less bliss, or endless woe? This is not an affair for next year, or next month; this moment the case should be inquired into, this moment the question should be asked, and this moment the point should be decided.

You have seen a bubble carried onward by the stream. No pause, no resting place, no cessation; on with the current, on without end. So is it with you, whether you are in the right road or in the wrong. On! on! on with the current of time, laughing or weeping, running or creeping, waking or sleeping, towards a happy or a miserable eternity. The world cannot stop you, neither can you stop yourself. Remember this, and remember, too,—

That all which the world has to give is a breath—
A bubble that bursts on the dark stream of death.

It may seem to matter but little, now, whether you are in the right road or the wrong; but it will matter much by-and-bye. It may now be nothing; it may then be everything. Remember the consequences of taking the wrong path without God's blessing. Solomon was wise, and Sampson was strong, but they both fell into folly and sin. Riches will not keep you from the wrong road; much more likely to lead you into it. Where the treasure is the heart is, and there it will be.

As soon shall the feeble be famed for their might;
The sun shine abroad in the depth of the night;
Through the eye of a needle the camel be driven,
As a rich man, unhumbled, shall seek after heaven.

Many think they can go on a little way, or a long way, just as they like, and turn into a better path when it suits them. Sad mistake, wretched mistake, miserable mistake! By-and-by there may be deep ditches, too broad to cross, and fences too high to climb. Their way may be hedged in with thorns, so that they cannot leave the road they have chosen. Our first parents were disobedient. They got into a wrong road, and it led them out of Paradise. Pharaoh was hardhearted; he, too, took a wrong road, and it brought him and his host into the Red Sea. Have a care! Be on the watch! Take warning!

Are you in the right road? the right road to peace? the right road to heaven? the right way to God? For, if you are not, you are not only going astray, but leading others astray too. When a sheep pushes through a gap in the hedge, others are sure to follow; and so it is with mankind—they will follow one another. Sad thing to set a bad example. What! would you lead those you love from right to wrong, from light to darkness, and from safety to destruction? When coach-horses run away, they take the coach with them; and where the coach goes, the passengers go, so that horses, coach, and passengers are in equal danger; it is just the same if you lead your companions astray. You and they may share alike the folly, the sin, the danger, and the ruin.

Turn aside from the idle, the careless, the dishonest, the proud, the cruel, the sceptical, and the self-righteous, for they are none of them in the right road, and all of them in the wrong. The right way grows better as you go on, but the wrong way grows worse; its smoothness becomes rugged, and its verdure blasted; its flowers change to flint stones, and its gladness to gloom; the song of the lark dies away, and the croak of the raven afflicts the ear; the green trees are no longer seen, and the threatening rock hangs frowningly over the path; the rill and the sunny slope are transformed into the torrent and the precipice, and all is dreary, and dark, and dangerous. Again, I ask, Are you sure that you are in the right road?

Some there are who are discontented in the midst of all their mercies, and repine and despond. This is indeed taking the wrong road; the road to sin and sorrow. Would you fling back sunshine and sunbeams in the face of the Eternal? Would you cast aside, as worthless, the means of grace and the hope of glory? Is the word of God to be disbelieved, the will of God to be resisted, and the gift of God, even of eternal life, to be despised? Oh, it is a fearful thing to give way to despondency:—

The road of despondency, shrouded with gloom,
Is dark as the shadows that hang o'er the tomb;
No fruit is e'er gather'd; no bud blossoms there;
'T is the darkest of pathways that lead to despair.

If you would quit the wrong road, and keep in the right road for ever, fling away desponding thoughts, and encourage hopefulness and faith. Look to that great and gracious Saviour, who took our nature upon him, though equal with the Father, and groaned, and bled, and died for man. Set your face towards the city with the golden gates! Fix your eyes on the hills whence cometh your help!

Look homewards! Look heavenwards! Be watchful! be diligent! be urgent! Pray, praise, and strive humbly yet ardently, and give heed to Him who hath said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," John xiv. 6. Then will your heart take comfort. Then will the Sun of righteousness shine upon you by day, and even in the dark night of death,—

A light from above, and a guide will be given,
And the right road be yours to the kingdom of heaven.

CONSCIENCE.

Religion is a pleasure to the mind as it respects practice, and so sustains the name of conscience. And conscience, undoubtedly, is the great repository and magazine of all those pleasures that can afford any solid refreshment to the soul. For when this is calm, and serene, and absolving, then, properly, a man enjoys all things—and; what is more, himself; for that he must do before he can enjoy anything else. But it is only a pious life, led exactly by the ruler of a severe religion, that can authorise a man's conscience to speak comfortably to him. It is this that must word the sentence before the conscience can pronounce it, and then it will do it with majesty and authority: it will not whisper, but proclaim a jubilee to the mind; it will not drop, but pour in oil upon the wounded heart. And is there any pleasure comparable to that which springs from hence? The pleasures of conscience are not only greater than all other pleasures, but may also serve instead of them; for they only please and affect the mind *in transitu*, in the pitiful narrow compass of actual fruition; whereas, that of conscience entertains and feeds it a long time after with durable, lasting reflections.

The second ennobling property of it is, that it is such a pleasure as never satiates nor wearies; for it properly affects the spirits, and a spirit feels no weariness, as being privileged from the causes of it. But can the epicure say so of any of the pleasures that he so much doats upon? Do they not expire while they satisfy, and, after a few minutes' refreshment, determine in loathing and unquietness? How short is the interval between a pleasure and a burden—how indiscernible the transition from one to the other! Pleasure dwells no longer upon the appetite than the necessities of nature, which are quickly and easily provided for, and then all that follows is a load and an oppression. Every morsel to a satisfied hunger is only a new labour to a tired digestion. Every draught to him that has quenched his thirst is but a farther quenching of nature, a provision for rheum and diseases, a drowning of the quickness and activity of the spirits. * * Those that are so fond of applause, while they pursue it, how little do they taste it when they have it! Like lightning, it only flashes upon the face, and it is gone; and it is well if it does not hurt the man. * * If it be a pleasure to be envied and shot at, to be maligned standing, and to be despised falling, to endeavour that which is impossible, which is to please all, and to suffer for not doing, it then is a pleasure to be great, and to be able to dispose of men's fortunes and preferments. * * And then, lastly, for company: though it may reprieve a man from his melancholy, yet it cannot secure him from his conscience, nor from sometimes being alone. And what is all that a man enjoys, from a week's, a month's, or a year's converse, comparable to what he feels for one hour, when his conscience shall take him aside and rate him by himself?—*South.*

THE FLOWER OF FAITH.

Believers are called heirs of promise. They lost their inheritance in Adam, and it is restored to them in Christ; and it is the assurance of having regained this paradise that they are constantly seeking to obtain. This assurance is the flower of faith; and though not necessary to the life of the plant, it is to its maturity. —*Marsh.*

THE WEATHER.

Speaking of the fretfulness and impatience which some Christians manifest, even in a concern so trifling as that of the weather, the Rev. Thomas Adam, author of the "Private Thoughts," once said, "I am continually looking at the clouds, to know whether I should be pleased with God."

IMITATE WHAT IS GOOD.

No failure or infirmities in good men should prevent our imitating that which is good in them.—*Dr. Grosvenor.*

A Pass near Mont Blanc.

THE ALPS.

The central ridges of the Alps are composed of primitive rocks, especially of granite and gneiss, and are distinguished by their pointed peaks. On the north side of this formation extends a slate formation of considerable width. This does not appear to accompany the range on the south, except along the east Alps, where it has been observed to extend from Brixen on the Eisach to Marburg on the Drave, skirting that river on the south. Beyond the slate formation, the chalk occupies a considerable space. It is found to occupy the greatest extent on the south-east of the mountain system, the whole Julian Alps being composed of it. On the opposite, or north-west side, the sandstone formation extends from the lake of Geneva as far as the south boundary of Bavaria. The chalk formation is distinguished by its summits, which do not rise in pointed peaks, but form either cones or cupolas.

All those parts of the numerous ridges which rise above the line of congelation, are of course covered with snow all the year round. In many places the snow occupies a considerable space on the upper parts and summits of the rocky masses; and from these reservoirs of snow the glaciers are derived. The sides of the rocky mass are usually furrowed by long narrow valleys; and in these, masses of snow, descending from the upper parts under the form of ice, extend the farther downward the greater the mass and height of the snow from which they are derived. These accumulations of snow and ice form glaciers, many of which are from fifteen to twenty miles long. Near the upper part, or at their origin, they are generally narrow, sometimes not much more than a hundred yards across; but as the valleys

grow wider as they proceed downwards; the glaciers also extend in width, taking the shape of a fan, and in some places are two miles across. The thickness of the ice-masses varies from one hundred to perhaps six hundred feet. Though the snow-line in the Alps is found at an elevation of about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, some of the glaciers descend so far downward, that their lower extremity is not more than 3,500 feet above it. The ice of the glaciers does not resemble that with which our rivers are covered in winter; it consists of a great number of crystals, measuring from half an inch to two inches in length, and something less in width, united by having been pressed strongly together. It is difficult to remove one of these crystals without breaking it; but, when the first has been removed, the others may be easily taken up. The surface of the glaciers is very various, and depends on the degree of inclination with which the valley descends. Where the descent is gradual, the surface of the glacier is nearly level, and offers few crevices; but where the declivity is rapid and uneven, the glacier is rent with numerous chasms, and covered with elevations, rising from one hundred to two hundred feet, having the aspect of a sea agitated by a hurricane. The chasms are frequently many feet wide, and more than one hundred feet deep. Their formation, which never takes place in winter, but is frequent during summer, is accompanied with a loud noise, resembling thunder, and a shock, which makes the adjacent mountains tremble. These chasms are subject to change every day, and almost every hour; and it is this circumstance that renders the ascent of the glaciers so dangerous to travellers. Sometimes there are found in the glaciers pyramids of ice of a considerable elevation and regular form, on the tops of which are placed large pieces of rocks. At the lower extremity of the glaciers is an excavation in the form of a grotto, frequently a hundred feet high, and from sixty to eighty wide, whence issues a small river, bringing down a bluish water. Though every single crystal of the ice of the glaciers seems perfectly white, the whole mass is of a blue colour, passing through every shade, from the most feeble sky-blue to that of the lapis lazuli; it is most pure and beautiful in the lower parts of the chasms. The glaciers impart one of the greatest charms to the scenery of the Alps, by the beauty of their colour, and their contrast with the surrounding country; their lower extremities being commonly contiguous to meadows covered with the finest grass, and the most beautiful flowers; and the declivities of the mountains which inclose them, exhibiting large tracts clothed with magnificent trees, especially firs.—*Macculloch.*

APPEARANCES OF NATURE.

JUNE.

The "manhood" of the year has now arrived, for during this month the vigorous growth of spring is followed by the serenity of summer; the first flush of beauty is consummated in the majestic grandeur of maturity. Surely there cannot be those of the human family who do not in some degree appreciate the return of summer. Even animals, according to their various powers, testify their joy. The blessings of heaven are now descending upon nature in their richest abundance, as the garden, the wood, and the field abundantly prove. The trees are heavy with fruit and foliage, and the shade of the outstretched boughs refreshes man and beast. Diversity meets us on every hand. There is the majestic oak, and the lowly sprig of moss. The eye glances from beauty to beauty; and whether the steep mountain is climbed, or the valley entered, or we seek the friendly shade of the wood, we everywhere find new and varying objects of delight, yet each one possessing charms sufficient to engage our attention and call forth our admiration. Here innumerable wild flowers, diffusing their sweetness through the air; and there, the innocent gambols of the animals around please and improve us. We look up, and the clear blue sky presents itself; we survey the ground, and the fresh verdure smiles. Our eyes are delighted by the beauteous scenes before us; our ears are charmed with the tuneful notes of the feathered songsters, while we are soothed by the silver waves of the clear stream, gently gliding beneath the willow and the ash. Showers fall to refresh the earth, opening new springs of blessings; or smiling groves and tufted trees invite us to seek their shelter from the sun's fervid beams. Beauty, variety, and harmony are everywhere apparent.

"Thus cometh welcome summer with great strength,

Joyously smiling in high lustihood,
Conferring on us days of longest length,
For rest or labour, in town, field, or wood;
Offering, to our gathering, richest stores
Of varied herbage, corn, cool fruits, and flowers,
As forth they rise from Nature's open pores,
To fill our homesteads and to deck our bowers;
Inviting us to renovate our health
By recreation; or, by ready hand,
And calculating thought, to improve our wealth;
And so, invigorating all the land,
And all the tenantry of earth or flood,
Cometh the plenteous summer—full of good."

Mr. Howitt, whose intimate acquaintance with country scenes is well known, says,—"The frosts and damps of spring are now past; the earth is dry; the night air is balmy and refreshing; the glowworm has lit her lamp; the bat is circling about; the fragrant breath of flowers steals into our houses; and the moth flutters against the darkened pane. Go forth when the business of the day is over, thou who art pent in city toils, and stray through the newly-shot corn, along the grassy and hay-scented fields; linger beside the solitary woodland: the gale of heaven is stirring its mighty and umbrageous branches. The wild rose, with its flowers of most delicate odour, and of every tint, from the deepest red to the purest pearl; the wreathed and luscious honeysuckle, and the verdurous, snow-flowered elder, embellish every way-side, or light up the most shadowy region of the wood."

As summer advances, the variety of nature is augmented by the foliage of each tree assuming its own peculiar tint. The meadows wear a paler green, the flowers are less numerous, the corn gradually becomes yellow, and the richer colouring of Nature diminishes.

"How splendid all the sky! how still!
How mild the dying gale!
How soft the whispers of the rill
That winds along the dale!
So tranquil Nature's works appear,
It seems the sabbath of the year."

Every lover of Nature will avail himself of the opportunities now presented of roaming along the flower-enamelled meadows and grassy lanes, to observe the beauteous objects everywhere presented. He will sit on the rustic stile, and allow his thoughts to wander on a thousand delightful associations; or he will pass into the woodland valley, where the brook is singing its song of gladness, and the willow is gracefully bending over. Here he will pluck the yellow iris, which is in blossom, and perhaps think of its use as the national device of France, the name of *fleur-de-lis* being a corruption of *fleur-de-Louis*. Then he will see the adonis, or pheasant's eye, which is one of the most beautiful of the wild flowers, and with which very few of our lesser annuals, so carefully sown in our gardens, can bear comparison. Its bright but tender green leaves, so minutely divided as to resemble the beautiful spines of the larch, rather than ordinary leaves, will not fail to attract his attention, while amidst their rich profusion he will detect the ruby blossom. There, too, he will see the forget-me-not, which will continue to flower till August, and is found plentifully by the water-courses. Probably he will linger to pluck the beautiful dog-rose, whose fragrance attracts his attention, and whose simple beauty excites the admiration of the most illiterate. And as he walks along, it will be well for him to call to mind the thoughts and words of the psalmist, when he said of the God of providence:—

"He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man:
That he may bring forth food out of the earth;
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,
And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread which strengtheneth man's heart.
The trees of the Lord are full of sap;
The cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted;
Where the birds make their nests;
As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.
The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats;
And the rocks for the conies.
He appointed the moon for seasons:
The sun knoweth his going down."—Psa. civ.

How beautiful are the golden and nodding cowslips, which may now be seen on the banks of the meadows, and in the grassy crofts; but only a few are left, being more common in the last month. Still their smell is delicious. There are a few sprinkled in the orchard, in the glades of the woodlands, and amongst the very thickets, growing there taller and more beautiful than anywhere beside. How many times in byegone days has the country lad gathered baskets full and carried them home, and then sat round under a tree and "peeped them;" that is, pulled out the tubed corollas or peeps, in order to prepare them for cowslip wine. There the trunk of an old willow pollard is thrown across the banks that confine the little streamlet, while the equally rude rail, that has been nailed between two small alders, will be regarded as worthy of notice. As it is traversed, the beautiful fish dart from the middle of the gravel-bottomed stream to the bank for shelter, while the rat jumps into the water, and rapidly swims to its hole. Perhaps, too, the water-hen takes alarm, and may be

observed stealing along the sides of the stream, though partially hidden by the rushes, giving a sort of jerk with her beak and white tail, and uttering a plaintive call, to induce her little black brood to follow her. She prefers to frequent old water-courses, covered with aquatic herbage, and revels in the protection of the rushes, reeds, and willows of slow rivers. Sometimes she may be seen on the surface of the water, diving if alarmed; but if she continue undisturbed, she swims along with a nodding motion of the head, picking up vegetable substances as she passes along, and feeding on aquatic plants, small fishes, insects, worms, and slugs. If search is made for the nest, it will be found on the ground among the rushes, or concealed by stumps, roots, or long grass, on a bank at the edge of the water; and she has been known to fix her nest on the branch of a tree which rested upon the surface of the stream. A naturalist states that on one occasion he found a mass of dry rushes, flags, and other materials, enough to fill a two-bushel basket, in a spruce fir-tree by the water side, looking as if it had been put there with a hayfork. He mounted instantly, thinking of herons, eagles, and a variety of other wonders; but just as his head reached the nest, out came a moor-hen; he heard a flap, flap, and the bird, dropping to the water, made off in a direct line, dipping with its toes as it passed along, and was soon lost in the rushes of a distant bank, leaving an evanescent track along the water, like that occasioned by a stone which has been skilfully thrown to make "ducks and drakes." The nest contained seven eggs, quite warm.

Pleasing and improving ideas may now be suggested to the mind by the simplest subjects. The beautiful oak, for instance, standing in the hedge-side, under whose shelter the cattle seek repose, while birds sport among the branches, may remind us of the beautiful description of a good man, given by the psalmist:—

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,
That bringeth forth his fruit in his season;
His leaf also shall not wither,
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."—Psa. i. 3.

The oak, which during winter and spring has been showing nothing but its knotted branches and wrinkled bark, now "spreads its leaves out in the sunny sheen," and soon has a brighter green than many other inhabitants of the grove. The stately walnut, standing in the court of ancient manor-houses, or in the field adjoining the farmer's dwelling, puts forth its smooth leaves slowly, as "sage grave men" do their thoughts, and for which over-caution he will receive rough usage in the autumn. The maple, the beech, and the sycamore, are lightly clad in their leafy robes; even the dark perennial firs display their young cones and leaves; while none fail to admire the flowers of the horse-chestnut. The pendent branches of the weeping willow trail on the water, on whose broad surface the elegant figure of the tree is represented:

"No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each a hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wannish grey; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash, far stretching his umbrageous arm.
Of deeper green, the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy leaved and shining in the sun;
The maple, and the beech, of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime, at dewy eve
Diffusing odours: not unnoticed pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny."

The clear, shrill voice of the field-cricket now gains its full strength, and though it consists of but one note, and that by no means distinguished for musical tone, yet it is pleasing to hear, when we remember it is the voice of joy, however simple it may be. If the wayside bank is passed where the hot sunbeams fall, its long cry will be plainly heard, as it sits at the mouth of its cell; and if the same spot is approached at midnight, it will perhaps still continue its note.

Pigs now cover themselves with mud, to free themselves from vermin and flies, in the same manner as we are told the elephant and rhinoceros do for protection against a fly which greatly annoys them. Ganders will sometimes assist their mates by sitting on the nest, and when the youthful progenies appear, they will run in all directions to drive off those whom they regard as intruders. The cock struts before the hens, and never seems so happy as when he has found some food for his offspring; and if any bird appears to question his right, he will fight to the last extremity to defend his authority, and generally succeeds in expelling the invader. Hen-turkies do not appear to regard their young with so much tenderness as is displayed by many fowls, frequently trampling on them, regardless of their cries. Ducks, while sitting, are in a prodigious bustle when leaving their nests in search of food, and make a great outcry when the drake comes from the

pond to greet their arrival in the yard. They run into the pond, flap their wings, and, coming out, clamorously await their food, or hurry in all directions in its pursuit, while the young ducks, as soon as they are hatched, take to the water, and dart after flies with great activity.

Care is taken during the present month, to preserve the sheep from the attacks of flies; the fallows are cleansed, and where the Swedish turnips fail to come up, cabbage plants are sometimes filled in. The wheat, beans, and peas, are weeded; manure is carted out; hop-bines are tied, and pruned when needed; ponds are cleansed, and the soil obtained from them preserved, or mixed with lime; holly-hedges are planted; bees swarm; and weeds in the hedges and gardens are destroyed.

The corn crops, which have so long claimed the care of the farmer, have now assumed a promising appearance. On that one field of corn how many ears undulate as the breeze gently passes over them, each of which is under the care of God. It seems wonderful that each stalk should be enabled to perform its part so completely, without danger of sinking under its burden, or being destroyed by the gale of wind which often sweeps over its surface. But its structure is such that, while sufficiently flexible, it is not brittle; and while tall enough to be raised a suitable distance from the damp earth, it is not so long as to be in danger of prostration. From the principal stalk others spring up, and, bearing leaves, collect the drops of dew and rain, and thus supply the plant with the nutritious juices intended for its support. The essential part of the structure goes on increasing, and the ear is gradually and perfectly formed, while, to preserve the tender sprouts from the dangers and accidents which might destroy them, the two upper leaves of the stalk close together as soon as they appear. When the stalk is sufficiently formed to be able to supply the grain with juices, the leaves become dry, that the strength of the plant shall not be unnecessarily exhausted. When these leaves are withered, the young ear waves buoyantly and gracefully in the breeze, while the gentle rains which descend, and the sun's beams which shine, are means beautifully adapted for maturing the plant.

Sheep-washing and shearing are among the principal rural employments which occupy the farmer during this month, but in many places they were commenced during May, and have now to be completed. As we stroll over the pleasant mead, or descend the valley, the operation may be observed, as it proceeds, by the brook that divides the rich glen. Undisturbed by the noise and the dirt, the necessary result of so much work, the bleating of the sheep, and the hum of industry, falls on the ear. Men may be seen approaching with flocks to be washed:

> "In one diffusive band,
> They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
> Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
> Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
> And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore."

When the sheep are thus assembled near the washing-pool, the lambs and sheep fit to be washed are drafted from the flock, and placed in one enclosure, while the remainder are turned into another, at such a distance from the washing-place as not to disturb their mothers by their bleating. These arrangements are perhaps proceeding while other sheep are being washed, but if this is not the case, the work now commences.

The sheep having been inclosed in a pen, they are caught, according to the wants of the shearers. This is generally done by means of a crook, and the animal is drawn back to the adjacent shearing place, or they are moved bodily along, by placing one hand on the neck, and another behind. Care, however, is necessary; for if sheep are fed in rich pastures, the flesh is easily bruised, and mortification has been the result.

It was frequently the custom for the washers to stand in the water up to their breasts; but from the injurious effects which resulted, and the desire of the men to finish the work quickly rather than effectually, it was proposed to rail off a portion of the water in a stream, to be approached by the sheep, by means of a sloping entrance at one end, while there was a slope at the other side, at which they might escape when washed. At one spot on each side of the passage, where the depth is just sufficient to flow over the back of the sheep, a water-tight cask or box is placed, in which the men stand, the sheep being in the water between them. By these means the labour is effectively performed, the sheep are pushed into the right position, and, when washed, they escape into a clean pasture, ready to receive them. It is as interesting as it is curious to observe the lambs, after

being separated from the ewes in shearing-time, running bleating to their mothers as they have escaped from the hands of the shearers, to hear the responsive cry of recognition, and its assured gambol, as it detects through the changed appearance the well-known face and smell:

"Heavy and dripping to the breezy brow."

The shearing follows soon afterwards, the time varying in some degree according to the weather, and the convenience of the proprietor; but it is highly important that the sheep should not again become dirty. In performing the operation, the left side of the sheep is placed against the shearer's left leg, his left foot against the sheep's tail, and his left knee at its left shoulder. The process is sometimes commenced with the shears at the crown of the sheep's head, with a straight cut along the loins, returning to the shoulder, and making a circular shear round the off-side to the middle of the belly; the off-hinder leg is taken next; and lastly, the shearer kneeling down on his right knee, and the sheep's neck being laid over his left thigh, he shears along the remaining side. A good clipper can shear from twenty to thirty sheep a day—and even more are done by very expert persons. The method of shearing Cheviot sheep is by laying them on their back, between the operator's knees, beginning with the belly; and afterwards, having tied the animal's legs, he proceeds very expeditiously, at the rate of four or five sheep in the hour, or from forty to fifty a day.

Tusser says, in reference to sheep-shearing:

"Reward not thy sheep, when ye take off the coat,
With twitches and patches as broad as a groat;
Let not such ungentleness happen to thine,
Lest fly with her gentils do make it to pine."

He here refers to the injuries inflicted on sheep by the ignorant or careless shearer, in wounding them with the shears. At the period at which he wrote, the custom was frequently adopted of inviting the neighbours to assist in shearing, though many knew very little about the business. The whole labour was begun and finished in a day. The day's employment was regarded more in the light of a rustic holiday, than as an important department of agricultural labour; and the character of the work plainly indicated that plentiful cheer and abundance of strong ale were regarded as far more important than the proper performance of the task. Some time after the sheep are clipped, they are marked or branded, in order to identify them as the property of the master—initials or other significant signs being generally adopted. The iron stamp is taken and dipped into warm tar, and sometimes red ochre is used for a second mark.

F. S. W.

GOVERNMENT OF THE APPETITE.

The study of the stomach is the study of morality. By investigating the influence of food and drink on our minds, we soon discover the strongest motives for self-denial, and learn many a forcible lesson concerning the nature and extent of our responsibility. The results of mismanaging the stomach typify all the effects of our abandonment to any other propensity; for it is most evident that if we do not keep appetite under control, the right use of our reason is abolished, and we become more completely enslaved to our lusts than the most grovelling beast. The comfort and efficiency of intellect, nay, the moral perception, manliness, and virtue of the mind, depend greatly on our use of aliment; and in the very means by which we sustain the strength of the body, or most directly disorder its functions, we at the same time either fortify or disable the brain, so that we shall be qualified to use our faculties with advantage, or else, amidst the confusion of our sensations, be rendered incapable of rational attention. Who has not seen the bright dreams of his morning's philosophy clouded by the fumes of a tempting table, and the best resolves of calm thoughtfulness lost amidst the sparklings of wine. Man has invented most of his dangers; he delights in exposing himself to artificial excitements; and he would rather run the risk of perdition than not try the force of temptation; for, alas! since self-confidence first abased him, he has never believed that he could not conquer appetite according to his knowledge, whenever he pleased, until he has found his will itself corrupted, and all his humanity helpless and undone. Animal instincts never conduct to such dangers; but the human mind, while it refines the sensations of the body by its own intensity, aggravates the evils amidst which it riots, and by its greater capacity for pleasure twines the snare

most cunningly around the soul, and by speculating in sensualities raises a multitude of evil spirits, which, at first, appear in forms of delicious beauty; but as they weary his brain with their ceaseless presence, they gradually assume disgusting appearances, and as they become more and more hateful, he is more and more in earnest to dismiss them, while they only the more closely haunt and more thoroughly torment him. Reason has been placed by the only wise God in the midst of seductive influences, that by thus perceiving the slender tenure of her power, she may be forced to look above the body for motives to sustain her in dominion over appetite. Those who yield to their lower propensities so far as to regard their indulgence as the end or purpose, instead of the means and appendage of life, to surfeit rather than to suffice Nature, are said to make their lusts their gods, because they really serve and obey them. *Quorum finis interitus, quorum Deus venter, et gloria in dedecore ipsorum.* Reason is strong only in proportion to her motives. She is next to omnipotent in her control over the body, when she derives her motives from the Almighty. Hence the reasonableness of the account of man's first disobedience. The test was simple and sufficient. But in order to understand its force, we must remember that the temptation was presented with a false promise of increased knowledge and power. It was made reasonable by at once appealing to appetite and to the pure self-love of our nature; for reason's fall is the distrust of her Maker. Therefore, as Byron says, "if we get rid of the apple, we are no better off." Such, then, is the grand lesson we learn from our necessities being provided for in such a manner that the exercise of judgment is required to avoid the dangers to which our appetites, undirected by exact instinct, would otherwise surely lead us.

The education of our appetites, first under the tuition of parental care and foresight, and then under the vigilance of our own reason in the actual experience of good and evil, constitutes the very marked distinction between a responsible and an instinctive creature. The latter is under a law which governs its propensities with undeviating precision, and which operates as a function of its bodily structure; but the former must be dependent on obedience to laws belonging to the mind. Man discriminates as regards known effects, as well as from choice of sensation; but the lower creatures have no such choice, for instinct is ruled by appetite, but reason by knowledge of consequences. Instinct is informed by acuteness of sense, and has no power of correcting its impressions by reflection; but reason is taught by a sagacity derived from the power we possess of comparing appearances and estimating realities. Reason is analytical as well as logical; but instinct is neither, but it is merely sensuous, and man's mind is little better when he chooses to enjoy the present without regard to the future. Hence the use and abuse of appetite afford criteria of the state and power of our reason. To use the world, without abusing it, is the doctrine of Christianity, because it is a dispensation which sets our reason right with regard to all our appetites, while it introduces our spirits into fellowship with the Creator, who would have us all enter into the fulness of his own satisfaction—that rest in goodness which contemplates a universe reposing in the peace, glory, and blessing of its Maker; for to partake of the bread of heaven is to feast with God.

The word appetite has been restricted by common usage to express the propensity for food; and, probably, because of its regularity, importance, and power, it furnishes the strongest metaphor of mental desire, as when Lamb speaks of Coleridge looking forward to death as if hungering for eternity. This phrase, however, is but a poor imitation of the beautiful words, "Blessed is he who hungers and thirsts after righteousness; for he shall be filled." The wise man, in his proverbs, has taught the necessity of temperance in all things, by language referring only to this desire for food, and his exhortation to us to cease from our own wisdom is well enforced, by enjoining abstinence from deceitful food, as if to intimate that truth alone is the proper aliment of the soul. Wisdom and temperance have always been companions; and men most famous for the extent and continued energy of their faculties, have been so convinced that habitual moderation in eating and drinking was essential to the full and healthy employment of their intellect, that those best known for clearness and elevation of mind have also been most remarkable for their control over their appetites. Sir Isaac Newton is a good example. Dr. Cheyne states of him, that, when he applied himself to

the investigation of light and colour, to quicken his faculties and enable him to fix his attention, he confined himself all the time to a small quantity of bread, with a little sack and water, without any regulation, except that he took a little whenever he felt his animal spirits flag. Here we witness true philosophy at work to facilitate its own labours; and we do not wonder to find that the man who, when checked in his researches by the imperfection of his instruments, sets about inventing and manufacturing new ones with his own hands, should also resort to the best means for sustaining the functions of his brain when determined to use it to the extent of its power; and although Celsus informs us that *imbecilli stomacho penè omnes cupidi literarum sunt*, he knew full well that a bad digestion was by no means a real corroborant of the rational faculties, and however morbidly greedy of books, like the sickly devourers of circulating libraries, dyspeptic individuals might become, their weak stomachs but little aided to strengthen their judgments, or to render them the better qualified to administer to the vigorous growth of other minds. Yet, doubtless, as the same authority observes, *obesus venter non parit subtilem intellectum*, an excessive stomach comports with an empty head; not that a man of fair rotundity, like Shakspeare's Justice, cannot, occasionally, think with sufficient clearness for peaceful and epicurean purposes, but simply because the soul of a man fully alive to the great policies of existence, must move his affections and his intellect too busily in their working on his nerves, and expend the vitality of his blood too rapidly, to allow him to take his ease at long meals, and to accumulate a burden of flesh to impede alike both his body and his mind. The happy medium which Newton endeavoured to maintain, was just that which would preserve the blood in the fittest state for the purposes of the mind while intently acting on the brain; and probably not a little of the splendid clearness of his demonstrations may be attributed to the success with which he controlled all his bodily propensities, by the moderation which he invariably observed in the management of his stomach.—*Dr. George Moore.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON WALKING-STICKS.

It is a common saying, "When a ship gets under weigh, no one can tell the port she will make;" and something like this is true of general readers, for the contents of the books, pamphlets, and paragraphs they read, are often very different to their titles, and lead them where they never expected to go to. In reading a newspaper, we never can be sure that the announcement, "The British Parliament," will not introduce to our notice, "Parr's Life Pills;" "A national discovery," lead the way to the clothing establishment of "Moses and Son;" and "The greatest fact of the age," end in "Holloway's Ointment."

Sometimes, however, we are agreeably surprised when a book or paper branches out into unexpected subjects of interest, giving an unlooked-for fulness and variety to the topic under consideration, just as the embellishments of architecture, though they add nothing to the strength of an edifice, greatly enrich it, and add to its beauty. It is possible, nay, indeed, highly probable, that this paper or chapter, "Old Humphrey on Walking-Sticks," may branch out a little in the same way.

Many of my readers may care but little about walking-sticks, and I, perhaps, running into the opposite extreme, value them beyond their real worth. Certain it is, that I cannot take into my hand the walking-stick of a friend who has quitted the world before me, without some emotion: an inclination to muse and meditate on the past comes over me, and a desire to recal those seasons in which we have walked together, and taken counsel one of another. Call it a weakness if ye will; but the walking-stick of one whom I have respected and loved, has much influence over me. There are some relics that I prize. Were the staff in existence, and in my possession, with which father Jacob passed over Jordan, it would be estimated by me very highly.

A man who uses a walking-stick, has a quick eye in observing the walking-sticks of his neighbours. Not easily would you pass me with a stick or staff of any kind in your hand, without a glance of inquiry. One man walks with a stick close under his arm; another carries it horizontally, poising it by the middle; a third holds it up as a soldier on duty holds up his sword; a fourth bears it on his shoulder, as though it were a log of timber; a fifth twirls it round and round

by the hook; a sixth walks with it so that it is up in the air and down on the ground alternately, every fourth step; while a seventh, who really stands in need of its support, sets it firmly on the earth every second step that he takes, looking narrowly before him, lest inadvertently he should place it on a piece of orange peel, or other substance, of a slippery kind.

What a variety of pictures, connected with walking-sticks, are now flitting before me! An old gentleman, with high-quartered shoes, and the flaps of his embroidered waistcoat half down his thighs, is grasping his gold-headed cane as he walks up the hill to the parish church. An old lady in ruffles and stiff brocade is holding her high walking-stick a full foot from the top, as she takes her way to the alms-houses, her heart beating with kindness towards the poor. A venerable man, in a loose coat, with white flowing hair, is talking kindly to a party of boys, and pointing with his staff to the setting sun. And a cottager, as he is passing by the skirt of the coppice, pulls down a nut-bough with the hook of his stick, for a group of ragged children.

But we must not be satisfied in thus treating on walking-sticks generally; let us enter more into particulars: for as there is a great difference between a hazel and a holly-stick, an ash-plant and a Malacca cane, a whangee and a warted crab, a bamboo and a blackthorn, so every sort has its kindred associations. Try to fancy yourself standing with me in the shop of a stick-seller, with an assortment of walking-sticks spread out before us, from the thin cane that would delight a child, to the club almost suited to the grasp of a giant. The different bundles around, of sticks of all kinds, excite my fancy. Listen to the thoughts that they call up in my mind.

The carved-headed, old, oaken staff reminds me of the fine carved oaken chimney-pieces that I have seen, and the beautiful carved stalls and screens in cathedrals. It reminds me of Damory's oak, more than threescore feet round the stem, and of the tree in which king Charles concealed himself from his pursuers. It brings before me the oak, under which the angel of the Lord sat, when he appeared unto Gideon; and it brings, too, the oaks of Bashan, and English forests, to my fancy. I see the woodman wielding his sharp axe, while the dry, white chips fly around him; and I hear the crash of the mighty trunk and the splintering of its goodly branches. I go to the dockyard, and gaze on the building of ships. I see the launching of a noble vessel; and accompany it through all the changes of an eventful voyage. At one time it is in the calm, sitting motionless on the waters; and at another, in the storm, seemingly the sport of angry ocean! Now it is among the icebergs of the north, and now passing the line under the burning beams of the meridian sun. Yesterday it was proudly ploughing its way through the foaming waves, and to-day, dismasted and wrecked, it is beating its shattered hull against the pointed rocks.

The twisted vine, scraped and varnished as it has been, is very unlike the stem and the branch of the tree that bears the grape, but it fails not to remind me of the countries where vines abundantly grow—light-hearted France; and Spain, and Portugal, troubled with intestine broils, where, for years, friend has been alienated from friend, and brethren, alas! have scabbarded their swords in each other's hearts! It reminds me, also, of the Holy Land, where the once highly-favoured, but now widely-scattered Jewish people, sat in safety under their own vines and fig-trees. It brings to my memory the words of the Redeemer, "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman," John xv. 1; and it presents to my remembrance the picture of many a peaceful English cottage, standing on a sunny slope, with neatness and simplicity inside, and outside a clustered vine, running up the whitewashed wall.

The gold-headed cane, with the silk tassel, is certainly a noble-looking walking-stick; but the precious metal of the handle is more eloquent than the cane itself, though the latter, coming as it does from Malacca, says much to me of the tawny, black-haired Malay, usually classed among the most treacherous, the most fierce, and the most ferocious of the human race. Gold! gold! What crimes and what cruelties have been committed to obtain thee! Thou art called worthless gold, sordid gold, and guilty gold, thus bearing on thine innocent head the guilt of those who misuse thee. How often do we require to have the words sounded in our ears, "Labour not to be rich;" "If riches increase, set not your heart upon them;" "Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than

great treasure and trouble therewith;" and, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Matt. xvi. 26. Gold has been found in many countries; but we now look to the New World, as America is called, for the golden treasures of the earth. Mexico, Brazil, Peru, and Chili, are the principal storehouses of the precious metals. Gold is found in grains, lumps, and veins; but were it found in masses equal in size to the mountains, it would not repay the miseries which its guilty gainers have inflicted on the world. As I look on that gold-headed Malacca cane, I cannot but think it would be well, could the earth, with its yawning mouth, swallow up, for ever, every atom of the gold possessed by mankind, could it, at the same time, cancel the accusing scroll, written in tears and blood, that is is now lying before the throne of the Eternal.

The dark walking-stick, in the corner bundle, is formed of whalebone. It has been taken from the huge leviathan of the mighty deep in the midst of the Frozen Ocean. What dreary scenes of ice and snowy peaks, and seals and walrusses, are in my fancy gathering round. True, there is some variety even here; for at one time all is motionless, while at another, the boats from the ship with the frozen rigging, are seen in pursuit of a whale struck by the harpooners. For a season the energies of the exiled crew are taxed to the utmost, and all is life, effort, and animation; but this subsides, and round the headland is a wide expanse, where solitude and silence prevail, unbroken by the sight and sound of living thing, save of the polar bear, who, on an iceberg borne onwards from the distant shore, is moaning as he raises himself on his hind legs to gaze around.

The white, shaggy king of the keen, northern clime,
Is standing erect on his ice-throne sublime;
But it seems a fit adage for men and for bears,
That the great must know grief! that a king has his cares!
For hark! as he floats to the ocean profound,
What a howl through his icebergs is echoing round.

The sight of that bamboo cane takes me at once to China, into the very presence of his celestial majesty, Taoukwang, or Reason's Glory, and his proud mandarins. I seem to see at the same moment, Pekin and Canton, Amoy, Foochoo, Ningpo, and Shanghae; and tea, and opium, and vermilion, and sycee silver, and parasols, and umbrellas, and lanterns, and Chinese junks, and pagodas are flitting before me. There is the grand canal yonder, the great wall, and the bare-headed, long-tailed followers of Confucius. The inhabitants of the celestial empire are all around.

You have seen on a fan or a tea-chest, no doubt,
Their figures mid gardens and temples drawn out;
Well! the pictures and sober-faced people, so odd,
Are as like one another as peas in a pod.

Yes! the sight of that bamboo has called up to my imagination three hundred millions of Holy-Scriptureless, sabbathless, and Saviourless beings! What a thought! Enough to bring me down on my knees to the very dust in prayer, on account of their destitution, and to raise my heart to the very heaven of heavens in praise for my own mercies.

That blackthorn bludgeon has an ugly look, nor would I willingly meet a man carrying such an unsightly weapon, in a narrow, retired lane, after sunset. It sets me thinking of vice and villany—of crime and cruelty—of highway robbery and deeds of violence. Oh that we could all cast aside anger, and hatred, and malice, and uncharitableness, and violence, and live together in quietness, in peace, and in love!

What an oriental medley of Hindoos and brahmins—lascars and sepoys—rajahs and rupees—priests and pagodas—does the ivory-hooked handle of that high walking-cane, obtained as it has been from the tusk of an elephant, set before me! I see bungalows and budgerows—swamps and alligators—thick jungles and striped tigers—elephants and hooded snakes—without number. Ignorance, superstition, and idolatry, have a wide domain. Under their influence the brahmin is bowing down to his wooden god, the deluded devotee flinging himself beneath the wheels of Juggernaut, and the Hindoo widow burning herself on her husband's funeral pile. I see Madras, with its batteries and bastions, and the high surf beating on the shore; Calcutta, with its citadel, Fort William; and Bombay, with its oriental trees, and inhabitants from different countries.

The spreading banana and cocoa-nut rise,
And the tall Tara palm lifts its head to the skies;
The turbanned Mohammedan, long-tailed Chinese,
The Malay and the Tartar, chat under the trees:—
The merchant from Persia, with shawls from Cachmere,—
The Fakir and Arab horse-dealer are there;
And the Hindoo looks round, with his caste on his brow,
For a bride from Circassia is visible now.

With that ivory-hooked, high walking-cane before me, I could prate for an hour of India and Indian affairs.

The sight of that mottled hazel stick surrounds me with waving woods, the rich garniture of glowing fields, and witching visions of coppice scenery, wherein bowery branches, and sequestered nooks, and clustered nuts, and wild strawberries, and field flowers, and feathered songsters, are strangely blended. Something more than "the time of the singing of birds is come," when the voice of the turtle is heard in the land, for autumn's sun is in the skies, and autumn's many-tinted foliage is on the trees. I walk abroad; I roam the coppice; I revel amid the hazel bowers; I breathe the sweet air of heaven, and burst into a song of joy and thanksgiving. A hazel stick is a cheerful text from which I preach myself many a sunny sermon of green fields, glowing foliage, waving woods, and kindling skies. Hardly would I wish, when I wanted to discourse freely, for a better subject to excite my sympathies than that of walking-sticks; for it would awake my fancy, send my thoughts round the world, and call up in my heart a general interest for all mankind. And think you that a Christian man can get no good from his walking-stick? no lesson of humility, when he finds himself fain to lean on the perishing branch of a tree to steady his steps? no suggestion of cautiousness, when it keeps his faltering foot from falling? no emotion of thankfulness, when it reminds him of the sustaining power of the Eternal, and almost puts into his mouth the words, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," Psa. xxiii. 4. And no holy resolution to lean more unreservedly on the promises of the Most High, and to walk more humbly, heartily, and confidingly before God in the land of the living? A disciple of the Redeemer knows, from holy writ, that neither a fading leaf, a grain of mustard-seed, nor even the dust of the balance, is too small a thing to impart to him profitable instruction; and therefore he will not undervalue any useful admonition or encouragement that may be suggested to his mind, by the staff that sustains his steps.

You have now seen, by my remarks, that walking-sticks may suggest much that may be profitable to their owners. That an oak stick may remind us of the oaks of Bashan, and the forest trees of England conduct us to the dockyard, and pilot us over the world of waters; a vine present us with lovely cottage pictures, and be our guide to the Holy Land; a gold-headed cane reprove our covetousness, and remind us of riches that are eternal; a whalebone walking-stick paint the dreary scene of the Frozen Ocean, and the harpooning of the huge leviathan of the deep; a bamboo direct our attention to China, with its three hundred millions of Holy-Scriptureless, sabbathless, and Saviourless people; a blackthorn excite our abhorrence of violence, and call forth an inclination to peace, kind-heartedness, and love; a stick with an ivory top discourse largely on India; and a hazel conjure up before our eyes rural delights, that call up within us emotions of joyousness and praise.

You have been shown that I have scriptural authority for my belief, that nothing in the world is too trivial to be made a means of imparting to us profitable instruction; and now it remains for such of my readers as carry walking-sticks, in common with myself, to remember, that we shall not make the most of the staffs that sustain us, if we get not from them lessons of humility, emotions of thankfulness, and hearty desires, in all earnestness and sincerity, to "walk before God in the land of the living," Psa. lvi. 13.

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF HOT CLIMATES.

The physiological fact of the intense degree of cold which man is capable of enduring is truly wonderful, the temperature of his blood remaining all the time at the standard degree of 98°. His power of sustaining heat with that temperature scarcely, if at all changed, is equally, if not more wonderful. This has been proved by many experiments. Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Fordyce, and others, remained many minutes in rooms heated to between 196° and 212°, the degree at which water boils. If they breathed on the thermometer it sunk several degrees, and every exposure felt cold to the scorched nostrils. The thermometer under the tongue still continued at 98.° Sir C. Blagden remained eight minutes in an apartment heated to 260°. For seven

minutes his breathing was natural, but anxiety and oppression then came on: the sensible heat of the body varied but little. Dr. Dobson went into a room heated to 224°, and felt no very oppressive heat, though every metal about him was too hot to be touched. In these rooms eggs on a tin plate are said to have been roasted hard in twenty minutes, beefsteaks were cooked in thirty-three minutes, and, if the air was impelled upon them, they were cooked dry in about thirteen minutes. Jillet and Du Hemel, in France, bore a heat of 290° for above five minutes. The chief agents in maintaining this extraordinary capability, are the skin and the lungs. The cooling effect of evaporation from these surfaces is alone sufficient to counteract the augmented heat. Hence we see that the human frame is adapted to bear the heat of a vertical sun no less than the icy rigours of the pole. In a temperate condition of the atmosphere no more heat is produced than is rapidly carried off by insensible perspiration from the skin and lungs by contact with colder air; but in a heated condition—such as is constantly present in hot climates—their surfaces are constantly bedewed with fluid, and a corresponding desire exists for liquids, by which the secretion may be kept up to a sufficient degree. The quantity of fluid evaporated from the skin during profuse perspiration is such, that 5lbs. weight have been lost by this means in a single hour—a cooling process quite sufficient to carry off the largest amount of superfluous heat that can ever be present.

Another provision for moderating heat is the darkening effect that the sun's rays have upon the skin. The seat of colour is a mucous web between the true skin and the outer cuticle, and upon this the sun in hot climates appears to act in a twofold manner; first, by the direct affinity of his calorific rays with the oxygen of the blood, which it detaches, leaving carbon behind; and next, by the indirect influence which it has upon the liver, stimulating it to a secretion of more abundant bile, and of a darker hue. The inhabitants of the tropics are, without exception, of a colour more or less dark; and even the descendants of Europeans, when transferred to the equatorial regions, assume the black tint after the lapse of a few generations. Bishop Heber remarked in his Indian tour, how all whites—Persians, Greeks, Tartars, Turks, and Arabians—in a very little time, even without any intermarriage with Hindoos—assume the olive tint little less dark than the negro, which seems natural to the climate. The Portuguese have, during three hundred years' residence in India, become as black as Caffres. The very exception proves the rule. The Abyssinians have a much less deep colour than the negro race. And why? Because, although their geographical latitude is nearly the same, their climate differs essentially; their country is much higher, and its temperature in consequence far lower. Many distinct tribes have lately been discovered in the interior of Africa, in the midst of the black tribes, having nothing more than a red or copper hue; but it is now known that the interior of Africa rises in successive terraces, so that the central parts are much higher and cooler than the coasts. The children of negroes born in temperate climates, it is very true, retain the black hue. When once established, it will not wear away for successive generations; but this does not prove its origin to have been other than that just mentioned. Now, although a black surface absorbs, it is equally true that it radiates far more heat than any other colour. If therefore, the temperature of the atmosphere is at all below that of the body, as, with the exception of the hottest part of the day, it usually is even in tropical climates, we see in this circumstance a provision for the rapid abstraction of heat, just the reverse of that which obtains in cold countries, where a white complexion is so prevalent for the purpose of preventing the escape of animal heat in the greatest possible degree. In connexion with the complexion of the skin, we may likewise notice the thick and fleecy hair by which the natives of very torrid countries are effectually sheltered from the burning heat of the sun. The negroes who inhabit the hottest regions of the globe are so sensible of its accommodation to this purpose, that they never employ any head-dress as a substitute. If the natives of India, who are as black, did not wear turbans, which give their hair the facility of expanding, they would probably be furnished with the same natural convenience.

Still, however, hot climates have an enervating and relaxing effect on the human frame, and predispose to many diseases — some of a very formidable character—to which the inhabitants of colder countries are not exposed. And we have here again to look not merely to

the structure and capabilities of the human frame, but to some essential characteristics of climate itself, to discover means wisely designed to modify and attemper their effects.

In the polar regions, where vegetable food is little required, and animal food is almost essential to existence, we find an ample supply of it. In tropical countries, on the other hand, where the demands of the system are just reversed, the luxuriant abundance of esculent vegetables and of cooling and delicious fruits are no less a token of the provident care of Him who "filleth all things living with plenteousness." The inhabitants of very hot climates live principally, often entirely, on vegetable food. Of esculent vegetables, the banana tree alone not only supplies the want of the corn-plants of temperate climates, but produces a far greater abundance of nutritious matter. Not that it equals wheat in this respect, or even potatoes, weight for weight, but the difference is more than compensated by its abundance. Humboldt estimates that a piece of ground planted with bananas will supply 25 individuals, whereas a patch of similar extent would supply only a single individual if sown with wheat. From 30 to 40 banana plants will grow and flourish in a space of not more than a thousand square yards. A cluster of fruit upon a single plant often weighs from 70 to 80lbs.; but reckoning the average at 40lbs., such a plantation would produce more than 4,000lbs. of nutritive matter. The actual produce of the banana compared with wheat is as 133 to 1, and compared with potatoes as 4 to 1. The palm tree, and especially the sago palm, is nearly as prolific in food as the banana. A single tree sometimes furnishes in its fifteenth year not less than 600lbs. of sago. These statements alone may serve to convey some idea of the rich abundance with which suitable and wholesome nutriment is provided in countries where extreme heat precludes hard and incessant labour. The date palm is another tree worthy of mention, singularly calculated to mitigate the barrenness of one most forlorn and desolate territory. Throughout the whole desert of Africa, and the far-spread wilds of Arabia, with the exception of some particular lines of fertility to be found along the bank of rivers, there is nothing but this tree on which man can subsist. Nothing appears, it is said, to relieve the eye of the traveller but the date palm and the tent of the Arab; but throughout every oasis of this wilderness it raises its trunk above the smaller and more profitless shrubs, as the sole, but a most valuable relief in this thirsty land.* Nor ought we to overlook the wise and provident manner in which this adaptation of food to climate is carried out in minor particulars. The vegetable food of tropical regions differs from that of colder climates by being constantly intermingled with productions remarkable either for their pungency or their acid qualities: the different species of the citrus, for example, the orange, lemon, etc., and the tamarind tree, and the various spices, clove, nutmeg, pepper, etc. Acids have a cooling effect, and are peculiarly grateful and refreshing in a burning clime; whilst vegetable food and the relaxed state of the stomach, oppressed with heat, alike require that particular stimulus which pepper and similar substances supply. Farina and sugar, two leading alimentary vegetable principles, with the aid of spices, form a nutriment well adapted to hot climates. "Often have I travelled," says Mr. Martin, "with the Arab over the burning desert, or with the wild African through his romantic country, and when wearied with fatigue and a noontide sun, we have sat down beneath our umbrageous canopy, and I have shared with my companion his travelling provender —a few small bits of sugar, mixed with spices, and hardened into a paste with flour. Invariably have I found two or three of these balls, and a draught of water, the best possible restorative, and even a stimulus to renewed exertion."

Another alleviating circumstance is, the supply of water which, by various expedients, is afforded to these otherwise dry and thirsty lands. In Egypt and other countries, periodical inundations from rivers or mountain snows supply the place of rain, and are the causes of luxuriant fertility. It is from the showers that descend from the lofty mountains of the Himalaya, that the plains of Hindostan and China owe their remarkable fruitfulness. In some places, rainy seasons occur with great regularity. After

* In addition to the fruit, there is hardly any part of the tree which is not serviceable to man. The stalks are used for feeding cattle, the fibrous parts of the tree are made into ropes and baskets. The cordage of the ships that navigate the Red Sea is manufactured from the inner fibrous part of the trunk. The trunk itself is converted into supports for the huts and tents of the natives, while the pith or medullary substance is farinaceous, and may be used as food.

a long season of drought, intelligent observers notice a dark spot in the horizon —the "little cloud like a man's hand," which the prophet's servant saw; and this gradually increases, till the whole heaven is robed in black, and the windows of heaven seem opened to pour out a deluge upon the parched ground, and to make "the wilderness blossom as the rose." And although the earth rapidly drinks in the moisture, strata of rock at a certain depth very often prevents its being carried beyond the reach of man, and in the most barren spots he has but to search diligently to find copious springs, which may be brought to the surface of the earth, for the refreshment of its weary inhabitants. Much of Scripture imagery, as will readily occur to the reader, is founded on all these occurrences. Happy is the condition of the soul which can say, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God," in a barren and dry land, where no water is. For, "Thus saith Jehovah, I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground."* Nor ought it to be overlooked, in addition, that even in the most arid soils plants are found, which secrete from their vessels an agreeable and salubrious liquid. As curious instances, we may mention the cocoa-nut, the pitcher-plant, and the cow-tree. The latter of these grows wild on the side of a barren rock. During the greater part of the year scarce a shower refreshes its foliage; its branches seem withered, its leaves husky and dry; yet let but its trunk be pierced, especially just at sunrise, and a sweet and nourishing milk flows from the incision. The natives of the Cordilleras of South America assemble with large wooden bowls to catch it as it flows, and either make an abundant meal at the foot of the tree, or carry it home to their children.

And there is one more circumstance, which tends, perhaps more than any other, to moderate the effect of these climates—the nearly equal length of day and night. Were our own days and nights to be of equal length throughout the year, we should have nothing deserving the name of summer. Were the summer days of the torrid zone equal in length to our own, they would prove altogether destructive of vegetable and animal life. Travellers even in burning deserts experience much inconvenience, and frequently distress, from the chilling cold of night. "In the day-time the drought consumed me," said the patriarch Jacob, "and the frost by night." Mr. Campbell states, that when passing through Mesopotamia, he sometimes lay all night in the open air, in preference to entering a town; but that he found the weather as piercingly cold in the night, as it was distressingly hot by day. And the celebrated traveller, Bruce, on one occasion, lost nearly all his camels, from the severity of a cold night. This wise providential arrangement not only checks and counteracts the effect produced by a vertical sun during the day, but prevents altogether that accumulation of heat by which the short summer even of more northern latitudes than our own are rendered hotter than those which we experience.

From these facts, and those enumerated in a former paper, it is evident how complete is the adaptation which exists between the human constitution and each particular climate, and yet how wisely it is contrived to admit of much exception to the general rule. At the same time we may naturally imagine, not only that the diseases of each climate will have their own peculiar characteristics, but that it is impossible to change that to which we have been accustomed, for a very different one, without some risk and liability to injurious tendencies, only to be counteracted by rules deduced from strict attention to the existing relation we have just noticed, between the physical characteristics of climate and the laws by which the animal economy is regulated. The subject of climate considered in relation to health and disease, is an extensive, but a very important one. We propose to give some hints upon it in another number. D. W.

* See Psa. xlii. 2; Isa. xliv. 3.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

WRITTEN IN 1686.

THE first distinguishing mark of the kingdom of Christ on earth, is the general outpouring of the Spirit of God among men. God said, by the prophet Joel, "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh. Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams. And upon my servants and my handmaidens in those days I will pour out my Spirit." This prophecy is one of those which have as yet been accomplished only in

part. The small outpouring of grace which was seen in some of the first Christians was not sufficient to perfect the fulfilment of this prophecy. That did not extend far, and the number of inspired persons was not large. Neither did it last long. Even before the deaths of the apostles, the extraordinary gifts of the Spirit were become very rare. What was then seen was but a foretaste and a type of the general outpouring of the Spirit of God, which will take place in the last ages of the church; not that all men shall be prophets, or inspired; but that all will be guided by the working of the Spirit of God, in an extraordinary and powerful manner.

2. From this first mark a second will arise, great sanctification (or holiness), great in its degree and its extent. In its degree, because the saints of those days will incomparably excel those who are now regarded as holy. In extent, because their numbers will be large. Not that men in those days will be free from sin, for still they must be mortal. They will also have the roots of sin, as the apostles were still frail, though they were holy. It will be the same with men in the latter days. Yet it must not be expected that all men, without exception, will be saints; though it may be believed that the numbers of the godly will far surpass those of the ungodly, as in these days the bad exceed the number of the good. By good, I mean, not those who are called worthy people, of whom very many may still be found in the world, but such as are distinguished by great piety and unusual holiness. There are not many such now in the world; but then they will make the chief part of mankind, and those of another character will be as rare then as they are common at present. This is sufficiently proved by many prophecies, which certainly have never hitherto been accomplished.

3. A third mark is, purity of religious worship and doctrine. Declensions in religion and morality are always found together. God will not suffer a Christian church, in which the practice is thoroughly corrupt, to preserve continued purity of doctrine and worship. Therefore popery shows the natural connexion between great idolatry and great corruption of morals. Neither does God, in his wisdom, allow a church, eminent for holiness, to fall away from the purity of true religion. Therefore it is certain that the church of Christ, in the latter days, will suffer no injury in the soundness of her worship, her doctrines, and her whole religion. No heresy will then be seen to reign. The Pelagianism (or self-dependence) now so common, will then be banished. All men will then be filled with the Spirit of God, and his influence will be acknowledged by all. Instead of which, now, the unhappy teachers, who are everywhere found, have never felt his working, and make an idol of man, treating him as an independent being. How far such men are from true views of the infinitely perfect Being! God dwells not in those who think so little of him.

4. The fourth mark of this kingdom is, great peace. This is clearly taught in many express statements, that the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the sword shall be turned into the ploughshare, and that none shall hurt nor destroy. The art of war, that trade of hell, shall be sent thither. It is only needed now, because of the wickedness of mankind. Hereafter, the evil spirit of covetousness, ambition, revenge, and similar passions, will be cast into the deep. It will then be no longer cause for boasting to hear of slaughtered men, captured cities, battles gained, or wasted lands.

5. This kingdom will be one of humility. All the vain titles with which men now make a fair show will then vanish away. Brotherly love will make all men equal. Not that all distinctions or dignities will cease. This kingdom will not be one of confusion: there will be some to govern, and others to be governed. But their domination will be without pride, imperiousness, or violence. Subjects will obey their sovereigns in the spirit of humility, and rulers will direct their subjects in the spirit of gentleness.

6. All the arts which now are used by the vanity of men will then be abolished. It is a wonderful instance of the providence of God, that he has permitted the sway of vanity to make up for the want of charity, which is far distant. The reign of vanity now feeds an infinite number of men. How could the poor live without the vanity of the rich, who choose to have magnificent houses, superb furniture, showy clothing, gold, silks, laces, ornaments, delicate tables loaded with luxuries, and dwellings filled with servants? All this feeds a large body of workmen — upholsterers, jewellers, painters, goldsmiths, weavers of woollen cloth or silk, cooks, confectioners, architects, makers of lace, of clothes, etc.

These form three parts and a half of our world. And all these would die of hunger, if the various branches of human vanity were not as so many secret and underground channels, by which Providence distributes food, and sends it into the mouths of men. Those who wish to cut off all luxuries now, while charity is not fully restored, confound the ages and characteristics of the different periods of the church. These are the vanities of the world; while the world is supreme, these things must have their course; but assuredly they will perish, as soon as the reign of love shall be restored.

7. And this is the last mark of the kingdom of Christ upon earth; fervent charity or love will be restored, and will supply all the wants of the needy. It will open a thousand channels similar to those of vanity. Those who now live by the vanities of the worldly, will then live by the charities of the pious. In the present day the lower classes are vain, like the higher; their vanity is supported by that of their superiors. As Diogenes trampled on the possessions and pride of Plato, with greater pride of his own, the vanity of those enriched by the luxuries of others is often beyond the vanity of the rich and great. It will not be so hereafter. Then all the world will be contented with necessaries. Those to whom God has given large fortunes will not have much difficulty in supplying the wants of those that are destitute. There will be a community of wealth, like that in the earliest days of the church at Jerusalem. Not that wealth will cease to be private property, but it will be given liberally to those who are in want. What passed in the wilderness was not a mere emblem, but a real figure of what will then be done. Those who had gathered most manna had not more, and those who had gathered least had not less than their share. Thus, in the future age of the church, those who have more than others, as to their possessions, will not have more than others in the use of it.

8. Finally, the outward appearance of the church will then exhibit a harmony of worship, discipline, and ceremonies. The differences which now are manifest are not caused by the Spirit of God. This harmony may probably not prevent some slight variations, but not in things essential, or so as to be really objectionable. All the results of pride and tyranny will be banished from this kingdom; all mere outward pomp will be absent from its ceremonies. Such are certain marks belonging to the kingdom of Christ.

There are some points of a more doubtful character. 1. The coming of Jesus Christ, to reign on the earth, in a visible manner. The prophecies of Daniel and of St. John seem to foreshow this, Dan. vii. 9—14; Rev. xx. 1—6. I would not be too sure that this is to be understood of a visible appearance and abode of Jesus Christ. This is not even probable. But it is possible that this period may begin with some glorious and extraordinary manifestation of the Lord, after which, having withdrawn to heaven, he still will govern his prosperous church.

2. It is also uncertain whether the ruling powers of the earth will then be destroyed. But it seems probable that, as in ancient Israel, there will be a theocracy; rulers and governments will be established by God directing, in an especial manner, the choice of the people, and their leaders; and his will being taught them by ministers under his guidance, they will closely follow his direction.

3. It is not certain that the martyrs will rise again to direct the concerns of this kingdom. It may only be, that the authority of the apostles will be acknowledged in all directions, but especially by their own people. This is what appears most probable, from Matt. xix. 28, and other passages. But I give no decision, and am willing to wait in suspense.

4. It must also be left doubtful whether Jerusalem will be rebuilt, to form the seat of the kingdom of Christ. Truly if the Jews are to return to their own land, there seems no reason why they should not rebuild Jerusalem. If restored, it will probably be the most illustrious city in the world. If it is the seat of a universal empire, it will not be of an earthly dominion, with its armies and tributes, its taxes and fortresses, its deputies sent to all parts of the earth. But it may be the chief place from which the words of Christ are sent forth, by which the whole world will be ruled.

5. Neither is the length of the duration of this state of things to be determined. A thousand years is the time assigned, but often fixed numbers are to be taken for indeterminate ones. Yet there does not appear any inconvenience in adopting the natural signification of the number given, and so it may be left. After these thousand years, events of a very different description seem to be foretold. —*From Jurieu, a French Divine.*

Staircase to an ancient Mansion.

HOUSES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

No. II.

The great halls frequently show, by their construction, especially in the roofs, that carpentry had arrived at a more advanced condition than might have been anticipated; but the joiner's work was often rudely finished, as is particularly visible in the internal doors.

It was in the reign of Elizabeth that staircases were first regarded as objects on which to display much architectural taste. Previously, they were generally placed in small towers, the steps of solid oak, or stone, winding round a large newel, or upright cylinder, the hand-rail being wrought in the material of the wall, and recessed. They were now made of substantial proportions, presenting a bold, picturesque, and secure appearance; yet so variously and fancifully decorated, that their effect was always pleasing, and free from clumsiness. Aubrey informs us, for instance, that in Verulam House there was a staircase of wood, on the posts of every interstice of which, some figure, as a divine, with book and spectacles, or a mendicant friar, was represented, though there were not two of a kind. The east stairs at Wimbledon House, also, leading from the marble parlour to the great gallery and the dining-room, were richly adorned round the outsides with wainscot of oak, and gilded with fillets and stars of gold. The steps were thirty-three in number, six feet six inches long, and decorated with five foot-paces, varnished black and white, the highest of which was benched with wainscoting, and garnished with gold.

There are a few excellent examples of beautiful staircases on a small scale, one of which, though neglected, may still be seen at one of the prebendal houses built by Jones, and attached to the collegiate church of Westminster. Though it only occupies a space of twenty-four feet by twenty-three, it has been designated as fit for a palace. The great staircase of Christchurch College, Oxford, affords a good illustration of the splendour of the style of that day; and is very superior to those of modern times.

"A good surveyor," says sir B. Gerbier, in reference to the construction of staircases, "contrives free access to the rooms, whereunto the well placing of the stairs contributes; the composing of a fit and easy stairs being a master-piece, fit, in respect of the place, convenient if the steps be deep, and low rise, for the straight ascending or descending (without bending of the sinews) gives most ease to the body, which doth rest better on his bones than on sinews."

The great chamber being devoted to the use of "the lord and his peers," the furniture was of the best order that the house could afford. The tables and cupboards were sometimes on trestles and folding, at others framed on massy turned legs, and always spread with

carpets or embroidered cloths, on which, as well as on the "cloth of estate"—another appendage to this chamber in the royal mansions, and those of great officers—the family arms were displayed. Curtains were hung both at the doors and windows, ornamented with gold and silver, and perhaps paled with white damask and black velvet, or embroidered with heraldic badges; and the window-seats were covered with carpets, cushions, or pillows. The movable seats consisted of a few high-backed chairs, long forms, and joined stools, with cushions of gorgeous materials and workmanship. The fire-dogs, or "andyrons," were of silver, brass, or copper; but the more expensive articles were found in the houses of persons of the highest rank, and some of the more wealthy merchants, who, in these respects, yielded not to the noblest baron.

THE FOREST OF ARDENNES.

The forest of Ardennes may be said to extend from the Meuse to the Moselle, covering the frontiers of Prussia, France, and Belgium, and encroaching considerably on the south-eastern angle of the latter kingdom. Nature has so marked its limits that the labour of man can produce but little effect in contracting them. Its size has scarcely diminished during 1900 years, for Cæsar states that it was in his time comprised between the Rhine and the frontiers of the Remi, the eastern boundary of which nation was the river Meuse. At that time only the borders of the forest were inhabited. Feeble tribes dwelt there, dependent upon the Treviri, who occupied the rich valley of the Moselle.

This tract is, in general terms, one vast plateau of schist, its elevated table-lands sometimes attaining the height of 2000 feet above the level of the ocean. For the most part uninhabited and uncultivated, it presents only a dreary succession of heaths, bogs, and forests. Here and there, in the valleys where streams of water flow, a rich vegetation reigns, and humble villages appear at intervals. These little rivers sometimes present pleasing scenes; but, in general, a character of savage wildness or of mournful desolation prevails, as the forests alternate with the open heaths.

The only cultivation of which these open tracts are susceptible, is by the method called "incineration." The sod is removed, and piled in little heaps, which, having been allowed to dry, are set on fire. The ashes are afterward spread over the surface of the ground. Thus a crop is obtained; but it now becomes necessary to let the land lie fallow for fifteen or twenty years, after which the same process has to be gone through with, for the same result.

The wood found on this ungrateful soil is principally oak, whose bark furnishes the material to many tanneries. The trees, though often close set, and of ample growth, do not, by their individual size, strike the eye of one who has seen the forests of the New World. In these regions the wild boar still roams at large, and wolves occasionally appear in winter. Deer, foxes, hares, and all kinds of game, abound, and the brooks are full of trout, and the little cray-fish, called "écrevisses," one of the greatest delicacies of the country. Such attractions are sufficient to entice many sportsmen to these solitudes, who generally establish their head-quarters at St. Hubert. The Ardennais horses are hardy animals, some of them of no mean speed. In ancient times, they gave the Treviri the reputation of possessing the best mounted cavalry in Gaul. The mountain sheep of Luxembourg are of very small size, but yield a fine wool.

The Walloons, who inhabit this province, as well as those of Liége, Namur, Hainaut, Eastern Limbourg, and a portion of Brabant, are a race distinct from the Flemings in character as well as in language. Their traits are thus given by an admirable writer, in a work now in the course of publication.*

"This race is of Gaelic origin, as the names of cities, towns, and hamlets attest. It possesses the fire, the courage, the independence, the vivacity, the eloquence of the Celts; black eyes, brown hair, an acute expression of countenance. It gives to music and literature the preference over the arts of design. It would be wrong, nevertheless, to consider it as completely French; this race appears so to the Teutonic nations, but the French discover in it a Germanic air. Good humour, simplicity, the calm of individual passions, are traits which, in reality, distinguish this people no less than the Germans. The cold and observing glance of the Gaelic nations characterizes them not; they cannot, like these, read the

* Alfred Michiels, Histoire de la Peinture Flamande et Hollandaise.

depths of the soul; they cannot judge by anticipation, spy out sentiments, foresee intentions. There is a mournful sadness beneath the gaiety of the French; a cruel indifference under their attractive manners. The affability of the Germans is more sincere, and the Walloons are like them in this respect. It is certain, moreover, that at the moment when the Roman invasion took place, Teutonic colonies occupied the entire soil of what now forms Belgium, after having expelled the original possessors belonging to the Gallic race. Almost all the institutions which governed the Walloon cities during the feudal epoch were of a German nature. In fine, the provinces just mentioned abound in legends, like the countries beyond the Rhine."

This blending of the German and French character in that of the Walloons is very perceptible. To the order, morality, and industry of the one, they unite the gaiety and affability of the other. Even the lowest classes have a tincture of courtly manners: the peasants, when they meet, take off their hats to each other, with every demonstration of mutual respect. An old beggar, on whom I had bestowed a few centimes, offered me his snuff-box, with a recommendation of its contents, and another put my simplicity to the blush by addressing me with the title of "Monseigneur." The original Celtic base of the Walloon language was no doubt deeply modified by the German invasion. It afterward sustained a still more radical alteration from the all-pervading influence of Rome; and from the number of words of Latin origin thus introduced into it, it has a striking resemblance to the old French. It has, nevertheless, a character peculiar to itself, and an energy of expression is ascribed to it which cannot be imitated in other languages. The Walloon tongue can hardly be said to possess a literature. It boasts some chronicles written in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; but at present, only popular songs and other trivial works appear in it. French has everywhere supplanted this language in polite society, and it is only heard in its purity in the villages and among the lower orders. A great defect and obstacle to its improvement is found in the variety of its dialects, which differ so widely one from another, that the Walloon of Hainaut is unintelligible to a Liégeois, and, strange to say, even the different quarters of the city of Liége vary in their pronunciation. —*Pilgrimage to Treves.*

ENGLISH HISTORY.

France was still in an unsettled state during the year 1797, or rather, public affairs were proceeding in the course usual in revolutions. The leaders in the councils acted in opposition to the directory, and threatened to deprive them of authority. There was evidently a change of the general feeling towards the old regimé. Many of the royalists returned, and the rites of the Romish religion were again administered. The revolutionary party saw their danger, the directors found that decisive measures were needful. Buonaparte gave them assistance, and prepared to march upon Paris, if needful. About 12,000 troops were collected round Paris, under Augereau, a general sent by Buonaparte. On Sept. 4th, 1797, these attacked the Tuileries, imprisoned some hundreds of the members of the councils, annulled the recent elections, which had been in favour of the royalists; and after a short trial, Pichegru, Barthelemy, and other leaders, suspected of favouring royalty, were transported to Cayenne, which was almost as certain death as the guillotine, though not so speedy. For a time there were indications of the return of the revolutionary fury, and numbers again emigrated in haste; but the result was, the establishment of military despotism—the invariable termination of popular excesses. Many others, among them editors or writers in more than forty popular journals, and a large number of priests, were also transported to Guiana. Strong measures of coercion were resorted to; the directors, as the creatures of the military power, were nominally the absolute rulers of France.

During the short period of the prevalence of the moderate party in France, negotiations were resumed by lord Malmsbury, at Lisle. The French directory was not sincerely desirous of peace, unreasonable demands were made; and as soon as their political opponents were overcome, the English negotiator was ordered to leave France without delay. Pitt had been induced to make this attempt for peace, on finding that England would be left without an ally.

During the campaign in Italy, Buonaparte was successful, and advanced, till he was within a week's march of Vienna.

He was then in a perilous, though a commanding situation, and proposed a negotiation. The hazard of farther warfare, at that period, was great to both parties, perhaps most to the French; but, with their usual adroitness, they caused such alarm to the Austrian government, that terms of peace were ultimately settled, by the treaty of Campo Formio, in October, 1797, which were highly advantageous to France. The Netherlands, and all the countries as far as the Rhine, were given up to France; while the north of Italy was formed into a separate state, called the Cisalpine republic, evidently to be dependent on France. As a partial indemnity, Venice was delivered over to the emperor of Austria, after the French had overturned all its institutions, and plundered it of its ships, stores, and much other valuable property. This was a punishment for the slaying of some Frenchmen in a tumult excited by the agents of France. Such was the reward given to Venice for assisting the French! These proclaimers of liberty to all nations, deprived it of its freedom. This conduct of France towards Venice was more atrocious than that of the great potentates towards Poland.

The invasion of England was threatened more than ever. Britain was now in a most critical state, left without an ally, spent, and apparently exhausted by warfare—while the military power of France had risen to a gigantic height. But the state of the public feeling in England had improved. The horrors of the French revolution had opened the eyes of the people to the dangers of revolutionary proceedings. Democratical tendencies were evidently much abated, and those of the loyalists were much strengthened. What had passed in France during the last four or five years had a salutary effect upon many, by awakening them to their danger; thus rendering them more than ever opposed to revolutionary principles; while Fox and the leaders of the opposition made frequent efforts to embarrass the government—but in vain; and it was a relief, when they declared their resolution to abandon their useless opposition, and for a time withdrew from attendance in parliament. At this time, the loyal feeling of the nation was shown, by a large sum being raised, for a voluntary contribution to the government, amounting to a million and a half of pounds sterling; even children and servants coming forward, with their small but willing offerings. The most sincere and real friends of freedom have learned to dread popular excesses, and are now the more anxious to check tyranny in every form, as by oppression it in the end always promotes revolutionary outbreaks.

A still more serious danger was at hand, from the state of Ireland. The policy of England towards the sister island had been most erroneous from the first, when the course pursued was to treat it as a conquered country, without seeking to form a solid union, or to connect the interests of both parties. Thus popery being fully established in England in the twelfth century, it was forced upon the natives of Ireland. And after being thus made Romanists, when the Reformation took place, the results were also forced upon the land, but without any adequate efforts to enlighten the mass of the nation, or to establish a scriptural faith on scriptural principles, in the manner England was enlightened. Popery was left to occupy the minds of the Irish people, without any systematic attempts to diffuse the truth—while much was done to exasperate their feelings, and to render the existence of the numerous priesthood dependent on the maintenance of those feelings. Nor was the system pursued in secular affairs wiser. When, during the American war, and after its termination, it was found necessary to remove many grievances, this was not done in a prudent or conciliatory manner, but grudgingly, and too late to prevent painful and angry feelings.

The success of the French revolution inspirited the popular leaders of Ireland; and the Society of United Irishmen secretly entered into treaty with the French rulers. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was one of the most active in those proceedings. Some were tried for seditious practices, but alleged that they were only seeking parliamentary reform. All farther concessions were now refused, while the outcry for "Catholic Emancipation," as it was called, became general. This was a demand that all penal disabilities which pressed upon the Romanists should be removed: many existed, which in truth were too severe; and though seldom, or not at all enforced, they placed the professors of that faith in a very disadvantageous position, and rendered them exposed to legal proceedings.

The conduct of the leaders of the United Irishmen was decidedly treasonable. They organized a union throughout

the country, by which half a million of men were ready to obey their requirements at any time. Tone was then sent to arrange for an invasion by a French army. He was supported by Connor and lord Edward Fitzgerald, who proceeded to the continent in June, 1796, passing through London, where there is some reason to believe he did not conceal his errand from Fox, and other leaders of the democratic party. In giving evidence subsequently for O'Connor, Fox spoke of his intimacy with lord Edward, who had been desirous to proceed to France on some private business, and that he had advised him not to enter the French territory, and he stopped at Basle. O'Connor arranged with Hoche, for the sailing of the expedition in December, already mentioned; it failed, but the design was not laid aside. The Irish leaders again sent emissaries to Paris; other plans were settled, which principally depended upon the Dutch fleet; but that armament, when it sailed, was destroyed by admiral Duncan. The naval victories of 1797, it is clear, prevented the French expeditions upon Ireland. There, all was now ready for an insurrection; but if the United Irishmen were prepared, so were their violent opponents, the Orangemen, who were equally determined to support the existing system, or Protestant ascendancy, as it was called. The difficulties of the English government were increased, by the animosities between these two violent parties—often personal on each side.

In February, 1798, O'Connor and two companions were arrested at Margate, on their way to France. Treasonable papers were found on one of them, a priest named O'Coigley, who was tried at Maidstone, and was executed. O'Connor was acquitted; but remained in custody, while the government prepared to stop the treasonable preparations in Ireland, being fully apprised of them by one deep in the conspiracy. The leaders were arrested in Dublin. The government would have allowed lord Edward Fitzgerald to escape, but he would not; when seized, he mortally wounded one of the magistrates, and died a few days afterwards, of wounds received in the scuffle he had uselessly provoked. This was a few days before the time appointed for the general rising, but did not prevent it. On the 23rd of May, the rebels took arms in several places; but at Carlow, and in some other parts, they were dispersed. In the south-east they were more successful. Dublin nearly fell into their hands. Wexford was taken by a large body, headed by a priest, named Murphy, and an encampment was formed on Vinegar-hill, a strong position in the neighbourhood. The rebellion now assumed the same character as the former risings and massacres by the Papists, which kept some discontented Protestants in the north from taking part in the revolt. Had it proceeded without an immediate check, there can be no doubt but that it would have surpassed even the memorable Irish massacre of 1641, in deeds of atrocity and blood. A large military force was in Ireland, and brought against the insurgents, on June 21st, at Vinegar-hill, which was stormed: the rebels were soon put down in every direction. Their proceedings during the month they had been in force, sufficiently proved what would have been the dreadful result, had the designs of the leaders been fully carried out. The Protestants were to be exterminated, and the massacre of more than a hundred in cold blood, who were deliberately piked in succession, on the bridge at Wexford, and the burning of more than that number, including women, in a barn at Scullabogue, with denunciations of the like fate to every heretic, showed that Popery, when rampant, was unchanged. A mother threw her infant from the burning pile, hoping to save its life, but the savages around tossed the child back into the flames! It is however gratifying to state, that many of the Romish gentry expressed their abhorrence of these proceedings, and offered to assist the government. Many Protestants were murdered, or suffered from acts of violence, in various parts of the country; and as martial law prevailed, numerous acts of severity against those suspected of being rebels, marked the proceedings of the military and the Orangemen. From these, it is to be regretted, several moderate and quiet men suffered unduly—but such are the constant results of intestine commotions; and these, in this case, were stimulated by bigotry and superstition on the part of the insurgents. Among their principal leaders were priests, some of whom pretended to be endowed with miraculous powers; while they required every Protestant to turn Papist, and to be re-baptized, as his only chance for mercy.

Happily the French were not able to avail themselves of this sad state of affairs

in Ireland. In August, about a thousand men were landed near Killala; they marched into the country, but they were not joined, as they expected, by any organized force; and in a short time surrendered to an overwhelming force under lord Cornwallis, the viceroy, by which they were surrounded. They expressed deep contempt and disgust towards their Irish allies, while the result must have shown the directory the folly of listening to the Irish traitors. Another squadron was sent shortly after, nearly the whole of which was captured, without being able to land any troops. Tone was taken in one of the ships; he was tried for treason and condemned—but murdered himself to avoid a public execution. A few of those concerned in the late rebellion also suffered; others were transported or exiled—but much lenity was shown. Every reflecting mind must execrate the conduct of the Irish traitors, and feel for the numbers who suffered from listening to their visionary projects, or from the efforts to carry them into execution. The proceedings of England towards Ireland had doubtless been unwise and oppressive, but these were already much improved; and a steady course of firm, well-regulated measures, by the Irish leaders, would have been far more successful, and more consonant with their duties. Awful, indeed, was the responsibility they incurred; their conduct was directly opposed to the scriptural precept of patient perseverance in well-doing; while the conduct of the French, to every nation with which they had fraternized, was quite enough to show the Irish, that any alliance with France would only make their situation far worse than it had been. It must also be stated, that after the rebellion had been put down, the government by no means pursued the leaders in a vindictive spirit; the examples made were not numerous, and conciliatory measures were resorted to in several respects. The amount of claims by the loyalists, for damages suffered in this short outbreak of rebellion, was 800,000*l.*

The number of those in England who deeply felt the dangers and evils which pressed on the country increased. Their views were expressed in a sermon preached before a military association at this period, by the Rev. R. Cecil, who observed, "The times form a sufficient apology for every effort which a minister, as well as a soldier, can make. Look at the strides of insubordination, irreligion, infidelity! But look not only at France, look at home, where they proceed with an aggravated guilt. 'We will maintain Christianity,' says one party: but what Christianity? A solemn farce, in which the work, and word, and Spirit of Christ, are made void and of no effect by your traditions. 'We will have no Christianity,' says the other party. 'The abuses of Christianity which we have observed, lead us to determine that it can be of no use!' No wonder that the Lord has a controversy with Judah, and will punish Jacob according to his ways. He therefore is not rightly disposed, who does not humbly bear the rod, mark who hath appointed it, consider why it is appointed, and personally depart from iniquity, while he engages himself to oppose its effects."

THE MAHOGANY TREE.

The Swietenia mahogoni is one of the most beautiful among intertropical trees. Its trunk is often forty feet in height, and six feet in diameter; and it divides into so many massy arms, and throws the shade of its glossy foliage over so great an extent of surface, that few more magnificent objects are to be met with in the vegetable world. Its summit is wide and spreading, sub-evergreen, and adorned with abruptly-pinnate, shining leaves. The flowers, which are produced in handsome spikes not unlike those of the lilac, are whitish, sometimes reddish or saffron-colour, and are succeeded by fruit or capsules of an oval form, about the size of a turkey's egg. The fruit ripens in early summer, bursts into five parts, and discloses its winged seeds, which are soon after dispersed by the winds; some, falling into the crevices of rocks, strike root, then creeping out on the surface, seek other chinks or crevices, re-enter, and swell to such a size and strength, that, at length, the rocks are forced asunder, to admit the deeper penetration of the roots; and in this manner, in process of time, increase to large trees.

The mahogany is a native of the warmest parts of America, and grows plentifully in Cuba, Jamaica, and Hayti or St. Domingo. There are also many trees found on other West India Islands, on the Bahamas, and in South Florida. It was formerly very abundant in Ja-

maica, but the best trees are mostly cut down in all accessible situations; and the same thing holds good in the other islands. The principal importations into Europe and the United States, are made from Brazil, Campeachy, and Honduras. That which is brought from the islands is usually called Spanish mahogany, but it is not so large as that from Honduras and Brazil. The trees are seldom found in clusters or groups, but single, and often much dispersed.

The mahogany flourishes as well in India as in its native country. Dr. Roxburgh, in the "Transactions of the Society of Arts," at London, for 1806, states that two plants were sent from Jamaica, in 1795, to the court of directors of the botanic garden at Calcutta, and that in 1804, about five hundred trees had been grown from them. And, according to Mr. Royle, in his "Essay on the Productive Resources of India," published in 1840, this tree thrives so luxuriantly in Bengal, that many thousands of them are growing there, and even small pieces of furniture have already been made of the wood.

The excellency of the wood of mahogany for all domestic purposes, has long been known. It was used by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, in the construction of ships, for which purpose it is better adapted than most other kinds of timber, being very durable, resisting gun-shots, and admitting the balls without splintering; nor is it so liable to be attacked by marine insects as that of the oak; and hence is preferable for the construction of ships intended to sail in intertropical seas. It was used in repairing some of sir Walter Raleigh's ships at Trinidad, in 1597, but was not brought into use in Britain till 1724. According to Mr. Burrowes, the first use to which it was applied in England, was to make a box for holding candles. "Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician in the beginning of the last century, had a brother, a West India captain, who brought over some planks of this wood as ballast. As the doctor was then building a house in King-street, Covent-garden, his brother thought they might be useful to him; but the carpenters finding the wood too hard for their tools, they were laid aside as useless. Soon after, Mrs. Gibbons wanting a candle-box, the doctor called on Woollaston, his cabinet-maker, in Long-acre, and requested him to make one of some wood that lay in his garden. Woollaston also complained that it was too hard; the doctor said that he must get stronger tools. The candle-box at last was made, and so highly approved of, that the doctor insisted on having a bureau made of the same wood, which was accordingly done; and the fine colour and polish were so pleasing, that he invited all his friends to come and see it. Among them was the duchess of Buckingham, who begged some of the wood of Dr. Gibbons, and employed Woollaston to make a similar bureau." From this introduction it came into general use throughout the civilized world.

The largest log of mahogany on record was cut in Honduras, and shipped to England. Its length was seventeen feet; breadth, fifty-seven inches; depth, sixty-four-inches; cubic contents, four hundred and thirty feet; and weight, eight tons. The next largest log we have on record, was a few years since sold by auction, at the docks, in Liverpool. It was purchased for 378*l.*, and afterwards sold for 525*l.* It is believed to have realized, to its final owners, 1,000*l.* It is likewise stated, that the cost of labour, in the process of sawing into veneers, was 750*l.* The weight, on the king's beam, was six tons, thirteen hundred weight. According to Mr. M'Culloch, a few years ago, Messrs. Broadwood, the distinguished piano-forte manufacturers in London, gave the enormous sum of 3,000*l.* for three logs of mahogany, all the product of a single tree! They were each about fifteen feet long, thirty-eight inches square, and contained, all together, about four hundred and fifty cubic feet. They were cut into veneers of an eighth of an inch in thickness. The wood was peculiarly beautiful, capable of receiving the highest polish, which, when done, reflected the light in the most varied manner, like the surface of a crystal; and from the wavy form of the fibres, offered a different figure in whatever direction it was viewed.

The cutting of mahogany at Honduras takes place at two different seasons of the year, one soon after Christmas, or at the end of the "wet season," and the other early in August. At the last-named period the colour of the foliage of the mahogany is of a reddish yellow, and is an unerring guide to the woodman in distinguishing it from that of other trees. At these periods the labourers are actively employed in felling the trees, conveying

them on wheels to the rivers, or precipitating them into the streams which are to forward them to their places of shipment. The trees are usually cut about twelve feet above the ground, and a stage is erected for the axeman to stand upon to perform this work. The trunk of the tree, from its size, is deemed the most valuable; but for ornamental purposes, the branches or limbs are generally preferred, being of a much closer grain, and the veins are more rich and variegated. Hence, to avoid injury by the fall of the whole tree at once, they are removed separately. The wood felled between February and September is very liable to crack in seasoning; but to avoid this, it should be immersed as soon as possible into deep water, and remain until it is ready to be shipped.

The billes or logs of mahogany which are shipped from Campeachy and Honduras are usually from ten to fifteen feet in length, and three, four, or five feet deep; those from St. Domingo are from seven to ten feet long, and fifteen to twenty-five inches deep; and those from Cuba are from twelve to eighteen feet long, and the same number of inches deep.

The wood of the mahogany-tree varies in its weight, texture, and grain, according to the nature of the soil and situation in which it grows. On rocky and mountainous places it is of a smaller size, heavy, of a close grain, and beautifully shaded; while the product of low and rich lands is observed to be more light and porous, of a paler colour and open grain; and that of mixed soils holds a medium between the two. The mahogany which is accessible in Honduras grows upon moist land, and is, generally speaking, decidedly inferior to that of Cuba and St. Domingo, being soft, coarse, spongy, and weighing, when dry, only thirty-five to forty pounds to a cubic foot; while the other is hard, close-grained, of a darker colour, sometimes strongly figured, and weighs, when dry, from fifty-four to sixty-six pounds to a cubic foot. Honduras mahogany has, however, the advantage of holding glue admirably well, and for this reason is frequently used as a ground on which to lay veneers of finer woods. The trees which are grown on the Bahama Islands are not so large as those of the warmer parts of America, but are more curiously veined, or mottled, and are known in England by the name of Madeira-wood.

The colour of mahogany is a reddish brown, of different shades, and various degrees of brightness; sometimes yellowish brown, often much veined and mottled, with darker shades of the same colour. The texture is not uniform, and the concentric layers are not always distinct. It has not much taste nor smell, shrinks but a very little, and warps and twists less, perhaps, than any other kind of timber. It is durable, when kept dry, but does not last long when exposed to the alternations of moisture and dryness. There are several varieties of mahogany, much admired and sought after, for the beauty of their figures, and the gradations of their colours, which may be described as follows:—

1. Plain Mahogany. *Acajou uni* of the French, the wood of which is of one colour, and equal throughout.

2. Veiny Mahogany. *Acajou veiné*, French. The wood of this variety is veined longitudinally with the grain, displaying alternately dark and light streaks, continuous, interrupted, or reappearing.

3. Watered Mahogany. *Acajou moiré*, French. This variety is known by the transverse waves which exhibit to the eye an effect similar to those of a watered riband.

4. Velvet Cord, or Caterpillar Mahogany. *Acajou Chenillé*, French. This variety is distinguished by its whitish lines, accompanied by a figured shade of fragments of roseate sprigs, here and there disposed diagonally, longitudinally, interrupted, or crossing one another.

5. Bird's-eye Mahogany. *Acajou moncheté*, French. This variety is besprinkled with little oval knots, which, when duly proportioned, render the wood half light and half dark.

6. Festooned Mahogany. *Acajou ronceux*, French. This variety offers in its colour a mixture of light and shade usually resembling sheaves of wheat, feathers, wreathes, festoons, or figures of shrubs.

As the wood of mahogany is generally hard and takes a fine polish, it is found to serve better than that of any other tree for cabinet-making, for which purpose it is universally admired. It is very strong, and answers well for beams, joists, planks, boards, and shingles, for which it was formerly much used in Jamaica.—*D. J. Browne.*

MY LODGERS.

No. VI.

THE FRUITS OF EQUIVOCATION.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!"

Mrs. Percy—sad, melancholy Mrs. Percy! It is with a faltering hand that I commence the history of one, once so happy, then so miserable, and whose misery was the result of one foolish weakness.

I knew nothing of Mrs. Percy when, on the recommendation of my tried and dear friend Lucy, she first became my lodger, except that she was a widow lady, a pious woman, but unhappy—most unhappy.

"I cannot tell you more," wrote Lucy to me, "than that a secret grief, more poignant even than the stroke that bereaved poor Mrs. Percy of a husband and two sons, preys upon her soul. Be kind to her, dear Miss Bellamy, and bear with her sadness, for she is my father's friend, and mine."

Oh, with what utter indifference did the forlorn widow, on the first day of our acquaintance, mechanically pace through the apartments which were thenceforth to be her own. I had had some experience in the moods of dissatisfied, fantastic, of haughty and self-important lodgers; but for once I wished that the blank look of utter and most melancholy mental absence were exchanged for a glance of disapproval; that one word of remonstrance, one desire for some trifling re-arrangement, would vary the freezing disregard for everything around, which marked the demeanour of this very sad lady.

Mrs. Percy lived with me many years; and, while she lived, never sought another abode: but only once did I ever see a cheerful, happy smile on her countenance—it was the smile of a peaceful dying.

Solitary females, both of us, it is not to be wondered at that sympathy exerted its influence to draw us often together, to say nothing of our common friendship with my former lodgers, or our Christian sisterhood; for I trust we had a "common Saviour." But it was long before the mourning widow divulged the source of her deepest grief. It happened thus:

"I am going to drink tea with Mrs. Percy, in her room, this evening," were my instructions to old Sally, on a certain occasion; "so if Mrs. Ednitt calls, you may say that I am gone out."

Oh, never shall I forget the look of intensity with which my lodger—for she was by me—regarded me at that moment. The agony of years was surely concentrated in that one look.

"You are *not* going out," she said, in a tone of trembling earnestness, as soon as Sally had left us. "You are *not* going out?"

"Oh yes," I replied, somewhat carelessly, although conscience-stricken at hearing the phrase repeated thus reprovingly, and almost alarmed at the more than usual solemn sadness of my friend, "in a certain sense I am going out; your room is not mine, you know."

"Never stoop to such an equivocation," replied my monitor; "You do not know—you cannot know—may you never know—the fatal consequences, the bitter remorse, that may follow one, only one, deviation from truth!"

"But, surely," I rejoined, "you would not, my dear friend, suppose me indifferent to truth and falsehood. As I said before, in a certain sense ——"

"Ah! but not in a straightforward sense. Forgive me, if I am too plain with you. This evening I will, if I can muster courage, explain my meaning. Oh, my friend, —" and tears started from her eyes, "but for one vile equivocation, I should perhaps now be a happy wife and mother, instead of a lonely, childless widow."

My readers will not wonder, after this introduction, that I waited impatiently for the promised disclosure, and listened with interest to

THE WIDOW'S TALE.

I was married, while young, to the man of my choice; and how happy my married life was, I can hardly bear to think. Mr. Percy was ——, but no matter; I must not venture to give words to my full heart.

We lived in London. My husband's profession made a city residence almost necessary, and confined him very closely to his office. But what signified this? There are happy hearts, and unspeakable enjoyments, in the closest and most crowded street of a city; and ours was a happy home.

For ten years after our marriage, we had never left London, except for an occasional day's recreation. Would that

we had never thought of leaving it. But at that time we had two children—boys; and I, foolish that I was, thought that they were delicate—that they pined for fresh country air. I said so; and urged my husband: for he, too, I thought, was wearing himself away by keeping so close to his office. I urged him to retreat from business and London for a few weeks, and take us all into the country for a change of air. I had never proposed any plan to which Mr. Percy was not willing to accede; and he now took pains to gratify me. He could not leave London entirely, he said; but he would look out for a cottage, a few miles in the country, to which I might take the boys, and he would come and see us as often as possible.

Well, we went into the country; I and my children. It was in a pleasant village (at least, I thought it pleasant then) about eight miles from our London home; and two or three times a week, my husband left business early in the afternoon, to spend the evening with us, and returned early the next morning.

One day—oh! I shall never, never forget that day—I received a note from a friend who lived three or four miles from our cottage, inviting me to spend the day with her: that friend was the mother of our dear Lucy ——. I determined to go; and after taking lunch with my poor boys, I prepared for the walk. I preferred walking there, and my friend had engaged to see me safe home at night in her chaise. I had no expectation that my husband would visit us that day. Indeed, I believed it impossible that he could, as I knew he had an appointment to keep with some committee on that very evening.

I had given directions to my servant, and told her that I should not return until late, but had not said whither I was going; and was leaving the door of our cottage, when my youngest boy, dear little fellow! then not quite five years old, ran up to me, and asked—

"Mamma, where are you going?"

I evaded the question; for I feared the boys would wish to go with me, if I should mention the name of Mrs. ——, and I had made up my mind to go alone.

But Willy clung to my hand, and, in his winning way, said, "You must not go, mamma, without telling me where you are going." And then his brother ran out, and put the question in another way.

"Are you going to London, to see papa?"

Unguardedly, thoughtlessly, and yet, oh, how criminally! I answered, "Yes, yes, to be sure, I am going to London." Little did I anticipate the train of miseries which followed upon that answer. How could I?

More than once, during my walk, the thought obtruded itself that I had deceived my children; and I felt ill at ease; and if I had, even then, listened to the reproofs of conscience, forgone my anticipated pleasure, and returned to undeceive them, all might have been well. But I quieted myself with the wretched sophistry; I have not told an untruth: I am going to London, though not to-day; and I did not say that I was going to-day.

I had my pleasure—the last day of pleasure in this world that I ever enjoyed, or shall enjoy, though I live to be a hundred years old; and then I returned. It was about nine o'clock. I found my boys out of their beds; and the first question they put to me, was—

"Did papa find you?"

"Find me! Papa find me! What do you mean? and why are you not in bed?" I replied.

Their story was soon told. My husband had arrived at the cottage about an hour after I left it, and was told that I was gone to London; that I was walking thither, even then; that I had had a letter that morning which I had put into my pocket; and that I had seemed in a great hurry to go after the letter came.

On hearing this, my husband, according to our servant's account, seemed troubled, and, without waiting for refreshment or rest, immediately returned; leaving word that he would be back in the evening with me, and that our boys might sit up till we came, if it were not very late.

All this was mysterious to me, except that part of the account which related to my deception. I could understand that, alas, too well. But why Mr. Percy should have come so early in the day, or how he could have come at all on that day, I could not understand, nor why he should be so anxious to see me.

I did not wait long in suspense. The sound of wheels was soon heard; a hackney-coach drew up at the door, and my husband sprang out. His first exclamation was one of thankfulness that he had at length found me. His first

question was, "Dear wife, where have you been?"

My account was soon given. "But," said he, "the boys told me that you were gone to London!"

"Oh," I said, "that was a mistake."

"But, mamma," interposed Henry, our eldest boy; "you did say you were going to London."

I did not reply, for I saw that my husband looked terribly fatigued, and very anxious; and I busied myself in doing something for his comfort; and then put the boys to bed.

And then came my husband's explanation. He, too, had received a letter that fatal morning, of far more importance than mine—a letter that he thought required my consideration as well as his own; and, setting aside all other business, he had hastened to consult me. There was no available mode of conveyance to the village at that time unless he had chosen to hire a coach; and, had there been, perhaps he would have preferred walking. At all events, he did walk, and that hastily. It was a hot summer's day; but this would not so much have mattered had he found me at the cottage, or even had he known certainly where I was to be found. Even if I had left no message as to whither I was going, no harm might have arisen; for then he would have thought of our friend ——, and have sought me at her house. But my unhappy, my wicked deceit! Oh! it was that did all the mischief. The instant he was told that I had received a letter, and had almost immediately afterwards started for London, he became troubled, anxious lest some bad news had arrived from a quarter unknown to him, and hurried back still more hastily than he had walked from London, hoping to reach the city as soon as myself. He wondered that we had not met; but it was possible that we had taken different paths on some part of the journey.

When my husband reached London, he found himself exhausted and unwell with the very hot, long, and fatiguing walk; and he became nervously excited when he found that I had not reached home before him. He waited impatiently for some time, too much disturbed, both by the pressing business which had caused his unexpected visit, and by my unaccountable absence, to take the refreshment he so much needed. After waiting for some time in great and increasing suspense, he went from one to another of our London friends, imagining the possibility of my being thus found, nothing doubting the reality of my journey to London. How was he to doubt it, he asked? Had I not explicitly told our boys that I was going thither? and had I ever deceived them or him?

At length, distressed beyond measure, by the joint effects of disappointment, anxiety, business engagements, and bodily fatigue and sickness, my husband once more reached his office, and, finding that I had not made my appearance, determined to take a coach, and return to the cottage, with the vague hope that he had misunderstood the poor boys, or that they and the servant had misunderstood me. Thus ended this terrible day, —terrible, at least, in its consequences.

I must pass over, continued Mrs. Percy, the remainder of my history as briefly as I can. I dare not dwell upon it.

That night, instead of enjoying the rest he so much needed, my husband complained of pain and weariness. The following day his sufferings increased: we sent for a physician. It was putrid fever. The infection might have been taken from the coach in which Mr. Percy travelled. We never ascertained whether or no it were so; but were this the case or not, mine was the guilt, and mine has been the punishment. My husband died. Poor little Willy was the next victim, and then his brother. In less than a month from the day of that vile falsehood, I had neither husband nor son.

Such was the widow's story. I will not venture to say that I have adopted precisely the language she used; and I am quite sure I have not conveyed to my readers the bitter tone of self-reproach which, under such circumstances, were naturally to be expected. Whether my lodger were too morbidly sensitive, whether her deductions were legitimate or forced, whether she attributed too much of her sorrowful bereavement to her own unguarded equivocation, and too little to circumstances over which, by no possibility, she could have had control, let the reader decide. I will not weaken her testimony by remarks of my own.

This one thing is certain, and let the truth be impressed deeply upon all who read, there is neither safety nor satisfaction to be found in the slightest divergence from the narrow but plain path of Christian integrity and truthfulness. I

trust that I never forgot the lesson taught me; and, whatever my own opinion might be of the trifling circumstance which led Mrs. Percy to make me a sharer in the cause of her deep and abiding grief, I never afterwards felt inclined to the use of words or messages to convey a double meaning. I will close this paper with the motto which introduced it:

> "Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
> When first we practise to deceive!"

G. S.

STRONG CONSOLATION.

For whom is "strong consolation" designed? Who are "to have" it? All those who "have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope." Have you thus fled, are you thus fleeing to Christ, in the earnest desires of your heart, with humble, fervent prayer for his blessings? Do you renounce every other ground of hope, all confidence in yourselves, and all reliance on any worldly good, to take Christ as your only portion? Do you "count all but loss for him, that you may win him and be found in him?" Is this "the hope," the blessing which you wish to embrace and ever hold fast as "all your salvation and all your desire?" Is this what passes in your heart before God, and what you wish to act up to in your conduct? May you not then be conscious that you have fled, that you are fleeing to Christ to lay hold on the hope set before you in him? Say then with an eminent saint justly venerated in our church: "The world may shake, the pillars of the earth may tremble under us; the countenance of the heaven may be appalled, the sun may lose his light, the moon her beauty, the stars their glory; but, concerning the man that trusteth in God . . . . what is there in the world that shall change his heart, overthrow his faith, alter his affection towards God, or the affection of God to him? If *I* be of this note, who shall make a separation between me and my God? 'Shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?' No: 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature,' shall ever prevail so far over me. 'I know in whom I have believed;' I am not ignorant whose precious blood hath been shed for me; I have a Shepherd full of kindness, full of care, and full of power: unto him I commit myself; his own finger hath engraven this sentence on the tables of my heart: 'Satan hath desired to have thee, that he may sift thee as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not:' Therefore the assurance of my hope I will labour to keep, as a jewel, unto the end; and by labour, through the gracious mediation of his prayer, I shall keep it."

Thus wrote, and thus preached the "judicious" Hooker in the time of his health; and, when death came, his last words were, "God hath heard my daily petitions, for I am at peace with all men, and He is at peace with me; and from that blessed assurance I feel that inward joy which this world can neither give nor take from me."—*Rev. John Scott.*

A NATURALIST'S WALK.

No. I.

The morning was fine, a few light clouds were spread like veils of gauze in the blue sky; but the lofty head of the bleak and naked Grim* showed a sharp clear outline, prognosticating favourable weather; on which, in the first week in July, 18—, we took a stroll through Ashwood Dale, near Buxton. Along this dale runs the Bakewell-road, and few roads are carried through more romantic scenery. Commencing at the extremity of the lower portion of the village, it follows the course of the Wye, a sparkling, rushing trout stream, which, in a few miles, at a very elevated and precipitous part of the shelf-like road, called Toply Pike, turns off, and pursues its course through Miller's Dale and Monsal Dale, re-appearing between Taddington and Ashbourne, where the road, which has now rapidly declined, is again surrounded by splendid scenery; abrupt, lofty, swelling hills, almost mountains, continued from the embouchure of Monsul Dale, and covered luxuriantly with brushwood. At every turn these bold hills present new features. From time to time, as the clouds roll along, there is a playful change of light upon them, producing most enchanting effects. Alternations of deep shadow and glowing brightness succeed

* A bold hill on the right of the beginning of the back road from Buxton. When shrouded in dense mist, which rolls in volumes down its sides, heavy rain may be confidently expected.

each other sometimes gradually, sometimes instantaneously, and often a partial shadow from some shifting cloud may be traced passing over the hill-side, and then vanishing away. The mingled, broken, and multitudinous tints of the brushwood, the purple hues of the flowering heath and wild thyme, and the outcroppings of grey rock, produce a combination of tones on which a painter might gaze with rapture; while, to add to the effect, the silver stream makes its way through embowering alders, and tall bushes overtopped by the graceful ash. Here the character of the scenery is very different from that between Buxton and Toply Pike.

Leaving Buxton, the road at first lies close to the stream, in a deep gorge, bounded on each side by rugged, bold, towering declivities, or rather a continuous barrier, covered more or less completely with brushwood, hazels, firs, mountain ashes, and other trees capable of taking root in the difficult steep of the mountain side. Here and there huge precipitous masses of grey limestone crop out, overhanging the road, giving a savage sternness to the scene. As we proceed, these masses of rock become still bolder and more frequent; they become more and more continuous; they advance more and more closely to the edge of the road, which at length becomes bounded on the right by a tremendous escarpment of precipitous rock, rising to a great height from the side of the somewhat narrow road; while the Wye runs at the foot of a stern grey barrier of perpendicular rocks, rising to a vast elevation, and assuming a variety of fantastic forms—bold columnar masses, huge castles, lofty battlements, pinnacles and towers, hoary with antiquity, and looking as if built for the race of Anak, or the Titans of fabulous history. At the foot of this continuous precipice, this "enormous barrier," the Wye, runs a turbulent course; now boiling and dashing over mimic falls, now tearing its way between masses of fallen rock imbedded in the stream, and now so imprisoned as to form a smooth, deep sheet, the haunt of the trout, from which escaping, "it boils, and whirls, and foams, and thunders on." The road, too, has gradually risen; so that at length, on the left, the Wye runs in a deep ravine below, till at Topley Pike, we mount a sort of shelf, with an abrupt precipice, overhanging an abyss, fearful to look down upon, and the only protection along the edge is a low wall of loose, rough, unfashioned, and uncemented stones.

The rocks which we have attempted to describe are grey, chequered with many-coloured mosses and lichens, and other creeping plants of varied but interblended tints. Here the ivy may be seen aspiring, but in vain, to reach the summit,—there it embowers some projecting crag; from the deep fissures, at different elevations, spring dark bushes of stunted thorn, and more especially clumps of yew, rooted, as it would seem, in the very substance of the rock, with their short stems twisted into the most fantastic forms; on the ledges, the yellow stone-crop grows in great luxuriance; long pendent streamers of flowing rockweed hang from the beetling crags, and at their base, in every rift and fissure, grow various species of small ferns, of exquisite beauty. Near the commencement of this scene, a very narrow glen or ravine, between abrupt precipitous rocks of the same character, opens suddenly; at its extremity, a mountain rivulet (the Shirbrook,) leaps over the precipice, and forms, especially after rain, a beautiful and very steep waterfall, the roaring of which may be heard at a great distance; the rivulet, then escaping from its tiny basin, runs along the glen, and, passing under the road, joins the Wye. This crag-bound glen is extremely picturesque and romantic, and is known as the Lover's Leap.

Such are the chief features of the scenery, calculated alike to gratify the man of taste and the naturalist, through which we took our way. Art had contributed nothing here; all, excepting the road, is as it was when Buxton was a Roman station, and the mailed warriors of the mighty city gleamed upon the heather-clad mountains around, while their trumpets' clang re-echoed through the dells. Then the golden eagle had its eyrie on Kinder Scout, and Axe Edge, or on the summit of the gigantic precipice of Chee Tor, rising in wild grandeur to the height of about 360 feet. But the Romans have long since passed away, and their adopted war-bird has been banished to remoter solitudes. In these glens and caverns the wolf once made his lair, and lands at Wormhill were held, as Camden states, by a tenure to hunt them. The red deer bounded over the hills, and continued even as late as the time of Charles I., by whom the Peak was disforested.

The wild boar lurked in the marshy dell, tangled over with dense brushwood, hazels, and dog-roses. The wild cat reared her savage brood in the deep fissures of the craggy precipice, and the beaver tenanted the lonely nooks of the sparkling Wye. These have all disappeared before the spread of population, the drainage of the marshes, the destruction of the forests, and the advancement of the arts of life. These glens were once rarely trod by human foot, save that of the outlaw, who found in their recesses and their caverns a refuge;* wild beasts, therefore, abounded in them, and easily evaded observation; but man has at last laid open their strongholds, and encroached upon their ancient territory. Such is the part he ever plays; as soon as the wandering hunter becomes settled in his abode, and his spear and arrow are exchanged for the spade and the plough, then begin his systematic encroachments upon the fierce animals of the chase; he once pursued them for food, he now aims at their extirpation; nor will the most sanguinary laws of tyrants act more than as a temporary check. Yet in these glens, we thought, as we walked musing along, there are some animals which still linger, and which are interesting to the naturalist, who in less lonely spots might search for them in vain; and, surely the destruction of the wolf, and the banishment of the eagle are not to be lamented. Yet, must we confess it, we could not help a lurking wish that it had been otherwise. We then traced upwards with our eye an abrupt steep before us, rugged with grim grey rocks. There, in the most perilous spots, on the jutting ledges, on the edge of precipitous crags, a scattered flock of sheep were peacefully feeding on the thyme and mountain herbage. We marvelled how they had attained their situation, and how they were able to maintain it. While thus gazing at these active clamberers, secure amidst the crags, a loud splash caught our ear; it was a trout leaping up at some hovering insect, and falling back again into the crystal water. The Wye abounds with trout, as does also the Derwent into which it flows. It is what is termed a "black water," at its source in the moors and mosses of Axe Edge; but in a short distance from these it loses its original character, and becomes beautifully clear. The trout, strange to say, partake of the nature of the water; those in the black stream among the moors are very dark, coloured, indeed, almost black, and of small size; but in the clear and wider parts of the river, they are larger in size, and of a light colour, spotted on the back with brown, and sparingly on the sides with vermilion red, and black. Few fish are more cunning, cautious, vigilant, and active than the trout. It loves to lie in holes under stones, or under ledges of rock, where, itself secluded from observation, it can watch all that passes. From its accustomed lurking-place, it moves but little during the day; but when the dusk of evening comes on, it sallies forth and pursues its prey. Its course through the water is rapid as an arrow, and it leaps up to the height of several feet above the surface. In this river, and also in the Derwent and the Dove, trout are mostly taken by fly-fishing, either the natural May-fly or artificial flies being used. Wary as the trout is, if the time be favourable, and a proper fly for the season be selected, he rises at it with great determination; and, having seized it, turns short, and feeling the hook, strains every nerve to escape. Let us learn a lesson from the art of the fly-fisher. How many who pass their life in the gay and sparkling scenes of pleasure and frivolity, tempted by false appearances, eagerly seize some fancied good, and find too late that it was a deceptive image, which hid a keen barb, inflicting the tortures of remorse and the agonies of a wounded spirit, and rankling in the soul; a captive unto death, and soon to be landed on the dark shores of eternity. Thus the great enemy throws his deceptive lures, and drags the soul, too late repenting, into endless perdition. Many of the apostles were fishermen, and our Saviour made them fishers of men; but they were to draw men from darkness into light, from error to truth, from the road that leadeth to destruction to that which issues in eternal life. Such was the train of ideas which passed through our mind, as we watched, at a little distance from where the startling trout arose, a man whipping the water with his line, and intent upon his sport. The following lines, from Izaak Walton's "Angler's Song," then came to our recollection:—

* Many places in the Peak still retain the name of Robin Hood, as Robin Hood's stride at Birchover, etc. Little John lies buried in Hathersage churchyard, and an outlaw of the name of Poole, according to tradition, took up his abode in a cavern near Buxton, with a very narrow and low entrance. It is called Poole's Hole.

"And when the timorous trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing sometimes I find
Will captivate a greedy mind.
And when none bite I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise."

As we passed on, we found along the borders of the stream large tracts covered with the water-dock (*Rumex aquaticus*,) with its broad leaves, and stems of five feet high. In other spots, a species of beautiful dog-rose grew abundantly, in soft spongy earth, covered with moss.

The number of swifts, swallows, and martins, which make their nest in the fissures of the rocks, or against their face, is astonishing. The former we saw wheeling high in air, dashing along the cliff, and uttering loud screams. Ever and anon they plunged into narrow fissures at a great elevation in the surface of the rock, and there disappeared; no doubt to feed their young with the insects they had captured during their flight. The swallows had their nests evidently placed on rugged ledges, and on the fantastic turret-like projections which continually start out from the face of the grey and time-worn limestone. We watched these birds going from and returning to their strongholds, in the literal sense. Clusters of the nests of the martin were affixed to the sides of the precipitous wall, generally about a third from its summit, and quite inaccessible. Mr. Selby notices the fact that great numbers of this species annually breed about the lofty perpendicular cliffs of St. Abb's Head, on the coast of Berwickshire, a great breeding resort also of various kinds of sea-fowl. It seems that the specific term "Urbica," (belonging to the city,) is not very strictly applicable to the martin; for, though it does rear its "pendent bed" under the eaves of houses and barns, it is not found like the sparrow in our large cities and crowded towns, but prefers the pure air and the open country. M.

PECUNIARY ADVERSITIES.

Let it be called to mind, that pecuniary adversities have ever constituted a frequent ingredient of those very trials with which the Almighty has seen meet to visit not a few of his distinguished servants. It is true, this part of their afflictions is in a great measure withdrawn from notice, amidst the more prominent and keener distresses which it has accompanied. But was it, therefore, the less real? When the wealth of that Arabian prince and patriarch on whom "the blessing of the perishing had come," and who had "caused the widow's heart to sing," was quickly devastated by repeated strokes—had this kind of calamities the less of intrinsic rigour, because thrown into the shade, as it were, by grievous disease, and bereavement, and reproach? When the chosen apostle of the Gentiles, who had probably till then enjoyed all the advantages of life, suffered in his new career "the loss of all things," so as sometimes to hunger and thirst, and be insufficiently clothed—were these privations the less real because we almost lose sight of them, as he also sometimes might, amidst imprisonments and scourgings, and murderous assaults from those whom he toiled to save? In the first-mentioned hardships, Paul was but the forerunner of a cloud of witnesses and confessors, who "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods." We are prone, in their case, as in his, to overlook that species of adversities, just because it is eclipsed by others still more grievous. But, again I would ask, was the forfeiture of property, or the loss of profitable employ and comfortable support, the less afflictive in itself, because then attended with stripes or cruel mockings, mutilation, or exile? Yet these were persons whom our Saviour emphatically pronounced "blessed." Your experience, it is probable, even as to one kind of adversity among the many, will scarcely bear comparison with theirs: but were it equally severe, would this at all imply unkindness on his part, who thus dealt with apostles, with evangelists, with the noble army of martyrs, and who meanwhile bade them "rejoice and be exceeding glad?" You will object, perhaps, that their trials, as being for the name and cause of Christ, were tests and demonstrations of fidelity, and, therefore, grounds of joy; but that yours are devoid of this consolatory character. Remember, however, that when it has pleased God to remove such persecutions, they can no longer form the test of Christian faith and constancy. A submissive and grateful endurance of those afflictions which are common to all, (but of which believers may usually expect an ample share,) with a special reference to their Master's will, must be now amongst the strongest proofs of their allegiance and their trust.*

* Archbishop Leighton intimates, that "a private despised affliction, without the name of suffering

Could you, then, upon a serious review, whether of church history or of Scripture predictions, deem it a clearer token of your Saviour's love and care, if the tide of worldly prosperity had been always rising, if the gale of success were ever with you?

But while it behoves you to feel and to acknowledge, that He who "careth for you" must "do right," and also that appointments which are in unison both with his personal example and distinct predictions, may be presumed accordant with his most gracious purposes, it will be more satisfying if you can also discern other weighty and merciful reasons for these appointments. And how, with the New Testament before us, with its assurances that the grand object of God's dispensations is to detach us from this world, recal us to himself, prepare us for eternity—together with some observations of mankind and knowledge of ourselves—how shall we fail to discover such reasons? In the tempers and habits which unchecked prosperity so often generates, what a commentary do we find on the various warnings of the gospel as to the danger of abounding in riches? Not that instances are wanting, either ancient or modern, of good men who may have passed quite unhurt through this ordeal. The "father of the faithful," and Job in his redoubled wealth, and a Thornton and Reynolds in our own times, could be "very rich," not only without "shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience," but perhaps without being the less spiritually-minded, or desiring the less earnestly "a better country.". The question, however, still remains—Have we any reason to be confident that such would have been our own case? No one, I suppose, could frame the presumptuous expectation or extravagant wish, that God might bestow on him correspondent measures of wisdom and of grace, in order that he might be as safe and spiritually prosperous as some of those very wealthy believers. This would be prescribing its methods to Divine sovereignty, with a boldness which [illegible]vinced the need of humiliation. [illegible] accept our measure as it is; [illegible]tural tendencies and spiritual [illegible] then ask,—If that share of [illegible]ch God intrusted to me had [illegible]ly augmented, or yearly undi[illegible], does it appear likely that I [illegible]not have "trusted" more in this [illegible]s possessions? Is it probable that, amidst an accession of worldly prosperity, or even with no ebb and interruption of it, I should have embraced the gospel so firmly? Can I even assure myself, that as good and right a use would have been made by me of the larger gifts of Providence, as is now made of the less?—It will assist us perhaps in this inquiry, to remember, how we have in past life actually been carried by certain positions of affairs, or impulses of the mind, into aims and undertakings, both laudable and the contrary, which at other periods, both previously and since, we could never have expected to pursue or to achieve; for we shall thus in some sort judge how greatly,—how far beyond all present calculation,—certain differences in the course and turn of our affairs might have changed the current of our purposes, the nature of our connexions, and "the spirit of our minds." Besides, are you conscious, as it is, of no unfaithfulness towards God in temper or in practice? Have you never had reason, while professing to be his, to appropriate to yourself that ancient charge, "My people have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and have hewn out to themselves cisterns?"—Has there been no need for you to be feelingly convinced, that these cisterns are "broken" or fragile? When God has disappointed you as to worldly wealth, he has in effect broken one of the chief cisterns which you, or others before you, have diligently hewn. Possibly he has overthrown it at a stroke; "dashed it to pieces like a potter's vessel:" more probably he has let the contents in part escape by unseen flaws; or filter away, as it were, through the very pores of the reservoir. If it had been quite otherwise, if you had hewn more capacious cisterns, and sculptured and adorned them, and no flaw had yet been detected, would you have been so likely to return in humility to Him who says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me?"—*From "Christian Encouragement," by John Sheppard, esq., published by the Religious Tract Society.*

[illegible]e "gladly," is among the highest

CHRISTIANS OFTEN LIKE CHILDREN.

If you put a bright shilling into a child's hand, he will be pleased with it; but tell him of an estate in reserve for him, and he pays little attention to you. So the Christian is often more delighted with present comforts than with the prospect of future glory.—*Dr. Payson.*

THE REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

No. XVI.

The second flight of the pope added fresh strength to the council and the emperor. The cardinals, finding no farther support in a leader who was destitute of courage, and unequal to any resistance, perceived that, by isolating themselves, they would complete their own destruction, and knew that they should be stronger, by resisting in the council, than while intriguing at a distance. They found themselves overcome, and could only try to render their defeat less disastrous. The cardinals of Cambray and St. Mark must not be included amongst those wholly devoted to the interests of the Romish church.

Then appeared what can be done by skill against strength, by persevering inaction against active perseverance. If, on the one hand, it was important to the Romish party that the cardinals should be present in the council, in order to defend it; on the other hand, it was not less important to the emperor, and the party desirous of reformation, to associate the cardinals with them in their efforts, to bind them to their acts. For this purpose, Sigismund employed entreaties, caresses, and menaces; his firmness was triumphant.

Some stormy debates took place in the preparatory meetings which were held between the emperor, the cardinals, and the deputies of the nation, and which preceded the fourth general session. In these meetings, where the articles were discussed which were afterwards to be submitted to the council, the cardinals obtained, that the pope should not be accused of schism and heresy on account of his flight; they asked much more, but without success, and the greater part pledged themselves to the emperor, to be present at the approaching session.

The minds of men were prepared to expect one of those events, the results of which resound through future ages. On one side, the emperor, and the great majority of the prelates of the three nations, persuaded that the pope must be overthrown before the church could be saved, were inclined to give the popedom one of those terrible blows, after which it might indeed rise again, but from which it could not recover. On the other part, the Italians were without a head, and appeared to be divided. They dared not openly rally for him who had abandoned himself, yet they were reluctant to suffer a cause to fall, they had so long regarded as their own. The greater part were disposed to favour the cardinals. The latter, with the exception of the two who were Frenchmen, D'Ailly and Pilastre, formed one united body, actuated by one will. Their interests were closely bound to the aggrandizement of the papal see, which was now to be humbled. Here an important question as to religion arose, and doubtless many were influenced by lofty motives, in their resistance to the emperor and the three nations; they trembled at the danger to which their church was exposed, if the throne of St. Peter, which they regarded as its firmest stay, should be shaken. A small number, including Jean de Brogin, the cardinal de Viviers, the usual president of the council, kept aloof, under pretext of sickness, that they might avoid increasing, by their presence, the authority of measures which they disliked, and in which they thought they could not stay. The others were more hopeful; they were present in the assembly, with an intention of protesting against the acts that were too violent, thus to enfeeble or postpone them. Their calculations were not unfounded.

The fourth general session was opened on March 30th, 1415. The cardinal Jordan des Ursins presided. The emperor was there, and with him all the princes and royal ambassadors. The mass was said by the patriarch of Antioch, and immediately after the religious ceremonies, Zabarelli, the cardinal of Florence, rose, and read aloud the articles which the nations, in their preparatory meeting, had resolved to adopt. They began by stating, that the sacred Synod of Constance, legally assembled in the name of the Holy Ghost, forming a general council, representing the catholic church militant, has received immediately from Jesus Christ a power, which every person, whatever may be his state or dignity, even if papal, is bound to obey, in all that concerns the faith, the extirpation of the schism, and the reformation of the church in its head and members.

Zabarelli read with a loud voice, but when he came to the last-mentioned clause, which spoke of the reformation of the head of the church, he stopped. He wanted either power or will to finish it; he also omitted two other articles, and maintained that these had been added against

the general opinion. The first related to the degree of liberty the pope had enjoyed at Constance; and the second, to the punishment which his obstinate disobedience to the council had incurred.

Historians are not agreed as to all that passed on this occasion. It is unknown whether Zabarelli, in this, acted voluntarily, and of his own accord, or whether he only performed what had been previously resolved on, in the secret council of the cardinals. The latter opinion seems probable, from the manner in which they afterwards sought to turn this opinion to their account. Thus the results of the fourth session were annulled, which had occasioned the cardinals so much dread. In the midst of the agitation the assembly broke up, but the defeat of the Romish party was only delayed a few days.

The cardinals imprudently demanded that the articles omitted by Zabarelli should be again proposed for deliberation in the private assembly of the nations, before they were presented to the public session. It was only an endeavour to temporise; they forgot that such measures are more likely to irritate, than to tire out an incontrollable power, and that the exigency increases with the feeling of increased strength. This they soon had to acknowledge. Their demand was rejected; and it was resolved, that in the following session, the same articles should be again discussed, with increased force and precision.

Such were the preparations for the fifth, and most memorable session of the council. In this, as in that which preceded it, the cardinal des Ursins presided. Eight cardinals were present; the emperor and the princes also assisted in its deliberations. The bishop of Posnania read the following articles:—

First article. The council of Constance, lawfully assembled in the name of the Holy Ghost, and forming a general council which represents the catholic church militant, has received immediately from Jesus Christ a power, to which every person, whatever may be his state or dignity, even a pope, is bound to obey, in all that concerns the faith, the extirpation of the present schism, and the general reformation of the church of God, in its head and in its members.

Second article. Every man, whatever may be his condition or dignity, even if papal, who shall obstinately refuse to obey the decrees which this council, or any other general council lawfully assembled, has already made, or shall make hereafter, upon the matters above named, unless he returns to subjection, shall be liable to a proportionate penance, and punished according to his deserts, recourse being had, if necessary, to other methods appointed by law.

Third article. The council forbids John XXIII. to transfer elsewhere the court of Rome, its offices and public officers, or to compel them, either directly or indirectly, to follow him, without the consent of the council; ordaining, that if he has already attempted, or should hereafter attempt this, his censures, menaces, and bulls of fulmination shall be absolutely null, and that the said officers may, with full liberty, exercise their functions at Constance, so long as the council shall last.

Fourth article. All the translations of prelates to other sees, the revocations, acts, and sentences, passed, or to be passed, by the said pope, to the prejudice of the council and its members, since the beginning of the council, shall be absolutely null, and are actually set aside.

Fifth article. John XXIII., as well as the prelates and all the other members of the council, have enjoyed, and still enjoy, perfect liberty, and nothing to the contrary has come to the knowledge of the council, as they can testify before God and man.

All these articles were unanimously adopted, after which the emperor announced, that his troops should march against Frederick of Austria, and even offered, if it were the wish of the council, to go to Laufenberg in person, and bring back the pope, in spite of the archduke. Sigismund received the applause and thanks of the council.

The acts of the fifth session of the council of Constance have divided the whole body of professing Catholics into two parts. The Gallican church has always defended these acts, justly regarding them as the grounds of her privileges; the church of Rome, properly so called, has persisted equally in decrying them, as pernicious, and dangerous to the authority of the successor of St. Peter, and, as such, null and faulty. The most devoted adherents of the Roman church afterwards tried to invalidate the authority from whence these acts proceeded. They refused to acknowledge the council of Constance as a general council, although its claim to that title was preferable to the council of Pisa, on which they were

obliged to bestow it. For to attack the authority of the council of Pisa was to invalidate the election of John XXIII., the successor of Alexander V., who was elected in that council. To all the characteristics of a general council possessed by the first, the council of Constance joined that of a canonical convocation; it had been assembled by a pope legally elected, and its decisions were all confirmed by another, who was also legally appointed pontiff. Finally, although this controversy has given birth to innumerable volumes, and is not yet exhausted, it must be aknowledged that the whole of Christendom admitted these celebrated decrees of the fifth session, at the period when they were passed, and, among all the decisions of the general councils, there are few which might not be contested, if these are called in question.

Assured of its strength, the council vigorously urged on its advantages in the next, the sixth session, held on April 15th. It had decided that the pope was bound to obey its decrees. Now was to be considered how he was to be reduced to submission, and it showed as much firmness in execution as in threatening.

A form was first prepared for the abdication of the pontificate. It was agreed that this should be presented to John XXIII., and deputies were named for each nation, who, with the cardinals of St. Mark and Florence, were charged to convey to the pope the decrees of the council. At length, by the seventh session, the pope was cited to appear within nine days, to perform his oath relating to the extinctions of the schism, and the reformation of the church in its head and its members. Also, to justify himself from the accusations of heresy, schism, simony, mal-administration of church property, and of other heavy crimes. He was told that a safe-conduct was granted to him and his adherents, by which they should be secured whilst attending the council, as far as justice would permit.

The pontiff was no longer at Laufenburg. In his fright he had left the refuge precipitately, to shelter himself within the ramparts of Fribourg. But the decrees of the council had struck his partizans with terror; the imperial troops met with little difficulty; the archduke was affrighted at his own boldness, and inclined to submission. At length the deputies, charged with the orders from the council, drew near to Fribourg. John XXIII., who dreaded them more than the emperor's soldiers, retreated before them, carrying with him, throughout his wandering and uncertain course, the lasting disgrace of the papacy, borne from place to place by a spirit of restless uneasiness, seeking repose and safety even in the solitude of forests, and nowhere finding peace, or an asylum.

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

No. II.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

During the residence of the five Parsees among us, they wrote a volume, containing an account of the manner in which they spent their time in England, and giving their opinions of the people, the climate, the different institutions of the country, and the various and novel scenes which they saw. It was written for their countrymen at home, and, although published by a London bookseller, was not intended immediately for English readers, and has had little circulation in this country. It is an unpretending narrative, and is chiefly interesting, as showing the impression which England and the English would make on an intelligent oriental visitor. The book is marked throughout by a grateful and amiable disposition, a readiness to be pleased, a slowness to take offence, and a polite courtesy to all.

These Parsees left the shores of Bombay, on the 29th of March, 1838, and entered the English Channel, and marked with joy the Eddystone Lighthouse, on the 20th of August. From thence they proceeded to the Thames, and the following remarks occur, on their first sight of the river of our metropolis. "Here," say they, "we were greatly surprised to see the amazing number of ships going out and pouring into the Thames, and steamers every now and then running backwards and forwards; we cannot convey to our countrymen any idea of this immense number of vessels, and the beauty of the sight. You will see colliers, timber-ships, merchantmen, steamers, and many other crafts from all parts of the world, hastening, as it were, to seek refuge in a river, which is but a stream compared to the Ganges and the Indus, or the still larger rivers of America." Nor was their surprise less, when they entered the crowded streets of our metropolis. "It was nearly

dusk," write the Parsees, "when we arrived at London-bridge, notwithstanding which, an immense number of persons flocked round us, to view our costume; for, in addition to our two selves, we were accompanied by our friend, and also by two of our domestics; and five individuals in the Parsee costume collected quite a mob, through which it was difficult to pass to our carriage; we think quite a thousand persons were congregated together. We proceeded through the city of London to the Portland Hotel, where arrangements for our reception had been previously made; and from the immense number of people, and vehicles of every description, which we saw hurrying along, apparently in great haste, and from the increasing noise, we were apprehensive that some public commotion had taken place, or that there was some grand spectacle to be witnessed, towards which they were thus hastening. But yet it appeared so odd, that there was as much haste and desire to get forward in those who moved eastward, as in those who were progressing westward. Every street down which we looked, appeared to be pouring out countless multitudes to swell the throng, and we were lost in conjecture, as to what this bustle could possibly mean; but when we were afterwards informed that this constant tide of human beings was to be witnessed every day, for twelve or fourteen hours, we were, indeed, lost in amazement, at the myriads that must exist in London, to furnish out of doors such an exhibition of people."

The rumbling of carriages, making a noise so different from the sounds of oriental cities, must have almost deafened the strangers on their first arrival. "One of the things that struck us with astonishment," say they, "was the immense number of carriages of different descriptions, that are to be made use of in London for conveyance of passengers from one part to another; and the largest, which are called omnibuses, first claim our attention. A carriage of this description is in the possession of Framjee Cowasjee, esq., at Bombay, which, we believe, he ordered to be made in England, for his own use, a few years ago. Where they all came from, where they were all going, where the people could be found to fill them, how the owners, drivers, and conductors were to be paid, seemed a mystery to us; and we diligently sought for information upon this subject." Then came the delightful wonder of the railroads—all so new and strange to the inquiring travellers. "We travelled to a place," say they, "called Slough, twenty-five miles in fifty minutes. Only think, within an hour, seated quietly in a beautiful carriage, we were twenty-five miles from London! We did not feel that we were passing so rapidly through the country when we looked at distant objects; but when we looked upon anything near to us, we but saw it, and it vanished; and when the other train of carriages passed us, it was almost as if a flash of lightning had gone by—we could not distinguish any one of the carriages."

London afforded great delight to the Parsees, by many of its public and benevolent institutions, as well as its exhibitions of art and science. They visited, during their stay, all the popular places of our great city, and its neighbourhood. The British Museum, the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's Cathedral, the East India House, Windsor Castle, and Frogmore Lodge, all received due attention; nor were the markets, the parks, the exhibitions of art at the Lowther Arcade, nor the waxwork figures of Madame Tussaud, mentioned in their journal without praise. Several pages are devoted to describing our bazaars, where the Parsees were pleased to find, that a person may walk about as long as he pleases, without being importuned to purchase, and where waxen flowers were to be seen, "so natural that you cannot tell them from nature." They much enjoyed their visit to the "Bluecoat School," and give in their narrative a very particular account of the manner in which it is conducted. But, perhaps, very few of my young readers will agree with their opinion of the dress of the boys, which we generally regard as an antiquated and untasteful relic of other days. "The boys," they remark, "wear a sort of livery, consisting of a long blue coat, reaching to the ankles, and fastened round the waist with a leather strap; a yellow worsted petticoat worn underneath, yellow stockings, and a small black cap, which they very rarely wear: and we have often wondered, when we saw the boys walking the streets of London, with their heads uncovered, how they escaped catching cold. The uniform, we think, is very picturesque, and more so than the ordinary dress of England; there is something very pleasing to the

eye, and indicating gravity and seriousness in it."

Soon after their arrival in England, the Parsees placed themselves under the instruction of a clergyman residing at Egham, in Buckinghamshire, and they retained a grateful recollection of his kindness and instructions. They afterwards spent many months at Chatham, in order to learn more fully the mode of building steam-ships; and they looked upon the government dockyard there as their professional school. While pursuing the means of improvement, they had opportunities of familiarly visiting several English families, and passed much of their time in the society of well-educated English people. They could visit only at houses of which the masters would allow the Parsee servants to make use of the kitchen to prepare their meals, and they were accustomed to carry with them to their friends' houses the various utensils necessary for preparing and serving up their food. During the course of their voyage, they had often expressed to each other many apprehensions, lest they should meet with some difficulties in England, in procuring private apartments at the inns, where they might perform their devotions, and where their own servants could prepare their food, according to their wishes; but at the Portland Hotel, where they stayed on their first arrival, they soon found that they would meet with no opposition to their desires in this respect. In private society, most were willing to oblige men so unassuming, and so ready to value the smallest act of kindness; and the travellers gratefully record, that in no instance were their religious services interrupted or ridiculed.

It would, indeed, have shown a great want of feeling in any Englishman who should have offered any impediment to the performance of what the Parsees considered as worship. If, indeed, their friends could have directed them to the true faith of God, if they could have led them, from an ignorant worship of the Supreme Being, to an enlightened knowledge of God, as he is revealed in the gospel of Christ, then, indeed, they would have been the means of conferring on the fire-worshippers the greatest blessings which human beings can receive.

But though the Parsees experienced generally but little inconvenience from their peculiar customs, yet one occasion presented a difficulty connected with them. The thirtieth of September is regarded by them as their new year's day, and the travellers were accustomed to spend this day in great festivity and rejoicings, and had planned that a tour which they were going to make, to visit the most celebrated naval arsenals in England, should begin about that time. "We had previously," say they, "obtained permission from the Honourable Court, and were now preparing for our journey, when, to our great dismay, one of the domestics became very ill, and we had the misfortune, on the day of the ship-launch, to see the other, and our friend, share the same misfortune. The following was our new year's day, and we were in the hope of enjoying it, as well as we could, in a strange country; but this unforeseen circumstance marred all our pleasures, and instead of festivity and mirth, which we always have on the occasion, our house had more the appearance of an hospital." They add, with great simplicity, "We two were left to manage our meals as well as we could, and this we could but ill perform; in addition to which, we had to look after the invalids, which, indeed, we never did before in our lives. This misfortune put us strongly in mind of home, and we could not help thinking how comfortable and happy we should have been if we had been in Bombay that day, and how much we might have enjoyed it in the bosom of our families; however, we contented ourselves with the anticipation of being at home that day twelvemonth." It was a fortnight before the illness of the party was sufficiently removed, to allow of their commencing the anticipated tour.

The Parsees, of course, found the climate of England very cold; but, by the precaution of wearing warm clothing under their loose flowing robes, they had generally good health while they remained here. They were much pleased with the varieties of natural appearances, afforded by our change of seasons, and their remarks on the peculiarities of the different months are often amusing. Of the opening month of our year, they remark: "In January, usually, the ground is covered with snow. In January, 1841, we saw it very many inches deep, completely changing the appearance of the country; and, oh, how beautifully white it makes every place! When the sun, which in England, in that month, has not much power, shines upon it, nothing we can say can convey an

idea of its dazzling brightness; no collection of precious stones is to be compared with it; but then, how cold it is! Even by the side of a large fire, made from coals, you cannot keep warm. When you pop your head out of doors, the nose, the toes, and the fingers soon make you feel that it is indeed severe. There are animals in England, furnished by their Maker with the power of being torpid, or inanimate, in severe cold weather; frogs and snakes continue for weeks as if dead; dormice, squirrels, and field-mice are also gifted with this happy quality."

Of April, they say: "April, the fourth month, has weather most variable. In this month the cherry and apple trees bloom, and the fragrance and beauty of a large assemblage of these trees in the month of April is most pleasing. April, however, is an unsafe month to travel in, without being prepared for rain; as it is one hour sunshine, and then heavy rain, and again, in a few minutes, the beautiful cheering sun bursts forth in his glory, and gladdens all things. All the fields are now covered with flowers, and the sides of the hedges and woods have beautiful flowers. To us, who live in a perpetual summer, these appearances would be as nothing; but to those who dwell in England, where, for several months every year, the trees are leafless, and the fields destitute of verdure, when nothing is seen but the bare earth for a long period, it is a season of joy and thankfulness, to see all things vegetating, and to behold every field green, and every tree looking beautiful in its new leafy clothing."

Our young readers will remember that the luxuriance of eastern vegetation is far greater than that of our country, even in the most prolific months of June and July. The trees of the Indian garden are far more magnificent than ours, the flowers not only larger, but more vivid in colouring. Our climate produces but few climbing plants compared with those of hotter regions; for, in the east, the long trailing stems, covered with thousands of large and brilliant blossoms, sometimes entwine over a distance of many hundred yards, and reaching upwards, almost farther among the lofty boughs than the eye can trace them, hang down their glowing clusters of scarlet, or crimson, or rich purple, or pink bells, in wild and magnificent profusion; while every part of an Indian garden is fragrant with its roses or jessamines, or other flowers, which, when brought into our colder climate, give a faint odour compared to the powerful perfume with which they fill the air of India. It was not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the Parsees did not admire the English gardens. "We would wish to remark," say they, "that we were disappointed with the gardens of England. We have seen some which our English friends would call beautiful, but to us they appear more like a wood; because they are principally laid out in lawns, flower-gardens, and trees which bear no fruit.

"The arrangement is not like the gardens in Bombay. There we have fruit trees standing in the middle, at certain distances, and vegetables growing between them; then, the narrow gravel walks, having plants of rose, jessamine, and many other scented flowers, on both sides, give a pretty and varied effect, and the trees in blossom, or fruit and flowers of various colours, in bloom, heighten the beauty. To walk here in the lull and quiet of a beautiful moonlight night, the gentle and cool breeze, and the fragrance of the rose, or jessamine, or lily of the valley, is extremely refreshing, and is the most pleasant enjoyment we have. In vain have we longed for such a sight in England, and we have been reminded very often, when thinking upon this point, of our dear native land. In England, on the contrary, flowers and fruits are grown in separate pieces of ground, the latter often of one particular sort, so that when the season is over they present a dull appearance, which is not the case in India."

There is no country which does not present some social customs, which, to the stranger from a foreign land, appear remarkable, if not absurd. We smile at the customs of other nations, and they, in their turn, smile at ours. The writer of these pages once said to a friend in Paris, "Why do you call your child, when addressing him in words of fondness, Mon petit choux, (my little cabbage?" "Well," replied the lady, laughingly, "you English women call a child 'a little duck,' and I am sure a fresh green cabbage is a far lovelier object than a creature which waddles in kennels and devours mud." We shall see now how some of our most familiar social habits were regarded by the Parsees.

"Some of the customs of England, of every day's occurrence, appeared to us very odd. When two intimate friends

meet in the street (particularly in the country) they say to each other, without stopping, but nodding to each other, 'How do?' 'How do you do?' 'Pretty well;' 'Fine day;' 'Looks like rain;' 'Good bye; good bye.' This we saw repeated constantly, very much to our amusement, with, of course, the variation of 'Very warm,' 'Quite oppressive,' or 'Very gloomy.' All these remarks, of course, are brought about by the variableness of the climate, and it is indeed perpetually changing."

"We will now tell you," say they, "how we have been received and treated at the house of an intimate acquaintance. Upon entering the room, the master and mistress, and all the family, rise to receive you, and offer you the seats of honour, which, at the season of the year when fires are required, are arm-chairs next the fire. And we may prepare such of our countrymen as may visit England, to expect a hearty welcome and a friendly shaking of the hands, much courtesy and great kindness from all with whom they may become intimate. Males and females, old and young, all strive, in their respective ways, to do something to make you pleased and happy, or, to use their own strictly English word, *comfortable*. You have only to express that you like this thing, or dislike that, and, if it is in their power, your wishes and views will be met." The Parsees then proceed to give their countrymen a further account of the English domestic society, and the following picture of a private family will perhaps amuse our young readers. In this family, in which the Parsees visited familiarly, there were seven daughters, the eldest sixteen, the youngest two years of age. After having particularly described their course of instruction at the boarding-schools to which several of these young ladies were sent, they give this account of the family scenes at home; an account which may probably find its counterpart in the families of some who will read these pages. "Taking the summer as the period we would describe, they rise at seven, and take a little walk in their flower-garden, and sit down to breakfast at eight. Their breakfast would consist of coffee, bread and butter, and toasted bread, some dried fish, cold meat, consisting of ham or tongue, and sometimes radishes, or water-cresses. Some of them would then practise music upon the piano, some would draw houses, trees, etc., some would mend their clothes, some would work raised figures with wool or silk, or canvass, or net silk-purses, or make little fancy articles for presents for their friends, or perhaps some one would read aloud an amusing book, or perchance sing a song. This would be done until about twelve or one o'clock, when they would have a luncheon of biscuit or cake, with a little fruit and water. And then they would take off their morning frocks, usually made of a neat printed cotton, and put on their out-door walking dresses of a fine muslin, made of wool, and covered with flowers or checks; straw-plaited bonnets, with pretty ribbon, and a little cape to cover their shoulders, or a thin silk handkerchief round their throats and necks. They would then walk and make calls until four o'clock, when they dined. And as this family professed to live in a plain way, they would have either a joint of roast or boiled lamb, or mutton, or beef, or perhaps, fowls, a ham, or ducks. Generally two or three sorts of boiled vegetables, potatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, peas, or asparagus; and then they would have puddings or pies made from fruits, currants, gooseberries, cherries, or raspberries, and at other times from apples; with boiled or baked custards, made from eggs, milk, and spice; and lastly, bread and cheese. Beer, water, or wine would be drunk whilst at dinner; and after that, fruits, the production of England, apples, pears, plums, peaches, apricots, nectarines, grapes, cherries, currants, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, such as happened to be in season, with wine, would be placed upon the table, which is called the dessert. They then either walk again, or resume their morning occupation. At about eight, either tea or coffee, and cakes, or toasted bread, or bread and butter are partaken of, and sometimes they take a little light pastry and fruit, with a little wine and water before they go to bed. The younger ones go to bed about eight, and the three elder, sixteen, twelve, and ten years of age, sit up until after ten.

"This is only a quiet picture of every day life in a family. The four eldest daughters write and understand arithmetic. They play tunes upon the piano, and talk reasonably upon almost everything. One, about four-and-a-half years' old, repeated perfectly a long piece of poetry called, 'Pope's Universal Prayer;' and one, six years' old, repeated a great

many poems, and could spell every word we asked for, and knew the multiplication-table."

We see from these extracts that the Parsees were surprised that young ladies should talk reasonably, and read and write; and that very little girls knew how to spell their own language, and had learned the multiplication-table; but the little girls of India are not favoured with an education like that of English children. There are no boarding-schools for Parsee children. Their parents are often rich as princes, yet they are not taught so much as the little girls who sit on the forms of many day and Sunday schools, receiving from their teachers the first principles of learning. They do not learn to read and write, or to draw, or to study music, or to speak the language of other lands, or any of those pleasant accomplishments which the careful English parent who can afford it, gives to his daughters. And when the Parsees close their book, they entreat of their fellow-countrywomen to strive and gain these advantages for their female children, and point out the great pleasure and usefulness which a good education imparts to English women.

But it is not only in the education which English children receive pertaining to the things belonging to this world, that they have a great advantage over those of India. It is not this alone which should lead them to be thankful to the God who placed them in our happy country. English children are not taught to lift up their hands in worship to the hosts of heaven. From their father's lip, and their mother's knee, they often learn the truths of the Bible, and are taught early to bow down to the God who made the sun and stars, and made too, their living, thinking spirits, more valuable still than star or sun. Their religion is not taught them from some vain philosophy, from some "cunningly devised fable." The Bible brings them its blessed truths, and we trust that soon every British home shall have a Bible within its walls.

But while British children, on comparing their circumstances in these respects with those of the young Parsees, should learn to be thankful, yet they have no reason to be proud; rather, indeed, they have deep reason to be humble. The Bible teaches its pure lessons, yet many English children know no more of God, and love the Saviour no more, than if they had been brought up among heathen. But let them remember, that as their advantages are greater, so also is their responsibility. The servant who knew his Lord's will, and did it not, was to be beaten with many stripes; and assuredly at that great day, when all shall be judged of God, the British child will be answerable for his great privileges. Follow, then, the injunction of our Saviour, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and these are they which testify of me."

"But," says the young English reader, "I can think of religion by-and-by; I am young, and have a long life before me. I will read the Bible when I am grown up." Ah, but you may die early! You have seen little children laid in their graves many times. You may never live to grow to manhood, but even if you should, you will never regret having loved God from your childhood. I will tell you an anecdote which is quite true.

There was a young man, well known to the writer, who had very great talents. He could speak on almost every subject but one. He read many books, knew many languages, and thought a great deal on all he heard and saw. Yet, strange to say, he never or seldom spoke of God. He never loved, nor sought him. He had finished his education, he had travelled to distant lands, and had gathered great stores of learning, when consumption came. It pleased God, in his mercy, to grant him a long period of illness, and in the early stage of his disease, God taught him the uselessness of all the learning which he had spent his life in gaining, compared with the knowledge revealed in Scripture, the knowledge of the one true God, and of Jesus Christ, his Son, and the Saviour of sinners. Now, his high intellect and proud heart were subdued. He bowed humbly before God, and, in the meek disposition of a little child, prayed for the teachings of God's Spirit, and God heard and answered his prayers. One day just before his death, a friend was reading to him the twenty-third Psalm. The dying young man listened as he read these words, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," Psa. xxiii., 4. "Stay," said the invalid, "stay; yes, God is with me, but the valley would not have been so dark had I sought him earlier!"

P.

Clarendon Printing Office, Oxford.

THE CLARENDON PRESS.

Not long after Caxton introduced the art of printing, Oxford and St. Albans, the principal seats of learning, and alike situated at a convenient distance from the metropolis, were considered spots peculiarly favourable for its practical application. Oxford immediately availed itself of the advantages thus afforded, and a specimen of work from this city is still extant, which was produced in the year 1478, if not 1468; while of St. Albans none is known anterior to 1480. These, and other works of more recent dates, were all written in the Latin tongue.

On the restoration of Charles II., a theatre was erected by Gilbert Seldon, archbishop of Canterbury, and chancellor of the university. It was constructed in 1669, on the plan of the theatre of the Marcellus, at Rome; the architect being sir Christopher Wren. It was used for public meetings, for the occasional conferring of degrees, and for prize compositions. One of the first advantages that accrued appeared in a Pindaric ode, written in praise of the building and its founders, by Corbet Owen, of Christchurch, which was publicly recited at the solemn convocation of the theatre, on the 9th July, 1669; and during a period of more than forty years, there issued from the press here established, a constant succession of excellent editions of works in various languages, the productions of eminent scholars in every department of literature. The books may be distinguished, by having on their title-pages the words, "E Theatro Sheldoniano." The typographical execution, and the extraordinary accuracy of these editions, have merited the high commendations they received; and many of the larger works are elegant specimens of the art. During the time that the university printing was carried on, the works produced were distinguished by having on their title-pages an engraving of the building; and those that remain may, by these means, be easily recognised.

Still the university was unprovided with a specific building for the work to be done, and as the body of the theatre was employed for other purposes, a small portion was all that was allowed for a press-room and a warehouse. This uncomfortable condition of things continued till the reign of queen Anne, when the copyright of the earl of Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion" being presented to the university by his son, the profits arising from the sale of the work

were applied towards the erection of that stately fabric, situated on the eastern side of the Seldon theatre, which was entitled the Clarendon Press, in just commemoration of that nobleman. The building is massive, and two stories in height. The typographical apparatus being removed to it, the new printing-press commenced its operations in October, 1713, and for more than a century has conferred great benefits on Britain, by the productions it has issued. One-half of the building has been appropriated to the printing of Bibles, Prayer-books, etc. etc., agreeably to the privilege conferred on it, and the other half to general literature, of which an immense supply has been poured forth. At length, however, the enormous and increasing demand for books of every kind, which forms so distinguishing a feature of the progression of the age, compelled an enlargement of the mechanical department; and the directors were under the necessity of providing a more ample receptacle for all their machinery and stores. They contracted for the purchase of ground north of Worcester College, and the accumulated funds of the press were therefore collected, and the present building was commenced in the north-eastern suburb of the city, by Mr. Daniel Robertson, an architect. The entire edifice and south wing were finished in 1827; the north, which was commenced in 1829, under the superintendence of Mr. Blore, was completed in the succeeding year. On the west side the quadrangle dwellings for the superintendents, and engine-houses; a strong room for standing type, and other buildings have also been added. The structure is distinguished by the appellation of the University Printing-house, at which the entire business has been carried on since September, 1830. Its management has been intrusted, by a statute of the university, to a select body of eleven of its members, including the vice-chancellor and proctors for the time being, who are denominated "Delegates of the Press." These persons regulate all the proceedings, unless any special order is given by convocation, to which all delegates are responsible.

The basement story of the Clarendon at present contains a police-room, and other apartments connected with that establishment; the remainder of the building is appropriated to offices for the despatch of university business; there being lecture-rooms for the professor of experimental philosophy, and the readers in mineralogy and geology. The museum of mineralogical and geological specimens, including the splendid collection presented and bequeathed by the late Richard Simmons, are open to scientific persons, introduced by members of the university on particular days.

THE TEA-PLANT.

There are, says Mr. Fortune in his work on China, few subjects connected with the vegetable kingdom, which have attracted such a large share of public notice as the tea-plant of China. Its cultivation on the Chinese hills, the particular species or variety which produces the black and green teas of commerce, and the method of preparing the leaves, have always been objects of peculiar interest. The jealousy of the Chinese government in former times, prevented foreigners from visiting any of the districts where tea is cultivated; and the information derived from the Chinese merchants, even scanty as it was, was not to be depended upon. And hence we find our English authors contradicting each other: some asserting that the black and green teas are produced by the same variety, and that the difference in colour is the result of a different mode of preparation; while others say that the black teas are produced from the plant called by botanists Thea Bohea, and the green from Thea viridis, both of which we have had for many years in our gardens in England.

During my travels in China since the last war, I have had frequent opportunities of inspecting some extensive tea districts in the black and green tea countries of Canton, Foiken, and Chekiang, and the result of these observations is now laid before the reader. It will prove that even those who have had the best means of judging have been deceived, and that the greater part of the black and green teas which are brought yearly from China to Europe and America, are obtained from the same species or variety, namely, from the Thea viridis. Dried specimens of this plant were prepared in the districts I have named, by myself, and are now in the herbarium of the Horticultural Society of London; so that there can be no longer any doubt upon the subject. In various parts of the

Canton province, where I had an opportunity of seeing tea cultivated, the species proved to be Thea Bohea, or what is commonly called the black-tea plant. In the green-tea districts of the north—I allude more particularly to the province of Chekiang—I never met with a single plant of this species, which is so common in the fields and gardens near Canton. All the plants in the green-tea country near Ning-po, on the islands of the Chusan Archipelago, and in every part of the province which I had an opportunity of visiting, proved, without exception, to be the Thea viridis. Two hundred miles further to the north-west, in the province of Kiang-nan, and only a short distance from the tea-hills in that quarter, I also found in gardens this same species of tea. Thus far my actual observation exactly verified the opinions I had formed on the subject before I left England, viz. that the black teas were prepared from the Thea Bohea, and the green from Thea viridis. When I left the north, on my way to the city of Foochow-foo, on the river Min, in the province of Fokein, I had no doubt that I should find the tea hills there covered with the other species, Thea Bohea, from which we generally suppose the black teas are made; and this was more likely to be the case, as this species actually derives its specific name from the Bohee hills in this province. Great was my surprise to find all the plants on the tea hills near Foo-chow exactly the same as those in the green-tea districts of the north. Here were, then, green-tea plantations on the black-tea hills, and not a single plant of the Thea Bohea to be seen. Moreover, at the time of my visit, the natives were busily employed in the manufacture of black teas. Although the specific differences of the tea-plants were well known to me, I was so much surprised, and I may add amused, at this discovery, that I procured a set of specimens for the herbarium, and also dug up a living plant, which I took northward to Chekiang. On comparing it with those which grow on the green-tea hills, no difference whatever was observed. It appears, therefore, that the black and green teas of the northern districts of China, (those districts in which the greater part of the teas for the foreign markets are made,) are both produced from the same variety, and that that variety is the Thea viridis, or what is commonly called the green-tea plant. On the other hand, those black and green teas which are manufactured in considerable quantities in the vicinity of Canton are obtained from the Thea Bohea, or black tea. * * *

In the green-tea districts of Chekiang, near Ning-po, the first crop of leaves is generally gathered about the middle of April. This consists of the young leaf-buds just as they begin to unfold, and forms a fine and delicate kind of young hyson, which is held in high estimation by the natives, and is generally sent about in small quantities as presents to their friends. It is a scarce and expensive article, and the picking of the leaves in such a young state does considerable injury to the tea-plantations. The summer rains, however, which fall copiously about this season, moisten the earth and air; and if the plants are young and vigorous, they soon push out fresh leaves. In a fortnight or three weeks from the time of the first picking, or about the beginning of May, the shrubs are again covered with fresh leaves, and are ready for the second gathering, which is, in fact, the most important of the season. The third and last gathering, which takes place as soon as new leaves are formed, produces a very inferior kind of tea, which I believe, is rarely sent out of the district. The mode of gathering and preparing the leaves of the tea-plants is extremely simple. We have been so long accustomed to magnify and mystify everything relating to the Chinese, that, in all their arts and manufactures, we expect to find some peculiar and out-of-the-way practice, when the fact is, that many operations in China are more simple in their character than in most other parts of the world. To rightly understand the process of rolling and drying the leaves, which I am about to describe, it must be borne in mind that the grand object is to expel the moisture, and at the same time to retain as much as possible of the aromatic and other desirable secretions of the species. The system adopted to attain this end is as simple as it is efficacious. In the harvest seasons the natives are seen in little family groups on the side of every hill, when the weather is dry, engaged in gathering the tea-leaves. They do not seem so particular as I imagined they would have been in this operation, but strip the leaves off rapidly and promiscuously, and throw them all into round baskets made for the purpose out of split bamboo or rattan. In the beginning of May, when the principal gathering

takes place, the young seed-vessels are about as large as peas. These are also stripped off and dried with the leaves; it is the seed-vessels which we often see in our tea, and which have some slight resemblance to young capers. When a sufficient quantity of leaves are gathered, they are carried home to the cottage or barn, where the operation of drying is performed.

This is minutely described, and the author continues:

I have stated that the plants grown in the district of Chekiang produce green teas, but it must not be supposed that they are the green teas which are exported to England. The leaf has a much more natural colour, and has little or none of what we call the "beautiful bloom" upon it, which is so much admired in Europe and America. There is now no doubt that all these "blooming" green teas which are manufactured at Canton, are dyed with prussian blue and gypsum, to suit the taste of the "foreign barbarians:" indeed, the process may be seen any day, during the season, by those who will give themselves the trouble to seek after it. It is very likely that the same ingredients are also used in dyeing the northern green teas for the foreign market; of this, however, I am not quite certain. There is a vegetable dye obtained from Isatis indigotica, much used in the northern districts, and called Teinching; and it is not unlikely that it may be the substance which is employed. The Chinese never use these dyed teas themselves, and I certainly think their taste in this respect is more correct than ours. It is not to be supposed that the dye used can produce any bad effects upon the consumer, for, had this been the case, it would have been discovered before now; but if entirely harmless or inert, its being so must be ascribed to the very small quantity which is employed in the manufacture.

A NATURALIST'S WALKS TO THE PEAK MOORLANDS.

No. II.

The moorlands of the Peak of Derbyshire consist of a succession of bold hills, stretching out far as the eye can see, with deep glens or dells between, through many of which mountain-rivulets take their meandering course. From the dells these mountains rise very abruptly, and tower in stern majesty aloft, the fleecy clouds floating around their summit. Amidst this penine range, here and there, some hills are seen to shoot up above the rest, and serve as landmarks from a great distance; among these, Axe Edge and Kinderscout are conspicuous. When the traveller wandering here gazes around, he is almost startled by the savage wildness of the scene. No green fields, no waving groves, no luxuriant foliage, no tufted hedge-rows meet his eye; a black pine-wood may be seen occasionally covering the declivity of some steep hill; or a cottage of rude stone, as if thrown upon the spot by accident, the shelter of a shepherd, may meet his glance. Where attempts at inclosure have been made, rough walls of grey stone divide the half-reclaimed fields: but these are seen on the borders, and not actually within the bounds of the bleak moorlands. Here, for miles, the soil is tremulous peat, with many a black, spungy quagmire and gulley of soft ooze, swollen during heavy rains into an inky torrent;—to attempt to traverse such spots is madness; the deep black quagmire is treacherous, and man and horse would disappear, as on the quicksands of the shore. These black drainage gulleys are the source of some of the clearest rivers, the Wye, for example, the matters which the water contains being gradually precipitated as it passes onwards. In the mountain dells the rivulets are, many of them at least, of a blood-red colour, owing to the iron with which they are strongly impregnated, in their passage over beds of ironstone.

These wild mountain moorlands produce coarse grass; but there are extensive beds of heath, which, when in bloom, give to the mountain a fine roseate hue, the appearance of which is very beautiful. The bilberry-plant (Vaccinium myrtillus) grows in great abundance; and in some places, the highly-scented cranberry, (Vaccinium oxycoccus.) Over the more boggy parts, we see large patches of cotton-grass, (Euphorum angustifolium,) with its snowy tuft, appearing as if a number of snow-flakes had thickly fallen over a circumscribed space, and were hanging to the wiry stems of grasses.

Such are the moorland mountains of the Peak—stern, gloomy, wild, and well calculated to produce a sense of loneliness; for seldom will the traveller hear

any sound to break the stillness that reigns, save the tinkling sheep-bell, or the cry of the wild bird. "Travellers," says another writer, "accustomed to well-wooded and highly-cultivated scenes, have frequently expressed a feeling bordering on disgust at the bleak and barren appearance of the mountains on the Peak of Derbyshire; but to the man whose taste is unsophisticated by a fondness for artificial adornments, they possess superior interest and impart more pleasing sensations. Remotely seen, they are often beautiful. Many of their forms, even when near, are decidedly good; and in distance the features of rudeness by which they are occasionally marked, are softened down into general and harmonious masses. The graceful and long-continued outline which they present; the breadth of light and shadow that spreads over their extended surfaces, and the delightful colouring with which they are sometimes invested, never fail to attract the attention of the picturesque traveller." Nor, we may add, are they destitute of objects attractive to the naturalist. In many parts, flocks of black-faced sheep, wild as the roe, and as active and timid, feed on the moorlands, watched perhaps by some solitary shepherd, who ranged the moorlands in summer's heat and winter's cold—grim and grey like the rocks of his native mountains; such a man we know, and many were the tales he had to tell of the hardships of a shepherd's life,—of snow-drifts levelling the glens between the hills, and burying sheep and cottages, and, on one occasion, even a low, lonely little church, which is hidden in one of these dales, and in which the truth is preached to a few rude mountaineers. His details, given in the broad dialect of that part of the country, realized Thompson's description, in his "Winter."

"In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urged,
The shining valley to a mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high curling in the sky."

On these mountain moorlands the fox is not uncommon, though seldom to be seen in the day-time, for he lurks in his den till evening, and retires to it early in the morning. During the night he prowls about, and often travels far to some solitary farm-house, in quest of poultry, whose numbers he sadly thins; occasionally he destroys young lambs, or sickly sheep; he also makes wild rabbits, which in some spots are rather abundant, hares and grouse, his prey. No animal knows the surrounding country better than the fox—every bye-path, every cabin, every farm for miles around, are familiar to him; he knows where the coveys of grouse lurk in the heather, where they rear their broods—where the rabbits feed in the dusk. Innumerable are his wiles; generally, he steals with a noiseless gliding pace towards his prey, and suddenly seizes it with the utmost address, often, indeed, without being observed by its companions. In the moorlands of the Peak, the fox sometimes makes his burrow in the pine-woods, or the steep mountain side: sometimes he appropriates deep winding holes in the outcropping limestone crags, to the galleries of which there are several entrances, perhaps little suspected. He never lays aside his vigilance, and as the chase with hounds in these hills is out of the question, there are no means of destroying the animal, excepting by traps, which are seldom successful, or by watching with the gun, or by making a determined attack on its strong-hold, with various implements, levers, pick-axes, and the like, till, if possible, the animal is unearthed, and falls a sacrifice to the men and the dogs congregated together.

But there are other destructive animals on the moorlands besides the fox, and besides the polecat and weazel. A species of hawk, called the hen harrier, or blue harrier (Circus cyaneus) is here not uncommon. The male of this beautiful species is generally of a bluish grey colour, lighter on the under parts; the female (the ringtail of most of the olden authors) is amber-brown, varied with yellow, with a sort of stiffish white feathers round the top of the neck. We have often watched this bird quartering the moorlands in quest of prey; occasionally it mounts aloft on buoyant wings, but generally skims low, and its flight is peculiarly rapid, noiseless, and graceful. It is a most indefatigable and skilful hunter, dropping upon its prey like a shot, and seizing it, while unsuspiciously reposing on the ground. Lapwings, leverets, young moor-fowl, larks, and various reptiles, constitute its habitual food. The actions of this bird are very interesting, and may be more easily watched than those of most hawks, both

from the open nature of the place it frequents, and also from the mode in which it beats up its hunting-ground, every part of which it quarters with great regularity, flying but a few feet above the surface of the heath, without paying much attention to the spectator, unless he purposely disturb it. Mr. Selby says this bird is "common in France, Germany, and Holland, inhabiting the low and flat districts; but in Switzerland, and all mountainous countries, it is of rare occurrence." It is, as we have said, far from uncommon on the swampy moorlands of the Peak; and Mr. Thompson informs us, that in Ireland it is generally distributed, breeding at Claggan, and is to be met with at all seasons on the mountains of Ballymena. "A gentleman of my acquaintance (he adds) has long known white hawks, as they called them, to have their nests every summer in his mountains at Ballynascreen, Londonderry, where he had two of them last year; the nests are always placed on the ground among the heath." . . . . . "When looking for snipes in a boggy spot in the Belfast mountains, I once shot a female of this species, hovering in the manner of a kestrel over it. She was not alarmed at the presence of myself and friend, nor by that of our dogs, engaged in beating the ground immediately beneath." Mountain moorlands then, as well as low marshes, are frequented by this daring and elegant hawk, and also by an allied species, the marsh or moor harrier (Circus rufus), which we have also seen on the same range of hills, and which quarters the ground precisely in the same manner. Were it not for these hawks, and the four-footed beasts of prey, how comparatively undisturbed would be the existence of the wild tenants of these gloomy mountain moorlands! Yes! there goes the wily hawk, hunting his victims—and one will soon be secured in his clutch. Thus the great enemy hovers over his prey, quarters the ground, and leaves no passion of the human heart untried; unsuspected, he explores every recess; and too often carries away his captive in triumph, exulting in the success of his wiles. Yet when the great despoiler draws nigh, of many it may be truly said, "Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence;" . . . . . "for the Lord preserveth the faithful."

But we wrong the hawk by this comparison—we mean it in a figurative sense merely. God created the rapacious as well as the timid; and could we pierce the veil which hangs over creation, we should find that all the laws established, the results of which sometimes startle us, are ordained in mercy and in wisdom. As it is, we know that, constituted as the world is, all would sink into ruin and confusion, as it respects organic beings, if the law of destruction and renovation, which can alone preserve the balance of creation, were even for a short time suspended. Viewed in this light, (and in this light they must be viewed,) the most ferocious beasts and birds of prey are not cruel. They fulfil their allotted part in the great polity of creation, and are essential to the well-being of the whole. M.

THE NEW HOUSE OF PEERS.

As in our January number we gave a short description of the palace at Westminster, we now abridge from "The Builder" some particulars of the new House of Peers, just brought into use.

The foundation of the building next the river was commenced in 1839, by Messrs. Lee, of Chiswell-street. Messrs. Grissell and Peto undertook the first contract for the superstructure of the new houses in 1840. It comprised the range of buildings fronting the river, with the returns next Westminster-bridge and at the south end towards Abingdon-street. This building includes the residence for the speaker at the north end, the corresponding terminal towards the south being the residence for the usher of the black rod. Between the two extremes, and comprising what are called the curtain portions, are the libraries for the House of Peers, and the libraries for the House of Commons: in the immediate centre is the conference-room for the two houses. All this is on the principal floor, which is some fifteen feet above the terrace, or high-water mark. The whole of the floor above the libraries, and overlooking the river, is appropriated to committee-rooms for the purposes of parliament, the peers occupying about one-third towards the south, and the commons two-thirds towards the north. The House of Peers and House of Commons are situated in the rear of that next the river, and will, when completed, be inclosed also towards the west, so as to be entirely surrounded by parliamentary offices.

The general plan of the building is exceedingly simple and beautiful. From the central hall, an octagon of seventy feet, a corridor to the north (to your right, if you stand with your back to the Thames) leads to the commons' lobby and commons' house; and a corridor to the south, to the peers' lobby, one of the chambers completed, and the House of Peers. Opposite to the spectator (still standing as before) is St. Stephen's Hall and porch, communicating, by noble flights of steps, with Westminster Hall, and forming an approach of unequalled magnificence. It is worthy of remark, that when the floor of St. Stephen's Hall is reached, there is no one step throughout the whole extent—all is of one level. In a line with the House of Lords, still further to the south, are the Victoria Hall, (now finished,) the royal gallery, (a noble apartment, 108 feet long, forty-five feet wide, and forty-five high, to be filled with paintings and sculptures,) and the queen's robing-room, communicating with the royal staircase and tower at the south-west corner of the pile, now rearing itself in Abingdon-street.

The construction of the building throughout is externally of magnesian limestone from North Anstone, in Yorkshire, near Worksop, in Notts. It is a beautiful close-grained stone, of a texture considerably harder than Portland, and somewhat warmer in colour. The interior parts of the walls are of hard-burnt Cowley-stocks, exclusively from the fields of Mr. Westbrook, of Heston, the best manufactured for the London market. The bearers of the floor are of cast-iron, with brick arches turned from girder to girder; the entire roofs are of wrought-iron, covered with cast-iron plates galvanized; the gutters are also of cast-iron galvanized; so that the carcasses of the entire buildings are fire-proof, not any timber having been used in their construction. Wrought-iron bond, in courses of brickwork in cement, is used throughout all the walls. The interior stonework is from Caen. The whole building stands on a bed of concrete twelve feet thick. The libraries and committee-rooms will be generally lined with Riga wainscot, and have wood-panelled ceilings.

The interior of the House of Lords is entirely of Riga wainscot of the finest quality, richly and elaborately carved throughout. The throne and the other parts, which are almost covered with gilding, are also entirely of carved oak—no composition ornaments being used. The roof over the House of Peers, of wrought and cast-iron, is of vast dimensions, (perhaps thirty feet high from the ceiling to the ridge,) and is divided into compartments for hot and cold air, with reference to ventilation. The compartments are divided by massive moulded beams (projecting as much as three feet.) Its general ground is rich blue, bordered with red and gold, and blazoned with the royal badges of the United Kingdom, radiating from centres in which are the emblems of royalty, carved and gilt. The beams and mouldings are painted a deep gold colour, the enrichments and projections being all gilt, including the inscription, "*Dieu et mon droit*," variously repeated on the main beams.

Six traceried windows range on each side of the east and west walls; and three corresponding arched openings are formed to the north and south ends of the chamber. The piers between the windows are occupied by canopied niches, eighteen in all, intended for bronze statues of the principal barons, etc., who were instrumental in obtaining Magna Charta. Two models in plaster, one of archbishop Langton, and the other of Fitzwalter, bronzed and gilt to show the effect, have been put up at the throne end; and arrangements are being made with artists for the whole series to be cast in bronze.

From the ceiling to the cill of the windows the walls are of a brown stone colour. Around the jambs of the windows is painted the inscription, "*Vivat Regina*," many times repeated, intersected by roses on coloured grounds in quatrefoils. The niches, rather lighter in colour than the piers, are relieved with gilding and partly with colour, the backgrounds being painted a diapered pattern in chocolate brown and gold. Under the niches are gilt angels holding shields, blazoned with the arms of the barons intended to be placed above. The windows will be ultimately filled with stained glass, but only one on the west side is yet completed. This is the work of Mr. Hardman, of Birmingham, by whom also the ornamental iron-work and brass-work have been executed. The contract for the other windows has been taken by Messrs. Ballantyne and Allan, of Edinburgh.

The walls at the back of the arches will eventually be painted in fresco, to

accord with one over the throne, already completed by Mr. Dyce, of the baptism of Ethelbert, the first Christian king of England.

Below the windows, on each side of the chamber, down to the gallery, the walls are lined with panelling, elaborately carved. The railing to this gallery is brass, of characteristic design, and very highly finished, ornamented at the bosses with enamelled grounds of red and blue. Below the gallery the wall is also lined with panelling, containing most delicate carving, surmounted by an enriched frieze containing the carved inscription, "Fear God, honour the Queen"—and intersected by slender shafts terminating in carved busts of the kings and princes. Springing from this panelling is a traceried cove forming the support to the gallery, and on the compartments of the cove are emblazoned, on gilt grounds, the arms of the succession of sovereigns and their chancellors from the period of Edward III., when the peers first met as a separate house, to the present time, with the proper crests, helmets, and mantlings, and labels containing names and dates of appointments.

The wood carvings, generally, require special notice. A few years ago it would not have been possible to obtain such an amount of carving in England, of equal excellence, at any cost. By collecting a large number of the best examples of the fifteenth century (as many as two or three thousand) for the constant inspection of the operatives, they have been imbued with the true feeling pervading these works, and enabled satisfactorily to carry out the architect's wishes. The carvings were all first bosted by Jordan's machine, (a most important invention,) and then finished by hand. Like the whole of the enrichments, it will be observed, they are all heraldic and symbolic. The drawings for the fittings and decorations were made by Mr. Pugin. The throne, situated at the south end of the chamber, is raised on a dais of three steps. Both in design and workmanship it is truly beautiful. It is a canopy in three parts, eighteen feet six inches wide. The centre, rising much above the sides, is for the chair of the queen; on the back of this part are carved, gilt, and blazoned the royal arms, with the appropriate badges, emblems, etc. The ceiling is divided into small panels, on which are painted the red rose, with white rays on a gilt ground. On the upper part of this centre canopy are introduced figures, illustrating the orders of knighthood, in rich canopied niches surmounted by open tracery. The lower canopy, on the right of the throne, is for the chair of the Prince of Wales, and that on the left for the chair of the Prince Consort. On the back of these canopies are also blazoned the respective coats of arms, and appropriate heraldic distinctions.

The queen's chair is of beautiful design and execution, carved and gilt, richly studded with enamels and crystals; the back and arms are covered with velvet, embroidered with the royal arms, etc. The two side chairs are in the same style, though of smaller dimensions. These chairs were manufactured by Webb, of Bond-street.

The floor of the throne is covered with a velvet pile carpet of deep red ground, powdered with lions and roses, supplied, with the other furniture, by Crace, of Wigmore-street.

Fronting the throne is the reporters' gallery, very commodiously placed and approached, and above that the gallery for strangers. The front of the former is richly ornamented with panelling, containing the royal badges painted on gilt grounds, surrounded by diaper ornaments. In the cove under this gallery are blazoned the arms of the different royal lines—the Saxon, the Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, and Brunswick, and on either side are placed the archiepiscopal and episcopal arms, interspersed with mitres, pastoral staffs, sceptres, etc.

The principal entrance is at this end of the house, from the peers' lobby, through a pair of brass gates eleven feet high and six feet side, filled with open tracery work of beautiful workmanship, in a material not used in England for such a purpose for more than 300 years. The shrine and gates in Henry the Seventh's Chapel are amongst the best examples of such work remaining to us.

The floor of the chamber is covered with a carpet of a royal blue colour, dotted with gold. The seats for the peers, five rows on either side, accommodating 235 persons, are covered with red morocco leather, and the woolsacks with red cloth.

The chamber is lighted by thirty-two branch lights, springing from the sides of the niches, burning gas on Faraday's ventilating principle, and by four splendid brass candelabra, two of them at the throne end, holding each twenty-five

lights, and two at the bar end, holding each thirteen lights.

The length of the House of Lords in the clear is ninety-one feet, the breadth forty-five feet, and the height forty-five feet—so that it is a double cube. From the north wall to the bar is twenty-one feet. The side galleries are three feet wide, having only one row of seats. The thickness of the walls is three feet one inch, with recesses at intervals. The Victoria Hall, at the south end of the house, and the peers' lobby, at the north end, are both fitted up in a style of corresponding magnificence.

The main entrance to the house is through a grand archway, closed by the elaborate brass gates already alluded to, surmounted by the royal arms and supporters on a panelled ground. There are three corresponding archways, also surmounted by shields; the whole of these are painted and gilt in their proper colours. In the side panels, corresponding to the windows, are painted the arms of the peers called to the first parliament, blazoned with mantlings and scrolls on a diapered gold ground. On an upper range of panels over the archways are likewise blazoned the arms of the six royal lines.

The lobby is lighted by four large gothic candelabra, bronzed and gilt. Some of the windows are filled with stained glass, continuing the illustrations of the arms of the peers called to the first parliament. The remainder will be completed shortly. These windows were executed, like the one window in the House of Lords, by Mr. Hardman. The pavement of the floor consists of encaustic tiles, by Minton, of lions, on a red ground, and initials on a blue ground, alternately, formed in squares by black marble margins; and in the centre is a red and white rose in coloured marbles on a blue ground, (reflecting a centre rose in the ceiling,) surrounded by a margin of twining roses in brass on an enamelled blue ground. The marble work was executed by Milnes, of Bakewell, in Derbyshire.

THE REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

No. XVII.

Forty-five propositions, attributed to Wickliffe, and already condemned in England, had been again censured at Rome, during a council in 1412, summoned by John xxiii. The same articles were again brought forward at Constance, and formed the principal grounds of the accusation. This important matter was laid before the council, and judged, but not discussed, during the eighth session. This assembly was as solemn as any former occasion had been. The emperor was present, the cardinal de Viviers presided, and the patriarch of Antioch celebrated mass. The passage from the gospel, which was selected and read on this occasion, was, "Beware of false prophets." The sermon was preached by bishop Vital. He took for his text, "The Spirit—he will guide you into all truth;" and expressed himself so warmly against the pope, as to pronounce curses on him from the pulpit. Finally, the archbishop of Genoa repeated the sentence of the Lateran council as to transubstantiation, and read the forty-five articles attributed to Wickliffe, and previously condemned at Rome.

The articles thus censured may be classed under a few chief heads. The greater part relate to the doctrines pointed out by Wickliffe, as additions to the simple instructions of the apostles, only for the aggrandizement of the power of the pope and of the clergy, namely, those which admit the validity of absolution, or excommunication, without regard to the moral condition of the sinner, or of the priest, which refer to indulgences, canonization, the need of university degrees to precede ordination, which reserves to bishops alone the right of confirmation, of consecrating sacred places, and of ordaining priests, and, finally, the support or establishment of the privileges of the Romish see, the exaltation of the pope above other bishops, and his election by the cardinals.

Five articles contained violent attacks directed against the convents, monks, and all the orders that, under the guise of poverty, collected riches for themselves, and which were the most indefatigable champions of the privileges and abuses of the church of Rome; designated by Wickliffe, as the synagogue of Satan. One of the articles condemned under this head, was, that monks ought to gain their livelihood by the labour of their hands, and not by begging. This proposition was declared to be false, rash, and mistaken; because it is written, that "the fowls of the air neither sow nor reap." The council said, that by the birds was signified the saints who fly towards heaven!

Three articles opposed the Romish doctrine of the mass, and denied the corporeal presence of Jesus Christ in the sacrament of the eucharist.

Several had respect to the temporal possessions of the clergy, for which Wickliffe saw no warrant in the gospel. His boldest declaration on this subject, was in the fifteenth of the forty-five articles, in which, he says, it is permitted to secular princes to deprive of their goods and possessions the ecclesiastics who habitually live in sin. This article was declared heretical and sacrilegious, and the council justified its condemnation for strange reasons; declaring that the property of the church is the property of God himself, who, willing to erect on earth a kingdom of which he alone is the sovereign, has consecrated certain temporal possessions for the sake of its administration.

Another of the articles called in question, attacked the pretensions of the Romish clergy, as to the absolute independence of their spiritual jurisdiction. Wickliffe said, Whoever excommunicates an ecclesiastic because he has appealed to the king or his counsellors, is guilty of treason against the king. This statement was declared to be false, perverse, and scandalous.

All these articles were directed against the doctrines too favourable to the power of the clergy, and excited the whole body against their author. But it was important that the lords temporal, of whom several had votes in the council, should be interested in condemning Wickliffe, and to them he was represented as the adversary of princely and magisterial authority, and two propositions were produced as extracts from his works, which ran thus: 1. So long as a temporal lord, or bishop, or prelate continues in mortal sin, he is neither lord, bishop, or prelate; 2. The people may, if they please, correct their rulers when they commit any fault.

During the life of Wickliffe these two opinions had been imputed to him by the clergy. He strongly protested against the sense which was attached to them. They did not fully express his thoughts. He said his words had been taken imperfectly, and they were not interpreted with precision and fidelity. How, indeed, could it be admitted, that he, who through his whole life had defended the privileges of the temporal authorities against the usurpations of the clergy, should, at the same time, have supported doctrines which were subversive of all its rights?

Nevertheless, the council of Constance persisted in attributing them to him, as had been done already at Rome, and in declaring them to be rash and heretical.

It was also attempted to prove that God himself was interested for the condemnation of Wickliffe, and two articles were produced as contrary to the Divine Majesty. One of these contained the germ of the famous doctrine of predestination, afterwards adopted by a considerable portion of the Protestant church, thus worded: That all things happen by absolute necessity. In putting forth this principle, Wickliffe grounded it on the infinite wisdom of God, by which he cannot do otherwise than determine everything for the greatest general good, according to his divine and according to his infallible foreknowledge. Thus he revolved in his mind the greatest problem of the Christian religion, and of all religions, the tremendous mystery from which the veil can only be partially removed, unless the immense difference is settled which there is between determining beforehand and foreseeing.

The opinion of Wickliffe on this subject may involve serious errors; yet it is so held by him in common with a number of great men both in earlier and later times, and in his view, it is not prejudicial to the glory of God or to the freedom of man.

The second proposition was this, That God must obey the devil. Wickliffe never acknowledged this as his doctrine. He himself declared that it was heretical. He protested that it was inserted in his works by some strange hand, and was calumniously laid to his charge by false witnesses. His disowning this point ought to suffice, since it is confirmed by the whole tenor of his life. If there was ground for this reproach, the bold assertion would have been brought forward by Thomas Walden, who published a refutation of the opinions of Wickliffe. There, on the contrary, is this very different proposition, "that the devil cannot tempt men beyond what God is pleased to permit." Yet the erroneous statement was imputed to Wickliffe, and was condemned as his!

Finally, among the propositions attributed to Wickliffe, which were condemned as false at Oxford, at Rome, and

in the universal council of Constance, there is one, which in the present day is admitted as true by Christians of all communions, both Catholics and Protestants, namely, that which declares the decretals to be apocryphal. This article was censured as contrary to the decisions of the church, and the decrees of several popes.

The judgment of the council on this point, which, with all its decrees, afterwards received the approval of a lawfully constituted pope, a judgment which is now universally condemned, would alone be sufficient to destroy all confidence in human infallibility, if evidence were sufficient against error deeply rooted in the mind by the double power of custom and prejudice.

The condemnation formerly pronounced at Rome against the forty-five articles was confirmed by the council of Constance, and a prohibition was enforced by an anathema against teaching these articles, and against reading or keeping the books which contained them, or even speaking of them, unless it was to declare their condemnation. The books were ordered to be cast into the flames, especially those entitled the Dialogue and Trialogue. Afterwards two hundred and sixty other articles were read, and asserted to be other extracts from the same works. Most of them were repetitions or explanations of the preceding articles, especially those relating to the pope, the monks, and the sacrament of the altar. Some of these are, in the present day, generally received as the truth among Christians, especially that which does not exclude from the promise of salvation children who have died without receiving baptism. Others are chargeable with forced and faulty exaggeration, several are capable of a dangerous interpretation; for instance, these—that God can annihilate nothing, that he can neither increase nor diminish the world; that he can create a certain number of souls, and no more, and that God is every creature.

It must be confessed, that Wickliffe was not wholly exempt from that lamentable habit, manifested by so many men of consideration and revered in the church, of assigning limits and modes of action to incomprehensible and infinite wisdom, a boldness which caused it to be said with reason to St. Bernard, "they search into the inmost recesses of the secrets of God." However, let us hasten to add, that the statements selected from the writings of Wickliffe were by no means understood by him in the sense which his accusers supposed.

When he asserted, that God cannot increase or diminish the world, or create more souls than he has made already, his opinion was, that God has made everything as perfect as it could possibly be made; and when he said that every creature is of God, or is divine, he signified only that in some degree or kind, however imperfect, every creature partakes of the unchangeable attributes of the Godhead.

It is to be regretted that such statements could have been attributed to Wickliffe; however, it is well known how easy it is to extract from the best of books certain passages, which, in the connexion where they are placed by the writer, are in no way objectionable, but which, if isolated, appear blameable. Besides, Wickliffe was a man, and, as such, he was liable to err; to make out that his errors were crimes, he must first have been convicted of the still greater error of those who condemned him—of having laid claim to *infallibility!*

A reformer should be judged by the whole course of his life and teaching as a Christian. The whole train of thought in his writings should correct or modify isolated expressions in the mind of the writer or reader. There is not a man's life, there is not a single book, to which this rule is not applicable. This truth cannot be too often repeated, for it is constantly mistaken, and it may be feared that it always will be so. When the passions are silent, all agree to recognise the principle; but when the time comes, no one practises it. Is a doctrine called in question? Observe whether its general tendency is to bring the soul to repentance, to regeneration, to faith and love toward God? But what avails this to those who think they are condemned by it? Is the conduct of a man considered? Is it pure and holy? This avails nothing to those who are thirsting for his blood.

Wickliffe, when fairly judged, notwithstanding his mistakes, has a claim, from his talents, his courage, and the whole course of his life, to the gratitude of all who protest against the enslaving of the consciences of men, against the yoke of priestly and spiritual despotism—of all who acknowledge Jesus Christ as the only Mediator between God and man—in a word, of all who regard the circulation of the word of life as the greatest of

blessings, and the inward sanctification of man, as the chief end of Christianity.

The council was exceedingly wrong in condemning the whole mass of his works, and by its sentence confounding the good and the bad, truth and error, but this was not all. It ordered that the remains of Wickliffe should be disinterred, and committed to the flames. It ransacked a tomb, and raged against a dead body! However, while we blame the barbarous edict, the rudeness of the times must be remembered, and when indignant at the vengeance of the priests, the manner in which Wickliffe had provoked them must not be forgotten. His works contained the germ of the great revolution of the sixteenth century, and the boldness of the attacks, and the severity of the wound, explain the atrocity of the sentence. It was executed in England, more than thirty years after the death of the reformer. Tradition relates, that his bones, exhumed, and burnt to ashes, were cast into a brook (Swift) near Lutterworth. To use the beautiful comparison of Fuller—"Thus the brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

APPEARANCES OF NATURE.

JULY.

The heat of summer is now experienced to its full extent, especially as the days are longer than in the following month. The ground is cracked in consequence, and the roads are dry and dusty. The pleasant shade of the wood is sought, but the rill that purled along its bank is almost exhausted. The cattle and sheep seek the foliage of the trees to protect them from the mid-day sun. The leaves are becoming of a deeper hue;

> "The fading many-coloured woods,
> Shade deepening over shade, the country round
> Imbrown;"

and the oaks, being latest in leaf, form noble canopies, and have a richer appearance from their contrast with the pale blue sky. But we miss the varied and delightful songs of our feathered friends.

> "No warbling tongue
> Talks now unto the echo of the groves."

Insects, however, appear in their greatest variety and beauty, and on every cornfield and flowery mead the butterfly is seen as it wings its undulating flight from flower to flower. The bee continues, with its grave hum, its busy search for food; and it has been said:

> "The poetry of earth is never dead;
> When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
> And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
> From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
> That is the grasshopper's!"

As, too, the evening approaches, the gnats

> "Their murmuring small trumpets sounden wide."

The yellow appearance of the rye indicates that it is almost ready for the sickle. The wheat and barley are of a dull green, for their ears, as they bow before the breeze that gently sweeps the field, are all that is now seen in the distance. The oats are whitening apace, and the grains supported on their quivering stalks, hang like rain-drops in the air. The dark rich green of the turnip-fields, relieved by the scarlet poppy which has intruded, presents a pleasing contrast with the dry surface of the fallows, up and down whose broad face the team is slowly passing.

The green lanes have their peculiar beauties at this period of the year. The hedges that inclose either side, and the dry banks and ditches teem with vegetation, presenting so beautiful a variety of flowers that they are noticed by the most superficial observer. There, for instance, is a great bird-weed thrusting out its elegant snow-white flowers among the neighbouring plants, but carefully concealing its leaves and stem in the thicker shrubs which yield its support. Near the ground, and more exposed to view, the common red and white convolvolus appears; while all along, clinging to it tightly, the various coloured vetches, and the woody night-shade, hang their flowers—the first exquisitely fashioned in a manner somewhat resembling the pea; and the other elaborate and beautiful in structure, with its rich purple petals turned back to expose a centre of deep yellow, but still with strange and sinister looks, that warn the observer of its poisonous nature. This plant will yield hereafter those bunches of scarlet berries which hang so temptingly in the autumn within the reach of little children, and which it often requires much argument to prevent them tasting. In the midst of, and overhanging all, the woodbine

profusely hangs its richly scented flowers, gaining the admiration of every beholder.

The trees which cast so delightful a shade over the lane will not escape notice. The maple extends its twisted branches, and its large leaves dance in the sunlight; while at various times the excoriation of its bark produces a variety of hues. The aged holly, and yet older yew, stand with a fixed and frowning solemnity of aspect—the stern anchorites of the scene; while to them the ivy clings with a pertinacious grasp, and will do so till it has ruined that which afforded its support—suggesting to the thoughtful many a moral. There, too, the knotted trunks of the old hawthorns attract attention, and frequently associations are connected with them, which those who have visited and love the country do not forget. They remember, perhaps, that with choicest friends they have sat

"Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale,
And held communion sweet of mind with mind."

There, too, is the stunted, gnarled oak, striking its roots deep into the ground. There it has stood, surviving, it may be, many generations, or, at least, while childhood has emerged into youth, and maturity has become imbecility. Yet that very oak, thus strong and powerful, is perhaps destined in other forms "o'er the world to sweep, opening new spheres of thought."

As the pedestrian passes from field to field he hears "the cheerful sound of sharpening scythe." It has been said by one intimately acquainted with the subject, that a book might be written on the delights of haymaking. As, however, an opportunity has recently occurred for describing the interesting arrangements connected with the hay-field,* it will be unnecessary now to revert to them. Yet

"How beautiful and fresh the pastoral smell
Of tedded hay breathes in this early morn!
Health in these meadows must in summer dwell,
And take her walks among these fields of corn."

This spot may well be selected by the lover of nature and the poet. One says,

"Awhile I bask'd amid the hay;
Pluck'd from the clover-flowers the honey; traced
The shining-coated insects in the grass
Threading their beautiful labyrinth, or the bee
Eagerly rifling the fallen flowers, to catch
Their fragrance ere the hot sun drink it up.

"Now, stretch'd at length,
I watch'd the many-colour'd birds that sail'd
With various flight in the ethereal air,
The lark with quivering wing mounting aloft
Till my strain'd eye had lost him, though even then
His ceaseless song came down, mellow'd and fine,
And fainter, and yet fainter, till it died."

As the field is crossed, a round ball of dry grass will perhaps attract attention. On examination it will be found to contain a tribe of young field mice, as bare as skin can be, and which, if disturbed, will show their displeasure by shrill squeaks. Perhaps, too, a green ball of moss will be seen, from which the hum of bees may be heard. There in the long grass is a corncrake's nest, with its red-spotted eggs; or those of a partridge, which may be reared by placing them under a hen.

A hazardous amusement of country lads during this and the following month is that of wasp-nesting. These insects construct their vespiaries in a chamber underground, or in a deep old thatch, of a round or oval figure, containing cells; the whole being beautifully finished. As, however, the annoyance experienced from wasps is very great, especially when their nests are in the neighbourhood of dwelling-houses, it is deemed expedient to destroy them. To accomplish this, combustibles are prepared, which are fixed at the mouth of the nest, and there set on fire. The fumes immediately enter the orifice of the little building, and having filled it with its sulphurous vapour a sod is fastened to the hole, and the insects are suffocated by these means. Sometimes, however, they are only benumbed, and when the boys begin to excavate the nest, the infuriated insects rush forth, and driving their enemies before them, sting them as they flee, if they do not make good use of the green boughs which are prepared for their defence. One perhaps bravely defends himself at his post, and is rewarded by driving off or killing the clouds of insects without experiencing injury from their attacks, and bears away the nest and grubs on a spade, which the fishermen will purchase. To be stung is, however, no uncommon thing.

During the interval between hay and harvest, the grazier endeavours to root out the thistles which are continually encroaching on the land. Much of this trouble and expense is avoided in France, where a farmer may sue his neighbour if he fail to destroy his thistles at the proper seasons; or he may employ other people to do it at the expense of the negligent. It would certainly be a general benefit if a similar law existed in our own country.

* *Visitor* for May, 1846.

The downy seeds of the thistle, which are wafted in every direction, at present cause the plants to be easily multiplied to an immense extent. The *spud* has long been used in the midland counties for the destruction of the thistle, but the superior advantages afforded by the *drawer* renders it probable that the former will be superseded.

The fallows occupy the attention of the farmer as far as the use of the horses during the haymaking will admit; the turnips and potatoes are cleared of weeds, and if a fruitful season has increased their growth, the sow-thistles and other large plants are removed by hand. Hops are pruned; corn-crops watched to prevent the depredations of countless birds which threaten them; and bilberries cranberries, and heath fruits generally are picked and carried to market by the poor of the district. Great attention is necessary on the part of the grazier to prevent the attacks of flies, which continually annoy every kind of animal, and if disregarded, would soon occasion very serious inconvenience.

The ground being now fully prepared, the turnip-seed which was not sown during the last month, is deposited in the earth. Norfolk appears to be the first county in which the turnip was extensively used for agricultural purposes, but the advantages were found to be so numerous, that they were soon generally appreciated. Some soils are peculiarly adapted for the production of this plant, while others have a tendency directly the reverse. This is especially the case in wet, cold, and clayey districts, while loamy ground and that inclined to sand will, with a proper supply of manure, generally produce good crops. Bone dust is regarded by some as peculiarly advantageous when used for turnips, while others do not estimate it so highly. In some parts of the country, where these plants are extensively grown, the cleaning of the lands preparatory to the sowing affords employment to many men, at a season when labour is not much wanted, and this greatly influences the future produce. A modern writer states that if the turnip crop fails, the injury is not confined to that deficiency, but extends through the whole succeeding crops of the rotation, for nothing puts land in better order than a plentiful crop of turnips, so that he argues, and with much plausibility, that no trouble should be spared in obtaining an abundant supply of that vegetable.

The food which is thus produced enables the farmer to keep a much larger number of sheep than he otherwise could, and an additional quantity of manure, where this article cannot be easily obtained, is of the greatest value. Sometimes sheep are penned upon the standing crops of turnips, the fattening sheep being placed on them till they have eaten the tops and best parts of the roots, when perhaps they are removed to a better piece, and store sheep follow to consume that which is left soiled and uneaten. Thus the ground is greatly benefited, the improvement derived from the manure being far greater than many persons would imagine.

Let us now suppose it to be afternoon. The sun is glancing with a more richly mellowed radiance, extending his shadow as he increases in glory. The wild rose throws around a richer perfume. "The woodbine," says an accomplished writer, "is creeping over the wide thicket, and, emulating his neighbour in beauty, is blowing his trumpets with perfumed breath. The lark is on high, pouring down a flood of joyous melody below. And, mark, amid the hum, and whirl, and glancing motion of countless insects, each happy in its own existence, how goes gently sailing past, the floating gossamer. Like a frail purpose, a single breath will turn its course in the wrong direction. It is the afternoon; and as the hours are waning away, with a mild, harmonious gentleness, the busy hum of day partly ceases, and that calmer but still delightful period is approaching,—

> "What time the labour'd ox,
> In his loose traces, from the furrow comes:"

the time when there seems to be a pause not only in the busy labours of the field, but in all the mysterious operations of nature herself. Along the old green lanes the shadows are becoming more lengthened and deep; and a somewhat dimmed and apparently watery ray falls upon each prominent or more elevated object. The gushing melody of the birds has ceased. The laden bee is humming his way to join the queenly hive, and the rooks are bending their course from the feeding ground, where they occupied the greater portion of the day, to their snug and secure nightly aerie, on noiseless wing, here in small parties, and there in larger numbers. The cattle, which have been grazing in the lanes, are driven slowly homewards by the children of the

labourer or the very small occupier, who has been tending them the greater part of the day."*

And now the sun, broadening by degrees, approaches the verge of day, and at length—

"Wearied with sultry toil declines and falls
Into the mellow eve; the west puts on
Her gorgeous beauties, palaces, and halls,
And towers, all carved of the unstable cloud.
Welcome the calmy, waning monarch—he
Sinks gently midst that glorious canopy,
Down on his couch of rest—even like a proud
King of the earth—the ocean."

But while the sun is lingering on the broad expanse of heaven, the time may well be chosen for a short ramble, to observe some of those beauties which are everywhere exhibited. Soon will be seen the village footpath, as it gently winds its way over the undulating surface covered with luxuriance. We love to see the clear, dry track, inviting the footsteps to follow, and to those who delight in the calm tranquillity of the summer's eve, who feel pleasure in dwelling on the thoughts and emotions which association and imagination would suggest, and who can commune with a grateful review of life, the well-grounded hope of glory in another, there is a joy with which no stranger intermeddles.

Let us enter that glen, and, crossing the murmuring brook-stream by the rustic bridge, or the simple stepping-stones, think of the words of Cowper:

"Streams never flow in vain; where streams abound,
How laughs the land, with various plenty crowned."

And, then, ascending the grassy slope by the little wood, the field foot-pad will be seen.

"Delightful is this loneliness, it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms,
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here Nature in her gentlest whisper speaks;
How peaceful every sound;—the ring-dove's plaint
Moan'd from the twilight centre of the grove,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-cov'd nest,
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear."

And when we have gained the ascent, how many thoughts fill the mind. We endeavour to imagine with what mingled emotions that path has been traversed. The feet of happy childhood have softly touched the surface as the butterfly was pursued from plant to plant; youth has left its impress, while bright and buoyant it dwelt delighted on long years of coming happiness, as they appeared opening their vistas before the confiding mind, and the hopeful and lightsome heart; and here maturity has hastened to communicate tidings of interesting events, or perhaps to tell that some much-loved one has been gathered unto his fathers! The mournful and the gay; the unostentatious and the proud; the deceitful and the candid; the stern and the frivolous, may all have trod that path. And many have passed, as the village churchyard tells, to their final and solemn account.

Here, too, may be seen the mother and her prattling offspring, the stout yeoman, the village maiden, the hardy labourer with his scythe on his shoulder, or his bill-hook and hedging mittens in his hands, or the boy as he strolls along, prying leisurely into everything that appears, or ruthlessly destroying an old bird's-nest which the young have left. Thus one generation passeth away, and another cometh.

Some may not sympathise with us in these meditations, and may say that sentimentality is "very well, but very useless." But a feeling thus expressed would merely change the current of our thoughts, and we should pause to reflect on the condition of that mind which gave it utterance. Why should we limit our attention to surrounding objects, and not indulge the thoughts they are calculated to awaken? A tendency to this must be felt in every well-poised mind—it will yield inexhaustible supplies of pure and elevating gratifications.

F. S. W.

* Martingale.

LIFE INSURANCES.

I CONSIDER every assurance, made for the purpose of providing for a surviving family, in whatever office it is effected, not only as a private, but as a public good.—*Morgan.*

Nothing is more uncertain than the life of a single individual; and it is the sense of this insecurity which has given rise to such institutions as Life Assurances. They are, in their nature and objects, the precise reverse of gambling speculations, their object being to equalize vicissitude, and to place the pecuniary relations of numerous masses of mankind, in so far as they extend, on a footing independent of individual casualty.—*Herschell.*

AMERICAN MEALS.

The despatch at meals, particularly among the mercantile classes, is almost incredible to those who have not witnessed it; five or ten minutes sufficing for breakfast; not much more than twice that time for dinner; and tea, or supper, as it is styled, is taken with equal, nay, sometimes with greater celerity. This last is not the simple bread and butter or toast meal of England, but it is accompanied by dry beef sliced, cheese, radishes (if in season), fruits, sweetmeats, cakes, and other items, more or less agreeable. Each person leaves the table as soon as the business of eating is finished, without regard to his neighbours' proceedings. Englishmen are always the last, do what they will; for, however little I ate, I always found myself quite unable to keep pace at meals with the Americans. As may be supposed, with all this haste, there is little room for conversation or social chat; nevertheless, the courtesies of society are not neglected: and I may observe, that we found the waiters perform their duties with all the expertness of the best of that useful class in England, without the slightest stimulant in the shape of douceur or reward from the guests.—*Boardman.*

PURITY.

I would have you attend to the full significance and extent of the term "holy." It is not abstinence from outward deeds of profligacy alone — it is not a mere recoil from impurity in thought; it is that quick and sensitive delicacy to which even the very conception of evil is offensive; it is a virtue which has its residence within, which takes guardianship of the heart, as of a citadel or inviolated sanctuary, in which no wrong or worthless imagination is permitted to dwell. It is not purity of action that we contend for; it is exalted purity of heart—the ethereal purity of the third heaven; and if it is at once settled in the heart, it brings the peace, the triumph, and the untroubled serenity of heaven along with it; I had almost said, the pride of a great moral victory over the infirmities of an earthly and accursed nature; there is a health and a harmony in the soul; a beauty which, though it effloresces in the countenance, and the outward path, is itself so thoroughly internal, as to make purity of heart the most distinctive evidence of a work of grace in time—the most distinctive guidance of a character that is ripening and expanding for the glories of eternity.—*Chalmers.*

EDUCATION.

Mr. Henry has the following excellent observations on the subject of early education:—"Thou shalt teach them diligently; that is, whet it upon them. In whetting, you turn the thing whetted on this side and at that side, and often repeat the strokes; and so in teaching of children, the mind is affected, not by the violence, but by the frequency of the impression. The minds of children, like narrow-necked bottles, must be filled slowly, drop by drop. The young must be driven with patience, as they can go, (alluding to Gen. xxxiii. 14.) Special care must be taken to make things plain unto them, condescending to their own language, conveying instruction by sensible and otherwise affecting objects, and making it, as much as can be, not a task or burthen, but easy and pleasant. Children are half taught when they are reconciled to instruction."

PUNCTUATION.

Caxton had the merit of introducing the Roman pointing, as used in Italy; and his successor, Prison, triumphed by domiciliating the Roman letter. The dash or perpendicular line, thus | , was the only punctuation they used. It was, however, discovered that the "craft of poynting well used makes the sentence very light." The more elegant comma supplanted the long uncouth | ; the colon was a refinement, "showing that there is more to come;" but the semicolon was a Latin delicacy, which the obtuse English typographer resisted. The Bible of 1592, though printed with appropriate accuracy, is without a semicolon; but in 1633 its full rights are established by Charles Butler's English Grammar. In this chronology of the four points of punctuation, it is evident that Shakspeare could never have used the semicolon; a circumstance which the profound George Chalmers mourns over, opining that semicolons would often have saved the poet from his commentators.—*D'Israeli's Amenities of Literature.*

The Great Hall in an Ancient Mansion.

HOUSES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

No. III.

From the great extent of old castles and buildings, the base-court was very spacious, and the halls of proportionate size. The earliest hall of which there is information, is stated to have been constructed by William Rufus, at his palace at Westminster. Hugh Lufus erected one at Chester, and another was completed for Robert Consul, at Bristol. Others were subsequently built by Henry I., at Woodstock and Beaumont, in Oxfordshire; but they were all of rude construction, compared with the productions of more modern times. In the following century, when castles began to be constantly inhabited, and space was requisite to contain the feudal dependants on various occasions, the size of the hall was augmented, and defence partially gave way to comfort. Internal architecture and characteristic ornaments began now to be introduced, and at the upper end, where the high table was placed, the floor was elevated, forming a *haut pas*, or *dais*, a little above the general level of the floor. The internal arrangements of those halls were very similar in their general features. In all of them the family of the lord sat at the table on the dais, accompanied by his superior guests, while the two other tables (for three was the general number) were placed at right angles with the upper one, for inferior visitors and retainers; when so situated, they were stated to be banquet-wise. The lord's seat was distinguished by a framed canopy, lined with tapestry, while the walls were hung with the same material, or lined with panelled oak, to about a third of their height. Harrison states, that in his time, besides the guests at the principal tables, there were usually forty or sixty persons fed in the hall, "to the great relief of such poor suitors, and strangers also, who be oft partakers thereof, and otherwise like to dine hardly."

> "A mydde the halle flore
> A fere sterke and store,
> Was lyzt, and hrende bryzt."

In other words, the reredos, or fire-iron, was in the centre of the floor, against which faggots were piled and burned; the fender was formed by a raised rim of stone or tile. Where the hall had a chimney, we are informed that there was, in addition to "the dogs," or fire-irons, "a cradle for sea-coal, and a sholve, made like a grate, to sift the sea-coal with." Directly above, in the centre of the building, exactly over which was placed a turret, denominated a louvre,

for the egression of the smoke, and the roofs furnish good evidence of the taste and skill of the constructors. The strength of this part was augmented so as to prevent too great a thickness of the buttresses, while the supporters were framed of strong wood, giving an increased lightness of appearance. The timbers of the roof were frequently framed with pendants, richly carved, and, emblazoned with heraldic insignia, formed the most striking features of these chambers. "The top beam of the hall" was a symbolic manner of drinking the health of the master of the house—a very common toast, particularly in Wales.

In the vicinity of the dais, a bay-window was constructed, called an oriel, which was glazed, and frequently contained the arms of the family, and its alliances. Bay windows were never used in outer walls, except of very contracted dimensions. Each one consisted simply of a projecting window between two buttresses; whence its name, as occupying a bay of the building. It was invented about a century before the Tudor age, in which it usually consisted, on a plain of right angles, intersected by circles, as in the buildings at Windsor, by Henry VIII., and at Thornbury Castle. When placed at the end of the great hall, it extended from the floor to the ceiling, and was very simple and regular in its form. In a manuscript relating to an entertainment given by Henry VII., at Richmond, a passage, which refers to the use of the bay window, informs us, that "against his grace had supped, the hall was dressed and goodly to be seen, and a rich cupboard set thereup in a bay window of nine or ten stages and haunces of height, furnished and fulfilled with plate of gold, silver, and re-gilt." In modern times, this purpose is answered by sideboards,

The carved wainscotting, generally in oak panels, lined the lower part of the halls with greater unity of design and clearness of execution than had been previously displayed; and it now was adopted in parlours and presence-chambers with every variety of "cyphers, chimeras, and mottoes." Of these some curious specimens may be seen in the hall and chambers of the dilapidated mansion of the lords Delaware, at Halnare, in Sussex.

Till the time of the Tudors, the floor of the hall was strewed with rushes or straw. Chaucer, referring to this, says:

> "Whan the chamber a fire is, or an hall,
> Wel more nede is, it sodainly rescowe,
> Than to disputen and ask among us all
> How the candle in the straw is falle;"

and Fitz-Stephens, the historian and secretary of Thomas-à-Becket, mentions, among other particulars, that his apartments were every day in winter covered with clean straw or hay, and in summer with green rushes or boughs; lest the gentlemen who paid court to him, and who could not, by reason of their great number, find a place at table, should soil their fine clothes by sitting on the floor. We are also informed that John Baldwin held a manor in Aylesbury on condition of finding litter for the king's bed; namely, grass or herb in summer, and straw in winter, three times in the year, if the king should go to Aylesbury:

> "All herbes and flowres, fragrusnt, fayre, and swete,
> Were strawed in halles, and layd under theyr fete."

Dr. Bulleyne says, that "rushes that grow upon dry ground be good to strew in halls, chambers, and galleries, to walk upon, defending apparel, as trains of gowns and kertles, from the dust;" and Lemnius, a physician and divine of Zealand, who visited London, after remarking, with great admiration, the cleanliness of the English, says: "Their chambers and parlours, strawed over with sweet herbs, refreshed me; their nosegays, finely intermingled with sundry sorts of fragrant flowers in their bedchambers and private rooms, with comfortable smell, cheered one up, and entirely delighted all my senses." Carpets, however, were now substituted, and they were also laid upon the tables as cloths, adding greatly to the comfort and cleanliness of the apartment.

At Easter it was the custom to discontinue the hall fire. Easter-day was called "Godde's Sondaye." "Ye know well," it was said, "that it is the manner at this day to do the fyre out of the hall, and the black winter brondes, and all things that is foul with fume and smoke shall be done away; and there [where] the fire was shall be gaily arrayed with fair flowers, and strewed with green rushes all about."

As, however, peace spread its influence over the country, and the encouragement given to foreigners to settle here, increased, the arts flourished, the taste of the people was excited for the comforts of civilization, and the native population

were stimulated to compete with those of other lands. "To the wheels and gibbets of the Duke d'Alva," says Andrews, "England is indebted for the improvement of her manufactures: scared by his inhumanity, the Flemish artisans fled hither in shoals, and were received by Elizabeth with humanity and hospitality."

The gallery was an apartment appropriated to the reception of visitors, to amusements, and conversation. The walls were chiefly indebted for their embellishment to a number of royal and family portraits. Gray says, in reference to some of these, that there were—

> "In peaked hoods and mantles tarnished,
> Sour visages enough to scare ye;
> High dames of honour, once, that graced
> The drawing-room of fierce queen Mary."

These were painted on boards, in carved frames, of walnut or cherry-tree; to which were added, maps, and tables "of the owner's arms, and a genealogical tree." Where a long train of ancestors could be delineated, they were emblazoned on a large roll of vellum, suspended to a standing frame or hearse, placed in a conspicuous position. The seats consisted of a few cumbrous elbow-chairs, stools of sufficient strength to accommodate several persons, described as "conversation-stools," sometimes having ornamented ends and backs, and resembling the couches or sofas of the present day; and besides these there were smaller stools; large and small cushions; and window-pillows; framed tables, covered with Turkey carpets and cloths of embroidery; smaller tables of cypress and other curious woods; andirons on a raised hearth, with a fire-fork, tongs, and fire-pan, besides a few pieces of armour.*

Another spacious room, generally having a bay window, was situated in the immediate vicinity of the great hall, from which the quadrangle could be observed, where visitors were received both before and after dinner. The ladies adorned this apartment with their richest tapestry, and augmented its comfort by embroidered cushions. It was denominated the presence or privy-chamber.

F.

* Hunt's Tudor Architecture.

OLD HUMPHREY ON HOBBY-HORSES.

What darling pursuit, reader, are you following? What favourite hobby-horse are you riding? The mews, or menagerie of this wide world, is well supplied with all kinds of steeds ready saddled and bridled for those who choose to mount them. Most men ride a hobby at some period of their lives; as for myself, I have ridden many, and hardly has one among them been less than eighteen hands high. The whimsical caprices of mankind are numberless, and he who had time and inclination to select from them the most singular and striking, might present a paper to the public highly instructive and vastly entertaining.

The inclination to ride a hobby is confined to neither age, sex, nor situation. Young and old, men and women, princes and peasants, simpletons and sages, have all had their hobbies. The other day I noticed a child astride on his wooden horse, which he had ridden so desperately that it had remaining neither head nor tail. "Oh," thought I, "my little friend! you are not the only one, by a great many, that I have known, who has ridden off the head and tail of his hobby."

If every one who mounted a hobby was expert at horsemanship, we should not see such ridiculous spectacles as we now sometimes do; but the misfortune of it is, that in hobby-riding we are the last persons to suspect our want of address and ability; so that we may positively be the laughing-stock of those around us without imagining for a moment that we have had any hand in provoking their unaccountable mirth. Though he who has a black mark on his brow, or a white mark on his back, cannot see it, yet the rest of the world can, and though the hobby-rider may be blind, his neighbour will have the eye of a lynx on his peculiarities.

Some men ride musical hobbies very varied in their character; and hardly is a musical hobby-rider to be outdone, whether his forte lie in pouring forth in wild notes

> "The vile shrieking of the wry-necked fife,"

or in directing the diapason of the thundering organ. In my youthful days I knew a most inveterate violin-player, whose boast was, that he would not play second fiddle to any man in the world. He was a fine performer, certainly, and well he might be, for report said that in his intemperate and sinful fervour he sometimes played twelve hours a day on his violin for a week together, including the day of the Lord!

Hobby-riding painters are by no means

uncommon, though very many of them sadly over-rate their ability. So long as they confine themselves to talking about the Florentine, Roman, and Venetian schools, and are content with making the great master painters the subject of their conversation, they are secure; but when once they take the brush in hand the case is otherwise. Lamentable productions have I gazed on in my time—productions which have made it very evident that a great love of painting, and a very little ability to paint, may exist together.

But neither the musical nor painting hobby-rider ever equalled the vagaries and the caprioles of the poetical one. Many write verses in abundance, and with facility, who seem to have no particle of poetry in their hearts or souls. I have known men of talent, judgment, and discrimination, fond of rhyming, and fond of appearing in print, who were never able to discern their utter inability to write poetry. While I make this remark, a poem of a very imposing kind, highly dedicated, and beautifully printed, is lying beside me. Its very subject must have excited curiosity among those who were well qualified to discern its demerits at a glance; and yet so unhappy is the production, that its author, though no doubt elated with his performance, has real reason to hide his face with both his hands. Of all hobbies, let him who is unskilful avoid the Pegasus of poetry!

I remember passing the residence of a maiden lady of property, whose hobby was said to be that of keeping an extraordinary number of cats; these tabbies are regularly fed and furnished, petted and provided for, in the most costly and careful manner. Every arrangement was made as to bed and board for their comfort, and a regular course pursued of washing and combing, exercise and diversion, so that the health and happiness of this feline family appeared to be by far the most important object that occupied the lady's attention. It was even said that a cat-doctor was in occasional attendance; and I can the more readily believe the report, when I recall to mind the circumstance, that a lady, who once lived near me, in the excess of her sympathy for an invalided tabby, had a chicken boiled for her benefit.

I know one whose hobby is his aviary; and there he spends, perhaps, his happiest hours amid the twittering of small birds, the murmuring of doves, the cooing of fantail pigeons, the chattering of jays, the quacking of ducks, the gabbling of geese; and the talking, calling, hooting, screaming, and shrieking of parrots, paroquets, macaws, and cockatoos. Often have I playfully wished him joy of his hobby, telling him that when his favourites join in full chorus, the discord of a butcher sharpening his cleaver on a grinding-stone, is to me, in a musical point of view, greatly preferable.

Another whom I know rides a pyrotechnic hobby, and he is quite as hard a rider as he of the aviary. His delight is to be among fireworks and fire-arms. It seems to be quite necessary to his enjoyment that there should be something glittering, sparkling and flashing before his eyes, and something hissing, cracking, and roaring in his ears. Not only has he pleasure in seeing and hearing fireworks, but he is also an adept in making them, being quite at home among gunpowder, touch-paper, fusees, squibs, crackers, wildfire, Bengola-lights, golden rain, tourbillions, stars, katharine-wheels, rockets, and Roman candles. The wonder to me is that he has never been in the army, for in his case one might almost suppose that the danger of attacking or defending a beleaguered city would be counterbalanced by the beauty of a bombardment. What strange hobbies do men ride!

I have aforetime mentioned the hobby-horse of Michael Holmes, but as it falls in suitably with my present subject, once more shall it be referred to. Many men have many minds, and had not Michael's disposition been different to that of most men, he would never have chosen so extraordinary a hobby as he did—Michael's hobby-horse was a big drum. Now, as a man can hardly go a-hunting without treading on his neighbour's produce, neither can a man play much on the big drum without trespassing on his neighbour's peace. Early and late, morning, noon, and night, houses, chimneys, roofs, rafters, walls, and windows were ringing with the loud reverberations of Holmes' big drum. It was a visitation that tried the patience, soured the temper, and called up the bad passions, of all the inhabitants around. I hope that you fully comprehend the annoyance that such a course must occasion in a neighbourhood, and fully sympathize with those who had to endure it; because if you do, you will the more readily agree with me in the remark: we should endeavour always to keep in remembrance the fact, that there

really are other people in the world besides ourselves, and that we should also let our hobby-horses, be whatever they may, take care that they trespass not on the peace of our neighbours.

You have come in contact, no doubt, with autograph-hunters, some of whom ride their hobbies with such desperate energy that they will beg, borrow, or steal the autograph of any one remarkable for anything, without the slightest compunction. No name of celebrity for talent, oddity, wit, wisdom, whim, weakness, wilfulness, or wickedness, comes amiss to them; for they would prize as no common treasure, but rather highly estimate as a delightful *mélange* of precious gems, the signatures of Walter Scott, Grace Darling, and Buonaparte, Mungo Park and Mrs. Fry, king Charles and Oliver Cromwell, Daniel Lambert and the Living Skeleton, Alfred the Great and Tom Thumb the Little, Jack Sheppard the housebreaker and Howard the philanthropist, the man Levy who leaped from the Monument, and the "Boy Jones," who three times won his way into Buckingham Palace. But think not, because I thus humorously speak of the lovers of autographs, that I think evil of them, or censure them for riding their hobby. It is only after such as are reckless that I send a flying arrow of good-tempered satire.

I have a somewhat vain, broad-breasted young friend, whose hobby is a showy waistcoat, and with this hobby he goes prancing about in all directions. This is a weakness, but he is not without his good qualities. Time has been when I have regarded a new waistcoat of my own with no small degree of complacency; and if now in my age I am more sober in my attire than formerly, it would scarcely become me to be very hard on my young friends for doing what I have done so long before them.

The musical, painting, and poetic propensities; the tabby-loving, and aviary hobbies, with the pyrotechnic, autographic, and fine waistcoat inclinations, are but a very small part of the peculiarities existing among us. As I at first intimated, we are quick sighted to the oddities of others, but blind as beetles to our own.

Though I have thus rapidly glanced at a few of the many hobby-horses that are favourites with different people, there is not an ill-natured thought in my head, nor an ill-natured feeling in my heart, towards any hobby rider in the wide world, who acts kindly to the lowlier creatures, and who neither willingly dishonours God, nor wantonly trespasses on mankind. We must correct one another in love; shoot folly as it flies; reprove error and cruelty, and put a brand on the brow of vice; but in doing even these things, our own defects should ever be before our eyes. Let us, then, showing meekness and kindness to all, "consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works," Heb. x. 24.

THE TREMBLING AND PROCRASTINATION OF FELIX.

FELIX TREMBLED. The scene is striking:—you see the prisoner in bonds;—you behold Felix seated on the throne, in the presence of the advocate of Christ and his cause. He feels the hand of the preacher searching all the recesses of his soul;—guilt appears in all its enormity and aggravations;—neither the flattering speeches of Tertullus, nor the more fatal and seductive power of Drusilla, the Jewess, who is unmoved and unaffected amidst all that is passing, nor the pomp and dignity of his office, as the viceroy of imperial Cæsar, can shield Felix from the convictions and agitations of his own spirit;—like the lightning, its flash starts into his mind, and the thunder of vengeance follows, and is heard through all the recesses of his guilty soul, awakening the memory of a thousand crimes, that start from their slumbers, and like spectres stand before him, in fearful attitude and unrelenting accusation;—like Belshazzar, when he beheld the mysterious handwriting upon the wall, his countenance is changed, and his thoughts trouble him; and the joints of his loins are loosed, and his knees smite one against another—and Felix trembles!

But what was the amount and real character of the effect produced, as contrasted with what we might have hoped for from this seemingly compunctious visitation? He trembled—he was conscious of a momentary agitation; but the power of lust, the domination of intemperance, the train of evil and licentious habits, the presence of Drusilla—all had their influence in causing the tide of sensuality again to return, with all its violence, and with all its power on the spirit.

There were two principles that governed the heart of Felix—two demons raged within the heart of this unclean

man—lust and avarice, the love of sensual enjoyment, and the love of money; and the moment the voice of the preacher ceased to be heard, these tyrants of the soul resumed their sway. He could not deny, he could not resist, the reasonings of the apostle; but under the fearful power of evil principles and evil habits, how did he act?—he dismissed the troublesome reflections, and together with them the faithful monitor, and he said, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a CONVENIENT SEASON I will call for thee."

How evident, then, is the danger of procrastination. Felix trembled;—he felt the force of argument; he was conscious for a while of the impression of truth; but he delayed to make the just and proper improvement of these visitations, and of these feelings. Had he acted on rational principles—principles which conscience would have approved, which reason would have justified, which revelation had enjoined—he would have retired from the presence of the preacher to the solitude of the closet; he would have reflected upon the scenes of the past and the dangers of the future; he would have humbled himself under the mighty hand of God, and have fallen down in abasement of spirit at the footstool of mercy: like other criminals brought to penitence and reflection, he would have sought mercy; he would have been deeply concerned about his eternal state; he would have given no sleep to his eyes, nor slumber to his eyelids, till he had found mercy through the faith of Christ, and that Divine mediation which the preacher of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, had disclosed. But oh! the fatal opiate by which his mind was lulled into lethargy and self-destruction, was the thought that, at some future period, at some more convenient season, he would think of these things. He was not prepared to say, "They are not now worthy of my thoughts;" he was not prepared to say that there was any flaw in the reasonings, any illegitimacy in the conclusions, any error in the statement of principles—far from it. If he had felt this, he would have urged his scepticism, he would have stated his objections, for the purpose of relieving his conscience from its tormenting accusations. But no; he was well aware that no flimsy reasoning, no artful objection like this, would for a moment afford peace to his troubled spirit; and therefore the only resource would be, to defer to another period, and a more convenient season, the consideration of these alarming and appalling topics.

O my dear friends, are there not some whose consciences tell them they have acted in the very same way? You have often come to the house of God; you have often heard the preacher respecting the faith in Christ; you have often heard the reasonings respecting righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. There have been periods when impressions were made; there have been times when your hearts have seemed to be softened; when you felt that religion demanded your serious consideration; that whatever might be the importunity of the world, whatever the claims of the family, whatever the necessities of life, whatever the urgency of business, whatever the interests of the present world—there was a reality in the world to come that claimed your first regard; that your souls were immortal, that you were to stand before the tribunal of Omniscience, that your everlasting destiny was, of all other questions, the most momentous. And while you listened, you trembled; and you thought, perhaps, "Oh, now, now I will go to my Father—I will seek the favour of the Most High—I will be concerned respecting the salvation of my soul. I will not suffer these impressions, so salutary and so just, to be banished from my heart." But how have you acted? what has been the treatment you have given to the message of mercy, and the preacher of righteousness, and the voice of the Divine Spirit? You have said, when the world has again presented its impertinent attractions, when the cares and the blandishments of this life have again surrounded you, that at another time you will consider these things; that you have at present too many anxieties, too many cares, too much business;—"when I have realised that scheme, accomplished that purpose, secured this measure, seen perhaps this individual of my family settled;—after I have been able to command this or the other object;—when I have retired in peace, then I will read this neglected word, I will study the things that belong to my everlasting peace; I will endeavour a decent preparation for another world." In this way how many have been fascinated and deluded to their everlasting undoing! How often have you heard of

persons—the preacher has heard of many—who have trembled under the ordinances of religion, who have been the subjects of powerful impressions, who have avowed their convictions again and again—but who have stifled all the thoughts of which their minds were previously conscious, (and perhaps sometimes under alarming dispensations of Providence, as well as under impressive admonitions from the preacher of righteousness, they have had much misgiving and inward dread of the future,) and have eventually recovered from the temporary agitation: the world has become more despotic; the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, have become more rampant than ever; they have become more careless, and at last even sermon-proof: and they have thus gone on, till you have heard of some sudden visitation, some alarming attack of illness, which in a moment, without allowing time for thought, or preparation, or the possibility of repentance, has hurried them away from sermons and sabbaths, and ordinances, and neglected opportunities, to the bar of the Eternal—to give up their last account! O my friend, learn, as the great lesson I am anxious to impress on your mind, the danger of procrastination.

I know there are many things which will sometimes be pleaded, as accounting for procrastination; but I know none that will either justify or palliate it. Whatever may be the plea of necessity, whatever may be the engagements of business, whatever the claims of domestic life, whatever the trying urgency of duties supposed to be connected with your present relationships and engagements—none can justify procrastination in this solemnly important concern; and for this obvious reason, that there is no lawful interest—there is no allowed engagement—there is no true obligation devolving upon you in the present state of your being, which would not be inconceivably better provided for by supreme attention, in the first place, to the concerns of your soul. If attending to the concerns of the soul really interfered with the duties of life, with the engagements of the present world, so far as they are lawful and allowed; with the just demands which a man's relationships and connexions may have upon him—there might seem to be some plausibility or pretence for such delay. But there is none; for the fact is, that the man who is most earnest in his attention to the concerns of his soul—who is most assiduous and devoted in the promotion of the great objects of religion—who walks most humbly with God—who lives most closely in the habit of communion with the Eternal—who is nearest to the throne of the heavenly grace, in the exercises of faith, and in the acts of devotion—whose vision is most completely absorbed and filled with the realities of the life to come, and the obligations arising from eternity—is the man of all others the most useful, the most happy, the best prepared for domestic happiness, and for the discharge of social and domestic duty;—he is best fitted to act his part as a true citizen of time, while he is giving all diligence to make his calling and election sure.

O my friends, learn then the danger, and not only the danger, but the folly, the criminality of procrastination. It matters not what you may urge in defence of it, whether arising from negligence, or business, or any other, even though in themselves lawful engagements;—all such reasonings will be found utterly unavailing, in that day when conscience will make the faithful retrospection, amid the realities of the eternal world.—*Rev. Joseph Fletcher, D.D.*

SARAH MARTIN, THE PRISON-VISITOR.

No. I.

Jails were thought to be places by means of which men were to be intimidated from crime; but it was not seen, or the fact was disregarded, that such jails were mere academies of crime, and that, through their instrumentality, the law itself was the principal teacher of the science of law-breaking. Yarmouth was one of the last places in the kingdom to become convinced of this fact. The town, however, increased in size and importance. A spacious quay afforded accommodation for the numerous fleet which carried the produce of Yarmouth fisheries, and the manufactures of Norwich, to the remotest quarters of the globe. Noble mansions testified to the wealth of Yarmouth merchants; while no less than four hundred narrow lanes, locally termed "rows," by which the principal streets are intersected at right angles, demonstrated the existence of a dense population. The whole place looked prosperous, cheerful,

busy; and gay visitors flitted about, in search of health or pleasure, upon that very beach on which the men of the Cinque Ports had spread their nets. Still there stood that jail, with its long succession of corrupt and ever-corrupting inmates. Infinite changes and improvements had taken place around it, but within, the system of mismanagement remained almost untouched. Generation after generation passed along that narrow street, and looked with the outward eye upon that hideous abode of misery and guilt; but their feelings were so thoroughly engrossed by their own affairs, their merchandise or their farm, their pleasures or their griefs, that they remained mentally unconscious of the guilt which the continued existence of such a building and such a system was entailing upon society at large. And this continued down to the year 1819, and even much later. There was no schoolmaster, no chaplain, no attempt at occupation or reformation. "The doors were simply locked upon the prisoners . . . their time was given to gaming, swearing, playing, fighting, and bad language; and their visitors were admitted from without with little restriction."* There was no divine worship in the jail on Sundays, nor any respect paid to that holy day.† There were "underground cells," (these continued even down to 1836,) "quite dark, and deficient in proper ventilation. The prisoners describe their heat in summer as almost suffocating, but they prefer them for their warmth in winter; their situation is such as to defy inspection, and they are altogether unfit for the confinement of any human being."‡ The whole place was filthy, confined, unhealthy, and its occupants were "infested with vermin and skin disease."‖ Such a state of things could not continue for ever.

In August 1819, a woman was committed to the jail for a most unnatural crime. She was a mother who had "forgotten her sucking child." She had not "had compassion upon the son of her womb," but had cruelly beaten and ill-used it. The consideration of her offence was calculated to produce a great effect upon a female mind; and there was one person in the neighbourhood of Yarmouth who was most deeply moved by it. She was a poor dressmaker; a little woman of gentle, quiet manners, possessing no beauty of person, nor, as it seemed, any peculiar endowment of mind. She was then just eight-and-twenty years of age, and had, for thirteen years past, earned her livelihood by going out to the houses of various families in the town as a day-labourer in her business of dressmaking. Her residence was at Caister, a village three miles from Yarmouth, where she lived with an aged grandmother, and whence she walked to Yarmouth and back again in the prosecution of her daily toil. This poor girl had long mourned over the condition of the inmates of the jail. Even as long back as in 1810, "whilst frequently passing the jail," she says, "I felt a strong desire to obtain admission to the prisoners to read the Scriptures to them; for I thought much of their condition and of their sin before God; how they were shut out from society, whose rights they had violated, and how destitute they were of the scriptural instruction which alone could meet their unhappy circumstances." The case of the unnatural mother stimulated her to make the attempt, but "I did not," she says, "make known my purpose of seeking admission to the jail until the object was attained, even to my beloved grandmother; so sensitive was my fear lest any obstacle should thereby arise in my way, and the project seem a visionary one. God led me, and I consulted none but him." She ascertained the culprit's name, and went to the jail. She passed into the dark porch which overhung the entrance, fit emblem of the state of things within; and no doubt with bounding heart, and in a timid, modest form of application, uttered with that clear and gentle voice, the sweet tones of which are yet well remembered, solicited permission to see the cruel parent. There was some difficulty—there is always "a lion in the way" of doing good—and she was not at first permitted to enter. To a wavering mind, such a check would have appeared of evil omen; but Sarah Martin was too well assured of her own purposes and powers to hesitate. Upon a second application she was admitted.

There has been published an interesting account of Mrs. Fry's first entry into the female ward of Newgate. Locked up with viragos, amongst whom the turnkeys had warned her that her purse, her watch, and even her life would be in danger, she "addressed them with dignity, power, and gentleness," and soon awed them

* Life of Sarah Martin, page 27. † Ibid, page 12.
‡ Report of Inspector of Prisons, Northern District, 1836, page 67.
‖ Life of Sarah Martin, page 27.

into compliance with a code of regulations which there was a committee of ladies ready to aid her in carrying into execution. All this was very admirable, and, in its results, has been most beneficial. But Mrs. Fry was a woman of education, and had something of the dignified bearing of a person accustomed to move in the higher walks of life; she was also a practised speaker in the meetings of the religious community of which she was a member, and was supported by influential and well-tutored assistants. Sarah Martin's position was the reverse of this in every respect. "My father," she says, "was a village tradesman. I was born in June 1791; an only child, deprived of my parents at an early age, and brought up under the care of a widowed grandmother," a poor woman of the name of Bonnett, and by trade a glover, at Caister. Sarah Martin's education was merely such as could be obtained at a village school; all her real information was acquired by self-tuition in after life. At fourteen she passed a year in learning the business by which she was to earn her bread, and after that time, being a superior workwoman, was constantly employed. She had no other preparation for becoming a jail-visitor than could be acquired from teaching a class in a Sunday-school, or from occasionally reading the Scriptures in the sick-ward in the workhouse. Without in any degree undervaluing, but, on the contrary, highly applauding the labours of Mrs. Fry, we think there was something far more simple, and far more nearly heroical, in the conduct of her humbler sister. Of Mrs. Fry's adventitious advantages Sarah Martin had none; but she had drank deep into the spirit of that book, "which ever tells," she says, "of mercy," and in the strength of that spirit she proceeded, without confidant or companion, to convey comfort to those wretched outcasts.

The manner of her reception in the jail is told by herself with admirable simplicity. The unnatural mother stood before her. She "was surprised at the sight of a stranger." "When I told her," says Sarah Martin, "the motive of my visit, her guilt, her need of God's mercy, etc., she burst into tears, and thanked me!" Those tears and thanks shaped the whole course of Sarah Martin's subsequent life. If she had been rudely repelled, even her fortitude might have given way. But the messenger of mercy is ever welcome to those who feel their guilt; and the more guilty the more welcome, if the glad tidings be but kindly proclaimed. "I read to her," she adds, "the twenty-third chapter of St. Luke;" —the story of the malefactor, who, although suffering justly by man's judgment, found mercy from the Saviour.

Her reception at once proved the need of such a missionary, and her own personal fitness for the task; and her visit was repeated again and again, during such short intervals of leisure as she could spare from her daily labours. At first she contented herself with merely reading to the prisoners; but familiarity with their wants and with her own powers soon enlarged the sphere of her tuition, and she began to instruct them in reading and writing. This extension of her labour interfered with her ordinary occupations. It became necessary to sacrifice a portion of her time, and consequently of her means, to these new duties. She did not hesitate. "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in a week from dressmaking, . . . to serve the prisoners. This regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me."

Her next object was to secure the observance of Sunday, and, after long urging and recommendation, she prevailed upon the prisoners "to form a Sunday service, by one reading to the rest; . . . . but aware," she continues, "of the instability of a practice in itself good, without any corresponding principle of preservation, and thinking my presence might exert a beneficial tendency, I joined their Sunday-morning worship as a regular hearer."

After three years' perseverance in this "happy and quiet course," she made her next advance, which was to introduce employment, first for the women prisoners, and afterwards for the men. In 1823, "one gentleman," she says, "presented me with ten shillings, and another, in the same week, with a pound, for prison charity. It then occurred to me that it would be well to expend it in material for baby-clothes; and having borrowed patterns, cut out the articles, fixed payment for prices of making them, and ascertained the cost of a set, that they might be disposed of at a certain price, the plan was carried into effect. The prisoners also made shirts, coats, etc. . . By means of this plan, many young women who

were not able to sew, learned this art, and, in satisfactory instances, had a little money to take at the end of the term of imprisonment. . . The fund of 1*l.* 10*s.* for this purpose, as a foundation and perpetual stock, (for whilst desiring its preservation, I did not require its increase,) soon rose to seven guineas, and since its establishment above 408*l.* worth of various articles have been sold for charity."

The men were thus employed:—

"They made straw hats, and, at a later period, bone spoons and seals; others made men's and boys' caps, cut in eight quarters—the material, old cloth or moreen, or whatever my friends could find up to give me for them. In some instances, young men, and more frequently boys, have learned to sew grey cotton shirts, or even patch-work, with a view of shutting out idleness and making themselves useful. On one occasion, I showed to the prisoners an etching of the Chess-Player, by Retzsch, which two men, one a shoemaker and the other a bricklayer, desired much to copy; they were allowed to do so, and being furnished with pencil, pen, paper, etc., they succeeded remarkably well. The Chess-Player presented a pointed and striking lesson, which could well be applied to any kind of gaming, and was, on this account, suitable to my pupils, who had generally descended from the love of marbles and pitch-halfpenny in children, to cards, dice, etc., in men. The business of copying it had the advantage of requiring all thought and attention at the time. The attention of other prisoners was attracted to it, and for a year or two afterwards many continued to copy it."

After another interval she proceeded to the formation of a fund which she applied to the furnishing of work for prisoners upon their discharge; "affording me," she adds, "the advantage of observing their conduct at the same time."

She had thus, in the course of a few years—during which her mind had gradually expanded to the requirements of the subject before her—provided for all the most important objects of prison discipline; moral and intellectual tuition, occupation during imprisonment, and employment after discharge. Whilst great and good men, at a distance, unknown to her, were inquiring and disputing as to the way and the order in which these very results were to be attained—inquiries and disputes which have not yet come to an end—here was a poor woman who was actually herself personally accomplishing them all! It matters not whether all her measures were the very wisest that could have been imagined. She had to contend with many difficulties that are now unknown; prison discipline was then in its infancy; every thing she did was conceived in the best spirit; and, considering the time, and the means at her command, could scarcely have been improved.

The full extent to which she was personally engaged in carrying out these objects has yet to be explained. The Sunday service in the jail was adopted, as we have seen, upon her recommendation, and she joined the prisoners, as a fellow-worshipper, on Sunday-morning. Their evening service, which was to be read in her absence, was soon abandoned; but, finding that to be the case, she attended on that part of the day also, and the service was then resumed. "After several changes of readers, the office," she says, "devolved on me. That happy privilege thus graciously opened to me, and embraced from necessity, and in much fear, was acceptable to the prisoners, for God made it so; and also an unspeakable advantage and comfort to myself." These modest sentences convey but a very faint notion of the nature of these singular services. Fortunately, in a report of Captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons, we have a far more adequate account of the matter. It stands thus:

"Sunday, November 29, 1835.—Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled; a female, resident in the town, officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the liturgy of the Church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well—much better than I have frequently heard in our best-appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the profoundest attention, and the most marked respect, and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterwards to the female prisoners."—(*Second Report of Inspectors of Prisons*, 1836, *page 69.*)—*From the Edinburgh Review.*

ORIGIN OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

On the 12th of April, 1799, a meeting was held at the Castle and Falcon Inn, Aldersgate-street, says the Rev. Charles Simeon, in his Journal, for the purpose of instituting a society amongst the members of the Established Church for sending missionaries among the heathen. The Rev. J. Venn was in the chair, and detailed the objects of the meeting. Sixteen clergymen and nine laymen were all that composed that small assembly; but the blessing of God was manifestly with them in their "work of faith and labour of love." "The Society for Missions to Africa and the East," then formally established, grew and advanced like the grain of mustard seed; and in less than half a century it has carried the knowledge of "the unsearchable riches of Christ" to Western Africa and New Zealand; to India, North and South; to Ceylon and Bombay; to the West Indies; to the shores of the Mediterranean; to the Wild Indian in North West America; and, at length, has extended its holy efforts to the vast field opened to us among the countless multitudes of China. May the Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ rest abundantly upon all who are connected with this and kindred institutions; and may the language of their prayers ever be, "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us, that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations."

ENGLISH HISTORY.

The proceedings in England during the year 1798 do not present much to interest. The severe pressure of the war was increasingly felt by many, especially by all of limited and fixed incomes, whose expenditure, whether necessary or unnecessary, consumed what they received. The rapid advance of prices, occasioned by the large extension of the circulating medium, by the increase of paper money, the waste and other matters rising out of the state of warfare, added to the deficiency of crops for several bad seasons, pressed heavily upon them. Those in business either had to curtail their expenditure or to increase their profits, or else they sunk under the pressure; those of independent circumstances had to accommodate themselves to the times, but for the most part did so reluctantly, and the diminution of their establishments was felt by others. It was, however, a beneficial result, that this pressure tended much to repress some habits of luxury and excess. Drunkenness has certainly, from that period, abated in the middle and higher orders. The manufacturer and artizan obtained a nominal or real increase of wages, adjusting itself according to the demand for their labour. Not so the agricultural labourer. The price of wheat rose rapidly to more than double its usual rate, with other articles in proportion; so that the farmer grew rich, if he possessed a lease protecting him for a time against an advance of rent, and the landowner when he could receive an adequate rent; but the labourer did not obtain a corresponding advance, and although the drain upon the population for military service was considerable, there was still a sufficient number of labourers to meet the demand for work on the land.

In 1796, an unwise attempt to pass a law to regulate the wages of labourers in husbandry failed, but it was stated and allowed that the pressure upon the labourers was become almost too grievous to be endured. Pitt admitted that their condition was a cruel one, opposed to every principle of humanity or policy; he then threw out the idea, that relief should be given by the parish in cases where there was a number of children, erroneously arguing that thereby a large family would be a blessing, not a curse. These views were supported by his political opponents.

Wages, however, did advance, and must have advanced considerably more, but for an unhappy expedient, by which the humane and laudable provisions of the poor-laws, intended for the relief of the sick, the aged, and the helpless, were perverted to meet the present exigency; and a more unhappy expedient never was adopted under any circumstances of British history. The wages of the able-bodied labourer not being sufficient to purchase food at the advanced prices, he naturally applied to his employers for support. The farmers and their landlords were the dispensers of poor relief in the agricultural districts, and they thought it politic to give an addition to the wages as a weekly allowance from the poor rate, varying it according to the price of bread, and the number in each family. This was a gross error; it proceeded from selfishness, and

they thus obliged the renters of houses and possessors of property to pay a part of the wages of their labourers. The consequences were very injurious to all, especially to the receiver of the parish dole, who thus was made a pauper, and, instead of the feelings of honest independence being encouraged on the one hand, and his having a common interest with his employer on the other, he now felt it to be his interest to do as little, and get as much, as he could. Thus encouragement was given to idleness, deception, and vice; and the degraded pauper was further taught that he might extort a maintenance from his unwilling superiors, while he was no longer ready to give a fair return by honest and right-minded exertions. On the other hand, the pay being proportioned to the number, it acted as a strong inducement to the labourer to present as many claimants as possible, and to make his case appear as miserable as possible; thus he was no longer encouraged to foresight and self-denial. If such virtues still appeared in any one, he or she was laughed at for their folly, in sparing the parish purse. The rapid increase of the pecuniary burdens thus occasioned, caused the rate-payers to be equally ingenious and active in staving off demands; and one miserable fault in the law of settlement, making any one chargeable where they had last lived servant for a year, caused the farmers to engage no one, unless for a shorter period, and thus the kindly feelings and important relations of master and servant were broken. Much more might be said of the evils that resulted from the resolution passed at a meeting of Berkshire magistrates, which was speedily imitated through the south and midland districts of England. These evils went on increasing. The annual sum raised by the poor rates in 1801 was 4,017,871*l.*, in 1832 it had increased to 7,036,968*l.*

The result was, that in some parishes the land was actually thrown out of cultivation, the sum demanded for the poor-rate from all under cultivation being more than the rent, and thus no one would rent or till the soil, and many others were falling into the same state. In such cases the poor were ground down to the lowest pittance, and that amount was wrung from the adjacent parishes, so that the evil was rapidly increasing, when it was stayed by the new poor-law in 1834, returning to the principles of the reign of queen Elizabeth. Unhappily, the selfish feelings of men, especially in the agricultural districts, have hitherto interfered with the fair and right working out of the law, and its amelioration in such points as upon trial were found defective, and thus no fair estimate can be formed of the proper result. But it is ever to be remembered, that the fraud and evil consequences of the abuse of the law, introduced at the period now under consideration, was hurrying the land to destruction, and, with the cruel and oppressive enforcement of the game laws, has been the main cause of lowering the character and destroying the happiness of the English labourer, which, up to that period, had gradually improved from the time of the Reformation in the sixteenth century. Of the game laws much need not be said; they were, in principle, derived from the cruel and oppressive laws of the feudal times; they tended, on the one hand, to oppress the cultivator, and tempt the labourer to evil, while they made the proprietor a persecutor and oppressor, if a strict game preserver; and the only return for these mischiefs, was the momentary gratification of an evil passion in the heart of man, personally to torment and destroy the wild animals around him for pastime. Even the gratification of the appetite and luxurious indulgence, evil as that is, was not promoted by the game laws.

In noting the events of 1798, it must be stated, that Pitt disgracefully fought a duel with Tierney, whom he had provoked by some severe personalities during a debate in the House of Commons, the speaker having allowed the altercation to be stopped without requiring from the parties that it should not be renewed elsewhere. It was a sad spectacle to see the chief ruler of the land thus breaking the commands both of God and man, and choosing the Lord's-day for this wicked act. Wilberforce had the Christian firmness to call, though in vain, for public rebuke of this act of the prime minister, while even the highest ecclesiastics unfaithfully passed it by.

The principal measure of this year was the trebling the assessed taxes. Pitt saw the necessity of efforts to raise a larger proportion of the supplies within the year; but this measure failed; it caused many to reduce their establishments, while those wealthy persons who lived in frugal style were scarcely touched by it. Another measure to support the funds, was to allow the redemption of the land-tax,

according to the price of the three per cent. annuities of the day; but even to the present time this measure has been only partially effected.

The successes of the French in Italy have been already stated. The peace with Austria did not in the least repress the cupidity of the ruling party in France. Early in 1798 they took possession of Switzerland, overturning all the existing governments under the pretence of benefiting the people. This was followed immediately by occupying the country with troops, levying large contributions, revolting the minds of the people against their oppressors, and massacring the few mountaineers, who preferred their own democracy to that of France. This occupation of Switzerland was very bad policy. The country, when independent, was far more efficient as a protection to the French frontier; but the lust of power made the revolutionists eager to subject all the neighbouring nations, while the opportunity for plunder and exactions was eagerly embraced. In one small town, more than 400 of the inhabitants, including 100 women, were massacred. Numerous orphans were left to wander without friends. Many children were received and sheltered by Pestalozzi, who was thereby induced to carry out his improved plans of education. The oppressive conduct of the French in Rome caused a popular movement; it was trifling, but was designedly provoked, to give pretext for plunder and dethroning the pope. A tree of liberty was set up in the ancient forum, and a nominal republican government established. Pope Pius VI. was carried to Tuscany, where the old man died soon after, his death being accelerated by the harsh treatment he had undergone; while Rome was plundered like all other places that came under the French power.

The most important events of 1798 were connected with Buonaparte. On his return from Italy to Paris, he found public affairs in a very disordered state, all tending to the result which usually attends popular revolutions, namely, despotism. He determined, if possible, to be supreme, but saw that, as he expressed it, "The pear was not yet ripe." Knowing that nothing but some adventurous and successful efforts would keep up his reputation with the people of Paris, he first animated them to an invasion of England. This had long been threatened, and by this time large preparations were made, troops were collected on the sea-coast, and a number of flat-bottomed boats and other vessels prepared. He visited the coast from Boulogne to Antwerp—this occupied only a few days; but his able mind easily mastered the subject, and he came to the conclusion, that such an attempt would be too hazardous. A number of troops might be pushed across; but, if successful in landing, and even in some battles, they would not soon become masters of England, while the difficulties in supporting such an army, and in maintaining the communication, were insuperable. The days of Harold and William of Normandy were not returned. He therefore resolved to head an expedition to Egypt. This was the first measure of a deeply-laid plan against the British possessions in India. It would procure that *éclat* to his name which he desired to maintain, and thus beneficially occupy the time which must pass before matters would be ripe for his seizing the supreme power at home. The Directory also were well pleased with the project, which, while it fed the vanity of the nation, and increased its power, would remove Buonaparte from Paris, and employ the army of Italy. As to the justice, or rather the injustice, of thus invading Egypt, that was not allowed to enter into consideration.

Buonaparte exerted all the energies of his powerful mind in hastening the preparations for this expedition. He obtained a supply of above a million sterling of money, by plundering the public treasury of Berne. More than 30,000 of the best soldiers were assembled at and near Toulon; and on May 19th, the French armament sailed, the British squadron having been driven from its station. Malta was the first object; it was most strongly fortified, and still remained in possession of the knights of the half-military, half-religious order of St. John. That body, however, had degenerated, and had only a few mercenary soldiers in garrison; but even these were not employed to defend the place. Some months previously, Buonaparte had begun negotiations with the knights, several of whom were easily bribed, and others terrified; and on being summoned to surrender, the grand master at once consented. The French were allowed to enter the fortress, one of Buonaparte's companions telling him, as they passed the almost impregnable defences, that it was well they found the gates ready opened for them; for, if merely

fastened, though not defended, entrance would have been difficult. The first proceeding was to plunder the churches, and seize all the public property. Malta was garrisoned; and in ten days from its arrival, the French fleet sailed for Egypt.

Buonaparte now became anxious, for he knew there was a British squadron in the Mediterranean. Earl St. Vincent had sent a part of his fleet from Cadiz, under Nelson, and it had been joined by other ships from England—in the whole, thirteen ships of 74 guns, and one of 50. There were some frigates, but they had separated from the fleet in a storm, and had not rejoined. From the want of such vessels to look out, the English fleet actually passed the French fleet in the night of June 22nd; thus Buonaparte avoided an action which might probably have at once stopped his career. But he had a mission of chastisement to accomplish, as the rod of God's anger, and he was now spared to effect it. No certain intelligence of the destination of the French fleet had been received by Nelson; but supposing it was Egypt, he hastened thither. On arriving off Alexandria, he found that port in its usual state, and steered to the northward. Scarcely had he lost sight of the coast when the French fleet came in view from the west. Buonaparte heard of this narrow escape, and fearful of the return of his enemy, he hastened to land his troops the next morning. Alexandria was at once taken, and the inhabitants tasted of French mercies. Buonaparte then issued a proclamation, declaring that he came to rescue Egypt—that he was friendly to the sultan, and had especial regard for Mohammedanism and its lying book, the Koran.

In a few days the French army moved forward for Cairo. It was harassed by the Turkish force, but suffered more from the march over the sandy desert, which thoroughly disgusted the troops with Egypt. On approaching the pyramids, they were encountered by the Turkish force. The only formidable portion consisted of the Mamelukes, forming a body of 5000 well-armed cavalry. But the steadiness of European discipline, and the artillery with them, prevailed. The surviving Mamelukes fled to the interior, leaving Cairo open to the French, who entered it on July 23rd. Thus Egypt was among the nations which this rod of God's anger was sent to chastise, and such punishment was especially deserved for its sins. Buonaparte now took measures for inducing the Turks to forward his ulterior plans, especially by pretending a regard for the Mohammedan faith, even telling of the late dethronement of the pope as a proof of their disregard for Christianity.

A sudden blow stopped the visions of this enterprising commander. When he marched for the interior, it was found that the large ships of war could not enter the port of Alexandria. Not wishing to part with the fleet, he told admiral Brueys to remain on the coast, if he could find a safe position. The Bay of Aboukir seemed to afford this; there was space for the French ships of war to anchor in a line, so that they could not be easily assailed; and to the protection of sand-banks was added that of batteries at the extremities of their line. The admiral wrote to Buonaparte, that he considered his position secure from attack.

Nelson examined the north coast of Asia Minor, and then returned to Syracuse, where he hastily refitted, and sailed again to the eastward. In a few days he learned that the French had been seen some weeks before in the course for Egypt. He hastened thither, and on the morning of the 1st of August, coming in sight of Alexandria, he saw that the port was now crowded with shipping. As he neared the coast, the French fleet was seen at anchor in Aboukir Bay. It consisted of an equal number of ships of the line to the British; but four were much larger, and could not be approached without great risk to the assailants. The line was also supported by frigates, gunboats, and a battery. Nelson determined on an immediate attack, and his ships hastened forwards. The Culloden grounded upon a shoal, out of gun-shot; two others were also at a distance, having been at first sent towards Alexandria. The action began at seven in the evening, Nelson attacking the centre and western end of the French line, some of his ships passing in, and engaging them on the side next the shore. The French admiral was in the centre, in a ship of 120 guns, which at first disabled her assailants; but the English prevailed. Some of the French ships struck, the admiral's huge vessel caught fire, the flames could not be extinguished, and, about ten o'clock, she blew up. The explosion destroyed most of her crew, a few only being saved by the English boats, or received on board

the ships that assisted in destroying their mighty opponent. It was an awful moment;—the battle ceased for a short interval, but was soon resumed;—the French ships, one after another, struck their colours. In the morning, two of the line and two frigates only remained untaken; these made sail, and got off—only one of the English ships being in a state to follow after them.

It was, as Nelson said, not a victory, but a conquest. He gratefully acknowledged the Divine providence by a thanksgiving through the fleet, and began his official despatch in the same spirit, stating that Almighty God had blessed his majesty's arms. The admiral was wounded, one of his captains fell, and about 900 men were killed or wounded. Of the French, more than 5000 perished; 3000, including the wounded, were sent on shore, under an engagement not to serve till exchanged; but Buonaparte, with his usual disregard of engagements, compelled them to join the army. Nelson sailed, with his prizes, for Naples and Sicily, where he became the dupe of the flatteries and temptations of that luxurious and sinful court.

The particulars of this battle have been thus fully recorded, because of the important results. They were, indeed, of the utmost importance, both as establishing the naval fame of the British, and staying the onward career of the French towards the east, by shutting up the army, without the possibility of its receiving succours. Yet how incalculable are the evils of war, and the blessings of peace!

FUNCTIONS OF THE SKIN.

The scarf-skin is being constantly cast off in the form of minute powdery scales; but these, instead of falling away from the skin, are retained against the surface by the contact of clothing. Moreover, they become mingled with the unctuous and saline products of the skin, and the whole together concrete into a thin crust, which, by its adhesiveness, attracts particles of dust of all kind, soot and dust from the atmosphere, and particles of foreign matter from our dress. So that, in the course of a day, the whole body, the covered parts least and the uncovered most, becomes covered by a pellicle of impurities of every description. If this pellicle be allowed to remain, to become thick, and establish itself upon the skin, effects which I shall now proceed to detail will follow.

In the first place, the pores will be obstructed, and in consequence, transpiration impeded, and the influence of the skin, as a respiratory organ, entirely prevented. In the second place, the skin will be irritated both mechanically and chemically; it will be kept damp and cold from the attraction and detention of moisture by the saline particles, and, possibly, the matters once removed from the system may be again conveyed into it by absorption. And, thirdly, foreign matters in solution, such as poisonous gases, miasmata, and infectious vapours, will find upon the skin a medium favourable for the suspension and subsequent transmission into the body. These are the primary consequences of neglected ablution of the skin; let us now inquire what are the secondary or constitutional effects.

If the pores be obstructed and the transpiration checked, the constituents of the transpired fluids will necessarily be thrown upon the system; and as they are injurious, even poisonous, if retained, they must be removed by other organs than the skin. Those organs are, the lungs, the kidneys, the liver, and the bowels. But it will be apparent to every one, that if these organs, equally, or one more than another, which is generally the case, be called upon to perform their own office *plus* that of another, the equilibrium of health must be disturbed, the oppressed organ must suffer from exhaustion and fatigue, and must become the prey of disease. Thus, obviously and plainly, habits of uncleanliness become the cause of consumption, and other serious diseases of the vital organs. Again: if the pores be obstructed, respiration through the skin will be at an end, and, as a consequence, the blood, deprived of one source of its oxygen, one outlet for its carbon, the chemical changes of nutrition will be insufficient, and the animal temperature lowered. As a consequence of the second position, cutaneous eruptions and diseases will be engendered, the effects of cold manifested on the system, and the re-absorption of matters once separated from the body will be the exciting cause of other injurious disorders. The third position offers results even more serious than those which precede. If a pellicle of foreign substance be permitted to form on the skin, this will inevitably become the seat of

detention of miasmata and infectious vapours. They will rest here previously to being absorbed, and their absorption will engender the diseases of which they are the peculiar ferment.—*Erasmus Wilson.*

THE PROUD MADE LOWLY.

A FEW years since, a family in the middling station of society, were residing in one of the suburbs of our great metropolis; and the father, mother, sons, and daughters, lived together in a comfortable and pleasant home. Of this family it might be said that they were moral and respectable. No vice would have been allowed in the circle. Drunkenness or swearing, or wicked conduct of any description, would have been highly offensive to their cultivated and refined minds. It is true, that with all the observance of the moralities of life, neither parent went often to a place of worship on the Sunday. The father considered, that amid the cares of business, but one day of leisure was left to him; and he regarded the Sunday as a holiday, to be spent over his books or in his garden. On this day the young men of the family were all at home, and the household business was greater than on ordinary days, and the mistress of the house considered that her superintendence was more than usually necessary; or if the weather was fine, she could find time on that day to walk out a little; and if it rained, the rain prevented her going to church. Owing to one thing or another, the parents were seldom seen in the family pew, though the younger members of the circle usually attended the morning service. Not one of the party ever thought, that by slighting God's house, they were sinning against God, who enjoined that all should remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy, and directed us that we should "not forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is," Heb. x. 25. Both parents looked on their steady and orderly family, and rejoiced that they had brought them up so well, and that they were not idle or profligate, as were some who were known to them.

During the years in which this family were growing up, they were occasionally visited by a lady, who had, in early life, been an intimate friend of the mother. This lady was one who loved and served God, and she had just views of the guilt and danger of living without God in the world. She saw, with sorrow, that her friends were living for the world only, that they passed all their days without thinking of God, or the slightest desire to know and do his will. She spoke to the parents, as well as to the young people, on the duty of personal religion. By some of the family her remarks were received with cold indifference, and by others with positive contempt; while one young man in the circle was so averse to the subject of religion, that he almost forgot the courtesies of society, and the respect due to the sex of his friend, and turned away, with a sneer, from the gentle remonstrances she offered. But this lady estimated the value of the soul too highly to be deterred from speaking. "Ah," said an infidel to a Christian, who timidly forbore to speak any word of rebuke to sinners, "ah, you do not yourself believe in the doctrine of eternal punishment." "Indeed I do," was the reply. "Oh no," said the reasoner, "if you really heartily believed it, you would not, with your benevolent feelings, have any peace, until you had warned all whom you love of their danger of incurring it. You would long to snatch them from perdition." Who shall say that this infidel argued unjustly?

It is the subsequent history of the youth before alluded to which I am about to present to my readers. William was a young man of great talents; he had obtained a situation in an office under government, and adding to a knowledge of his employment both industry and punctuality, he made rapid progress in life, and early attained a high position for so young a man. Pride, which had ever been his ruling passion, now became so prominent in his character and manner, as to render him quite unamiable; and a selfishness, which had before been less remarkable, seemed to develope itself daily. A painful reverse had happened in the circumstances of his parents. His sisters could no longer appear as they had been used to do, elegantly dressed; and so hard-hearted was William, that now, when he met them in the streets, he would, if with his companions, pass them by unnoticed, ashamed to acknowledge, as members of his family, any whose appearance did not bear the indications of wealth.

Alas! there are many ways of walking the downward road! Truly has the

Scripture declared, "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it," Matt. vii. 13, 14. One walks on in the broad road of vice and gross wickedness; another loves his money better than his God; a third seeks for himself a name and a place among men; and another is a prey to sloth and self-indulgence. In all these ways pride will dwell in the unrenewed heart, but some are pre-eminently the ways of pride. Few who live in the observance of outward morality, ever consider that pride is of all sins the most hateful to God; and that they as much displease God when they cherish it, as if they disgraced themselves by drunkenness, or laid their hands on the property of their neighbour. We may recognise between crime and sin, the crime which violates the laws of man, is sin too in the eyes of God; but many sins which God detests, are approved by man; and so far from being reckoned as crime, are cultivated and indulged as if they were virtues, and lauded as proper spirit, or are passed over as little defects in character. But pride has been the cause of all sin past, and will be of all sin to come; it is, as the poet has described it, "The fountain head, the eldest son of evil." From it has flowed rebellion against God, and hate of man to man, and malice and revenge and every ill. And yet we hear of a "proper pride." If by this is meant an indignation against wrong or injustice, or that sense of propriety which preserves in a man the habits of respectability, oh, call it by some juster name than pride; for never yet did pride originate even the shadow of a virtue, and never can pride be fit for a mortal man, the creature of a day—the fallen, sinful being, who cannot find strength in himself to resist even the smallest temptation to sin, but needs to be hourly upheld by the God who made him. It is a lowliness of heart, of which God has said that it is of great price; and this is the aim of the true Christian, who often laments deeply, how slowly he attains this chief, this loveliest grace, while combating with the temptations of the world without, and a sinful heart within.

William, as he gradually advanced in his position, felt the desire stronger within him of being of some importance; and he at length assumed a style of living far beyond his present means and previous habits.

> "Whatever shape or form
> His actions took; whatever phrase he threw
> About his thoughts, or mantle o'er his life,
> To be the highest was the inward cause
> Of all; the purpose of his heart to be
> Set up, admired, obeyed:

and in the folly of his pride and extravagance, he wasted his good income, and became embarrassed by debts. He had married an amiable young woman, who, at this time, with scarcely any warning, was suddenly called into an eternal world. William had been lately deeply depressed by his pecuniary difficulties, and this sudden bereavement, occurring at a time when he seemed already overwhelmed by sorrow, preyed deeply on his health and spirits. He was left to solitude, and his mind turned inwards. He felt now that he had lived in the neglect of all religion, and became deeply conscious of his guilt. Had he opened the New Testament, he would have found many passages breathing such sentiments as the following: "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," 1 John ii. 1; and would have read that Christ came into the world to save the chief of sinners, 1 Tim. i. 15. But William saw only his guilt, and knew nothing of the blood which cleanses from all sin. He sat and thought of all these sad circumstances till his mind was tortured; and oh! what a capacity for anguish has the mind of mortal man! Reason at length gave way, and the various causes of his wretchedness became the subjects of the ravings of his delirium. An interval returned when the mind regained its powers, and he then eagerly entreated that they would send for the lady mentioned at the commencement of this narrative, the pious friend of his mother. "Send for her—oh! send for her!" he eagerly repeated; "if, indeed, she will see me;" for the remembrance of his own scornful treatment came now with a bitter regret. This friend arrived, and came to his bedside. "Ah! my dear friend," said the distressed invalid, "can you pardon me? How did I scoff at you, when you offered me the best of counsels! How did I then despise you; and now I cannot believe either that you or God will forgive me." His friend assured him of her perfect forgiveness of all that was past, and begged him to forget it. She told

him that Christ had died for our sins, that the debt had been paid for sinful man, and that God required no other sacrifice; that the Saviour was, in Scripture, described as "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," John i. 29. He heard her with earnestness and deep feeling, but persisted in saying, that he had so sinned against God that he could not be pardoned. In vain she read to him the certain promises of Scripture; he could not trust them. Yet the God who had, by his Holy Spirit, wakened this young man to a sense of guilt, did not forsake him till that Spirit, having first convinced of sin, came to his heart as the Great Comforter.

The friend who was now with William was unable to remain long with him. She left him still under considerable mental suffering; and, as those around him knew not how to offer any consolation, she requested a Christian friend, who was slightly acquainted with him, to go immediately and visit him. But his distress of mind had again produced delirium; and as the gentleman went up the stairs, he heard the voice of the invalid in loud and rapid tones. When his name was announced, it was immediately recognised by William. He looked down, however, and said, "Give me water—give me water." They offered him some water which stood by his bed; but he said, "No, not that water—pure water; oh! give me pure water." "Ah," said his friend, "you want the living water." He looked at the speaker with the deepest earnestness, and calmly said, "Yes, that is what I want." His friend then reminded him of the words of our blessed Saviour, when describing himself as the living water, he says, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst," John iv. 14. The poor young man gradually became perfectly calm and reasonable; he listened with earnest attention to all that was said, and uttered a fervent amen to the prayer which his friend offered, from his bed-side, to the God of all mercy, who "healeth all our diseases," both of body and mind.

Notwithstanding that William was evidently soothed by the religious consolation addressed to him by both the friends who visited him, yet, those who nursed him, thinking that religion was the cause of his distress, resolved to keep the subject from his thoughts as much as possible, and would not, in future, allow any friend to see him. It pleased God, however, to allay all mental malady, though a deep sense of his guilt in having lived so long without God, never left his mind, yet he was gradually enabled to accept the offers of mercy which the gospel contains; and soon it might be said of him, as of the young man in the gospel, he was found sitting at the feet of Jesus, and in his right mind. And now appeared the great and manifest change in his character—so great, that he seemed, indeed, like Saul of Tarsus, so that all wondered at it. He was, indeed, a new man, and his very countenance had an altered expression. From being actuated by the most marked selfishness, he seemed now filled with a spirit of benevolence; and even his friends, who were not disposed to admit the beneficial influence of religion on the character, were compelled to say, that he was indeed an altered man. The salary of his office had been continued to him during his illness, and now his first care was to pay his debts. He lessened all his expenses, and, retaining no more than was absolutely necessary for his maintenance in the most simple and humble manner, he, after having placed himself in the position to owe no man anything, distributed to others all that remained of his income. The proud look and the haughty word had passed away, and his mind seemed clothed with humility. No office which could serve others was too lowly for him to perform: the remainder of his short life was spent in doing good, and, with the simple faith of a little child, he received and loved the word of God. His heart seemed raised above the world, and he often wondered that Christians could spend so much time, and money, and thought on the things of this life, and live so little on the unseen things of faith. He was surprised that all who were blessed with the gift of God's grace, did not say, with the apostle, "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content," 1 Tim. vi. 8. But William was destined to an early death, and his mind seemed rapidly matured and fitted for the glory which should succeed it.

It was about a year and a half after this change of character took place, that William died. He never entirely recovered from his former illness; and the last three months of his life were watched by his friends, with sorrow for themselves, but with sure hope for him. He had gone to reside with a family whose

affection he engaged by the sweetness of his disposition, and his holy principles of action; and they carefully and tenderly nursed him in his illness. On the last night of his life he awoke from a short sleep, and said to one who was sitting by him, "Where's your mother?" This lady was called; she softly approached his bed-side, and, lifting towards her his dying eyes, William faintly said, "Jesus is waiting for me!"—and expired.

A. P.

THE BLIND AND THE DEAF.

An erroneous opinion prevails that blindness is a greater affliction than deafness. This would unquestionably be true, if privation of sight precluded the acquisition of language, which it does not; nor, as ample experience shows, does it oppose any very serious obstacle to the full development of the mental powers. We are all familiar with many well-authenticated instances of blind persons having attained to a distinguished position both in literature and science. The celebrated Saunderson, who filled the chair of Newton in the University of Cambridge, lost his very eye-balls by the small-pox when only twelve months old; yet, before he was thirty, we find him giving public lectures on optics, explaining clearly the theory of vision, and discoursing admirably on the phenomena of light and colours—thus furnishing, by his own extensive acquirements, a convincing proof of the extraordinary powers of language, and of the full efficiency of the ear as an avenue to the mind. The darkness of the blind, as such instances as this sufficiently show, is but a physical darkness; they still possess a ready channel through which the brightest beams of intellectual light may be freely poured; but the darkness of the deaf-mute is a mental and a moral darkness; and though he can gaze abroad upon creation, yet it is little more than mere animal gratification that he feels; he looks not "through nature up to nature's God," nor does he participate in that high communion which, through the sublimity of her visible language, she holds with the soul of an enlightened being.

The reason why the blind usually receive from us a deeper sympathy than the deaf, is, perhaps, because the amount of privation borne by the former can be more accurately estimated. We have only to close our eyes, to shut out for a while the glorious light of heaven, in order to conceive how great that privation must be. But we can never, for a moment, occupy the place of the uneducated deaf and dumb; we cannot shut out our moral and intellectual light; we cannot dispossess our minds of all that language has conveyed there, nor realize, by any effort of imagination, the melancholy condition of a being grown up in the midst of society, yet deprived of all power of social intercourse, whose mind has never been elevated by a single act of devotion, nor soothed and comforted by a single impulse of religious feeling. Man naturally "looketh on the outward appearance;" and when we see the bright eye, and the contented and even joyous aspect of the deaf-mute, we forget that we may witness all this in "the brutes that perish."

It may probably be thought by some, that in thus depicting the mental and moral condition of the deaf and dumb, we are drawing upon imagination, and magnifying their affliction, and that we altogether overlook the value of signs, the peculiar language of the deaf-mute, as a medium of communication. But it is not so. Of the importance of signs we are fully sensible, and readily admit their immense advantage, in the absence of a more perfect channel, in imparting to the deaf a knowledge of written language; yet, as used by the uneducated deaf and dumb, gesticulations, as every teacher knows, is of extremely limited scope, barely sufficing to make known his mere physical wants and animal emotions, and to describe, though with much vagueness and ambiguity, events, or rather actions, which may have passed before his own eyes, or in which he may himself have engaged.

Now, it is important to bear in mind that all this melancholy amount of privation arises, not from want of hearing, but from the want of ordinary language—a want which no system of mere gesticulations can ever supply; and therefore that, in estimating the condition of the deaf, we must not overlook the fact, that those who come under this designation divide themselves into two distinct classes, separated from one another by a wide and essential difference—a difference which may, indeed, be narrowed by artificial aid and human contrivance, but which, in ordinary circumstances, can never be wholly obliterated.—*North British Review.*

NEW MODE OF WRITING AND PRINTING.

THOUGH numerous and most important improvements have taken place in almost every department of literature and science, one main feature appears to have been altogether overlooked. The most casual observer cannot fail to have noticed the incorrectness and deficiency of our present orthographic system. Every child, as it rises into life, finds a difficulty in it, and every foreigner who has paid any attention to the language of this country can tell of the inconsistencies he encountered, and it will appear to all who examine the question that the words of the German student were literally correct, that the rules for writing English are all exceptions.

Professor Rapp says: "Although the French is become the common language, in a diplomatic and social sense, it has never acquired a firm footing in extensive regions beyond Europe. The English, on the other hand, may pass for the universal language out of Europe, and, by its bold fusion, and consequent decomposition of the forms of its Gothic and Roman elements, this idiom has acquired an incomparable fluency, and appears especially destined by nature, more than any one of the living, to undertake that part." This is high praise to the English tongue, coming, as it does, from a foreigner, to whom scarcely any written language, either living or dead, is unknown. But," he adds, "were not the impediment of an antiquated, absurd orthography in the way, the universality would be still more apparent, and it may, perhaps, be said to be fortunate for us other Europeans that the Englishman has not yet made the discovery."

But it is not necessary to proceed far for illustrations, it will be sufficient if the reader calls to mind the period in which he learned to read and to spell. How many days, weeks, and even months of continued labour did these accomplishments cost, how wearisome and monotonous was the employment to himself, and equally tedious and unsatisfactory must it have been to his teacher. Were it not, indeed, for the prodigious advantages afforded by the power of reading when obtained, few would have sufficient courage to commence the task, and fewer still to carry it on till it was consummated. If, however, we wish to see its difficulty to a man in the prime of bodily and intellectual vigour, we need only refer him to the foreigner in his study of the language, for he then possesses every advantage which can be enjoyed. He is thwarted at every step; he is supplied with a rule at one moment, and as soon as he attempts to see its application, he finds it is incorrect. He discovers, at one period, that words which are written in a similar manner are accented differently, as, — pre'sent, present'; re'fuse, refuse'; a'bsent, absent'; com'pound, compound'; wind, and wind; wound, (an injury,) and wound, (part of the verb *to wind.*) Then, on the other hand, he finds words spelt differently and pronounced in the same manner, as: no, know; threw, through; right, rite, wright, write; mete, meat, meet; bear, bare; signet, cygnet; hock, hough; sew, so, sow; e'er, heir, ere, air, and eyre. The dictionaries will furnish numberless other examples; in some cases the words being derived from the same origin, others barely traceable to obscure analogies, and others apparently derived from different roots. These are difficulties which we encountered, though they may *now* be forgotten, and yet it was only after years of practice that we obtained the proficiency we enjoy. Still the labour was only proportioned to the task, for when it is recollected that out of the fifty thousand words of the language, only about fifty, or one in a thousand, are written as they are pronounced, the magnitude of the work is apparent. But can we safely say, after all our advantages, that we are always perfectly correct? If a trial were made of our capacity, perhaps it would not be as great as we imagine it to be. Let a scientific work be examined, containing many new words, derived from different sources, and when they are Englished after the present fashion, their originators would hardly recognise them. But thus it is with many words in common life. What mere landsman guesses that boatswain is pronounced "bosun," coxswain, "cocsun," studding-sail, "stunsel." These may be considered as extreme cases, but this is only because our particular avocations have not led us to their use, or to hearing them uttered. But it must be remembered, the foreigner and the child are in the same predicament with respect to *all* the words in the English language. The following fact will show the actual difficulty. A child at Ipswich came, in the course of reading, to the word *cause*, and not being able to pronounce it, he commenced spelling it, thinking, no doubt,

like many others, that the spelling would lead him to the sound, and on pronouncing the letters c, a, u, s, e, immediately said, "*Say you see!*" which was in accordance with the spelling. On being told that the *au* should be sounded *awe*, he said, "Then it must be *saucy*." His mother smiled, and said, "No, my dear, it is not called *saucy*,—the first *c* should be pronounced like *k*," on which he called it *kausee*. Still wrong and bewildered, his instructor was then obliged to tell him that the letter *s* should be pronounced like *z*, on which he immediately said, "It must be *kauzy*." The mother then was obliged to tell him the whole truth, namely, that the first letter *c* should be sounded like *k*, the letters *au* like *awe*, the letter *s* like *z*, and the letter *e* not at all, and that the letters c, a, u, s, e, which really gave the sound *say you see*, was pronounced *cause*. Here are difficulties for a child to overcome! The spelling, in fact, is no guide to the sound, nor the sound to the spelling. Let but any one read a few lines, and pronounce every letter as it is placed, and he will recognise but little resemblance to his mother tongue. Mr. J. Pitman mentioned at a lecture, that during four years he had had opportunities of examining the spelling of several hundreds of names of persons, and had only found three whose spelling agreed with the sound,—these were Mr. Bolt, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Peto. When the word *h, o, w*, has an *s* prefixed to it, the pronunciation is altered to *show*, and a foreigner, when learning the language, would naturally expect that it would retain the same sound of *sho*, wherever it occurred, but he finds that if the letters *er* are added, it undergoes another change, adds another burden to his memory, thus—*shower*. On being told that *d, e, a, r*, is pronounced dear, he would naturally think that *b, e, a, r* should be pronounced similarly, *beer*. *Pig* is spelt *p, i, g*,—add the letters *e, o, n*, and the letter *g* is changed, as, *pigeon*. *T, o, m* is Tom—by adding the letter *b*, thus, tomb, the sound of the *o* is changed, and the added letter is silent.

Suppose a student of the language, unacquainted with the customary mode of spelling, wished to spell the word *softly*. He would perhaps say, "There are six sounds in this word,—*s, awe, f, t, l, e*. From the word *psalm* I shall take *ps*, as the representative of the sound *s*; I shall indicate the second sound *awe* by *ough*, because I find this combination used for the same purpose in the word *sought*. The third sound *f* I shall express by *ph*, because I find this combination used for the sound in *phonography*. To represent the sound *t*, I shall take the letters *th*, because in the word *Thomas* the same sound is thus expressed. The fifth sound *l*, I shall express by this letter; and the last sound *e* by *eigh*, because I find these letters used to express the same sounds in the words *Leigh*, *Hadleigh*." Putting these letters together, we have *Psoughphthleigh* to represent the word *softly*. This is scarcely worse than writing the pronunciation we give in the words cough, through, and phthisic. We usually suppose that the twenty-six letters of the alphabet are sufficient to represent the true number of simple sounds in our language. But when they are examined, it is found that out of this small number three are useless. *Q* is represented by *ku*, so that it is, in fact, a compound sound, instead of having a simple primitive signification; *x* is fully represented by the letters *k* and *s*, and the two powers of *c* are found in *s* or *k*, for which of the two it may stand. When *c* is pronounced as a letter, it has a sharper sound than the *s*; but when compounded with other letters, as it always is, the distinction is imperceptible. The twenty-three letters that remain are altogether unable to perform the work required, as will be apparent on consideration, for the different forms used to distinguish them are almost innumerable. The letter *a*, instead of being uniform in its meaning, is differently pronounced in the following words: many, paring, want, father, fat, fall, dollar; besides which the *a* is expressed by different letters, as—a*h*, ps*a*lm, *au*nt, cl*e*rk, h*ea*rt, and g*ua*rd. *Z* has nine different representations, as is apparent in the words sacrifice, sacrificing, a*s*, ea*se*, sci*ss*ors, *X*enophon, *z*eal, and freeze. Nor are these letters more abused than the generality of the others, for we find that *e* is found in fifteen different forms, *u* in twenty, *o* in seventeen, *i* in sixteen, and *t* in twelve. The total number of forms in which the sounds indicated by the letters of the alphabet are expressed by using different compounds, is 379!*

If the word "*scissors*" be taken, or, as it is sounded, "*sixurz*," the methods of spelling will be found to be almost innumerable. *S* may be expressed in nine different ways, *i* in eighteen, *z* in nine, *u*

* For copious illustrations of this, see, "A Plea for Phonotypy," by Mr. A. J. Ellis.

in nineteen, *r* in seven! Some of these combinations are amusingly extravagant; for if that word were spelt *schiesourrhce*, it may be replied that it is justifiable, the different parts being found in the words *sch*ism, *sie*ve, *as*, hon*our*, my*rrh*, sacrifice. Truly, if there is system in our orthography, it is a system of blunders.

If, however, we are satisfied that the present plan of orthography is thus defective, and are convinced that change is necessary, the question arises, In what manner can it be accomplished? It may be answered, that a system termed Phonotypy has been prepared, through the persevering efforts of Mr. Isaac Pitman, of Bath, assisted by the "The Phonotypic Council." The principle acted on is, that the primary object of spelling is, to give the sounds of words as they are uttered. It is, therefore, necessary, that every primary sound should have a representing character, which shall be inseparable from it, and that it should be used in no modified form. It has been found that forty characters will perform this office, so that while superfluous letters are omitted, every simple sound has its representative. Thus the sounds *ch*, *sh*, *gh*, *zh*, *th*, *ng*, and among the vowel sounds, *au*, *oo*, and *ah* ought to have single forms, as they are simple, primary sounds. By this arrangement there is certainty instead of vagueness, and a plain, straight road instead of a devious and rugged passage. So great are the advantages afforded by this plan, that children of six years of age can learn to read in a week, thus reducing the arts of reading and writing to a subsidiary position; so that they may be regarded as containing no learning in themselves, and as being the commencement, and not the end of education, as it is with so many.

A short time ago, it was stated in the public papers, that an interesting attempt to teach a class of unlettered adults to read by means of the new system of phonotypy was made by Mr. Benn Pitman, in connexion with the City of Westminster Temperance Society. The class consisted of about forty, thirty of whom were unable to read. After receiving fifteen hours' instruction, those members of the class who, previously to its commencement, could not read at all, read simple language with tolerable fluency. At the eighteenth lesson, an examination took place, when the members of the class went through the elementary sounds and articulations of language, forming the phonetic alphabet, with remarkable precision.

According to the same plan, those who can read on the ordinary system will be able to learn the phonetic style in a few minutes. Nor are these the only advantages; the spelling of words will be as easy and as certain as the reading of them; no doubt will be experienced as to the proper accentuation of any word, while foreigners will be able to read as correctly, though not with as much facility, as ourselves, which will render the English language, one of the simplest in its grammatical structure, accessible to the world.

Such are some of the benefits arising from the introduction of the Phonetic system, and it will be well next to notice the objections which naturally arise in the mind to its adoption. It may, perhaps, be truly said, for example, that the literature now in use would be rendered useless. But when we consider the magnitude of the advantages to be gained, the years of time and labour that are saved, and the expense that is avoided, this objection cannot be successfully urged, especially when it is remembered that it is ordinarily estimated that the whole literature of the present day will soon have passed into a new edition; and such is the progress of the nation, that a book of ten years standing on many subjects, is regarded as one of doubtful authority. Only let readers be obtained, and the interest of publishers will induce them to furnish a sufficiency of books. Publications in phonotypy are already abroad in considerable numbers, and a large part of the New Testament has been printed in the Phonetic characters on the same plan, while the sale of the periodicals testifies that there are both purchasers and readers.

If the inconsistencies of the present orthography are as glaring, and the advantages of the proposed system are as great as have been represented, the cause of phonotypy is worth helping. It is calculated, indeed, greatly to influence the education of the million of children who, in Great Britain and the United States, annually appear on the stage of life, and for whom knowledge must be provided. Shall these be furnished with the rudiments of education by a wandering and tedious path—shall they grapple with false and contradictory notions, or rapidly proceed over a plain and consistent course? There are tens of thou-

sands, who, if the present system is persevered in, will never learn to read; while if the facilities now descanted on are afforded, they will delight to avail themselves of them. Only let the phonetic schoolmaster proceed to enlighten their minds, and it will not be the fault of the *system*, if there is a man or woman in the country who cannot read. The causes of civilization and of religion, demand that this subject should have a fair and candid examination by all, and the result must be beneficial. With ourselves it lies, to give to all some of that treasure of knowledge which we enjoy, and which, while it blesses them, will but augment our own possessions. W.

THE GOSPEL.

Christ, in publishing the gospel to mankind, appears invested with supreme amiableness and beauty. No attribute which forms, no action which becomes, the perfect character, is wanting in him. With all things in his hands, with all excellence and enjoyment in his mind, he pitied us, miserable worms of the dust; descended from heaven, became man, lived, and died, and rose again, that we might live for ever. With his own voice he proclaimed the very things which he has done and suffered, and the infinite blessings which in this manner he has purchased for mankind. There is now, he cries, "glory to God in the highest," while there is "peace on earth, and good-will towards men." In this ruined world, so long enveloped in darkness, so long deformed by sin, so long wasted by misery, where guilt, and sorrow, and suffering have spread distress without control, and mourning without hope; where war and oppression have ravaged without, and remorse and despair consumed within; where Satan has "exalted his throne above the stars of God," while its sottish millions have bent before him in religious worship; in this ruined world, where, since the apostasy, real good was never found, and where tidings of such good were never proclaimed; even here, I announce the tidings of expiated sin, a pardoning God, a renewing Spirit, an opening heaven, and a dawning immortality. Here peace anew shall lift her olive branch over mankind. Here salvation from sin and woe shall anew be found; and here God shall dwell and reign, the God of Zion. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest." "Incline your ear, and hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David." "The Spirit of Jehovah is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and a bride adorneth herself with jewels."

Every messenger of good news is, of course, desirable and lovely in the eyes of those who are deeply interested; and a part of that lustre, belonging to the tidings themselves, is, by a natural association, diffused around him by whom they are borne; especially because he is regarded as voluntarily announcing good to us, and as rejoicing in our joy. How glorious, how lovely, then, does Christ appear, when coming with all the inherent splendour and beauty of his character, and the transcendent dignity of his station, to proclaim to us tidings infinitely desirable, of good infinitely necessary and infinitely great! Men to him were wholly unnecessary. Had all their millions been blotted out of the kingdom of God, they would not even have left a blank in the creation. With a word he could have formed, of the stones of the street, other millions, wiser, better, and happier; more dutiful, and more desirable. How divinely amiable does he appear, when the tidings which he brings are tidings of his own arduous labours on our behalf, and of his own unexampled sufferings; labours and sufferings, without which good tidings could never have reached us, and real good never been found in this miserable world! How divinely amiable does he appear, when, notwithstanding the apostasy and guilt of the race of Adam, he came, of his own accord, to publish these tidings of immortal good to rebels and enemies; and, while proclaiming them, "rejoiced in the habitable parts of the earth," and found "his delights with the sons of men."

What, then, must be the guilt, what

the debasement, of those who are regardless of the glorious declarations, hostile to the benevolent designs, and insensible to the perfect character of this Divine herald! How blind, and deaf, and stupid must they be to all that is beautiful, engaging, and lovely! How grovelling must be their moral taste! How wonderful their neglect of their own well-being! How evidently is their ingratitude "as the sin of witchcraft, and their stubbornness as iniquity and idolatry!" Were these tidings to be proclaimed in hell itself, one can scarcely fail to imagine, that all the malice, impiety, and blasphemy in that dreary world would be suspended, that fiends would cease to conflict with fiends, that sorrow would dry the stream of never-ending tears, that remorse would reverse and blunt his stings, that despair would lift up his pale front with a commencing smile, that the prisoners of wrath (then "prisoners of hope") would shake their chains with transport, and that all the gloomy caverns would echo to the sounds of gratitude and joy. In our own world, once equally hopeless, these tidings are actually proclaimed. What must be the spirit of those who refuse to hear!

But, oh, ye followers of the Divine and compassionate Saviour, infinitely different is the wisdom displayed by you! When this Divine Messenger proclaims to you peace and salvation; when he informs you that he has died, that you may live; when he demands of you cordially to embrace his atonement, and accept his intercession; you cheerfully hear, believe, and obey. Conscious of your own guilty character and ruined condition, you have yielded yourself to him with all the heart, in the humble, amiable, and penitent exercise of faith and love, and finally chosen him as your own Saviour. On your minds his image is instamped; in your life his beauty shines with real, though feeble, radiance; in your character his loveliness is begun; in your souls his immortality is formed. On you his Father smiles, a forgiving God. On you his Spirit descends, with his sanctifying and dove-like influence. To you his word unfolds all his promises, his daily favour, his everlasting love. To you hell is barred, and all its seducing and destroying inhabitants confined in chains. Heaven for you has already opened its "everlasting doors;" and "the King of glory" has "entered in," to "prepare a place for you." The joy of that happy world has been already renewed over your repentance. The Spirit of truth conducts you daily onward in your journey through life, and in your way towards your final home. Death, your last enemy, is to you deprived of its strength and sting, and the grave despoiled of its victory. Your bodies will soon be "sown" in the "corruption, weakness, and dishonour," of your present perishable nature, to be "raised" in the "incorruption, power, and glory" of immortality. Your souls, cleansed from every sin, and stain, and weakness, this Divine Messenger will present before the throne of his Father, "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing," to be acquitted, approved, and blessed. In the world of light, and peace, and joy, enlarged with knowledge, and refined with evangelical virtue, he will unite you to "the general assembly of the first-born," and "to the innumerable company of angels;" will make you "sons, and priests, and kings to God," and cause you to "live and reign with him for ever and ever." "All things" will then be "yours;" you will be "Christ's, and Christ" will be "God's." Anticipate, and by anticipation enjoy to the full, this divine assemblage of blessings; they are your birthright. But, while you enjoy them, deeply pity and fervently pray for your foolish, guilty, and miserable companions.—*Dwight.*

VISITS.

How much good may be done by visits! It would be well to make a rule that they should be useful, even if they were made only for politeness or pleasure: it is easy to take the occasion of dropping a word or two which may tend to edification. This rule may be observed in the visits we receive, as well as those we make. Peter Martyr, having passed many days in the house of Bucer, declared that, during the whole time, he had not risen from the table without having learned something.

EXCELLENCE.

Excellence is providentially placed beyond the reach of indolence, that success may be the reward of industry, and that idleness may be punished with obscurity and disgrace.—*Cowper.*

The Four Courts, Dublin.

DUBLIN AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Every visitor to the "Emerald Isle" is struck with the admirable taste evinced by the founders of its capital, in selecting the spot on which it stands as the site of a great city. Of the three metropolises of the United Kingdom, Dublin unquestionably bears the palm for beauty of situation, and for the judicious grouping of its chief objects of interest. With a noble background of mountains, which may be seen from some of the streets of the city; with the Liffey running direct through the heart of it, dividing the finest promenades of the place; the quays, on which are found some of the noblest public buildings; while over the river are thrown a succession of elegant and ornamental bridges, five of them of stone; with its beautiful environs of varied scenery, so retired and rural, that it is difficult to conceive of being within a few minutes' walk of bustling and noisy streets; and to crown all, with the waves of the Irish sea rolling almost up to the quays, girt in on the north by the huge Hill of Howth, and curving beautifully towards the south, as far as Dalkey Island, itself overshadowed by the cliffs overhanging Killiney Bay—Dublin fearlessly challenges comparison with any of our great cities, both for its natural and artificial attractions.

Its principal streets are Sackville-street, one of the finest in Europe for width, with the Nelson column standing in the midst of it, not far from the Post-office, and terminating with the Lying-in Hospital and the Rotunda. This latter edifice is appropriated to public meetings and exhibitions; and here, until the Repeal movement lately led them to Conciliation Hall, the Irish orators made some of their most eloquent displays. At a short distance from this building are the Linen Hall, King's Inns, the House of Industry, and the

hospitals attached to it; the Richmond Bridewell and Penitentiary, and other reformatory places. College-green is dignified by the most splendid edifice in Dublin, the Bank of Ireland; which was originally erected for the meeting of the Irish parliament, previous to the Union. It is well worthy the minute inspection of every one who makes any pretension to architectural taste, and cannot fail to excite the greatest admiration, by its beauty and elegance.

Opposite to the bank is Trinity College, the seat of the only university of which Ireland can boast. On the right and left of the quadrangle, as soon as the entrance gate is passed, are the Examination Hall and the chapel; and beyond them, on the southern side, is the magnificent library belonging to the college, containing 150,000 volumes. I spent a delightful morning in strolling through this building, in company with a learned friend, a minister in Dublin; and especially in looking at some of its rare manuscripts. The principal one, however, that known to scholars as the "Codex Montfortianus," which has acquired a great deal of celebrity, because it is considered to be the only manuscript containing the long-contested passage in 1 John v. 7, 8, was not in the case at the time of my visit. The fellows of this college have a privilege, which is not granted to either of the English universities, that of retaining their fellowships after marriage. This has been awarded to them by the permission of our present queen, who has also conferred upon this institution sundry other advantages.

Opposite to this collegiate pile is Dame-street, along which the visitor passes to the castle, a heavy-looking range of buildings, occupying the sides of two quadrangles. This place is used on state occasions, and is, in fact, the Whitehall of Dublin, containing the offices of the different governmental departments. The Birmingham tower is the most ancient-looking part of the structure. Not far from this is the Royal Exchange, a handsome and imposing building. Southward and westward of the exchange are the two cathedrals of St. Patrick and Christchurch, neither of them at all remarkable for beauty or grandeur, and both situated in or near the "Liberties of Dublin," where filth and squalid wretchedness abound to a most fearful extent. Turning northwards, and arriving at the quays, there is obtained by far the best view in the city. From the King's-bridge, a very handsome structure, not far from the entrance to the Phœnix-park, erected in commemoration of the visit of George IV. to Ireland, up to Carlisle-bridge, which terminates Sackville-street, there is a succession of fine buildings, gracing the noblest promenade in the United Kingdom. The sides of the river, for nearly the whole length from the King's-bridge, are cased with stone, and capped with a fine granite parapet, about three feet high. At the entrance of the Military-road, and close to Bloody-bridge, an old structure, that has figured in some of the sad transactions of past troublous times, as its name imports, is a handsome Gothic gateway. On the other side is the very extensive range of the royal barracks; and behind them rises the stunted tower of the Bluecoat-school; further on, on the southern quay, may be seen the domicile of the White Quakers, with huge unadorned pillars in front of the building, which had been a hotel. Beyond this, on the opposite quay, is a beautiful Roman Catholic church, dedicated to some saint, whose name I forget; and near to that the "Four Courts," a noble edifice, and one of the principal "lions" of Dublin. At the time of my visit to it, it was thronged with barristers, the great majority of whom seemed to have nothing to do, except to exercise their wit on every acquaintance they met. On the seaward side of Carlisle-bridge lay the shipping; and at a short distance from it stands the Custom-house, a very handsome building, with a lofty dome, surmounted by a figure of Hope leaning on her anchor. It was a very different scene that presented itself here from that which strikes the visitor to the Custom-house in London or Liverpool. It seemed as if clerks and porters had little or nothing to do; and one felt a little startled with the ominous stillness of such a place.

The squares in Dublin are not many; Merrion, Rutland, Mountjoy, Fitzwilliam, and St. Stephen's-green, are the principal. The latter is nearly a mile in extent. There are some handsome gardens: those near Leinster House, now occupied by the Royal Dublin Society in Kildare-street; the grounds of Trinity College; the Botanic Garden of the fellows, south-east of the city; the Botanic Garden at Glasnevin, two miles from Dublin—a beautiful spot, with a ceme-

tery bordering upon it; and the gardens belonging to the castle are the finest.

There are several hospitals in Dublin; the principal, beside those already named, are Kilmainham, Meath Hospital and County Infirmary; the Foundling; Swift's Hospital for lunatics, and Stephen's. There are about 200 charitable institutions for educating the poor, in nearly one-third of which the children are also lodged, boarded, and clothed.

Religious parties in this city seem to be very nearly equally divided, as to numbers. There are some magnificent churches belonging to both Protestants and Catholics, and chapels for all classes of dissenters, some of them very large and handsome structures. But here, as at Limerick, I had a painful evidence of the withering influence of popery, in the license it gives to the desecration of the sabbath. Bands of music, and shouting men and women and boys broke in on the stillness and solemnity of the Lord's day, and few seemed to think it strange, although it was as if Donnybrook had migrated for a season from the south-eastern suburbs of the city into the midst of the crowded streets and lanes, to hold a revelry. Pontifical high mass was to be performed, according to public announcement on huge placards, at the Roman Catholic metropolitan church in Marlborough-street, on the following Thursday, for the benefit of some institution—I think the Propaganda; and a fellow-traveller of mine determined to witness the pageant. Most gorgeous indeed was the whole ceremony, according to his account; the senses were regaled with sweet odours and rich music, and splendid vestments of all colours floated before the dazzled eye. The archbishop preached a very effective discourse on the merit of giving; but alas! when man and man's works are placed in the stead of Christ, or in the front of Christ, so that he appears even only partially hidden, how can it be pleasing to God? When shall the blindness pass away? "Return, O Lord, how long?"

There is a vast amount of poverty in Dublin, and it appears in the most abject form imaginable; beggars are as numerous as vehicles, and may be seen, morning after morning, crowding round the different places of worship belonging to the Catholics, or waylaying passengers by coach or car, and seeking to enlist their sympathies by the tale of their sorrows, and the exhibition of their sufferings, sometimes in the most loathsome guise. There is, and must be, much private benevolence in operation, to reach the misery and poverty of the thousands in this city, who are dependent on charity for a subsistence; but it admits of a question, whether the way in which the evil is met does not tend to increase and perpetuate it. There appears too much readiness, on the part of the able-bodied poor, to depend upon others, instead of making a provision for themselves; and I do not think it can justly be charged as a notion springing from religious bigotry, when I state it as my deep conviction, that the religious system most prevalent in Ireland, and embracing a great majority of the poor in Dublin, is calculated to foster and extend this dependence. It is taught in spiritual things; and it is neither difficult nor unnatural for the ignorant and unreflecting to transfer the principle to temporal things.

The objects of interest around Dublin are many. On the north, in the direction of Drogheda, to which there is a railroad, is Swords, a very ancient place. Its ruins are its only attraction; and these consist of the archiepiscopal palace, which is also a castle, and originally of great strength, standing on the bank of the river that falls at a short distance into the Irish sea; a round tower, in a good state of preservation; and a square steeple of the old church. At St. Doulagh's, a hamlet about five miles from the capital, is a curious stone-roofed church; and near it a sacred well in an octagonal building, and a stone cross. These are all deserving of attention; and from their proximity to Dublin can easily be reached. Leaving this place, the traveller soon reaches the Hill of Howth; which, if it excited interest when viewed at a distance, loses none of it when examined in detail. Here are a castle; the ruins of St. Fintan's church, and of the abbey and college; a druidical altar on the hill of Carrickmoor; and its beautiful lighthouse, on the easternmost part of the rocky peninsula called the Bailey, around which the waves of the ocean are ever breaking into white foam. On the side towards Dublin Bay the cliffs are very high. Towards the north is "Ireland's Eye," a small rocky island, about a mile from Howth, with the remains of a very ancient but small church; and beyond that, Lambay Isle, inhabited by a few fishermen. Leaving Howth, which is

joined to the main land by a low narrow isthmus, and skirting the coast, Clontarf is passed, the scene of a desperate battle with the Danes at the commencement of the eleventh century. This place is within a short distance of the city.

Westward of Dublin is the Phœnix-park, in which is the vice-regal lodge, a very unpretending structure. The ground, comprising upwards of 1,700 English acres, is naturally undulating, and has been carefully laid out. Here is a chalybeate spring, that has obtained some celebrity on account of its medicinal qualities. There are two pillars erected in the park; one, the "Wellington Testimonial," certainly not remarkable either for its symmetrical beauty or richness of adornment, and which it is said George IV. called an "overgrown milestone," is at the entrance. There are gardens in this public demesne belonging to the Zoological Society; a school for the education of the children of soldiers; a powder-magazine and station for artillery, and the Royal Military Infirmary.

Pursuing the course of the Liffey as far as Leixlip, the tourist lights upon a salmon-leap, where the fall of the stream is very beautiful, in the midst of surrounding scenery, calculated greatly to heighten the effect of the picture. Four or five miles further westward is Maynooth, a place whose name has become so well known, where most of the priests of the Roman Catholic church receive their education for the ministry. There are four other colleges belonging to the same community in the south, and one in the west, at Tuam. The college of St. Patrick is a rambling building, without any pretensions to architectural display—something like the system it is designed to extend and perpetuate: a heterogeneous kind of affair, where appearances are not much cared for, provided the end they have in view can be attained. The number of students is between four and five hundred, half of which receive their education and board and lodging gratuitously. This latter class is composed, to a great extent, of the sons of poor farmers and peasants, whose previous life, passed in the lowest grades of society, together with the narrow monastic education they receive in the college, has a most pernicious effect on many of them. There is a low vulgarity of mind about them, which, while it must necessarily repel the more educated and refined members of the Roman Catholic community, is likely to recommend them to the poorer classes, who form the vast majority of the people of the land; and who, while they revere his office, are glad to find some sympathy with their tastes and habits; and thus are ready to become his tools in any act of bigotry, intolerance, and insubordination. This is not to be understood as characteristic of all the priests of Ireland, or of Maynooth in particular. There are among them men of elegant accomplishments, hard students, and liberal tastes, whose manners are as courteous as those just referred to are coarse; but those, for the most part, are men who have seen more of the world, and have been subjected to its humanizing and refining processes, of which the poor secluded victims of a false system at Maynooth, who scarcely ever leave the place until their final departure to their respective parishes, are altogether ignorant. Although in the library of the college there are works on all subjects in polite literature, yet these are generally sealed books. They are only permitted to read such volumes as the president sanctions for perusal, on pain of expulsion. "The majority of the students," say the authors of "Ireland," "are not allowed even to enter the room; and those who have the entrée must apply for express leave to read any particular book, explaining for what object they desire to consult it." This restriction was understood to apply to every general history. Mr. Inglis says, "Whoever forms any opinion of the course of education pursued at Maynooth, from what he has read in the report of the educational commissioners, will fall into a grievous error." "I glanced over the shelves," he observes, in another place, "with some attention, and saw no work improper, by its levity or character, for the perusal of a minister of religion; and yet I was informed that a strict watch is kept on the studies of the students; and that it is soon discovered if their studies be improper. Now what is the inference to be naturally drawn from this admission? What are the studies that require so much watching? I saw only the standard histories, and most unexceptionable works of Christian philosophers; from which, then, it necessarily follows, that history, philosophy, and discovery—that all books not strictly theological—all, in short, by which the mind can be informed and enlarged, are considered to

be improper studies." A contractedness of mind, and an illiberality of sentiment, must be the inevitable result of such a mental discipline, unless the individual subject to it be endowed with extraordinary powers, that by their own native elasticity shall enable him to surmount the obstacles that stand in the way of fostering a generous and humane spirit.

It remains to be seen whether the late increased grant of money made by the government towards this college will have the effect which it was asserted by its advocates would be produced—that of raising the standard of mental excellence, and widening the range of their studies; and so of liberalizing the men who receive its bounty; or whether the effect will be, as others assert, that of only increasing the number of the candidates for the priesthood, while narrowness of mind and sectarian bigotry will continue to be fostered, and the evils of former days, of which complaint was made, and which it was hoped these grants would tend to remedy, be perpetuated and extended on a yet larger scale. Of the latter there seems to be a well-grounded fear. Time will develop the correctness or mistake of this opinion; which many of the most thinking men of all denominations of Christians most firmly maintain.

Returning from Maynooth, in the direction of Dublin, a road strikes off at Lucan, that leads to Clondalkin, where there is a round tower, in an excellent state of preservation, with the ruins of an ecclesiastical building near it. It is about a hundred feet high; and from its proximity to Dublin, as well as its being one of the finest and most perfect in the kingdom, it is an object of great attraction to thousands of visitors yearly.

Having inspected the various objects of interest in and about Dublin, I and a companion set off for a tour through the counties of Wicklow and Wexford. The former is not inappropriately styled the garden of Ireland. Its most exquisitely beautiful scenery, and that which is of a grander and more sublime order, is within a very short distance of the capital; and I cannot conceive it possible to spend a week more delightfully than in wandering among its mountains and glens; by its wild woods and lakes, and along its glorious valleys; or strolling as we did, by moonlight, amid the stilly and startling scenes of desolation which await the traveller amid the ruins of Glendalough. But the impressions produced by two separate visits to the county of Wicklow, and one to Wexford, must form the subject of another paper. Let the reader just imagine us leaving Dublin by the Bray road, crossing the river Dodder at Donnybrook, the scene of one of Ireland's most celebrated annual revels, though now shorn of many of its most revolting features, and fairly on the road to the glen of the Downs.

T. A.

THE PARSIS.

The following is an extract from a sermon preached by Dr. Wilson, at Bombay, on the baptism of two Pársís youths:

It is evident that great multitudes of Zoroastrians continued for several centuries to enter the Christian church, and to vindicate the sincerity of their faith under circumstances of peculiar trial. They forsook the worship of the elements of nature for the service of Him who in the beginning, said, "Let there be light, and there was light," and who "made heaven, and the earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters;" they humbly confessed and deplored their natural depravity, and innumerable actual transgressions, and renounced all confidence in the prevalence, before a holy God, of their unworthy prayers, unmeaning ceremonies, miserable penances, defective repentance, and imperfect obedience; and they put their trust in that Divine Saviour who, after becoming the surety and the substitute of his chosen people, made an atonement for their iniquities by enduring their punishment — who brought in an everlasting righteousness, through which God is just while he justifies the ungodly—and who communicates his Spirit, that the soul may be sanctified, and rendered capable of contemplating the glory, and rejoicing in the grace of God. The fact is delightful to the mind of every true Christian, who hears of the triumphs of the truth in the ages that are past, with a feeling of rapture akin to that with which he observes its progress in his own day; who has his faith assured by the history of God's dealings with his church; and who rejoices in the consideration, that from among the fallen and ruined family of man, there will ultimately be found a redeemed multitude, which no man can number, out of every kindred, and country, and tongue,

and nation. The fact should arouse the attention of the Pársís of the present day, whose forefathers were driven to this land by the infuriated and ungodly zeal of the followers of the false prophet of Mecca; and they should examine the claims of that system of religious faith, which, even when the kingly and priestly power of their nation were in direct hostility to it, secured the credence of, and extended its saving and purifying influence to, thousands and tens of thousands, who in the lands of their fathers were once like themselves, the worshippers of the works of God, instead of the Creator himself. It should mightily encourage the hearts of the beloved youths who on this occasion are enabled to come forward to declare their repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

The descendants of the ancient Pársís converts form, no doubt, a large portion of the Armenian, Georgian, Nestorian, and Jacobite Christians, who are now to be found in Persia and the neighbouring countries. There may be instances, even in our day, of these churches being joined by a Zoroastrian in their vicinity, as in the case of the father of a youth from Bushir now present with us in this assembly.* None of the Pársís, however, in any part of the world, so far as I am aware, have, till this occasion, entered any of the Protestant churches. Though those of India have had much intercourse with the English, from the first time of their visiting this western coast; and though, upwards of a century and a half ago, Mr. Lord, a pious minister at Surat, endeavoured to excite the sympathies of our countrymen in their behalf,† none of them have as yet publicly professed their attachment to our holy faith. Their continued infidelity, through so long a period, appears wonderful to many who have witnessed their ready adoption of much that is commendable in European manners, and the laudable enterprise, energy, and industry which they have shown in most of the pursuits of life to which they have devoted themselves; and I dare not, for one moment, attempt to justify it. I am under the necessity of saying, however, that as Christians, we have greatly failed to discharge our duties in reference to their instruction, as well as that of many of the interesting tribes by which we are surrounded. It is only about twenty-four years since the gospel of salvation began to be preached to the natives of this part of India; and a shorter period has passed away since the Scriptures of truth began, even in a limited degree, to be circulated among them. The Hindús, who form the great body of the population, have naturally enough received the chief attention of the few who have devoted themselves to the work of ministering among the heathen. It was not till about eight years ago, when Providence led me to engage in a discussion, which is well known to most of you,* that any special efforts were made for the enlightenment of the Pársís of this city; and it was not till the establishment of the General Assembly's institution in 1835, the situation and arrangements of which invited their attention, that their youth were introduced, in any considerable numbers, into any seminaries in which the doctrine of Christ is freely and fully taught. We have much to answer for our neglect of them; and in the interesting circumstances in which we are now assembled, we have great occasion to praise that God who condescends to impart his blessing to the feeblest efforts, and great encouragement to persevere and abound in our work of faith and labour of love.

* The young man here referred to, a short time after the baptism of the Pársís youth, from conscientious motives left the communion of the Armenian church, and joined that of our native Presbyterian church in Bombay.

† See that curious work, "A Discovery of Two Foreign Sects in the East Indies, namely, the Sect of the Banians, the ancient Natives of India, and the Sect of the Persees, the ancient Inhabitants of Persia; together with the Religion and Manners of each Sect. By Henry Lord, sometime resident in the East Indies, and Preacher to the Honourable Company of Merchants trading thither." It is reprinted in Churchill's Collection, vol. vi., and in Pinkerton's Voyages and Travels, vol. vii.

* See the Oriental Christian Spectator, 1831.

APPEARANCES OF NATURE.

AUGUST.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest," is a charge as applicable to the present season as it was at the period of its utterance. Scenes may now be observed, calculated at once to elevate the intellect and to excite the warmest emotions which the heart can experience. The gladdening sight presented by hill and dale, as the yellow hues of harvest appear, tells of the faithfulness, wisdom, and benevolence of the Almighty.

The farmer has seen, with satisfaction, the promise of his crops realized, and all are gratified; for we

"Feel a joy
Inferior but to his, partakers all
Of the rich bounty Providence has strewed."

Some may be inclined to think this no season of happiness to the toiling peasant, who "from early morn to dewy eve," and perhaps till midnight, is engaged in the labours of the field. But let them not mistake the feelings of those in the humbler walks of life; for oftentimes there is more gratitude experienced by the rough peasantry of our land, than by any of their wealthy masters. Those who have mixed with them, and have heard their expressed feelings, have frequently testified to this fact; and were "the simple annals of the poor" of Britain more examined, their sense of enjoyment, their disposition to acknowledge benefits, and their capacity for improvement, would be better appreciated.* The extreme beauty of nature does not fail now to elicit the admiration even of the superficial. The monotony which would be presented if nothing but corn appeared is averted by the patches of bean-land, by occasional strips of newly-ploughed land, where the rye lately stood, and also by the green meadows traversed by cattle, and the rich foliage of the trees. These now appear sprinkled with what at first seem like gleams of scattered sunshine among the leaves, but which, on examination, is found to be the new foliage that has been put forth since midsummer, and which yet retains all the brilliant green of the spring. The effect of the new leaves, as they lie in sweeps and patches on the old, though not generally observed, is one of the most beautiful and interesting characteristics of the season. In many cases, when a near sight of it is suddenly obtained, on the sides of thick plantations, the effect is perfectly deceptive; and the mind is filled with surprise and admiration.

The hop-harvest now occupies the attention of the people in the neighbourhood of the plantations, and of multitudes who flock thither; for thousands have been anticipating the gathering for some time past. The cultivation of the hop supplies a variety of employments for men, women, and children. During the winter, the poles were ranged in pyramidal stacks, having just sufficient space between them to allow of a free circulation of air, and as spring advanced they were taken down and prepared for service. The opening of the "hills" succeeded; a hole was made two feet in depth and breadth, that the earth might be sufficiently loosed; but if it had been préviously well trenched this would be unnecessary. The young plants having been raised in beds, the young shoots which rise from the roots of old plants are more commonly laid in the earth till they strike, when they are cut off and planted in the nursery bed. Into each of the holes three nursery plants are put; and the mould having been freely worked with a spade is thrown gently in around the roots, which are to be carefully spread out, and the plants raised up above the natural level of the ground, so that a hill may be hereafter formed about them.

In the early spring of the second year, when the season is favourable, the "hills" are opened, and the last year's shoots are then pruned. The old shoots being cut off clean and smooth, within an inch or two of the main stem, and the suckers close to it, the soil is replaced sufficiently to cover the wounds.

As the genial influence of spring affects the plant, its shoots appear above the ground; and about April a pole is inserted in the ground for the support of the growing bine. The hop-plants are then fastened to the pole; and when the hops reach the tops of the poles, the bines that may have been blown from their proper positions are replaced, the occupation being called "horsing," from a kind of ladder that is used. As the plants grow to maturity, the proprietor makes his arrangements for the hop-picking; and on their attaining perfection, the poles are taken down, and the stems cut three feet from the ground. They are now laid in a sloping direction over a strong wooden frame, supported on legs, and called a crib or bin, while a bag formed of coarse cloth is attached to this frame by hooks. Two or three poles being thus placed, three or four pickers are arranged on each side of the bin; and when the cloth is full, the hops are emptied into a large sack, which is carried home, and the hops laid on the kiln to be dried. This process having been completed, a sack is let down a hole in the stowing-room, and a man gets through to distribute and trample the hops, which

* The details of "Harvesting" will not here be given, as an opportunity of doing so has recently been taken. See "Autumnal Scenes" in the *Visitor* for September, 1846.

another, who is on the floor above, throws down in small quantities at a time.

A writer, familiar with the details of this very interesting occupation, says: "We cannot boast of our vineyards; but we question whether Italy itself can show a more beautiful and picturesque scene than an English hop-garden in picking time." The hops have luxuriantly climbed to the tops of their poles, and hang on all sides their heads of flowers in festoons and garlands, while the groups of pickers proceed to gather in the beautiful produce.

How delightful are now the woods: the sylvan scenery is doubly interesting from the aid they lend in producing the desired effect; for as summer gradually passes, their beauties, though changed, are not decreased. The pleasing associations which accompanied their early appearance have departed; but other thoughts, not less interesting, are suggested, when their opening foliage is exchanged for the full flush of vegetable beauty; each shrub and tree attracting attention from its own peculiar loveliness. No symptom of the decline of nature has yet appeared, and all who enter the wood feel a peculiar pleasure in treading the soft turf, while the dews yet hang their gems on the leaf and the flower, when the freshness of the atmosphere has a cheering influence; and nature appears gathering strength to withstand the heat of the sun, which has just mounted the horizon. Perhaps the wood is sought when the shadows have attained a deeper hue, and the fragrance is wafted from the bean-field, while the fields of grain undulate to the gently breathing air.

If now we enter and "tread the dewy lawn" of the meadow, the verdure of the grass, the varied flowers, the songs of birds, and the eddying flight of the swallow, as it skims the surface of the pasture, will not fail to afford us pleasure. The

> "Shadowy trees, that lean
> So elegantly o'er the water's brim,"

are full of beauty. It has been remarked, that the weeping willow,

> "Which dips
> Its pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink,"

is the only one of its species that can be called beautiful; but those who have seen the common willow, unlopped, as Nature intended it to be, must confess that it adds much interest to the landscape; and even when pollarded, it increases the charms of meadow scenery. The purer air of the stream, as it

> "Steals through the thicket with unheeded course,
> Laving the enamelled banks,"

tempts the wanderer to its brink to behold its beauties.

Probably when the heat of the sun is most powerful, the beasts and sheep will seek the brink of the stream:

> "Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
> Some ruminating lie; while others stand
> Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
> The circling surface. In the middle droops
> The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
> Which incomposed he shakes, and from his sides
> The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
> Returning still."

A more interesting period could not be chosen than when afternoon declines into the mellow eve. As "sober evening" takes her appointed station,

> "A holy peace
> Pervades the woodland solitude;"

and as the pleasant field is traversed,

> "A fresher gale
> Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
> Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn."

The evening song of the lark ascends from the cool grass; and among the thousand pleasing objects which are presented to our contemplation, we find

> "Still evening coming on, and twilight grey."

The faint breeze sweeps over the field, laden with perfumes as refreshing as they are fragrant; and as the green of the distant hills changes during the twilight to a greyish hue, their outlines are enlarged, the trees assume a more gigantic appearance, and soft dews ascend. The stars have scarcely hung their silver lamps in the sky, when faint upshootings of light in the eastern horizon foretell the rising of the moon; the grey clouds roll away at her approach, and with a majestic grandeur, peculiarly her own,

> "A lovelier, purer light than that of day
> Rests on the hills,"

as she calmly glides through the broad expanse of the firmament, and throws her clear and mellow light on the silent valley, the unruffled lake, and especially on the harvest-field. Nor is this all:

> "Her placid beams,
> Through thinly-scatter'd leaves and boughs grotesque,
> Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
> Here, o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage grey
> And massy, motionless, they spread; here shine
> Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night

Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams."

The circumstance of the harvest moon rising several nights successively, almost at the same time, immediately after sunset, has given it an importance in the eyes of farmers; but it is not the less remarkable for its singular and splendid beauty. No moon during the year can bear any comparison with it. At its rising it has so peculiar a character, that the more we are accustomed to expect and observe it, the more it strikes us with astonishment. Any one who can watch its rising should do so. The warmth and dryness of the earth,—the clearness and balmy serenity of the atmosphere at this season,—the sounds of voices borne from distant fields, and the freshness which comes with the evening, combine to render the moonlight walk peculiarly delightful. "It comes not as in common, as a fair but flat disc on the face of the sky,—we behold it suspended in the crystal air in its greatness and rotundity; we perceive the distance beyond it as sensibly as that before it; and its apparent size is magnificent. In a short time, however, it has acquired a considerable altitude; its apparent bulk has diminished; its majestic grandeur has waned; and it sails on its way calmy beautiful, but in nothing differing from its usual character."*

While the labours of the harvest-field are often conducted beneath the rays of the moon, there are employments in the stackyard to which the heavily-laden wain is conducted. The rumbling sound of the passing wagons, the sharp crack of the whip, the directions to the men, the varying and indistinct forms as they move from place to place, and the broad shadows which fall from every object, please alike from their interest and peculiarity.

"Rural employments," says an accomplished writer, "are, in general, pleasing in themselves; and the associations with which they are connected lend them an additional charm; but I scarcely know of any agricultural occupation which combines so many sources of agreeable sensations as the moonlight labours of the farmer, in the calmness and sweetness of an autumnal night. It wants but one accompaniment to render it complete and inexpressibly sublime; and that is the voice of prayer and praise ascending from the roof of the pious labourer, when, after the useful toils of the day, he 'returns to bless his household.'" The voice of humble thankfulness, ascending from the hearth of the cottager, is as acceptable an offering to God as if it were that of the wealthiest of his employers or the most potent prince.

F. S. W.

* Howitt.

ON SCRIPTURE INTERPRETATION.*

My dear Friend,—Your letters are always welcome, the last doubly so, for being unexpected. If you never heard before of a line of yours being useful, I will tell you for once, that I get some pleasure and instruction whenever you write to me. And I see not but your call to letter-writing is as clear as mine, at least when you are able to put pen to paper.

I must say something to your queries about 2 Samuel xiv. I do not approve of the scholastic distinctions about inspiration, which seem to have a tendency to explain away the authority and certainty of one half of the Bible at least. Though the penmen of Scripture were ever so well informed of some facts, they would, as you observe, need express, full, and infallible inspiration to teach them which the Lord would have selected and recorded for the use of the church, amongst many others which to themselves might appear equally important.

However, with respect to historical passages, I dare not pronounce positively that any of them are, even in the literal sense, unworthy of the wisdom of the Holy Ghost and the dignity of inspiration. Some, yea, many of them, have often appeared trivial to me; but I check the thought, and charge it to my own ignorance and temerity. It must have some importance, because I read it in God's book. On the other hand, though I will not deny that they may all have a spiritual and mystical sense, (for I am no more qualified to judge of the deep things of the mind of the Spirit than to tell you what is passing at this moment at the bottom of the sea;) yet if, with my present modicum of light, I should undertake to expound many passages in a mystical sense, I fear such a judge as you would think my interpretations fanciful, and not well supported. I suppose I should have thought the Bible complete, though

* From an interesting volume just published: "One Hundred and Twenty-nine Letters from the Rev. John Newton to the Rev. William Bull."

it had not informed me of the death of Rebekah's nurse, or where she was buried. But some tell me that Deborah is the law, and that by the oak I am to understand the cross of Christ; and I remember to have heard of a preacher who discovered a type of Christ crucified in Absalom hanging by his hair in an oak. I am quite a mole, when compared with these eagle-eyed divines, and must often content myself with plodding upon the lower ground of accommodation and allusion, except when the New Testament writers assure me what the mind of the Holy Ghost was. I can find the gospel with more confidence in the history of Sarah and Hagar, than in that of Leah and Rachel; though without Paul's help, I should have considered them both as family squabbles, recorded chiefly to illustrate the general truth, that vanity and vexation of spirit are incident to the best men in the most favoured situations; and I think there is no part of Old Testament history from which I could not (the Lord helping me) draw observations that might be suitable to the pulpit, and profitable to his people. So I might, perhaps, from Livy or Tacitus. But then, with the Bible in our hands, I go upon sure grounds. I am certain of the facts I speak from, that they really did happen. I may likewise depend upon the springs and motives of actions, and not amuse myself and my hearers with speeches which were never spoken, and motives which were never thought of, till the historian rummaged his pericranium for something to embellish his work. I doubt not, but were you to consider Joab's courtly conduct only in a literal sense, how it tallied with David's desire, and how gravely and graciously he granted himself a favour while he professed to oblige Joab,—I say in this view you would be able to illustrate many important Scriptural doctrines, and to show that the passage is important to those who are engaged in studying the anatomy of the human heart.

But *sat verbum sapienti.* I have said enough or too much. I could, after all, preach very willingly upon God's devising means to bring his banished home again, and take occasion to lisp my poor views of that mysterious and adorable contrivance, without taking upon me to say that either Joab or the woman of Tekoa thought of the gospel when they cooked up that affair between them, or that even it was the express design of the Holy Ghost, in the place. These points are always true, and always to be remembered, asserted, and repeated:—

1st. That man, by the entrance of sin, is a banished creature, driven far away from God, from righteousness, from happiness.

2nd. That he must have remained in this state of banishment for ever, if God had not devised to bring him home again.

3rd. That these means are worthy the Divine contriver, full of glory, holiness, wisdom, and efficacy; ergo,

4th. Man, who was far off, is by faith actually restored and brought nigh by Jesus Christ.

Had it not been for Joab's courtly conduct, we should not have been favoured with this expression, so apt and suitable for the basis of a gospel sermon; nor could I have been gratified with your thoughts upon the subject, or have had the pleasure of presenting you with mine.

I am sorry for your bodily complaints, but hope I may ascribe a part of them to low spirits; I am therefore unwilling to think you so bad as you think yourself. We are pretty well. Love to Mrs. Bull.

Believe me most sincerely yours,

JOHN NEWTON.

Dec. 15th, 1778.

KADER; OR, SCENES IN THE FOREST.

WITH what a girdle of beauty has the High and Holy One encircled the world in the lines of forestry that belt the earth in different parts. Here pines spread their fan-like branches, thickly hung with trailing moss, and studded with red and blue cones, over myriads of acres in monotonous regularity; and there cedar, oak, ash, beech, birch, and other bough-spreading and umbrageous trees of greater variety, adorn the teeming ground. How vast in height! how stupendous in extent! how glowing in colour! how grateful in shade, and how beautifully varied in form and foliage!

> There's that within the silence and the shade
> Of forest trees, that flings upon the mind
> A thought-creating and oppressive gloom,
> Mingled with solemn awe and sacred fear.

But vastness, and altitude, and extent, and beauty, and shade, and variety are but a part of the qualities of these vegetable girdles of the earth. These present themselves more immediately to the eye; but there are other things connected

with the forests of the world that claim especial regard. Forests are the home of unnumbered creatures that find there food, and, shelter, and shade, and enjoyment. In the forest the huge elephant finds an asylum suited to his nature. The lordly lion stretches himself in his lair, and screens himself from the mid-day beam. The ferocious tiger springs upon his prey; the jackal raises his sudden shriek; and among the boundless branchery of spreading trees, the sloth reposes in gorged torpidity. Glowing as is the varied hue of autumnal vegetation, the vivid colours of the feathered race that feed and flutter amid forest trees, impart an added interest to the scene; when a swift-winged bird, radiant with golden hues, darts through the shadowy covert like a flying flower, the feathery meteor delights while it surprises,

One cannot but admire the stately stems
Of towering trees; their huge and bulky boles
And spreading branches spell our wondering eyes.

Europe, and Asia, and Africa have their forests; but it is in America that we find forest-trees the most abundant, varied, and on the largest scale. Here the forest patriarchs, mossed with venerable age, encircled with countless creepers, and beautified and studded with parasitic plants, stretch widely forth their giant branches, and tower upwards a hundred feet towards the skies. The planes and the tulip-trees are superb, and European trees attain a greater growth. The Crow Indians and the Sioux, the Blackfeet, the Osages, the Sacs, the Pawnees and the Camachees, could tell something about forests worth hearing. Amid the forests of South America are ravines of frightful depth, whence come steaming up exhalations from the saturated soil mingled with the scent of aromatic herbs, the rank odour of luxuriant weeds, and the sweet perfume of unnumbered flowers, rich in glowing hues and varied beauty. Birds of gay plumage flit through the forestry, chattering monkeys climb and cling among the spreading branches, and the huge and terrific boa, coiled around the trunk of a tree, resembling his scaly folds, lies lurking, ready to dart on his unsuspecting prey.

Crouch'd low and still, with watchful glistening eyes,
All-armed with death the treacherous monster lies.

Dark deeds have been done in the forest, both when the mid-day sun has been glowing in his meridian brightness, and when the silvery moon has been coldly shining in the blue vault of heaven. It is eventide. The lynx and the black fox are on the prowl, and flying squirrels are skimming like birds from branch to branch of the high pines of the Russian forest. Mischief is abroad, for a stealthy band of seeming ruffians with Calmuck and Cossack caps are lurking near the entrance of the road that runs right onward through the gloom. Two of them have quarrelled, and for a moment the bright blades of their weapons have glittered in the moonbeam; but their leader has interfered. A handsome horse-drawn sledge is entering the forest, and now it is beset by the savage throng. An old baldheaded man with white moustaches is forcibly dragged from it, and dashed to the ground; but servants are at hand, and the flash and report of fire-arms, and the glittering of steel blades, add to the terror of the scene. The white-moustached count is killed, but the ruffians are overpowered, and Kalamski, the robber-captain, is taken. In England death is inflicted by hanging, in France by the guillotine, in Germany by the sword, in Turkey and China by the bowstring, and in Russia by the knout, which is more terrible than any. Kalamski, prepare thee for the knout, for it will soon be prepared for thee!

Full is the measure of thy cruel crimes,
And shame shall hand thee down to future times.

* * * * * *

Loud is the bellowing blast, and fearful the red glare of earth and heaven! The lightnings have been abroad, the thunderbolt has fallen, and dread is the confusion that prevails: the forest is on fire! Thousands of charcoal trees consumed lie on the ground, and thousands half consumed are yet standing; while farther on, the all-devouring flame is spreading devastation far and wide. It runs along the withered moss; it ascends the dry-trees, fed by the resin and turpentine they contain. Bears, and wolves, and foxes, are hurrying from the flaming ruin, and birds are taking wing amid the roaring of the flames, the crackling of the burning branches, and the wild crash of the falling trees. A golden eagle is calmly and majestically soaring in safety far above the spreading ruin. On, on goes the fiery scourge—awful, dreadful, and sublime! Of all earthly spectacles,

no sight is more terrible than that of a forest on fire.

We gaze the fearful scene with wondering eyes,
As onward still the flaming tempest flies.

* * * * * *

No animal is fonder of the forest than the wolf. Sulky and savage he dwells in the dark cavern, or slumbers through the day in the shadowy fastnesses of the woods, till nightfall comes, and then steals forth, made bold by hunger, to pursue his prey. A pack of wolves, each the size of a Newfoundland dog, grizzly and gaunt, are in hot pursuit of a horse which has strayed into the skirts of the forest. He flies o'er the open ground, and plunges amid the thick brushwood in vain. They have followed him for hours; and now, toilworn and spent, he has fallen to the ground; his feet entangled by the writhing roots of an aged tree. The grisly monsters are around him, snarling, showing their sharp, white teeth, and licking their longing lips. The glaring eyeballs and heaving chest of the hapless steed set forth the extremity of his distress. No longer can his desperate hoofs keep his tormentors at bay, for they are now tearing away at their living feast.

Poor hapless steed! this is thy mortal hour,
For fierce are they that have thee in their power.

* * * * * *

The village is in an uproar, for a lion and lioness, roused by the hunters from the neighbouring forest, have rushed on a party of coolies, and a woman and two children have been torn. The dreaded monsters have taken shelter in the jungle adjoining the forest, and here come the hunters, led on by Kader, a Coorg, familiar with desperate scenes, for almost from his childhood has he been a hunter. His figure, though slender, is wiry, and of great strength. Skilled in his weapons, and inured to toil, he fears no danger. Habited only in a girdle, and white trowsers not quite reaching the knee, that well-known weapon, the fearful Coorg knife, hangs at his side, with a smaller one stuck in his belt. The jungle is approached, and some of the dogs sent in are already killed, and others maimed. A spear has been thrown, and a flight of arrows; and the awful voice of the king of the forest is heard in anger. Not the deep hollow growl like distant thunder, but the short, and broken, and oft-repeated cry of rage. Natives armed with spears, and bows, and arrows, and a few Europeans with their rifles, are on that side of the jungle where the lion is seen, for the lioness has escaped to the forest. Kader is standing alone under a banian-tree that grows near the narrow part of a wide chasm, on the opposite side of the jungle, his naked Coorg knife, with its broad heavy blade, narrowing towards the haft, in his hand. Kader is right in the post that he has taken, for, see! the lion, annoyed by the hunters and the dogs, has retreated through the jungle, springing over the chasm close to the banian-tree; and Kader's heavy knife, swung round with force, has almost severed one of the monster's hind feet from the leg. A shout is raised, the dogs gather round, the hunters come up, and the limping lion, after a prolonged struggle, in which Kader is slightly wounded, falls beneath the rifle balls that find the way to his brain.

Fearful is the deadly strife
In which the lion gives his life.

* * * * * *

Kader has hunted the tiger in the thick jungle, and the elephant in the forest, where the towering palmyra, and cocoa-nut, and areeka, and jaggree palm, and talipat and banian trees have mingled with those of giant stems and spreading branches; for his heart is in the chase. He will soon leave India for New Holland, for he has heard of the kangaroo, and never hunted it. He has joined in the chase of the wild boar, and been ripped by his tusks; yet still he is a hunter, for strong is his love for the cruel sports to which he has been bred. Many a companion has Kader saved from death; for, prodigal of his own life, he has often jeopardized it to save that of another. There is little doubt but he will die a hunter. The shade of spreading trees, and the dark gloom of the forest, are his delight; for, knowing the habits of wild beasts, and being skilled in their destruction, he goes fearlessly and recklessly into scenes of peril. Kader, thy courage may carry thee too far, and thy very confidence may lead thee to destruction!

Oh, what is man? an empty, idle dream!
A bubble bursting on an onward stream!

* * * * * *

The forests of New Holland are straggled and broken, and the shrubs and wide-spreading trees are not so close

together as they are in Europe, Asia, and America. Hark! the hunters are abroad, and the dogs are wildly dashing through the tangled wilderness, after the timid and scared kangaroos. The clamour echoed by the rising grounds is spreading consternation around. A flock of black swans rise from a neighbouring brook; an emu, holding his head six feet high, peeps over the thick brushwood, while a wedge-tailed eagle may be seen soaring majestically towards the skies. The death-shot from a rifle has brought down one of the stricken game, and the spear of a native has mortally wounded another. On come the dogs and the hunters, but the kangaroos have outstripped them, leaping across the brook which the dogs must swim, and bounding o'er the high brushwood through which they must force their way. And now a wounded kangaroo is surrounded, he disables one dog with a stroke of his strong tail, he hugs others with his short fore-legs, dashing out his hind feet, and tearing them with his terrible toes. But the strife is now over; the clamour has subsided, and the forest hunters, Kader among them, are roasting the flesh of a kangaroo suspended from three sticks over a well-fed fire.

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Yes! very beautiful are the forests that belt the earth, and deep and impressive are the thoughts that they call up in the mind, by their unbroken solitude, their mass of foliage, and their solemn gloom. They are among His mighty works who deals in wonders, stretching out the heavens and the earth, holding the sea in the hollow of his hands, riding on the whirlwind, and directing the storm. But, as there is a fall of the leaf, so will there be a fall of the forest; and the wild beasts they shelter, and the hunters who pursue them, will mingle with the ground. The heavens shall pass away, the earth be destroyed, and the very elements melt with fervent heat; but the Holy One has spoken, and the Almighty has uttered his voice, promising new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Look not, then, to the lofty cedars and extended forests of the earth, but to His word who reigneth above the skies:

Though cedars perish, and though forests fail,
God's word is mighty, and it must prevail.

THE LEGITIMATE PROVINCE OF REASON.

Of all the remarkable facts with which we become acquainted by our observation of the world around us, no one is more striking or melancholy than the almost universal disposition of man to pervert that which is good, to abuse to improper and even fatal purposes, the best and noblest gifts of God. No moral proposition, no historical truth, rests on clearer evidence, or more vividly illustrates the fallen condition of our species, than this vicious tendency. It would seem as though the majority of men had, in all ages, laboured to convert their blessings into curses. Health and affluence, the natural powers of the body, and the temporal gifts of a gracious Providence are, by the depraved ingenuity of our race, continually perverted to sinful ends, and thus made to become fruitful sources of trouble and sorrow. That this is the case, will be at once admitted, for the fact is attested by universal observation.

But the mischief does not stop here. Not only are our corporeal, our temporal blessings thus abused; the remark applies with equal force to our mental faculties. Those reasoning powers which are among the greatest gifts of the Creator, which were designed to direct them to the paths of truth and righteousness, and thus lay an enduring foundation for their happiness, both for time and eternity, are too frequently wrested, by the waywardness of their possessors, to their own destruction.

Reason, the noblest and most exalted faculty of the soul, has shared the common lot. Many men, misapprehending its design, mistaking the extent of its province and its powers, have suffered it to over-step the boundaries assigned to it by Almighty Wisdom, and to set it up in opposition to God himself. They have been unmindful that reason, however efficient, is, after all, in the measure in which we possess it, a finite capacity, bestowed by God, and have invested the gift with the attributes of the Giver. Thus they have deified their rational powers, pronounced them infallible, and then placed them in opposition to the statements of revelation. But this is the perversion, not the legitimate use of this exalted faculty. To the possession of reason no temporal blessing is for a moment comparable. Without it, we never could have attained to any know-

ledge of God, any perception of moral truth, or any sense of moral responsibility. It is man's rational nature alone that constitutes him a moral and accountable being. By its means we argue from the visible to the invisible, from the known to the unknown, from things created to their Creator. And by its means also we are enabled to discern the truths that Scripture teaches, and which nature alone could never have discovered. Every one will perceive that, had reason not been vouchsafed to man, revelation would have been entirely unintelligible. Let no one, then, attempt to exalt revelation by depreciating that reason which is also the gift of God. Such a course can result only in injury to the cause it is designed to serve.

But on the other hand, let us beware of supposing that, because reason is indispensable, it must therefore be all-sufficient; that because it is necessary to the perception of truth, it must consequently be adequate to its perfect attainment. On the same grounds we might conclude that because our eyes are essential to the faculty of vision, we therefore needed not the light of day. The very contrary is the fact. Our visual organs require the bright beams of heaven to render them available for the purposes of their creation. In like manner does our reason require to be enlightened by the rays of the Spirit of truth, ere it can discern the things that are spiritual, or comprehend aright the great truths that relate to the attributes and character of God, and the condition, obligations, and destiny of man. In no age or country of the world, has unaided reason been able to arrive at any certain knowledge on these all-important points. Without a revelation from God himself we must for ever have remained ignorant of those great facts as to which are most important to us as moral and responsible beings.

And is there, we may ask, anything marvellous, anything unphilosophical in this? Is it a matter for surprise or for cavilling, that the finite should not grasp the infinite, that the created spirit should not comprehend its Creator? Our faculties were all bestowed by God, and strange indeed would it be were they commensurate with his. And is it derogatory to man that his powers should be thus circumscribed by Omnipotence? Surely not! We are not responsible for the nature or extent of our mental endowments, but only for their right application and diligent exercise. It is consequently the most false and foolish pride that leads man to plume himself upon his rational faculties. "What have we that we have not received?" Yet this pride it is which induces so many unduly to exalt their reason, and to reject with scorn the proffered light of revelation, as unnecessary. But how irrational a course is this! How contrary to reason itself is the conduct of these its professed worshippers!

Others again there are who, though constrained to admit that reason of itself is incapable of arriving at certainty on religious points, will, nevertheless, receive no disclosures of revelation which they cannot understand. But is this conduct more rational, more philosophical than the former? Is it philosophical to say that, unless we can fully comprehend everything implied in the doctrines or statements of Scripture, we will disbelieve and reject them? Is nothing to be received as true in matters of religion, the nature of which cannot be fully understood by any one human mind? Is this the way we deal with other subjects? Does the natural philosopher act upon this principle when pursuing his researches into physical science? Does the student of mechanics or of chemistry recognise such an axiom, or admit such a standard of truth? On the contrary, the very first principles of all human knowledge, those simple propositions the truth of which is universally admitted, involve mysteries inexplicable to human understanding. No fact, for example, is more elementary or more certainly known, than the existence of matter; yet who knows in what matter consists, or is capable of comprehending its nature? No proposition can be more incontrovertible than the existence of gravitation, a certain power by which material bodies are attracted to the earth; yet what process of reasoning will ever enable us to ascertain in what that power consists! The truth is, that the data of science, the premises from which those processes of reasoning by which we arrive at the knowledge of higher truths commence, are themselves above our reason. They are demonstrative facts, with which we become acquainted solely by the evidence of our senses; and are attained independently of reason, to which they are from their very nature inaccessible. Every philosopher knows and admits this to be the case. If, then, we find in the physical

world, in the study of nature, that our rational powers are inadequate to account for the most obvious truths, how absurd is it to suppose that in the spiritual world, in the study of revelation, everything must be level to our capacity; how monstrous to affirm that whatever transcends it must be unworthy of our belief! Reasoning from analogy, should we not rather expect, as in nature, so in Scripture, to encounter mysteries, to meet with things which, though not contrary to our reason, are altogether above it. To lay down the proposition, that every statement of revelation must involve nothing that is not evident to reason, is to act the most unreasonable part. Nay, the very fact that revelation professes to teach what nature could never have disclosed, should naturally lead us to anticipate in its declarations even more of mystery than in the works of creation.

How foolish, then, how opposed to experience is it to conclude that reason alone is capable of guiding us to a perfect knowledge of religious truth! How equally absurd and unphilosophical to imagine that the revelation of God must be stripped of all mystery, ere it can establish a claim to our credence or regard! Yet these fallacious notions are the rocks upon which multitudes of immortal souls have shipwrecked their temporal and eternal happiness. Let us beware that we fall not after the same example of unbelief.

What, then, it may be asked, is the path of safety? What the course that a rational and accountable being, anxious to know and do the will of God, and to obtain everlasting happiness, ought to pursue? How shall he, on the one hand, test the doctrines of revelation, and ascertain the truth of its statements, so as to "prove all things," and to "hold fast" only "that which is good?" And how, on the other, shall he escape the snares by which such numbers, under the delusive idea that they were following the dictates of reason, have been drawn into the meshes of a cheerless, hopeless infidelity? The reply is simple. Let him exercise his rational faculties in their appropriate sphere, in examining the historical evidences of Christianity, the claims to authenticity of that book which professes to be a revelation from God. Let him try its representations of the world by their accordance with fact. Let him test the religion of the Bible by its moral character, its adaptation to the wants, the sorrows, and the necessities of man. And if the result clearly establish the intrinsic excellence and Divine authority of the Scriptures, he has no need, he will not presume to go further. He possesses a solid foundation on which his faith may repose, a foundation whereon he may safely build his hopes of everlasting happiness. Convinced of the feebleness of his own powers, and satisfied with comprehending, in revelation, all that is necessary to his eternal welfare, he will calmly await the fuller disclosures of a more exalted state of existence for the elucidation of its mysteries. "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now we know in part, but then shall we know even as also we are known." To act thus, is to act in a manner worthy of a rational being. This is to restrict reason to its legitimate province, and at the same time to secure its highest and noblest exercise. C. J.

HOME DEMANDS EFFORT.

A RECENT traveller in the regions of central America, Mr. Stephens, found an opinion current among the people, that in a part of the country, untrod by the foot of civilized man, there was a living city, large and populous, occupied by Indians, precisely in the same state as when Cortes and Alvarado landed upon the continent. A Spanish padre stated, that having heard of the report in his youth, he commenced a pilgrimage to ascertain its truth, and having ascended the great sierra to the height of ten or twelve thousand feet, he looked over an immense plain extending towards Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, and saw in the distance a large city spread over a great space, with turrets white and glittering in the sun. There was a wild novelty in the intelligence. It excited the imagination of the traveller. It awakened the most thrilling interest he had ever experienced. The possibility of reaching the mysterious city—of meeting with living men such as those under the rule of Montezuma—men able to read the inscriptions on the mouldering monuments that remain—supplied sufficient excitement to attempt the dangerous and difficult enterprise, could the report have been relied on.

It is thus that we are strongly affected and roused to action by what is novel,

while more important objects are often regarded with indifference because they are familiar; and pressing duties are neglected, or only languidly performed, because they happen to be the every-day duties of life, and have no air of adventure. The zest with which the foreign benevolent operations of the country are conducted, together with the comparative inattention shown to thousands of our home population, is a case in point.

Suppose an island were discovered in the Atlantic, hitherto unvisited by our ships, with an ignorant and barbarian population; and suppose the fact ascertained from their legends and language, that they were the descendants of some cast-away voyagers from our shores—a week would not elapse after the intelligence of the event reached us, before the country would be under the influence of a universal excitement; and organized plans for their mental and moral relief would be promptly adopted and vigorously pursued. Or suppose the sixteen thousand children of Bethnal-green and Spitalfields, at present apart from week-day and Sunday-school instruction, were a separate colony in the highlands of the north, a mission of enlightenment would at once be set on foot commensurate with their wants, and labourers go forth to induce an employment of the means. Imagination gives to the remote and unseen a power over us which the daily near and sensible have not. But to enter into the reality of things, and to deal out to them an even-handed justice, whether lying by our thresholds or at a distance, is the rational and Christian mode of procedure.

It is not meant to be insinuated that our foreign benevolent operations are conducted upon a scale that is too extended, or with a zest which their importance does not warrant. The plan, if enlarged, and the spirit, if augmented, would simply be a discharge of duty on the part of a great nation, long blessed with the light of the gospel, rich in wealth, and maintaining constant intercourse by its fleets with the various regions of the globe. But while we have not been too excursive in the indulgence of our philanthropy, it is nevertheless true, that we have not been sufficiently domestic; and that of schemes of evangelisation for our antipodes, and some neglected concerns at home of weighty moment, it may be said, "This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone." An error has unwittingly been committed, viewing the matter merely in the light of policy. To extend the bounds of knowledge and religion in our own land, is effectually to assist the same extension in relation to the world, and to secure the meeting of our countrymen abroad from being the antagonism of discordant elements. We enlist hereby a greater number in the general service, and we diminish the evil which exists to an enormous extent, of English depravity on the shores of China, and amid the isles of the Pacific, marring the enterprises, and destroying the effect of English religion. —*Rev. T. Milner.*

THE WAY TO TRUE PEACE.

To obtain a satisfactory persuasion of their own present and future safety is too exclusively desired by many Christians. They are too much occupied with thinking of themselves, and too little of their Lord. They live upon their own spiritual condition — upon their frames and feelings. They are greatly elevated when any sensible enlargement is vouchsafed, and rejoice more in the gift than in its gracious Giver. And, again, they are cast down and miserable, as if all hope were lost, when they can find nothing in their own hearts to yield them consolation. We would earnestly desire to turn all such persons from this pursuit of a false, to the possession of a true peace, by fixing their faith not so much on what they are to God, as on what he is to them. The only true source of consolation and confidence for life and death, for time and for eternity, lies in Jehovah, the unchanging and unchangeable Fountain—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The timid and trembling Christian can never be delivered from his doubts and apprehensions till he be brought to live on God alone, and find in him the secret of his unfailing peace, and the basis of his everlasting happiness. It is not what we can make ourselves to God that will change him; but it is what he has made himself to man that will change us. Were it even possible that we could make ourselves sheep of his fold, what assurance could we have that he would undertake the office of a shepherd? We might earnestly wish and fervently pray that he would do so; but neither our wishes nor our prayers could give us evidence of the fact.—*Stevenson.*

Chinese Saloon.

CHINESE HOSPITALITY.

At five P.M., says the Rev. G. Smith, we passed within the city gate at Amoy, and soon arrived at the entrance of the palace, where Hoo Chun and another officer met us, and ushered us into a waiting-room. Here we had to wait a few minutes, while Hoo Chun prepared our Chinese card, which we had forgotten to bring with us. They were very particular in observing these little matters of etiquette, before our arrival was announced to the great men. Soon after, we were conducted in due state through the great central folding-doors, which were thrown open for us to enter. We passed onward, between two lines of attendants, and through a succession of courts and folding-doors, to a flight of steps, at the top of which four of the mandarins came out to offer us their greetings; which latter ceremony they generally performed with both hands. The arrangements for placing us in the most honourable seats occupied about five minutes; at the end of which, the loud discharge of three guns, and the sonorous cries of attendants clearing the way, announced the approach of his excellency the taou-tai. He soon after arrived in his sedan at the outer flight of steps, with a company of guards and attendants, carrying red umbrellas, and the usual insignia of office. All the four officials went out to receive him as he alighted, and escorted him into the reception-hall, where he came and shook hands with us all round. The same ceremony and etiquette was observed among themselves, about the honourable seats, till at last each took his place according to his official precedence. They were all attired in costly sable furs, and wore a knob on their caps, and various embroidered badges on their bosom, indicative of their respective rank. The

te-tok and hai-hong alone wore a peacock's feather, which is a kind of honorary decoration, resembling the order of the Bath. The te-tok had been recently restored to his honours, and now wore a a red knob or button on his cap, as a military officer of the first class. Great attention was paid by the rest to the two Manchoo officers, especially to the taou-tai, who alone, with the admiral, enjoys the title of ta jin, or, "his excellency;" the others being styled ta laou-yay, or "his lordship." After some conversation among themselves, about the south-west wind and the weather, tea and pipes were brought in, and each was soon on familiar terms with his neighbour. My seat was next to that of the taou-tai, who took the opportunity of thanking me for a recent present of maps. The tables were soon after arranged for the reception of the materials of a feast. When the announcement was made that every thing was ready, we had to spend another period of five minutes in arranging our seats, till at last we resigned ourselves to the disposal of our hosts, which had the effect of shortening the time of our standing. Two English missionaries were placed as a president and a vice-president at each end of the table, the rest of the foreign guests occupying the seats immediately on the right and left of the president and vice-president. Our hosts themselves took the intermediate spaces in the centre of the table, which are esteemed by the Chinese the lowest seats in their guest-chambers. The middle of the table contained little heaps of cakes, pickles, preserved fruits, and sweetmeats. Some chopsticks were placed before us, together with European spoons, knives, and forks, which they had borrowed for the occasion. Our little bowls and saucers were frequently changed, as stews and soups of birds'-nests, pork, fish, sharks'-fins, ducks, and marrow-bones, were served in rapid succession. Then followed roasted pigs, and a substantial joint of mutton, which they had provided, lest we should be unable to make a meal of their Chinese and Manchoo dishes. When we relaxed our endeavours to do honour to their hospitality, they would unceremoniously dip their chopsticks, just issuing from their own mouths, into one of the dishes, and plentifully help us with the contents into our own basins. After about twenty dishes, the serving of which lasted nearly two hours, rice was placed before us, as a signal that the festivities were nearly at an end. They frequently drank a small cup of fermented beverage made from rice, with which they repeatedly challenged each other. On each occasion, after swallowing the whole contents, they presented the cup in an inverted position, to show that they had duly honoured the challenge. Small glasses of port wine were placed before ourselves, which some of our number, being rigid professors of the principles of total abstinence, omitted to drink. This led to our hosts making several inquiries; and, in explanation, they were informed of the origin of temperance societies. In reply to their questions, it was stated that total abstinence was not deemed an essential point of our religion, but that each Christian judged for himself in the matter, carefully guarding against excess, and abuse of God's blessings. Hereupon the mandarins exchanged some sly looks among themselves, and amused each other with some jokes at the expense of the Budhist priests, who, they said, were very strict in abstaining from flesh and wine during the day, but sometimes contrived to overcome their scruples on these points during the night.

The dishes were soon cleared away, and the red varnished tables were wiped with some paper napkins of the same kind as those placed for our own use. Their necklaces, with their aromatic scent, which had been laid aside during the meal, were now brought, and replaced over their necks by some attendants, about one hundred of whom stood around us. The cham-hoo, being the only officer who understood the local dialect, bore a principal part in the conversation, and generally interpreted to the others; our friend chun-hoo standing by, and sometimes volunteering to offer some remarks. The te-tok ordered his English barometer, which he had purchased from a Chinese at a high price, to be placed on the table before him; and he now seemed greatly annoyed at its supposed failure, as it had not predicted the change of wind which took place during the day. The same functionary expatiated on the dangers of the sea, to which the wife of one of the missionaries present was exposed in her voyage to Europe, in ill-health; among which he mentioned the existence of icebergs, some of which he had seen in his cruises off the northern coast of China. Concerning the cause of the icebergs, he

advanced some strange theories, and stated that he was of opinion that they were nothing else than frozen masses of sea-water, and that the waves, when dashing aloft in a storm, were suddenly frozen into a heap! The hai-quan also wished to show us his incipient knowledge of English, by trying to pronounce our English numerals up to ten. He asked several questions about Russia, France, England, and America, especially inquiring whether the English and Americans had the same written character as well as the same spoken language; he also wished to know whether the English could speak the Mongul-Tartar language or the Russian language; the latter question being probably suggested by his recollection of the Russian linguists of Peking. Tea and tobacco were again brought, and we were soon enveloped in clouds of smoke. They all evinced great refinement and politeness of manner towards each other, and appeared to be on terms of friendly cordiality among themselves. As they performed their civilities towards each other, the thought, however, would intrude itself on our minds, of the hollow insincerity and duplicity which lurked beneath the surface of their polite manners and friendly bearing. Each lived on the proceeds of extortion practised on the people; while each again had to disgorge a portion of his ill-acquired gain to his superior officer. The taou-tai, a Manchoo, was stationed at Amoy, principally as a spy on the proceedings of the other officers, and as a check against the influence of those of purely Chinese descent. He had scarcely any duties to perform, but reaped a rich revenue from his connivance at the extortions of the subordinate authorities. It was currently reported among the Chinese at Amoy, that he annually received from the hai-hong, as a douceur, more than double the salary received from the government by the latter. The mode by which this additional sum is realized receives a ready explanation from the generally prevalent practice of bribery and sale of justice.

We took our departure, amid many compliments and apologies; some of them expressing regret that they should have given us such a paltry entertainment, and stating their fear that we had eaten nothing. They accompanied us to the outer court, where the attendants supplied each of us with a flaming flambeau, by the blazing glare of which we passed through the streets to our home. Ponies, strangely caparisoned with trappings and bells, were waiting for the officials in the outer court of the palace. The taou-tai immediately followed as soon as we had left, as the three guns and the pipings of musicians quickly informed our ears. The people in the adjoining streets gazed on us as we came forth from the precincts of the palace, and were apparently astonished by this discovery of the new inroads of foreign influence on the policy of their rulers. The attentions which we received were of the most marked character; no Europeans ever having received similar honour, who, like ourselves, were not indebted for the distinction to the fact of their filling official appointments under the British government. The principal motive which prompted these attentions, was doubtless a desire to confer a testimonial of respect on the missionaries, although selfish motives may have exerted their influence in the matter.

CLIMATE IN RELATION TO HEALTH AND DISEASE.

We have already seen that man cannot be naturalized, neither does he usually retain health and vigour in a latitude very different from that to which he has been accustomed. Of those Europeans who arrive on the banks of the Ganges, how many fall early victims to the climate, how many speedily droop, and in a few years find it requisite to seek again their native air. Nor do the inhabitants of intertropical regions fare much better when transported even to our temperate clime. The African children brought over some years since by the Sierra Leone Company, seldom survived their third year. "They bear the first winter pretty well," was the testimony of Dr. Pearson on the subject, "but droop during the second, and the third generally proves fatal to them." The grain coast of Guinea, on the other hand, is the most insalubrious to Europeans of any known climate. Scarcely raised a few feet above the level of the sea, abounding in marshes and jungle, subject to inundations during the rainy season, admitting only of rice cultivation, a native of the north scarce ever passes a night on its shores without being subject to disease. But the negro variety of our race is found there in its greatest perfection, and most

perfect symmetry, usually enjoying health, and sometimes living to old age. To whatever quarter of the globe we direct our inquiry, we shall find that a very intimate connexion subsists between the physical characteristics of a country and the constitution of its inhabitants. In vain, therefore, although but too frequently, does the traveller, the emigrant, or the missionary rely on the spontaneous energies of the constitution. Health can only be preserved in accordance with certain laws which physiology dictates, and all experience has tended to confirm. By what means, therefore, this end may be best attained, and consequent usefulness most prolonged, is a question of considerable interest.

The first general circumstance that strikes our attention with reference to health, in connexion with climate, is the uniform greater salubrity of cold than of warm countries. The natives even of the former, experience immunity from disease to a much greater extent than the natives of the latter. The longevity of the inhabitants of our North American possessions is alone a proof of this. It is stated by Mr. Montgomery Martin, that in no country is old age attended with greater bodily vigour and mental animation than in Newfoundland, and that there have been instances of fishermen engaged in the arduous duties of their calling, who have reached one hundred and fifty years; that in Nova Scotia, eighty years is a frequent age, with the possession of all the faculties; and that in Prince Edward's Island, people of one hundred years of age, without ever having known a day's illness, are numerous. It is said that in India, comparatively few even of the natives pass their sixty-second year. But in the case of residents from our own and other temperate zones, there is no comparison between the healthiness of the extremes of climate. In one of Captain Parry's expeditions, only one life out of the whole ship's crew was lost by disease, and in this instance the man left England when symptoms of consumption had already appeared, neither was the progress of the disease at all accelerated. Sir John Ross and his party passed several winters in succession on the shores of the polar sea, during a considerable part of which time they must have encountered a train of circumstances calculated to depress the spirits, and in this respect unfavourable to health; yet the company suffered a remarkably small diminution from illness. Let us contrast these results with those of the Niger and other intertropical expeditions, and how vast the difference! The most accurate statistical details connected with this subject, are those which have reference to the army, both private and official; and from them we learn that the annual mortality among the British forces at home is about 14 in 1,000; among the Malta fencibles, natives of that island, it is not more than 9 in 1,000; in the Cape corps, aborigines of South Africa, it is 11; in the Madras native troops, 13, and in those of Bengal 11, in the same number. Now in European soldiers in Canada, it is 16·1; in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, 14·7; whereas in Madras it is 48·1; in Jamaica, 121·3 and in Sierra Leone it has been as high as 483·0 in 1,000. Extreme heat has undoubtedly a tendency to enfeeble the body. We must not suppose that the refrigerating process, so wisely and beneficently provided to moderate the evil, can be carried to a great extent without detriment. It is true, if there were not a profuse secretion from the skin, disease would ensue from the direct stimulus of heat; but even the necessary quantity cannot transpire without enfeebling the system. Again; animal heat is maintained, as we have already seen, by the evolution of carbon, probably throughout the body, certainly in the lungs. In consequence of the less demand for such a process in warm climates it is eliminated by the liver; or at least, explain it how we will, the liver has more to do in these climates, and is exerted by the stimulus of heat to such inordinate action, that an inflammatory condition, followed, it may be, by debility and inaction, and combined with vitiated biliary secretion in various degrees, is the result; and thus a foundation is laid for serious diseases in that important organ. But we must not suppose that unhealthiness is attributable merely to increased temperature; it would then be more uniform. This cause is often complicated with other local circumstances, co-operating with it. In some situations the air is charged with moisture raised by evaporation from an extensive surface of shallow water, and these are generally more unhealthy than others in which the thermometer stands higher; in some cases most fatally so, because such moisture becomes a vehicle for the communication of deleterious and poisonous miasmata. All tropical countries abound with luxuriant vegetation, and in

situations that are low and subject to inundation, on the banks of rivers, and on rich, moist, and clayey soils, after rainy seasons, vegetable decomposition, under the influence of a burning sun, is perpetually going on. The same cause which renders vegetation exuberant tends also to generate immense swarms of reptiles and insects, the exuviæ and dead bodies of which, mingling with vegetable matter in a state of decay, and conjoined with moisture, give rise to effluvia of a much more noxious description than those which arise from vegetable decomposition alone. The evil is increased still more by the dense and low jungles with which these countries abound. Immersed in a moist, rich, absorbent soil, the stagnant atmosphere over them is seldom renewed, and therefore loaded with exhalations from both the above sources. Few persons unaccustomed to hot climates can visit such places at the close of the day, during the night, or in the morning, without experiencing the effects they usually produce; there is perhaps scarcely an instance of an individual having slept for a single night in a place so circumstanced, without suffering for his temerity. On a similar account, the neighbourhood of rice-plantations, which are always under alternate inundation and cultivation, is usually very unhealthy; and the white inhabitants of districts surrounded by or abounding with them, are always more sickly than others.

The precautions, therefore, that require to be attended to by temporary residents in cold countries, are few and simple. To the most important of them, sufficiently warm clothing, an adequate supply of animal food, and active exercise, we have already alluded. Two others only need be noticed in this place. It has been well ascertained, that the injurious effects of cold are less likely to be experienced when the body has been previously heated to any extent short of perspiration. The practice of persons cooling themselves gradually before exposure to the external atmosphere has originated in error. The best protection from the bad consequences of the change is found in a vigorous circulation and a hot dry skin. This principle has long been acted upon in Russia by those engaged in fishing for the caviare sturgeon, and who are obliged to remain even for some time under water, whilst the surface is covered with ice; they find it necessary to raise their temperature in a heated apartment before as well as after going into the water. When a person, having treated himself in the above manner, puts on sufficient additional clothing upon going out—paying particular attention to keep up the warmth of the extremities, and not to inhale more of the cold air than is indispensable—he uses the best possible means of defence. It should likewise be borne in mind, that after the body has been exposed to severe cold, there is much danger in the rapid application of heat, or even in the administration internally of strong stimulants. The impression upon the system produced by cold gives rise to reaction, which, unless kept within proper bounds, may produce the most injurious consequences. Friction of the surface by means of the warm hands of two or three attendants, or with warm flannels, may be employed, but no farther measures used unless in a very gradual manner, except indeed in extreme cases, where life appears nearly extinct. Then hot blankets and hot fomentations should be used, or the warm air, vapour, or water bath may be resorted to; but even in this case, when the heat and action of the system begin to return, care is especially necessary lest the excitement rise to an immoderate degree. The local effect of cold, or what is usually denominated a frost-bite, must be treated in the same manner. The usual expedient of rubbing the part with snow is the best that can be adopted; if heat be applied, not only will the part affected be destroyed, but the adjacent surface may be ultimately lost.

But emigrants to hot countries have especial need to attend to precautionary measures of another class, not less founded on the physiological laws of the system, the necessity for which may not so immediately strike an ordinary observer, but which are of greater importance still. First of all, are those which may be included under the one term, *temperance;* a very moderate use of animal food, and a nearly total abstinence from alcoholic and stimulating liquids. We have already seen, that a large proportion of vegetable food is as much required to constitute a healthy diet for the inhabitants of hot countries as a similar supply of animal food is in cold countries. Such are the laws by which animal heat is regulated, that indulgence in the flesh of animals to any great extent has a direct tendency to aggravate all the injurious effects of warm climates. The but too common use of ardent spirits, or of wine, is yet worse. "I

aver," says Dr. Mosely, "from my own knowledge and custom, as well as from the custom and observation of others, that those who drink nothing but water are but little affected by the climate, and can undergo the greatest fatigue without inconvenience." Nothing tends so directly to induce mild but copious perspiration, and to reduce the temperature to the natural standard, as the free use of cold water. Dr. Johnson mentions the case of a gentleman, remarkable for considerable talent, and an even flow of spirits, and whose health and vivacity had never failed during a long residence in India. "He disclosed to me," he adds, "the secret" of all this "by assuring me he had drank nothing but water for many years; that, in consequence, his health is excellent, his spirits free, and his mental faculties unclouded, although far advanced in Time's list." The occasional use of wine under circumstances of fatigue and exhaustion may doubtless be beneficial; but the above may be taken as a good example, and no solitary one, of what may be effected by habitual abstinence. If the effect of wine and spirits upon the human frame enable a person to resist the influence of contagion, miasmata, and other morbid causes, it is only during the continuance of the excitement, after which he becomes doubly disposed to them. No greater advantage is obtained in this way than results from uniform and habitual temperance. The stimulus afforded by spices is of a very different character, does not affect the system injuriously, and is highly useful in promoting the digestion of vegetable food. Another very important rule for sojourners in hot climates is, to avoid the imprudent exposure of their persons at unseasonable hours, either at sunrise or sunset, or during the full blaze of noon. The danger at the former of these times is owing to the decomposition, already noticed, which organized substances undergo when exposed to a high temperature joined with moisture; it is then that those unhealthy vapours, which seem to be the seeds of fever, are peculiarly intense and powerful. And the natives even of hot countries, find it requisite to take shelter and repose in the middle of the day. It is a practice which our own countrymen, however, are but too apt to neglect; so much so, that it has been said the dogs and the English are the only living creatures that are at this time to be found in the streets. It is no matter of surprise that such imprudence often leads to the most disastrous results. One more caution, which likewise deserves to be mentioned, is to avoid taking any quantity of cold liquid, when perspiring freely after much exhaustion and fatigue. By its neglect many lives have been sacrificed.

Another consideration connected with the relation between climate and health, is, the extent to which a change may be rendered available for the removal of disease, or the prevention of it in the predisposed, in particular instances. Although, as a general rule, the climate to which any one has been accustomed is that to which his constitution is the most adapted, since both hot and cold countries have their specific diseases, it does appear rational to suppose, that a change, within certain limits, may sometimes be beneficial. And if this advantage has been much overrated, the supposition has been undoubtedly confirmed by fact. It is remarkable, too, that the greatest amount of benefit from this source has been experienced in the most hopeless of all diseases, pulmonary consumption, if only it has been resorted to in time; which unhappily is but too seldom the case.

Without entering into the rationale of the subject, it is enough to state, that facts bear out the assertion that a timely removal to a warmer climate in those who are predisposed to this invidious and fatal malady, to which it has been reckoned that one-fourth of our population fall victims, will, in far the greater number of instances, prevent its development altogether. The reason of the little success which has hitherto attended this measure, and does still, notwithstanding the attention of the medical profession and of the public has been particularly directed to it by Dr. Clarke and others, is the late period at which it is usually resorted to, when disease is so far advanced that it will proceed unchecked by this or any other expedient that can be opposed to its progress. The most apparently accurate and striking statistical details on this subject with which we have ever met, are from the pen of Dr. Menton, an intelligent and experienced physician at Madeira. Dr. Menton states, from notes of cases which came under his own observation during three successive years, that nineteen patients labouring under confirmed consumption arrived in Madeira from Eng-

land, the whole of whom died, the greater part on the island, the remainder after returning to their native country. But that of thirty-three cases of incipient consumption which arrived during the same period, two, at the close of it, were on the island, one apparently well, the other considerably better since his arrival, but still in a doubtful state; two had died, one on the island, the other after leaving it; the fate of six was not known; the remaining twenty-three were all at home apparently in good health. It is only by numerical records such as these, that we can hope to arrive at truth. It thus appears, that out of thirty-three cases of incipient consumption, twenty-four were cured; plainly proving that, however great may be the inutility of change of climate in an advanced period of the complaint, considerable hope may be entertained from the adoption of this measure in its earlier stages. Chronic affections of the lungs generally, chronic affections of the stomach, rheumatism, scrofula, and cutaneous affections, are likewise all benefited by a change to a warm, dry climate. Equality of temperature, as far as it can be obtained, in conjunction with these advantages, is likewise a desideratum.

In our own country, the most eligible situations are, Undercliff in the Isle of Wight, Hastings, the south of Devonshire, especially Torquay, and some parts of Cornwall. But Torquay, on the whole, is superior to every place in our island. With respect to foreign climates, Dr. Clarke considers the practice of sending consumptive patients to the south of France a grievous error, the whole of that extensive tract of country which stretches along the shores of the Mediterranean, from Montpellier to the banks of the Var, being subject to vicissitudes of temperature and to frequent harsh cold winds. Both the south of France and Italy are decidedly inferior to many of the islands of the Atlantic Ocean, and especially to Madeira, which is at the same time remarkable for equality of temperature. The summer is even five degrees cooler than in Italy and France, but the winter is twelve degrees warmer. The mean annual range at Madeira is only fourteen degrees, whereas it is nearly double this at Pisa, Rome, Naples, and Nice.

D. W.

THE REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

No. XVIII.

THE ARREST OF JEROME OF PRAGUE—HIS FIRST INTERROGATION.

The fathers of the council had in their secret purposes condemned John Huss before they sentenced Wickliffe; and when they began by removing the ashes of the one, it was that they might more securely stifle the voice of the other.

Unsearchable are the ways of Providence! The blood of the martyrs prepares the way for the spread of the most important truths. This first opened the world to receive the word; and this, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, prepared Europe again to receive the gospel. As it was needful that John Huss should die at Constance, to bear witness to the truth, it was also ordered that another eminent martyr should, in the prospect of death, bear witness to John Huss. The council at first required but one victim; opportunity gave a second, and the disciple followed the master.

Amidst the general lamentation and confusion at Prague on the report of the captivity of John Huss, his friend and disciple, Jerome, hesitated, undecided between the desire to follow him, and the dread of sharing his lot. Even Huss, in his letters, urged him to remain at a distance; he exhorted him to prudence, taught him by his own example.

At first, Jerome did not despair of his friend being released; he relied on the efforts of the grandees of the kingdom, he confided in the fidelity of Sigismund. However, months passed away, and Huss remained in prison. The remonstrances of the Bohemian nobles were despised, Sigismund forgot his word, Jerome then remembered his own.

Some who had been the pupils of Huss already reminded him of the words he had used, in the warmth of his affection, when receiving the farewell of his friend: "My dear master, if any evil befall you, I will come, I will hasten to your aid." He listened only to his courage, to the enthusiasm of friendship and faith. He set out for Constance without a safe-conduct, attended only by a single disciple. He wished to appear before the council, and there to plead the cause of his friend.

He arrived on April the 4th, and there, mixing with the crowded populace, without making himself known, he heard

gloomy reports; it was said that John Huss would not be admitted into the presence of the council, that he would be secretly judged and condemned, and would only leave his prison to die.

Jerome trembled, and thought all was over; he was seized with terror, and fled as suddenly as he had come. It is even said that his retreat was so precipitate, that he left his sword behind him in the inn where he had stopped. Already the report of his being there had begun to be circulated; he was everywhere sought for, when his arrival and his flight at once became known.

Jerome did not stop till he reached Uberlingen. There, thinking himself more secure, he thought, though late, of a precaution which he should have taken before he left Prague, if in any case he had been guided by reflection rather than the first impulses; and yet he could not expect any great result from this measure. He wrote to the emperor and the council to request a safe-conduct from them, alleging, as a sufficient ground for its being granted, that he had come to Constance of his own accord, and without being sent for, as Huss had been. He said, "I, Jerome of Prague, master of arts in the celebrated universities of Paris, Cologne, and Heidelberg, give notice by this writing that I am come to Constance of my own free will, and without being compelled, to answer any adversaries and slanderers who defame the noble and illustrious kingdom of Bohemia, and to defend our doctrine, which is pure and orthodox, as well as openly to show my innocence, in the presence of the whole council. In order to execute so reasonable a purpose, in the name of God I entreat your imperial majesty, and the sacred œcumenical council, to grant me a safe-conduct, that I may repair to Constance, and return from thence in safety."

The emperor made the only answer that could reasonably be expected from him,—he refused. The council granted the safe-conduct in the following remarkable terms, by which they plainly exposed their intention to render it useless:

"The sacred synod, forming a general council at Constance, assembled by the Holy Ghost, and representing the universal church militant, wishes to Jerome of Prague, who calls himself master of arts in several universities, that he may have wisdom in moderation, and not be wise above what is necessary. As we have at heart nothing more than to seize those foxes which plunder the vineyard of the Lord of hosts, we hereby summon you as suspected and strongly accused of having rashly advanced numerous errors; and we direct you to appear here, in the space of fifteen days, from the date of this summons, to answer, as you offer to do, in the first session that is held after your arrival. It is for this end, that to prevent any violence from being done to you, we give you a full safe-conduct, *always excepting what justice demands, and as much as is in our power, and as the orthodox faith requires;* also certifying you, that whether you appear or not, within the term stated, the council will, itself, or by its commissioners, proceed against you as soon as the term shall be ended. Given at Constance, in a public session, on April 17th, 1415, under the seals of the president of the four nations."* (It is remarkable how far less favourable was the safe-conduct granted by the council to Jerome than that which the emperor had given to John Huss. The great difference consisted in these expressions, *what justice demands, and without prejudice to the orthodox faith.* In attempting to defend the council, as to their conduct towards Huss, the jesuit Roswegole has pretended, that these same words were understood in the safe-conduct given to Huss.)

Such a safe-conduct was not a protection. Moreover, it did not reach Jerome in proper time. Not receiving any answer at Uberlingen for several days, either from the council or the emperor, Jerome, says the historian Theobald, sorrowfully continued his journey towards Bohemia, distressed at being unable to render any assistance to his friend, and uneasy as to the construction which might be put on his return. He was, however, the bearer of a writing by which seventy of the Bohemian nobility, then at Constance, attested that he had been there, had done all in his power to give a reason as to his faith, and had only left Constance because he could not remain there in safety.

All these removals and dangers had not strengthened his prudence; wherever he went he openly, unguardedly, and in no measured terms, declaimed against the council. He was always the same man, ardent, vehement, acting and speaking from the impulse of his heart, never calculating the effect of his words or actions.

One day, when passing through some

* Theob. cap. xv. p. 17.

town in the Black Forest, the vicar pressed him to dine at his house, where he had invited several of his brethren. When at table, the recollection of his imprisoned friend recurred forcibly to his mind; his secret sorrow found vent in no measured terms, and he forgot himself so far as to call the council a school of Satan, a synagogue of iniquity.* Some priests who were offended by these expressions, reported them to the officer who commanded in the town, and Jerome was arrested.

Other narratives simply mention, that the officers of John of Bavaria, count palatine, and prince of Salzbach, seized Jerome, on April 24th, in the town of Hirsau, from whence he was brought to Salzbach, and detained there. Here he remained in the custody of that prince, till the will of the council should be known. Orders were then issued for conveying the prisoner to Constance, to which place he was immediately transferred.

Jerome entered the city in the midst of guards, and chained on a cart. In this gloomy state he was brought to the residence of the elector palatine, brother to John of Bavaria, and detained there till he should appear in public in a general assembly of the members of the council.

The cardinals, prelates, and doctors assembled on May 23rd, in the refectory of the Minor Friars. By their order, Jerome was then taken from the dwelling of the elector, and conducted by soldiers through the city. The elector himself led the way, and attended the melancholy procession as if it had been a triumph. Jerome was thus brought before the assembly, loaded, or rather, adorned with chains.

After the summons of Jerome to attend the council had been read, and a letter in which John of Bavaria gave an account of his arrest, a bishop came forward and asked Jerome wherefore he had refused to obey, and why he fled. "I departed," answered Jerome, "because I had received no safe-conduct, neither from yourselves nor the emperor; knowing also, that I have here a great number of deadly foes. I received no summons from the council; had I known of it, I would have returned, even from my own land, I declare upon my oath."

At this answer the assembly arose. A confused clamour followed, in which many accusations and testimonies against Jerome were produced. He then paid dearly for the triumph of his eloquence, and the temporary success which his fearless discourses had formerly gained, in his journeyings through Europe, when engaged in scholastic contests. The enmity of scholars is of the most dangerous kind, because the wounds of self-love are incurable; and the little passions find entrance into the minds of great men, when they can disguise them to themselves under the veil of the public welfare. Of this, the illustrious Gerson furnished a sad instance: "Jerome," said he, "when you came to Paris, you thought yourself, with your flow of words, an angel from heaven. You disturbed the university by putting forth in our schools several false propositions, especially as to ideas and universals.

"Master Gerson," answered Jerome, "the statements I have made in the university of Paris, and the replies I have given to the arguments of the professors, I have myself scientifically proved as a philosopher, and as myself being a master in that university. If I have taught errors, prove them, and I will retract them."

A doctor from Cologne interrupted Jerome: "When you were at Cologne," he said, "you advanced several erroneous statements." "Will you name any one of them?" inquired Jerome. This unexpected request put the doctor to a stand. "I cannot recall them," he added, "but hereafter they will be repeated to you."

A third rose in his turn, and addressed Jerome: "At Heidelberg you advanced some serious errors respecting the Trinity, which you represented under the figure of a shield with three sides, and afterwards compared to water, snow, and ice."

"What I said and represented at Heidelberg," answered Jerome, "I am ready again to repeat. Show me that they are errors, and I will renounce them most heartily, and with all humility."

A murmur was heard; many voices cried, "To the fire! to the fire!"

"If my death is desirable to you," said Jerome, "the will of the Lord be done."

"No, Jerome," said the archbishop of Salzberg, "it is written, 'I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that he turn from his way and live.'"

The noise and vociferations were redoubled; at length, when the tumult

* Reichental. Concil Constant.

was quieted, Jerome was carried back to prison, and the assembly separated.

Towards evening, Peter Maldoniewitz, better known under the name of Peter the Notary, the faithful friend of Huss and Jerome, loitered about the building in which Jerome was confined, and drawing near to a window, he called to Jerome, who heard him, and answered, "Welcome, my brother." Peter replied, "Be strong in spirits; remember the truth which thou hast so faithfully declared, when thou wast free, before thy hands were bound in fetters. My friend, my teacher, fear not to suffer death in the cause of the truth."

Jerome answered, "Yes, I have said many things concerning the truth, and I am ready to support them."

Here the touching interview between the two friends was interrupted by some soldiers. They hastened to drive away Peter, using violence and threats. He bade a melancholy farewell to Jerome, and sorrowfully withdrew.

After him another came near. This was a servant of John de Chlum, named Vitus. As he was speaking to Jerome, he was seized by the soldiers, and with difficulty regained his liberty.

The custody of the prisoner had been entrusted to John de Wallewdrod, archbishop of Riga. The same night that prelate had him carried to the recesses of a tower in St. Paul's churchyard. There he caused him to be very closely confined. His irons were fastened to a post of great height, so that it was impossible for him to sit down, and his two hands hung in chains pressed on his neck, and weighed down his head. In this manner his imprisonment has been delineated, by old writers, and others who were eye-witnesses. For two days he remained in this painful situation, living only on bread and water, while his friends from Bohemia knew not where he was. Cochlæus, an ardent Roman catholic writer, does not attempt to deny the excessive strictness of the captivity which Jerome endured. At length Peter the Notary obtained information from one of his keepers, and succeeded in supplying him with better food.

However, Jerome was taken seriously ill; and when his life was in danger, he requested to have a confessor. His bonds were then somewhat loosened. Like John Huss, he survived sickness to encounter martyrdom, and for a whole year remained alone in his gloomy cell.

OLD HUMPHREY LOOKING BEYOND THE GRAVE.

They say that "trifles please children," and they might have said that they please old men, too, for often do things of small moment make an old man as pleased as a child with a new toy. The sum total of small enjoyments is an important item in the account current of human life, for which we cannot be too thankful. Every sunny thought, every kindly deed of those who are around us, and every event, however trifling, that confers a momentary joy, is in itself a blessing. It is wise to set a great value on small mercies; for he who is thankful for table crumbs, must indeed have a feast when he sits down to a banquet. How often the mere "mustard-seed" sowings of human sympathy grow up and shoot out great branches of future benefit!

Some time ago, in a letter to a friend, I made the following whimsical remark, which referred to the state of apathy in which I felt myself at the moment. "Did you ever feel as though you were dead and buried, lying under a hillock so trodden down that not a blade of grass grew higher than the ground around it, with an old tombstone over you, so chipped, dented, battered, broken, and moss-grown, that your best and dearest friends could not make out the inscription?" I soon after received a reply in the shape of a drawing of an old, moss-grown stone, inscribed with several signatures, and a trodden down grave, accompanied with the following observations. I must here remark that my kind correspondent well knew that my ink-sheddings were not limited to those only which bear the signature of "Old Humphrey," but that, under other names, I had for many years catered somewhat liberally for the mental repasts of childhood, youth, maturity, and old age.

"Here it is! Here it is! This must be the grave we seek; and time-worn, and battered, and broken as the stone is, we can make out the signatures of one we loved. What pulsations and throbbings did he occasion in his day! Young hearts have danced, young eyes have glistened, and young hands have clapped their welcome at his approach. It was his to express and call forth thoughts, tender, and good, and high, and ours to bless him for them. What cares has he lightened! What hours and years has

he brightened, and how unsuspectingly, on our parts, did he lead us through earthly objects to heavenly hopes! He was the friend, the companion, the faithful reprover, and kind adviser and comforter of all. Yes, here lies Old Humphrey! How old the grave looks! but that is quite in character with him,—for he was old, too, in our estimation, older than any one we knew; he seemed, indeed, as though he had lived for centuries, and knew every thing from the light fancies of a child of four years, to the grave reflections of a man of fourscore. The stone is worn, as if the rain, like trickling tears, had been continually dropping upon it. It is moss-grown; but the moss looks fresh and green, making it look cheerful, just as his smile used to brighten his thoughtful countenance. The hillock is certainly trodden down till not a blade of grass is higher than the ground around it; but that only shows how many have been drawn there to muse and moralize, if not to mourn. Sunk as is the grave, low as is the grass, and timeworn and disfigured as is the stone, to those who know whose ashes lie there it is a cherished spot,—for they number him among the messengers of peace and love, and follow him in thought to that heaven to which he so often pointed them."

If you should be of opinion that the pleasure I derived from this trifling circumstance arose from the fact of my vanity being gratified by the implied praise of my kind-hearted correspondent, hardly do I know whether I should be justified in denying the charge. Nay, I will rather, on the contrary, plead guilty to it at once, and then, having made "a clean bosom of it," I shall feel myself more at liberty to pursue my subject, and apply it to my reader, or to myself, as the case may be.

And first, let me see if I cannot get good from the very praise bestowed upon me:

"They who on virtuous ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge."

And, in like manner, they who are praised beyond their desert, are bound, in all honesty, to endeavour to deserve their praise, seeing that they are paid beforehand for all that they perform. Having thus acknowledged my beforehand payment, let me next examine the amount of my debt.

I am bound, it seems, to excite virtuous aspirations, and so to commend myself to youth, that young eyes are to sparkle, young hearts to dance, and young hands to clap me a welcome when I approach; I am to express and call forth thoughts tender, high, and good; to lighten the load of care, and to brighten the declining years of age. To bring forth stores of knowledge and wisdom, to approve myself as a friend, companion, corrector, adviser and comforter, to become a messenger of peace and love to my several readers, and "to point them all to heaven." If ever, through mercy, I shall be able to discharge this debt, cause indeed shall I have to be grateful. In the mean time, is it my honest and hearty desire to do all, and more than all, for which credit has been given me?

But this matter has set me thinking of the time when I shall really be a tenant of the tomb. It has led me to look beyond the grave. Were you and I more frequently to look on the other side of the grave, than we do, most likely we should discharge our duties on this side of it more creditably.

When we take a glance at the means which, through mercy, we have enjoyed of doing good, and at the little good we have effected—when we look, as it were, at the balance-sheet of our lives, we feel that we cannot afford to close our accounts either with those around us, or with our Great and Almighty Creator. No, no! We want additional opportunities of putting our affairs in better trim; —we would be kinder to our fellow-creatures; we would be more watchful over ourselves; we would be doubly diligent in holy things; and we would fain, ere we are called away from the world, do something for his glory, who has done so much for our good. My kind correspondent has humbled me, and done me a service.

If men could go beyond the grave, and look back at what had been said of them; if, in a word, after knowing the realities of an eternal world, they could read their own epitaphs, bitter as gall and wormwood would it be to the churl to find that he had credit for kindness; to the greedy, grasping miser, to know that he was praised for generosity; to the dishonest to see that he was held up as a model of integrity; and to him who lived without God in the world, to read in gilded letters, on a marble stone, that he had passed his days in piety as an humble and faithful follower of the Redeemer.

How willingly would they blot out for ever that praise which only made their demerits the more conspicuous:

How gladly would the ungodly dead that lie
Enshrined in pomp, and pride, and pageantry,
Could they look back and mark with thoughtful brow,
The littleness of all things here below;—

How gladly would they, while with honest shame
They read the marble that extols their name,
Pull down the record and the lying stone,
And write, "The Saviour is my trust alone!"

This looking beyond the grave, while yet life's ruddy current is careering through our veins, is likely to do us good. Look at thy life, reader, while I look at mine, that we may see what cause we have to feel shame for the past, and what reason we have earnestly and heartily to improve the future. Oh that our thoughts, our words, and our deeds, were all that we would wish them to be at our latter end, and that our language more frequently was, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer!" Psa. xix. 14.

That was a sweet morsel of mingled poetry and piety that I fell in with the other day, called "The Reaper and the Flowers," and as I have nothing half so good of my own wherewith to finish this rambling chapter, breathing as it does the very spirit of kindness for the young and sympathy for the bereaved, you will, I trust, receive it kindly at my hands. The lines were written by an American; but if he is not honourable—yea, right honourable, in my estimation—who manifests talent and virtuous affections, to whatever country beneath the stars he may belong, then am I no true-hearted Englishman. Read it, ye little ones, that, as tender blossoms of the earth, your hearts may yearn to bloom in heaven; and read it, ye fond fathers and doating mothers, that, looking by faith in the Redeemer beyond the grave, even to the throne of the Eternal, ye may the more patiently, submissively, and willingly, when he requires it at your hands, give to God what God has given to you:

"There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"'Shall I have nought that is fair?' saith he;
'Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.'

"He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kiss'd their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"'My Lord hath need of the flowerets gay,'
The Reaper said, and smiled;
'Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

"'They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care;
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.'

"And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

"Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away."

TRUTH AND FAITH.

Look to the Lord Jesus Christ himself. Look to him as an example of suffering, "There is no sorrow like unto his sorrow," Lam. i. 12. "Consider him, therefore, who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds," Heb. xii. 3. Look to him, also, as your sympathizing High Priest. Yes, he suffered being tempted, that he might succour us when we are tempted. He did not cry aloud, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" without intending that that cry should remind us of his power and will to sympathize with us when we have none of the joy arising from the light of God's countenance shining upon us. I will not dwell on the benefit to be derived from the searching of the sacred volume, and there seeing how the same afflictions are accomplished in the brethren; for sure I am, if you will only lean upon Jesus, in him you will find peace—that peace which passeth all understanding. The saints of old found rest in Christ; and "Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Brethren, be not deceived. If you attempt to find peace by any other method, you must fail. The Jew may speak of the law, but it will bring into bondage, it cannot deliver; for, "what the law could not do," says St. Paul, "in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," Rom. viii. 3, 4. The Romanist, or the

semi-Romanist may urge upon you much bodily mortification, "which things have indeed a show of wisdom in will worship, and humility, and neglecting of the body; not in any honour to the satisfying of the flesh," Col. ii. 23.

But try them, one after another, and you will be constrained to exclaim, "Miserable comforters are ye all!" In Christ alone can you have peace. Look, then, to the love covenanted in Christ. He will give the Comforter to all who ask him in sincerity and truth.

No longer, then, continue to write bitter things against yourselves. This is not the day of condemnation. But, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. If you cannot feel a right to address the Lord as a saint, you may as a sinner. His blood cleanses from all sin. He is your advocate, yet he is the propitiation for your sins, and for the sins of the whole world. Fear not, then. Only believe!—*Hon. and Rev. Montague Villiers.*

THE REFORMED SMUGGLER.

In one of the most beautiful psalms which the inspired psalmist has left for the delight and instruction of future ages, there is a sentiment to which every child of God can fully respond, as he looks back on the history of his life: "He led them forth by the right way," said David; and while calling on men to praise the Lord, he says, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy." And has not God ever led his people by a way which they knew not? They would rather not have walked in that way; they would have turned from the thorny path, and entered upon the road strewed with the flowers of life; but God chose their lot for them. He guided them, and, even in this world, they can often look back to his guidance with devout thanksgiving; while in eternity, when the map of life can be fully traced, it will be very distinctly seen, that he led them forth "by the right way" to a "city of habitation."

I was struck with this idea once very forcibly, while considering the circumstances of a person known to me some years since. This man had always enjoyed a small income, which was to cease when he arrived at sixty years of age. Ill health prevented his maintaining himself; and as his life advanced towards this period, his heart became full of anxiety. He was a Christian—he had faith in God for his eternal happiness. He could look back thankfully on God's past mercies, and yet his heart failed him as he looked to the future. He did not honour God by a firm reliance on his direction, but he took that "thought of to-morrow," which our Saviour charged us not to take. But which of us can blame this timid Christian? which of us can say that our faith should not fail in so great a trial? This man became a real object of compassion, and by giving way to this mistrust of Providence, he was laid for a time on a bed of sickness. At length the dreaded period arrived—all that he had feared came to pass, and he became a resident of the parish poorhouse.

Martin Luther translates the well-known promise contained in Psalm xxxvii. 26, in this manner, and his rendering seems the correct one: "I have been young, and now am old: yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed, though begging bread." And so it was in this instance. God saw fit to lead this man through the seas and waters of affliction, but it proved the right way. He suffered him to become poor, but his trials were made the means of enriching his faith. God never forsook him; and this man declared that he had so enjoyed a sense of God's presence, and was so sure of his eternal salvation, that the happiest days he had ever passed, had been spent in that poor-house, and that he would not for worlds have escaped these trials. He could not only say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," but could add, "Blessed be the name of the Lord;" and look back with wonder, that he should have ever felt unwilling to cast a burden on the Lord, which God himself had promised to sustain.

It is easy for us, who are comparatively indifferent spectators of such an event, to see how truly God led this poor man by the right way: and the narrative which I am about to relate will prove the same truth as fully, while it shows that God often leads, by an unknown path, the rebellious sinner out of the road leading to eternal darkness and misery, into that cheered by the light of the glorious gospel of Christ.

A few years since, there resided in a village about nine miles from C., a

man who was employed as a farmer's labourer, and whom I shall call John. A large band of smugglers lived in the neighbourhood, with whom John became connected: they were a lawless, ungodly company, and the subject of our narrative was no better than his companions. He was a profane swearer, and in his common conversation would utter the most dreadful oaths, and invoke the curses of God against himself and others. Being a man of a fearless disposition, he was often selected for any exploit of danger; and once, when it had been planned that a cask of contraband spirits should be conveyed to C., John, with some others, undertook to deposit it there. It was a dark and cheerless night when the party set off on this expedition. The moon was hidden by heavy clouds, and not a star guided the traveller on his way. The night was well fitted for a deed of darkness, and the bold smugglers believed that they were unseen by any human eye. Suddenly, however, a number of sailors and an officer of the preventive service came upon them. John found himself seized, and began making desperate efforts to escape. "Stay!" said the officer, "stay, or you are a dead man!" John saw the pistol at his head; he knew that in a moment he would be sent into another world; yet, as he afterwards declared, he felt so desperate, so reckless of consequences, that he strove to rush on. But God had mercy on him—he arrested his course. A stone lay in the way, his foot stumbled, and falling suddenly to the ground, he became an easy prey to the officers of justice.

How daring is the hardened sinner! Rather than give up his own proud will, rather than stand humbled before his fellow-men, this man would have defied the wrath of the Great Omnipotent, and stood before that awful tribunal, where man's doom is fixed for ever. No mercy would have been there. The day of mercy is during man's life; that would have been passed; and the sacrifice of the Saviour, now offered to all who will accept it, would not have been available to lessen his eternal woe and anguish.

John was brought on the following day before a magistrate, and the fine imposed being paid by some of his companions, he found himself at liberty to return home; but the narrow escape from death had no effect on his insensible heart. Soon after, however, he experienced considerable pain in one of his knees, and the limb at length became entirely useless. After a short time, the other limb too became similarly affected, and John found himself, in middle life, compelled to relinquish all activity, and reduced to lie for the rest of his days, a helpless and crippled man. In this state he became an inmate of a cottage in the village, where he was supported by relief from the parish.

Oh, what dreary days and nights did the once busy, restless man endure now! Sometimes he thought of the past, but it had no pleasant reflections. And when his mind looked forward into the future, what had that to offer? He knew that he could not recover; he knew that he might lie long years in that hopeless condition, a burden to others. He could not get rid of these thoughts, for those around him were usually too busy to converse with him, and he was unable to read. Sometimes he wished for death—and yet what could death bring him? forgetfulness—nothingness—this was the most he could expect. This is the only thing which the unbeliever has to look to. Even this the word of God declares to be but a vain hope, for it assures us that we must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive of the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or bad. But man has an immortal spirit within him, and it shrinks naturally from the thoughts of ceasing to exist. The thought of sleeping "the eternal sleep," of entering on the "first dark day of nothingness," is a cold and revolting thought. Even the infidel who boasts it, could not endure it, were it not that he dreads standing before the judgment-seat of the eternal and offended Majesty of heaven. In his idea it is the less of two evils. Better to "sleep the sleep that knows no waking," than to encounter the fiery vengeance of Jehovah. But oh, what hope is there in such sentiments? and where is the human being who can be happy with no hope? John could not; he felt that he was wretched. But the Saviour was looking down with pity on him, and was bringing him forth by "the right way."

It was while lying musing in this dreary, disconsolate condition, that the poor sufferer remembered having heard of such a book as the Bible, and that at C. the New Testament could be purchased for sixpence. It was not from any reverence to this holy book, as the

word of God, or from any idea of the consoling promises which it offers to the afflicted, or of the hopes which beam from its pages on dying man, that John wished to see it; but he had a good degree of intelligence, and he thought he should derive information and amusement from such a book. He thought, too, that he might perhaps contrive to learn to read; and thus some employment be afforded for his weary hours. He procured the desired book, and his next aim was to procure a reader. By offering to a little girl, who attended a Sunday-school in the village, the reward of an occasional apple or a halfpenny, he secured her frequent services; and the child would sit reading for hours by the bed-side of the afflicted man. John looked over the book while she did this, and made her frequently tell him the words as she read them. During her absence, he looked at the words again, and thus impressed them on his memory. He would then turn to other chapters of the Testament, and search out the same words, till he knew them readily whenever he saw them, until he found himself able to read with tolerable ease, although unable to name the letters of the alphabet, or to spell a syllable.

The ingenuity which led to the adoption of this plan of learning to read, proves that John had good natural talents. This untaught man thus practised a mode of learning which has of late years been much used in Sunday and other schools, and which was greatly introduced to the public notice by Gall. It is now well known by the familiar name of the "Look and Say" system, and is well adapted for the instruction of those who have but little leisure, and with whom it is of great importance to be able to read as soon as possible.

The first chapter which the little girl selected for her reading, was the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John; and certainly no one more suitable could have been chosen. She was probably induced to read this, by being well acquainted with the chapter, as it is one which Sunday-school teachers often desire the children to learn. But let us not say that it was mere accident which led to the selection. God, who designed to make this poor man an instance of his sovereign mercy, not only put into his heart the desire to learn to read, but ordered all the circumstances to produce this result. And now what a new world of ideas seemed opening upon the mind of John, while the little girl read the Scripture! A ruler of the Jews, a man of influence in that nation, was told by Christ, "Verily I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Nicodemus did not understand this, neither did John understand it. But our Saviour explained it to this master in Israel, and told him that the influence of God's Spirit, though coming on the heart of man so imperceptibly as to be like the wind, which we see not, and of which no sound is heard, yet comes with power, quickening the heart of man, and breathing into it thoughts of God, and belief and love of that Redeemer who was crucified for fallen man. Many times did the little girl read the chapter to the earnest listener, and how delightful seemed to him such blessed truths as these: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved," v. 16, 17. And so, thought this poor man to himself, it is God's will that I should be saved. Christ really died for the very purpose of saving sinners such as I. Oh blessed gospel, truly is it good news to man!

The New Testament soon became the delight and constant companion of the invalid, and gradually the truths which it contains were unfolded to his mind, by the teachings of the Holy Spirit. His thoughts, his words, his actions, all became influenced by them. He could now come to his heavenly Father, and tell him of all that was in his heart; of pain of body, of anxiety of mind, of sorrow for sin, of weakness and infirmities. He felt that while doing so he was holding real communion with God; he felt sure that he was a pardoned sinner, and dwelt with delight on the promise of God, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." How happy now was this poor man! It is true that he had a crippled body, but his spirit soared far away from these earthly things. He could say with the apostle, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal;

but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Now it is not possible for a man's heart to be full of any one subject, and for his lips to be always silent upon it. As the Scripture says, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh:" and so we see it in the daily intercourse of life. The man of science delights to speak of his discoveries, and hails with pleasure an indication of sympathy or curiosity in others. The affectionate mother is never weary of speaking of her children; the schoolboy tells of his sports, and the frivolous and vain discourse on subjects of idle vanity. The man whose heart is fixed on heavenly things speaks of them too; and John often now spoke of the Bible and its blessed truths, to all who visited him.

The great change which had taken place in the character of the once bold and profane smuggler, soon became known in the village; it excited the interest of a pious person in the neighbourhood, who came and conversed often with John on the subject of religion. By this person the circumstances of the poor man were also made known to several persons at C., and soon many pious friends came to sympathize with his feelings, and to administer to his temporal comforts; and never did any Christian visit that bed-side without taking away a heart full of love and gratitude to God, as he saw that the Bible, and the Bible only, had been blessed by him to the conversion of this man.

A gentleman from London, who occasionally visited C., and from whom the writer of this narrative received this account, one day walked over to the village to visit John. He found him able to read the Bible correctly and fluently, and listened with pleasure to his perusal of one of the Psalms of David, and one of Dr. Watts's hymns. The poor man expressed his great longing to be useful, to do something for that Saviour who had done so much for him; but he felt that, confined as he was to his couch, his means of usefulness was very limited. He added, that a lady in the village had kindly offered to teach him to write, in order that he might correspond with his friends, or write to his former companions, to endeavour to persuade them to forsake sin. John seemed afraid lest he could not overcome the difficulties of learning, but this gentleman much urged him to make the attempt. It was not until the following summer that the gentleman again saw him, and he was much gratified at finding that he had succeeded in learning to write. "But ah, sir," said John, "I cannot tell you how difficult it was, for I had to learn my letters, and to learn also to spell; and I was afraid, for a time, that I could never do this." He afterwards wrote a letter to this gentleman, which was both well spelled and very well written.

The room in which John lay had a window looking out upon the village, and near it ran a clear and beautiful spring, to which the villagers came to draw water. "There, sir," said John, "as I lie and look at that spring, I often think of the fulness of Christ. All the people of the village come to it to get water. They are continually coming, but it is never exhausted: there it is, full and fresh as ever." John was perhaps thinking of that invitation of our Saviour, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

The chief feature of John's character now seemed an earnest thankfulness, and a deep humility. He never forgot the Lord's song, which the redeemed are called upon by David to sing, "Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good!" He gratefully acknowledged that God had brought him forth by the right way. He would often say, "Oh! where should I have been, had I not stumbled when the pistol was at my head? I am indeed a monument of God's mercy: had I died then, I must have endured eternal misery. Now, blessed be God, I am only waiting for eternal happiness. Oh, what could a poor wicked man like me have done, had not Christ died for the very chief of sinners!" He would delight to assemble in his room a band of pious friends, with whom he could join in praising God, and praying for continued mercies.

Notwithstanding his invalid condition, John lived many years, and his life attested the sincerity and power of his religious principles. And when the hour came that the spirit should leave its frail tenement, it was to him an hour of joy and peace — an anticipation, even on earth, of the happiness of heaven. Then, no longer singing the song of the Lord in a strange land, he should join with other redeemed spirits in celebrating the wisdom and goodness of Him who had "led him forth by the right way, to a city of habitation." A. P.

A NATURALIST'S WALKS TO THE PEAK MOORLANDS.

No. III.

While visiting the mountain moorlands of the Peak, few birds afforded us more pleasure in witnessing their habits, than the lapwings, or peewits, as they are there called. During the summer they breed in great numbers in the moors, colonizing favourite spots; and on the approach of winter move in vast flocks southward, towards the coast, where they continue till the hard frosts set in, when they journey still farther to the south, passing to the continent. Their return to their breeding haunts occurs in the beginning of March; and at this season they perform the most fantastic evolutions in the air, wheeling round and round, then shooting suddenly up, and as suddenly sweeping down, and again wheeling round or doubling, as they skim the surface of the heath. During the continuance of these aerial exercises, they utter various cries, very different from their common call, "peeweet," which, in their native wilds, sounds so mournfully. While the female is sitting upon her eggs, (four in number, placed in a slight depression on the heath,) the male keeps anxious watch, and on the approach of an intruder wheels round his head, endeavouring to distract his attention and lure him from the spot. Repeatedly has this artifice been practised towards ourselves, and so closely have the birds approached us as almost to brush our hats with their wings. While the male is thus engaged in baffling the intruder, the female silently quits her eggs, running for a short distance and then flying close to the ground, but without uttering any cry, while the "peeweet" of the male is incessantly repeated. Unless the female be watched, it is very difficult to find the eggs; but those who supply the London markets with the eggs of this bird (called plover's eggs) from the fens of Lincolnshire and Cambridge, and the wild commons of Norfolk, are very expert in the discovery, from long practice. When the young are hatched, both parents join in their protection: if a man approaches the spot where the brood lie concealed, they put in practice every artifice, in order to decoy him away. We have often followed a lapwing uttering its plaintive cries, and fluttering along on the ground before us, and almost within our reach, as if one of its wings was broken, and it could not rise; so well assumed have we seen this, that though aware of the bird's stratagems, we have been almost tempted to think "in this case there is merely no deception," till after leading us to some considerable distance, the bird has suddenly recovered the use of its wings and mounted aloft, leaving us gazing after it. In the meantime the young have attained a place of concealment.

Mr. Selby considers these birds to have been anciently termed "egrets," from their crest of long feathers, and that it was of them that one thousand were served up at the famous feast of Nevil, archbishop of York, and not the rare species of heron, now known to naturalists by that name. (See Leland's Collectanea.) The ordinary flight of the lapwing is very buoyant, and it takes its name from the peculiar action of its wings, which never struck us so much as while watching a flock, towards evening, gently sailing along the side of one of the moorland ridges, half way between the top of mountain ridges and the base. On the ground the lapwing runs with great alertness; it searches in the soft earth for worms, various insects, and their larvæ, which constitute its food.

On the Peak moorlands, the red grouse birds are in tolerable abundance. This species is peculiar to Great Britain and Ireland, not being found on the continent of Europe—a most remarkable circumstance; for there is no other British bird that is not also continental. Why the red grouse should be an exception, and thus limited in its range, we cannot tell; nor has any one, as far as we are aware, offered any theory on the subject. The black grouse is abundant in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia, and is found in Germany and Switzerland. The noble capercailie, or cock of the wood, once common in the pine-forests of Scotland, and now we believe re-introduced on some estates there, is common in Norway, Sweden, and the adjacent countries; and the ptarmigan of the Scottish islands is also equally spread. Of these four birds of the grouse tribe, that one should be thus restricted is certainly surprising; but so it is.* The red grouse does not affect pine

* The common heath or ling of our moorlands (Calluna vulgaris) is very rare in Norway, and it is on the tops of this plant that the red grouse delights to feed. Dr. John Shaw, in his excursion

forests and their precincts, like the black grouse, nor the bleak rocky mountains of Alpine elevation, like the ptarmigan. Heath-clad moorland hills, with extensive peaty tracts, not exceeding an elevation of two thousand feet above the lowlands, are its favourite abode. There it lurks in the luxuriant heather, and we have sometimes approached birds very closely before they would take wing. When thus disturbed, the grouse flies low and heavily, rapidly vibrating its whirring wings, and taking a direct course to some distant spot. It is not thus, however, that it proceeds when really alarmed—when the gun of the sportsman is heard, or the hawk is giving chase. It then flies with extreme rapidity and strength, interrupting occasionally the rapid vibrations of its wings to sail on them for a short space; and this it does more particularly when sweeping down parallel to the steep declivity of a mountain. Heavy as the red grouse is, and comparatively short as are its wings, its flight is capable of being long protracted, without any diminution of rapidity.

The male and female of this species pair in January, and the female makes a rude nest under the covert of a dense bush or tuft of heath in March, depositing from eight to twelve eggs. The male does not partake with her in the duties of incubation, but yet he does not forsake her; he waits to assist her in the care and protection of the young brood when hatched, and is assiduous in his attentions. While running about, and as yet unable to fly, the young are exposed to many dangers, especially from weasels, polecats, hawks, etc.; but the parents are on the alert, and are bold in their defence, and practise various devices, much in the manner of the lapwing, to entice the intruder from the spot where they lie crouching. Even when the young are capable of flight they do not immediately separate from the parents, but still keep in their company, the old male being the leader of the party. He is now extremely watchful, and on the approach of an enemy stretches up his neck amidst the heather, and uttering a loud cackle of alarm takes wing, followed by the female and the brood; their flight is low, and in a direct line to some distant cover. At the close of the autumn several broods often associate together, and remain in company during the winter. These are called *packs;* and, being harassed by the sportsman, are very wild and suspicious, taking flight on the least alarm. Grouse-shooting commences on the 12th of August, the young birds being then strong on the wing; and so great, during that and the following month, is the havoc made among them, that were it not for the numbers reared every summer by the survivors, the extinction of this fine bird might be confidently predicted; more especially as the unfair plan of wholesale destruction is now the fashion among so-called sportsmen, who boast of the number of game bagged, which, according to the system pursued, is no proof of their skill or exertions. Often at dawn of day, on the wild moorlands in the spring, have we heard the bold challenge of the male, watching over his mate on her nest. His cry has some resemblance to the syllables, "Go, go, go, go back, go back." The Scottish highlanders, however, say that the bird's call is Gaelic, and is "Co, co, co, mo-chlaidh, mo-chlaidh,"—that is, who, who, who? my sword, my sword!

The grouse feeds on the tops of the heath, on the fruit and leaves of the bilberry, the trailing arbutus, and the cranberry; but where fields of oats border the moorlands, it often visits them in autumn and makes a plentiful repast. Heath is mostly found in the crops of the birds sold in the shops of the London poulterers, and sometimes oats.

There is a little bird to be seen very abundantly on these moorlands, or rather, on their borders, where the stone walls appear, and vestiges of cultivation begin to be perceptible. It is the stone-chat, (Saxicola rubicola,) conspicuous for the whiteness of the sides of the neck and lower part of the back, contrasted with the black of the upper surface generally. This bird is very active and alert, flitting from stone to stone, or from furze bush to furze bush, on rapid wings, uttering at the time a sharp clicking note. It always flies close to the ground; but in the pairing season the male hovers over the furze, and utters a simple but agreeable warble to his mate. It breeds at the bottom of furze or whin bushes, and also in the crevices of walls near the ground. Mr. Selby says that this sprightly little bird remains on the moors throughout the year. This does not agree with our experience. It is not found on the Derbyshire moorlands during winter;

through Norway, could scarcely find a specimen of this plant, through an extent of 600 miles.

but whether it only leaves for the more cultivated and warmer lowlands, or the more southern districts of our island, or whether it really migrates, we do not know. Certain it is, that abundant as it appears to be in these localities, (the moorlands in question,) during summer, we never saw it in winter: and, indeed, where or how it should, at that season, obtain the insects on which it feeds is more than we can tell. During winter, the storms, the cold, the deep snows, the piercing blasts on the Peak moorlands, can scarcely be conceived by those not familiar with the district at that season of the year.

"Here winter holds his unrejoicing court,
And through his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard;
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost,
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the globe."
THOMSON.

M.

THE DISCIPLE AND THE SCEPTIC.

We ask not that a man should come to an investigation of the evidences of the Christian revelation with a pre-judgment in its favour; we ask only that there be no prejudice in the soul against it. It is only when a man looks through a glass which is perfectly clear and pure, that he sees things as they are; if the glass be in the least degree distorted or discoloured, every object seen through it will necessarily partake of the distortion and discolouration. So our Saviour teaches us, Matt. v. 22, 23. This is said expressly in regard to the blinding power of avarice in perverting the religious judgments, (compare verses 19, 20;) and the same is true of every other forbidden state of mind and affection. When there is no mental or moral pre-occupation averse to the Christian system, the surprising adaptations of this system to meet and relieve the wants and sorrows of man, constitute a species of evidence which is real and most convincing; some traits, which on a superficial view seemed unfavourable, on closer scrutiny are found to be among the strongest links in the chain of demonstration. Again, the mind may be in such a state that the clearest evidence of this kind will produce upon it no effect whatever. There is a voluntary and perfect unsusceptibility to any impression from it.

The idea which I wish to convey can probably be best illustrated by an example. We will suppose a shipwreck in which every soul perishes except two passengers, whom we will name Benignus and Contumax. With nothing saved but their lives, they are cast upon the rocky shore of a desert island, where there is no prospect to cheer the eye, and neither vegetable nor animal nor human habitation to give them hope of aid or sustenance.

The first emotions of Benignus, after struggling through the waves, are admiring gratitude to God for giving him his life, and a cheerful confidence that he who had aided him thus far, would not then leave him to perish. The first emotions of Contumax are murmuring regret that he has lost his voyage and lost his money, and is thrown upon a desolate coast with no immediate prospect of getting away. He wonders why such ill-luck should always happen to him; he is indignant that he was ever such a fool as to trust himself to the sea; he wonders he could not have had sense enough to remain at home.

Presently Benignus discovers in the rock, far above the reach of the waves, a spacious cavern, the entrance to which is protected by an artificial wall, and its sides pierced, evidently by a human hand, for the admission of light and air. Benignus is delighted; he immediately concludes that some benevolent individuals, or some paternal government, had provided this shelter on purpose for unfortunate mariners who might be shipwrecked on this inhospitable shore.

Contumax scorns any such inference; he cannot see why benevolent people should wish to drive poor shipwrecked wretches into such a dismal hole in the rock, instead of providing them with a comfortable and pleasant home. Benignus reminds him that a house with windows and doors could not endure the storms of such a coast: and as no one would live there to take care of it, it would be continually out of repair, and far less comfortable than the cavern; and therefore the very nature of the shelter provided should be regarded as a striking proof not only of the benevolence, but also of the wisdom of the provider. But Contumax is thinking of a handsome house on a green lawn, bordered with the shrubbery of a fine climate, and cannot see a particle of either wisdom or benevolence

in the rocky grotto. He, however, avails himself of the shelter for want of a better.

Benignus soon finds, carefully stowed away beyond the reach of damp, a tinder-box with all the necessary furnishing, and a quantity of dry fuel for making a fire. "See," says he joyfully to his companion, "another proof of the benevolent care of the provider of the cavern: here are all the materials for making a quick fire, of which we are so much in need." "How do you know," replies Contumax, "that these things came here in that way? They probably belong to some poor wretch who has been shipwrecked before us, and found a chance to get away again, as I wish from my heart I could do." Benignus thinks that the great care with which they were put away out of the reach of injury is a sufficient indication that they were not left by one joyously hastening away, intent only on his own selfish interest, but must have been deposited there by some benevolent hand, for the express purpose of relieving the suffering; but Contumax cherishes no such romantic ideas.

Benignus, greatly delighted with what he has already discovered, makes further search in the cave, and finds plain and wholesome provisions, such as would not soon be injured, together with medicines and cordials; and also a supply of coarse, but clean and warm clothing, carefully cased up so as to preserve them from all injury of wet or moth. "Now," says Benignus to his companion, "you certainly will be convinced that this place was provided by some benevolent hand on purpose for the shipwrecked. Here is evidence which cannot be gainsayed." "We have more reason to apprehend," growls Contumax, "that we have fallen upon the haunts of pirates; who are now absent on their depredations, but will soon return to murder us." "Nay," replies Benignus, "these are not the spoils of pirates; here are neither jewels nor silks, here is no gold or silver, here are neither costly viands, nor rich wines, nor intoxicating brandies; and besides, the things are laid away with much more care and scrupulous nicety than suits the wasteful and licentious habits of pirates." "Well, at any rate," replies Contumax, "the donor must be a vulgar, stingy fellow, to put us off with such coarse food and raiment." "But you do not consider," says Benignus, "that these things must not be so costly as to tempt cupidity, since they cannot be kept under lock and key,—and besides, they are healthful and comfortable, and far better adapted to the condition of those most likely to need them, than if they had been of fine material; for twenty sailors suffer shipwreck, where one gentleman is subject to such a misfortune." The only reply which Contumax has to this is, to keep the thought well up in his own mind, "I am a gentleman, and not a sailor."

Contumax, however, does not hesitate to warm himself by the fire which Benignus has made of the materials found in the cave; he partakes freely, and with great zest, of the provisions and cordials, simple as they are; gladly lays aside his own wet and torn clothing, for the coarse but comfortable and dry raiment provided for him; and fixing himself in the most easy position he can devise, and as near the various comforts of the grotto as he can get, he is quite ready to enter into an argument to any extent. He is a great reasoner, Contumax is. He can prove most philosophically that Benignus *cannot prove* that there was any benevolent intention at all in anybody in providing and furnishing that cavern—he can prove to a dead certainty, that, for all which can be proved to the contrary, it might have been a mere accident, a blunder, a selfish enterprise—that nobody knows anything about it; and he can account for it in twenty ways, without the least supposition of wisdom or benevolence, or anything of the kind. The only thing he is certain of is, that he is in a miserable place—he thinks somebody is greatly to blame for putting him there—and is under decided obligation to get him safely away again.

What kind of reasoning can you apply to such a mind? What sort of evidence can such a man perceive or appreciate? What can he see in a pure light while his eyes are suffused with jaundice?

This character represents, and not unfairly, by far the largest class of sceptics which exist in Christian lands.

There is in them all a tinge of disaffection, of misanthropy, or rather, of *theomisey*—if we may be allowed to coin a word, to express an idea which is often a reality, but which in our proper English tongue as yet has no name. This gives a dark shade to all their views of evidence, and prevents their seeing any decided proof in trains of reasoning, which, in

other states of mind, would have all the force of absolute demonstration.

The man who has long held raw brandy in his mouth, cannot immediately distinguish the taste of delicate wines; and he who has accustomed his soul to the unfeeling roughness of a godless style of thought, loses the delicacy of moral perception, which to the experienced Christian is the very organ by which he receives and appropriates evidence on moral and religious subjects.

All reflecting men, when they seriously contemplate their moral condition in this world, feel very much like shipwrecked sailors. In regard to this single point there is very little difference between the believer and the unbeliever—between Benignus and Contumax. But there is a great difference in their feelings in reference to their condition after it has been surveyed. The believer feels that he yet has much to thank God for; he feels real gratitude that his position is not still worse than it proves to be. The unbeliever, on the other hand, when he knows God, glorifies him not as God, neither is he thankful; and as a necessary consequence, he becomes vain in his imagination, and his foolish heart is darkened. He feels under no particular obligation to God; on the contrary, he rather thinks that God is under decided obligation to him, to treat him very well, and bring him easily and safely through the bad place into which he has thrown him.

In this state of mind he looks upon the Divine arrangements actually made for his spiritual good, and almost as a matter of course, he is dissatisfied. Such being the different state of mind of the two classes of persons, the facts of the Christian revelation, although substantially the same as they present themselves to both, yet produce very diverse and even opposite effects; to the believer establishing his faith, to the unbeliever confirming his scepticism; to the one a savour of life unto life, to the other a savour of death unto death.

Meanwhile, the most scornful unbeliever quietly avails himself of all the incidental advantages which the Christian system brings, makes himself very comfortable with all the social improvements which it originates, and employs the mental culture which he himself owes to it, in strenuous exertions to disprove its intelligent and benevolent origin.

We will endeavour to show, in a few particulars, the different effects which the same aspects of revelation produce on the two different classes of mind under consideration.

To both, revelation presents itself as, in the main, very plain and homely in its garb. To the unbeliever, this is offensive, unworthy of God. He would have something more in accordance with the ambitious style of the little greatness of this world, for he has never learned that the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men. The believer understands that the greater part of God's children, for whom revelation is designed, are plain and homely people, that their souls are as precious as the souls of the proud and mighty, and in eternity may be altogether more elevated; and he knows, if one cannot perceive the real dignity and refinement of Scripture, it must be because his ideas of dignity and refinement are factitious, and not natural.

Both the believer and the unbeliever see things in the Bible that are apparently severe and rough. The destruction of Sodom, the stoning of the sabbath-breaker, the extirpation of the Canaanites, are matters of fact in the eyes of both. But in this atmosphere, the philosophic infidel feels as uncomfortably as Contumax in the cave. The believer, however, reflects that since God does not choose to purify men by physical omnipotence, but by moral means and influences only, he must of course address each age by means adapted to the condition of each, and rough generations must be met with severe measures; just as Benignus sees that a cavern with loop-holes and guard-walls, instead of a house with doors and windows, is admirably fitted to a desolate and stormy coast.

Both understand that the vicious, the indolent, and the careless cannot attain to correct views of revealed truth; for the truth is so revealed, that labour, effort, care, and even energetic strugglings are essential to the acquisition of religious knowledge in its purity. To the unbeliever, this is all distasteful. He feels as if God were under obligations to make the way of salvation such that men would walk in it as a matter of course, without either effort or thought of their own; that all the means of salvation should not only be such that they can be used, but such that they cannot be abused; that men should not only be able to find that

way of life, but absolutely unable to lose it. The believer perceives at once the total unreasonableness of these demands, and their entire inconsistency with all the arrangements of nature. It would be as easy for God to cover the earth with railroads as with mountains, with canals as with rivers—to cause houses, all finished and furnished, to spring out of the ground as well as trees, and make the wheat-stalk bear a well-baked loaf of bread just as easily as the grain of wheat—and thus save men all the hard labour of toilsome travelling, of digging and building, of ploughing and planting, of harvesting, and grinding, and baking. But has God done this? And what would man be good for if he had? So in religion, what would a free agent be who had nothing to do? In all nature, that which can be used, is susceptible also of abuse; that which can do good can be perverted also to evil. Why does not the infidel require, as proof of the wisdom and goodness of the God of nature, a kind of water that can quench his thirst and clean his skin and float his ships, but which will never on any occasion drown anybody or make an inundation; a kind of rain that will refresh his grass, but never wet his hay; a kind of axe, that will cut wood, but never penetrate the flesh of the wood-cutter; a kind of fire that will cook his food and warm him when he is cold, but can never burn him, or reduce his dwelling to ashes? These demands are all quite as reasonable as those which the infidel makes as conditions of his ideal revelation; and the objections which are urged with so much confidence against the Bible, and gain so easy a reception among men, proceed on a principle which would be scouted and scorned by all the world as unspeakably ridiculous if applied to nature. The believer recognises the God of the Bible and the God of nature as the same; and when he sees the same kind of analogies running through both, it confirms his faith, instead of shaking it.—*C. E. Stowe.*

ALAN QUINTIN'S INQUIRIES.

No. VII.

WHAT HINDERS YOU?

THIS is a world of good and evil. Are you trying to avoid the one, and striving to secure the other? If you are, it is well; but if you are not, what hinders you?

You may be better off than your neighbours, but it is possible that you may be worse. Let us suppose your case to be bad, nay, very bad. "While there is life there is hope," says the old adage, and so there is hope for me, hope for you, and hope for every one! High hopes, well-grounded hopes, hopes of happiness, of peace, of salvation, and of glory in the Redeemer.

The highest object on earth is a bright prospect of heaven, and the greatest good on earth is to obtain it. Do you believe this? Are you certain of this? Are you acting on this truth? Are you seeking heaven above all things? If so, I again say, It is well; but if not, what hinders you?

Do vain hopes hinder you? false hopes, forlorn hopes, blighted hopes, flattering hopes? Away with them, then! follow them no longer.

> No deadlier ills on earth are given,
> Than hopes that lure the heart from heaven.

These deceitful hopes must be watched against, wept against, prayed against, kept off, and denied inroad and entrance into the soul. A "sure and certain hope" will destroy them all. Follow after it, then, firmly, swiftly, resolutely, and perseveringly. Look upward! move onward! and you may yet attain it. What should hinder you?

Are you slothful in seeking after heaven? Is there "a lion in the way?" Will you let indolence rob you of your right of road, after you have been invited, warned, exhorted, and commanded to "strive to enter in at the strait gate?" Awake, sleeper, and call upon your God! Shake off your slumber, for it is time to bestir yourself! Clap the hands that have been too long folded, and open the eyes that have been too long closed against your danger! Start up, stand on your feet, hasten to "redeem the time," and conquer the sin that besets you! If we are active and vigilant, and eager after things that hurt, and hinder us, surely we may be active and vigilant and eager after what is good for our souls!

Does pleasure hinder you in the heavenly race? Oh! it sadly hinders us all; but cast it aside, and you will find self-denial sweeter than indulgence. Weigh its worth against what it keeps from you, and a true balance will show its lightness. You would start at his folly,

who gave gold for dross, pearls for pebbles, health for disease, and hope for despair. Yet why should you start, when you yourself are making a worse bargain?

Is the world in your way? Do things temporal, uncertain, changeable, and vanishing absorb your soul? Oh, think more lightly of the world! Leave its husks that you are growing lean upon! Forsake its follies, and that quickly. Renounce its lying vanities. "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Who leans upon the world, indeed,
Shall feel its sharpened point, and bleed.

Do sin, Satan, and your own heart conspire against you? Such a conspiracy as this has deceived many a wise man, frightened many a bold man, and hindered many a swift-footed man in his course. To stand against it single-handed is altogether out of the question, therefore attempt it not. If you want help, the Lord "is a very present help in trouble," Psa. xlvi. 1. If you require strength, the Holy One imparteth "strength and power unto his people," Psa. lxviii. 35. If you stand in need of wisdom, "Ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given," James. i. 5. Meet this conspiracy, attack it, break it in pieces, and destroy it, for greater is He who is with you, than those who are against you.

Away with all hindrances. Push the stumbling-blocks out of your way, wrestle hard with every opposition. Gaze not on the sparkling fieworks of earthly pleasure that end in darkness. Flee favourite faults, lest they drive hope from your heart; and loiter not, and wander not in by-path meadows, lest Despair put you in his dungeons. Is the heavenly road hard to find? Read the finger-post of God's holy word. What hinders you? Is the road steep and strait? Remember that it leads to heaven! Have you a river to cross? "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee," Isa. xliii. 2. Have you a mountain to climb?

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

If heaven be worth having at all risks, why not risk everything to attain it? If heaven be worth gaining at any price, why not give everything to possess it? House, lands, money, health, liberty, and life are not worth naming in exchange for heaven. Up! on! forward! The prize is before you. Sleep not, linger not, pause not, till you are a runner in the heavenward race. Strive, and you shall overcome; run, and you shall overtake; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. You may do all things through Him that strengtheneth you. What shall hinder you?

Whatever may be your troubles and trials; your doubts and fears; your lets and hindrances, go unto Him who is eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, and rest to the weary and heavy laden. Go unto Him who lived, died, and rose again for the lowliest and the meanest sinner that ever sought him as a Saviour. Do you ask what he will do for you? He will clothe you in goodly raiment; feed you with food convenient for you; clear away the brier from your path; lighten your load; shed a sunbeam on your head; make your feet like hind's feet; strengthen your hands; give courage to your heart; put a new song into your mouth; guide you with his counsel, and receive you to glory.

SEASON FOR THE LAKES.

As most travellers are either stinted, or stint themselves, for time, the space between the middle or last week in May, and the middle or last week of June, may be pointed out as affording the best combination of long days, fine weather, and variety of impressions. Few of the native trees are then in full leaf; but, for whatever may be wanting in depth of shade, more than an equivalent will be found in the diversity of foliage, in the blossoms of the fruit and berry-bearing trees which abound in the woods, and in the golden flowers of the broom and other shrubs, with which many of the copses are intervened. In those woods, also, and on these mountain sides which have a northern aspect, and in the deep dells, many of the spring flowers still linger; while the open and sunny places are stocked with the flowers of approaching summer. And besides, is not an exquisite pleasure still untasted by him who has not heard the choir of linnets and thrushes chanting their love-songs in the

copses, woods, and hedge-rows of a mountainous country; safe from the birds of prey, which build in the inaccessible crags, and are at all hours seen or heard wheeling about in the air? The number of these formidable creatures is probably the cause why, in the narrow valleys, there are no skylarks; as the destroyer would be enabled to dart upon them from the near and surrounding crags, before they could descend to their ground-nests for protection. It is not often that the nightingale resorts to these vales; but almost all the other tribes of our English warblers are numerous; and their notes, when listened to by the side of broad still waters, or when heard in unison with the murmuring of mountain-brooks, have the compass of their power enlarged accordingly. There is also an imaginative influence in the voice of the cuckoo, when that voice has taken possession of a deep mountain-valley, very different from anything which can be excited by the same sound in a flat country. Nor must a circumstance be omitted, which here renders the close of spring especially interesting—I mean the practice of bringing down the ewes from the mountains to yearn in the valleys and enclosed grounds. The herbage being thus cropped as it springs, the first tender emerald green of the season, which would otherwise have lasted little more than a fortnight, is prolonged in the pastures and meadows for many weeks; while they are farther enlivened by the multitude of lambs bleating and skipping about. These sportive creatures, as they gather strength, are turned out upon the open mountains; and with their slender limbs, their snow-white colour, and their wild and light motions, beautifully accord or contrast with the rocks and lawns, upon which they must now begin to seek their food. And last, but not least, at this time the traveller will be sure of room and comfortable accommodation, even in the smaller inns.—*Wordsworth.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S RETROSPECT.

To a person whose age extends beyond the period of youth, a retrospect of his early connexions and friendships cannot but suggest melancholy and mournful reflections. Many who commenced their earthly career nearly at the same time with himself, and who were equally warm with projects, hopes, and anticipations, are prematurely numbered with the dead. Their race is run; their "warfare is accomplished." Reviewing their brief and hasty sojourn, he feels the insecurity of his own tenure of life: he wonders that, amid so many affecting examples of mortality, he still lives; and he can scarcely fail to be impressed with the monitory truth, that, ere long, he too must make his bed in dust, closing his eyes on the vanities which float and dissolve around him—sad emblems of the frail and fleeting being which he now enjoys!

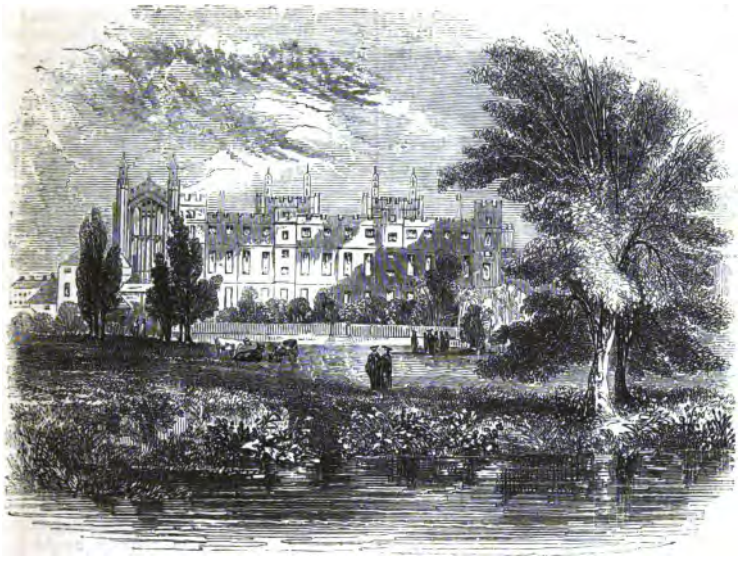
Yet, to the Christian, such a retrospect yields encouragement and comfort. Recalling the memory of many patterns of scriptural piety, endeared to his best affections by a personal knowledge of their rise, progress, and consummation, and by the grateful recollections of free and familiar intercourse, it supplies him with the most animating motives to diligence, faith, and perseverance. Shall he forsake the path which his departed friends have trod? Shall he dread the dark vale of suffering and death, which they found so marvellously filled with celestial light? Shall he despise that peaceful home in which they safely repose, far beyond the reach of sin, temptation, and care? Voices from the tomb, voices from heaven, sound in his ear, and incite him, by every argument of truth, of mercy, and of hope, to prosecute his journey to the skies, until, like his companions and predecessors in the toilsome but happy pilgrimage, he too shall "come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon his head."—*Hannah.*

HABITUAL KINDNESS.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.—*Sir H. Davy.*

ONE SIN.

Many afflictions will not cloud and obstruct peace of mind so much as one sin: therefore, if ye would walk cheerfully, be most careful to walk holily. All the winds about the earth make not an earthquake, but only that within.—*Archbishop Leighton.*



Eton School.

ETON.

Eton is situated on the north bank of the Thames, in the county of Buckingham, and consists of well-paved and lighted roads, bordered by substantial and commodious houses. It has long been distinguished for its royal college and school, founded by Henry vi. in the year 1440. That monarch liberally endowed the establishment, intending it for the education of "poor and indigent boys," destined for the church. By a second charter, given in the following year, the foundation was to consist of a provost, ten fellows or priests, four clerks, six choristers, a master, twenty-five scholars, and twenty-five alms or beadsmen; but about 1443, an addition was made to the number of scholars till it amounted to seventy, while other alterations were effected in the numbers of other classes. In the succeeding reigns, considerable spoliation took place, especially from Edward iv.; but Eton was exempted from the dissolution of colleges and chantries which occurred in the reign of Henry viii. The foundation at present consists of a provost, appointed by the crown, seven fellows, one of whom acts as vice-provost; two chaplains; two lay-clerks; ten choristers; two masters; and seventy pupils, who, since the reign of George iii., have been called "king's scholars." Besides these, the masters have a number of stipendiary pupils, not on the foundation, who receive instruction in the college. They are called oppidans, and generally consist of members of families superior in rank or wealth to those styled "king's scholars." Their number is variable; on an average they may be estimated at about 350; but the two classes have amounted to from 600 to 700 pupils.

The buildings of the college surround two quadrangles; the outer one, inclosed by the chapel, schools, dormitories of the scholars, and masters' chambers, having in its centre a statue of the royal founder, by Bacon, which was erected in 1786, and a monument of the young earl of Waldegrave, who was drowned in 1794, when at Eton school. The inner and lesser quadrangle is bounded by the cloisters, containing the residences of the fellows, the library, hall, and various offices; while between the two stand the provost's lodge and some other buildings. The chapel, on the south side of the outer court, is a handsome structure in the Gothic style, 175 feet in length, and resembling in its appearance and ornaments

the chapel of King's College, Cambridge. The dining hall for the scholars is capacious, and the other apartments are suited to the purposes for which they are required. The library on the south side is one of the best and most elegant in the kingdom, both with respect to its architecture and its collection of books. Richard Topham, of Windsor, also left many elegant drawings of Greek and Roman antiquities, collected by himself at Rome at a great expense, and excellent libraries have been contributed by others interested in the progress of the institution.

Gray wrote an ode, which has been much admired, on Eton College. The following are a few of its verses:

"Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from you blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

"Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With plant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

"While some on urgent business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry;
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

"To each his sufferings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate!
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies,
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

The origin of the custom called the "Montem," celebrated every third year, on Whit-Monday, is involved in doubt and obscurity. Some suppose it to have been coeval with the rise of the college, and that it derives its title from processions of monks taking place annually to a small mount — perhaps formerly a Saxon barrow, near a village at present situated on the Bath road, called Salthill; and that monks sold, then and there, consecrated "salt," whence the name of the place. Montem can, however, be traced with considerable satisfaction as far back as the reign of Elizabeth; who, on a visit to the college, desired to see an account of the ancient ceremonies observed there from the period of its foundation. In the list was an annual procession of the scholars, who, on these occasions, repeated verses, and gathered money for a dinner and other purposes.

More recently, however, the money collected was given to "the captain," or head of the school, as a kind of provision for his going to the university; and some of the minor arrangements were curious. The scholars having assembled at nine o'clock in the morning, and all preparations being completed, they marched three times round the play-yard, each time called over by the head master, who stood at his "chamber door." The salt-bearers were two in number; but they were assisted by several servitors or scouts. They then scoured the country, levying contributions on all persons they could find, and those who refused were in no enviable position. When "salt" was purchased, or, in other words, when money had been contributed, the buyer was presented with a ticket; and this being fixed to some prominent part of his dress, he was exempt from other demands. One of the Montem tickets was quaintly and appropriately inscribed with the Latin words, "*Mos pro lege*"—"Custom instead of law." When the procession reached Salthill, the college flag, inscribed with the motto, "*Pro more et monte*," "For the custom and for the mount," was waved three times; and the real business having been then accomplished, the scholars lounged about in a particular garden, and then returned. If the captain were disliked, the boys sometimes did great injury to the plantations and shrubs, the expense of which the captain had to pay. Montem was abolished by the authorities in the early part of the present year.

F.

EDUCATION IN SYRIA.

"My beloved father," says Assaad Y. Kayat, "was most anxious to give me a good solid education. At the time I speak of, education was considered dangerous, and was difficult to be obtained, even when most desired, on account of the Greek revolution, and the awful state of public affairs throughout the Levant;

but his motive for this extraordinary step was, that, when grown up, I might take shelter in some peaceful monastery, and pass my days in the service of God, or that I might go to Europe, and thus escape the dangers which threatened the poor Christians. But, though he wished me to receive the best instruction possible, it was necessary to begin with my own language, the Arabic; and even this, reading in common Arabic, was difficult to be obtained. At last, a tobacconist, named Salem Bassila, with whom my father dealt to a large amount, persuaded him to place me under his care. He began by initiating me into some of the mysteries of his own trade, the colours of the different samples of tobacco, their prices, qualities, etc.; he taught me the use of the scales, and the oukiéh (ounce) and its fractions. He made me carry to his wife, my governess, the vegetables for supper, (a principal meal in the east); then he would make me smell the tobacco and snuff, which of course made me sneeze and cough. The pipe was never out of his hand, and he puffed the smoke into my face all day long, so that in a short time I was as highly flavoured as a ham, and as dirty as a pig. I did not dare tell my mother, lest my master should fulfil his threat of cutting out my tongue. I was not better treated by his wife, who used to send me to the spring for water, and to the market for carrots, cabbages, and rice, and then made me sit by the fire to watch the cookery, while she was cutting up onions. I was therefore smoked in the shop by the master, and roasted in the house by the mistress.

"This could not continue long. I took courage, and told him 'I thought my father would soon discover the imposition, and remove me, and thus he would lose that good customer for his tutton' (tobacco.) Poor master Salem looked sad, and at first could not utter a word; but then said, 'I only send you home with the provisions to give you time she'm alhawa (to smell the air.') 'I would rather see the beauty of your face,' I replied; 'pray let me behold the sun of your countenance, and learn from you the wonders of the creation.' This eulogy I had learned from my uncle Yoosef, the friend of the Druse Reslan, princes of Shwayafat. When any of these Ameers used to visit my uncle, he would address them thus: 'May God give you good morning! O my Lord, may he prolong your life! May your graces be everlasting! I live by the shadow of your figure; the sight of you will suffice us!' The prince replied, 'Astehlyna shawftac,' (we have been sweetened by seeing you;) 'Hadathna feec,' (we have dreamt of you.) Such compliments answered extremely well with the great tutor, the tobacconist; who no sooner heard them than he raised his head, touched his sash, twisted his moustachios, and said, 'You are indeed a good boy; I must now show you the beauty of learning.' He then brought the Dawaéh, (Ezekiel, ix. 2), took the calamus or Arabic pen in one hand, and a sheet of paper in the other, using his knee, as he sat cross-legged, for a table, and retaining his pipe firmly in his mouth, which was also filled with saliva. Thus he tried to write for me the Aribic alef bé (alphabet); but, unfortunately, he seemed not well practised in the art; for upon the first letter he spilt a quantity of ink, and in the endeavour to remove the blot with his tongue, he made it much worse, with the smoke and saliva which issued from his mouth. In vain he attempted to begin again; each succeeding effort was worse than the former. I could scarcely refrain from laughter, but I stifled it with my handkerchief. He was mortified at this after my flattering compliment, and said, 'My dear, the paper is very bad. I will bring a better sheet to-morrow.' On the morrow, he brought a fine sheet of paper, and an attempt was again made to write the alphabet; but he got on with it very badly, and exclaimed, 'I give you this bad writing for the present, I will give you the good writing afterwards.' Thus I commenced my alphabet. When I asked him, 'Which was the té?' he said, 'The té is after the bé.' 'Which, then, is the bé?' 'It is before the té,' said the master. But when I asked him, 'Which were the bé and té together?' he said, 'Find it yourself.'

"Such was the system of my education. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, and the want of school-books, so common in England, in which the letters are represented by apples, eggs, donkeys, monkeys, and everything to amuse and interest children, I learned my alphabet, and began spelling and reading the first Psalm of David, almost by myself. Whenever I asked a question, I was told, 'Clever boys teach themselves.'"

BELIEVE AND LIVE.

"BELIEVE on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." It is the declared purpose of God to "save them that believe." It is his will, his design, revealed to sinful men as a settled part of the "well-ordered covenant." It admits of no exception, and allows no contingency, for it is God's own announcement, —"He that believeth shall be saved,"— and it may, therefore, be called the law of redemption. Paul calls it "the law of faith," that is, the economy, arrangement, or rule, according to which it is proclaimed to the world that sinners are justified only by faith. The doctrine of salvation by faith in Christ, which stands so prominently forward among the doctrines of the Bible that no careful reader of that book can fail to observe it, is itself no feeble proof that Christianity is of God. It is Divine in its simplicity, and so unlike any arrangement which man would have suggested for the realization of any great blessing, that it deserves a first place among the evidences that the gospel is not of men, but of God. Man would have instituted bodily mortification, costly sacrifices, pompous rites, and gorgeous ceremonies, as the prerequisites and conditions of salvation. He would have appealed to the grand, the sublime, the imposing, and measured his merit by the frequency of his oblations. Taking no note of man's plague-spot—his inward hostility to the holy claims of God, which continues until the Spirit of grace subdue his heart to the authority of Christ—he would have rested his hope of the Divine approval on the regular discharge of self-imposed duties. But how unlike the plan of grace! "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." How admirably adapted to the circumstances of man, who, in consequence of sin, is spiritually helpless, is this system of salvation by faith in the Son of God! And how beautifully does it illustrate the beneficence and condescension of that Being who alone possessed either the power to save, or the right to propose the terms of salvation! It may give some aid to clearness of thought on this delightful subject if we adopt the order suggested by the words which stand at the head of this paper—the act, the object, and the end, of faith.

I. The act of faith. "Believe." To give credit, to assent to the truth of any proposition or declaration, is a mental operation, and is the general meaning of believing. Thus I believe the uniform statement of history that the throne of Ancient Egypt was occupied by a race of kings known by the royal title of "Pharaoh," and that the Roman emperors bore the proud name of "Cæsar." I believe this; I assert it; it is true. But whence is it that this belief does not influence my moral conduct? Clearly, because it is a matter of no consequence to me how the rulers of Egypt and Rome were designated. I feel no personal interest in the matter, and yet I fully believe the historical statement regarding these imperial titles. Is this the faith of which evangelists and apostles speak, and which they proclaim as necessary to salvation? Partly, of course, it must be so, because there must be the reception of the testimony—mental assent to the truth of the record. "He that hath received his testimony hath set to his seal that God is true." But this is not all. Another element belongs to saving faith. It influences the affections, and thence the conduct. It is the belief of facts in which I am personally and deeply interested. It lays hold on the heart as well as on the intellect; hence the inspired definition, "Faith which worketh by love," and, "Though I have all faith, and have not love, I am nothing." Much has been written about justifying faith, and great intellectual labour has been expended in efforts to explain its true character. It is saying but little to assert that many of those efforts have tended only to obscure that which is in itself obvious and simple. The metaphysical has overlaid the evangelical. The test, then, is easy: for example, Do I believe the Bible to be the word of God, do I assent to the proposition that it is inspired? Myriads do this who are nevertheless ungodly men: to deny the proposition would be unreasonable, simply because there is such an astonishing amount of evidence, both external and internal, in its favour. But does my faith in the revelations of the Bible impress me? Am I convinced that its truths are addressed to me, descriptive of my spiritual state in the sight of God, and fitted to promote, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, that inward change which they declare that I must undergo before I can experience happiness here or realize it hereafter? Am I conscious

of gratitude to the infinitely good Author of my being for his mercy, in not merely condescending to describe my real condition as a sinful and ruined man, but also stooping so low as to become the author of my salvation? Is there love to the great Redeemer, whose person, character, and work are made known in the book whose inspiration I believe? The faith which justifies "worketh by love," —love, that is, to its great object. Note,

II. The object of faith. The object of my belief that the Pharaohs ruled over ancient Egypt is the historical truth, on the veracity of the historians. But, "My Lord and my God!" exclaimed the delighted disciple when he saw his risen Redeemer. Our Lord's reply indicates at once the act and the object of saving faith: "Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed;" that is, Blessed are they who have not seen me, and yet have believed on me as the risen Messiah. The Lord Jesus is pre-eminently the object of Christian faith. Hence the ancient prophecy regarding him: "Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God;" and hence the injunction of his forerunner, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." The first of these commands to faith relates to his Divine supremacy; the second to his Messianic and sacrificial character; and both set him before us as the great object of adoration and confidence. Hence the apostolic doctrine regarding Jesus: "Whom God hath set forth," that is, exhibited to public view, "to be a propitiation through faith in his blood." The object of saving faith, then, clearly is not the veracity of the record only, but the being, character, and worth of him to exhibit whom the record was given, the Lord Jesus Christ. "Look unto Jesus," is consequently the invariable precept of the Bible; and "Look unto me, and be ye saved," is the language of Jesus himself. "The heavens must receive" him "until the times of restitution of all things;" he dwells far above the range of mortal vision; yet regarding him it can be said to true believers, "Whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." In the meantime, the great design of the inspired volume, and of the preached gospel, is to fix the attention of men on this exalted Prince and Saviour. Far above the visible, the thoughts of the believer are raised to those things which are invisible and eternal, but his thoughts are regulated by the word of truth. Far above the scene of gospel ministration dwells the glorious Being on whom his faith rests; but that faith is strengthened and guided in its ascending course by the instrumentality of the written revelation. He believes on Jesus as the promised Messiah, as the Son of God, as the atoning Saviour, as the interceding High Priest, as the Great Prophet, as the enthroned King, possessing and exercising all power in heaven and on earth, and as the Judge of the world. In other words, he believes regarding him all that the Scripture enunciates, and exercises humble confidence that, through free grace, he shall share in the priceless blessings which are promised to believers by the God of truth and mercy. This brings us,

III. To the end or design of faith. It is salvation. This supposes that the man who desires it is conscious of guilt and danger, and that he is persuaded of the ability of Jesus to deliver him from both. Taking the Saviour at his gracious word, he relies upon him for the accomplishment of the promise, and the grant of the needed blessing. This reliance produces gratitude, and gratitude produces that holy obedience which forms the evidence that he is "a new creature in Christ Jesus." He would be happy, but he has learned that happiness without holiness is impossible, and that holiness without faith in the Son of God is equally impossible. He would be saved, but he has been taught that the enemy from which he needs salvation is sin, and that from this enemy none but the Saviour can deliver. He would have access to God during his earthly sojourn, but he knows that that access is attainable only by faith in Jesus. He would enter heaven when his career on earth terminates, but he has received intelligence that the King of that country is also the Mediator of the new covenant, and that none but those who are interested in this covenant can enter "through the gates into the city." He has been informed that only those who "are written in the Lamb's book of life" are admissible; and in view of all these considerations, revelation answers his emphatic cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" with the calm, gracious, and consoling answer,

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Need we mention the fact that the salvation on which the believer sets his heart must perfectly agree in character with that which God has promised through his dear Son; that is, a holy salvation? If we seek deliverance from the fearful consequences of guilt, whilst there is no solicitude to escape from its power and its pollution, we shall be disappointed. This is not the salvation "of which the prophets inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto us." This is not the salvation of the gospel. God, the Holy One of Israel, has provided a salvation which proclaims, in every one of its wondrous arrangements, his own holy character. It is through atonement. It is by the sacrifice of Jesus Christ the righteous. In its application, consequently, it purifies the conscience from dead works to serve the living God. He saves from the consequences of sin, by saving from sin itself. He redeems from iniquity, that the redeemed may "walk before him in newness of life." He saves from the second death, by removing the sting from the first. He saves from condemnation, by delivering from the curse. The Redeemer opens heaven to those who open their hearts to his sanctifying Spirit. By grace we are saved through faith, and faith purifies the heart. Such we believe to be a scriptural, though brief, sketch of the faith

"Which leads to glory on the plains of heaven."

W. L.

VISIT TO VERCELLI.

Vercelli, says Dr. Henderson, was formerly a fortified city; but after the late war the walls were demolished, and converted into public walks. It is situated at the confluence of the Sesia with the Cerva, and commands a fine view of the Alpine range to the north. It contains about 20,000 inhabitants, who are chiefly supported by the manufacture of silk. It is principally celebrated in church history as the episcopal see of St. Eusebius, whom Milner describes as "one of the most honest and pious bishops" of the times in which he lived, and who, on account of his strenuous opposition to the Arian heresy, was banished into Syria and the Thebais, in Egypt, in the year 355. Aware that a copy of the four Gospels, in Latin, written by his own hand, still existed among the treasures of the cathedral, I proceeded thither after breakfast, in order to inspect so great a curiosity in sacred literature. On entering I found the edifice undergoing repairs, and was apprehensive that I might not find any person to assist me in obtaining the object of my visit. Walking up, however, to the altar, I discovered a young priest engaged in cleaning some of the sacred utensils, to whom I communicated my wishes, and who instantly responded to my request. Running to an adjoining room, from which, in company with another priest, he brought a key, he conducted me to the further end of the cathedral, where, to the right of the grand entrance, is a splendid lateral altar, dedicated to St. Eusebius. Having reached the altar, the priest took some wooden steps, and placed them before it, for the purpose, as I imagined, of enabling me to reach an elevation sufficient to allow of my seeing the manuscript. On my attempting, however, to climb the steps, he made me a sign to desist; and, mounting himself, opened a shrine in the centre of the altar, from which he took a small box, and, having laid it upon a table, produced the precious relic of antiquity. I scarcely expected that I should be allowed to touch it; but the priest frankly put it into my hand, in order that I might submit it to a closer inspection. It is a small quarto, strongly bound, and richly decorated with gold and precious stones. The vellum on which it is written is much decayed at the beginning, especially towards the bottom of the pages, and scarcely bears to be touched. Farther on, the volume is in better preservation, but wears throughout the most evident marks of extreme old age.

The value of this manuscript, in a critical point of view, consists in its furnishing us with the text of the old Itala, as corrected by St. Eusebius. It is supposed to have been written by him while a solitary exile in the Thebais—a supposition that is strengthened by the agreement its readings present with the Greek text of Hesychius, which is preserved in the Codex Cantabrigiensis, and which obtained at that time in Egypt, as well as with the Coptic and Sahidic versions.

When I had satisfied my curiosity, and

the priest had replaced the manuscript, he conducted me to an upper chamber where a number of priests and others were debating upon some point of literary interest. I was here introduced to the keeper of the archives, who led me into a room completely filled with manuscripts. Most of them were preserved in pasteboard cases, each century by itself, commencing with A.D. 665. I could not discover any Greek MSS. of the Scriptures; but found several Latin Bibles, beautifully written on vellum, and a number of the Latin fathers, likewise in manuscript. My attention was specially drawn to a folio volume, which the keeper informed me had been reported to be in the Irish language. The inscription on the back contains the words, *In lingua incognita.* On opening it, the form of one or two of the letters in one of the words bore so much resemblance to Irish characters, that I was almost inclined to believe that it was written in that language; but I had not read half a line when I found it was Anglo Saxon. The volume is very distinctly written, and contains a translation of certain homilies of Gregory Nazianzen, and other ancient fathers.

In the course of conversation, the keeper of the archives appeared very anxious to impress me with the conviction that the service in the cathedral differs considerably from that of the church of Rome, and that, in many points, it approximates to the offices of the Greek church.

The heat, during the day, was so intense, while the malaria from the surrounding marshes, and the offensive odour which pervaded the town, so affected my system, that I could not get rid of the horrid apprehension that I was about to be seized with an Italian fever. Never did a weary patient long more eagerly for the return of morning, than I did for the hour of ten at night, when I was to start for Turin. I had not, however, been an hour on the road, before my feelings were completely relieved. At the early dawn we passed large companies of Piedmontese, of both sexes, proceeding in the direction of the capital —most probably to do homage to some favourite saint. As the morning sun broke forth, the majestic Alps presented themselves in all their splendour to the right, while the beautiful hills which stretch along on the south of Turin rose into view on the left. Chateaux and villas multiplied upon us as we advanced, and just before entering the city, we crossed the Dora, which joins the Po a little below the city. The bridge, consisting of one immense arch, is admirably constructed, and commands a fine view of Turin and its environs.

THE INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE.

WHATEVER may be thought of the influence of climate upon the human mind, abstractedly considered, there can be no question that the extremes, at least, of temperature are unfavourable to its development. The brain is the undoubted organ of mind, and its action is dependent upon the equality and vigour of the sanguiferous circulation. We may therefore readily imagine that the enervating influence of extreme heat, and the depressing effect of intense cold, may both have a tendency to retard or impair mental energy. But in forming an estimate of moral advantages and disadvantages, we must look much beyond the abstract influence of temperature, and the subject will then open to our view many interesting results derivable from variety of climate, and give us some little insight into the wisdom of such an arrangement.

The pressure of want, with sufficient means for supplying it, calls forth faculties that would otherwise remain dormant, and ever proves the most effectual stimulus to mental exertion. Now the native inhabitants of hot countries having for the most part a ready supply of the necessaries, and even luxuries, that they require, they indulge their appetite without restraint, and sink into indolence and effeminacy. "Give a man a cocoa-tree, and he will do nothing for his livelihood; he sleeps under its shade, or perhaps builds a hut under its branches, eats its nuts as they fall, drinks its juice, and smokes his life away." Such is the description given of them. In all intellectual acquirements the natives of the hotter regions of Africa present remarkable deficiency. With the exception of the Ethiopic language, seemingly of Arabic origin, and the unknown character, probably Phœnician, inscribed by the Tuaricks on their dark rocks, no letters or writing of any kind have been found among the aborigenes of Africa. Among the negroes, properly so called, the only

difference observable is a somewhat higher degree of physical strength and mental vigour in the higher and cooler districts, than is found to prevail in the lower parts. In the sterile regions of the polar north, on the other hand, the resources at command are so limited, as to call forth laborious toil indeed, yet but very little mental energy. The Esquimaux and Greenlanders were found without the lowest elements of what goes by the name of learning. They displayed some ingenuity in constructing their habitations, and in catching their prey, like the lower animals; but of abstract ideas they had no notion, and could not count beyond ten, the number of their fingers. But it is far otherwise in the regions which are included in the temperate zones. The necessities of life are not here provided in very great abundance, but they may be obtained by mental and bodily exertion. The soil requires cultivation, but repays it when bestowed. The comforts of clothing and habitation must be adapted to the chequered seasons, stores must be laid in during one portion of the year for the supply of another, the diversities of soil and vicissitude of seasons require much forethought. All these things exercise ingenuity, and tend to develope the mind. Man is here likewise placed most favourably in the neighbourhood of seas, lakes, and rivers, affording unlimited facilities of intercourse with neighbouring nations. Situated between the extremes of climate, the productions of the north and of the south are equally within his reach, and he is able to accumulate from all quarters. This gives rise to a spirit of commerce and enterprise. First, the arts of life, and then the literature and scientific discoveries of different nations, are reciprocally diffused. Rivalry is set up between nations, which tends in the end to sharpen the intellect, and to refine the manners; the stimulus thus given to the human faculties becomes permanent and extensive, and from all these causes, man becomes, almost from necessity, active, vigorous, intelligent, and enterprising. Since no one country possesses the luxuries and conveniencies that men desire, the traveller is urged to extend his discoveries, and the trader to transport his produce from country to country; while all this zeal and industry has a reaction at home in stimulating the artificer, and the manufacturer, and the agriculturist, to turn to the best account the knowledge and the materials which flow in upon them. Thus not only are the riches of other lands imported, but domestic improvement is increased in a tenfold degree. Man lives in the midst of a rich and varied abundance, and "this plenty and variety of material comforts," as is well remarked by professor Whewell, "is the companion and the mark of advantages and improvements in social life, of progress in art and science, of activity of thought, of energy of purpose, and of ascendancy of character." In our own country, beside the advantages derivable from our various imports, there is scarcely a vegetable product of any importance, for which we were not originally indebted to some foreign clime. Neither the important varieties of cereal plants, wheat, barley, etc., nor the potato, are indigenous, although it is difficult to trace their origin. The vine is not a native, even, of Europe. The walnut, the peach, the plum, the cherry-tree, the almond, the mulberry, have all been introduced from the sunny regions of Asia; the chestnut and the poplar came from the south of Europe, our forests of fir from Norway, and our gardens and fields abound with the productions of Holland and Germany and Sweden. Scarce an edible vegetable was cultivated in this country prior to the reign of Henry VIII.

Whatever partial inconveniences, therefore, may accompany an unequal distribution of temperature and humidity, are more than compensated by the advantages to which it gives rise. It is not merely that the extremes of temperature affect the human character. If it were, we should witness a much more regular gradation of intellectual power as we seceded either from the equator or the poles than we find in fact, and the influence would be much more uniform and permanent than it is proved by history to be. We see a nation at one time enlightened and patriotic, at another time sunk in indolence and degradation. The causes of the former condition, which originated, perhaps, in climate, have been, it may be, counteracted from some internal source. How degenerate are the mental characteristics of the Greeks and Romans of the present day, when compared with the noble courage and patriotic enthusiasm of their forefathers. But the wants of man stimulate his ingenuity in the first instance; these wants

increase with the power of gratifying them, whilst the ingenuity which supplies them progresses with his enlarged desires, and thus is he urged on by the very variety of climate itself, from one stage of improvement to another, till he becomes, what in temperate countries we find him, in the most advanced stage of soiety.

And it has likewise been thought, and not without reason, that the very alternation of seasons which climate occasions, tends to impress a social character upon civilized nations in proportion to its extent, that the domestic habits of northern nations, and of Britain in particular, are very much to be attributed to the long evenings of autumn, winter, and spring, which confine the inhabitants, in great measure, to their own houses. The endearing ties of relationship and of friendship are drawn much closer around the family fireside, where mutual interest and affections are imparted and reciprocated. The employments of summer are thus made to impart their character to the remainder of the year, from whence arises many valuable habits which tend to the formation of national character.

But if we limit our view by such considerations as these, we shall have arrived at a very partial and inadequate apprehension of the beneficial effects of this wise providential arrangement. Civilization, in the true and highest sense of the word, cannot exist apart from Christianity. Much has been said, indeed, of the highly-civilized condition of the nations of antiquity, especially of Greece and Rome. But when we recollect the entire absence among them of all humane and charitable institutions—the contempt in which the lower classes were held, as well as their degradation, the brutality exercised towards prisoners of war, the gladiatorial exhibitions of the theatres for mere amusement, men fighting with wild beasts, and man falling by the hand of his brother man, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," we can surely call this much-vaunted civilization by no higher name than semi-barbarism. Every attempt even to civilize, independently of true Christianity, and with a view to prepare the way for it, has ended in failure as to both particulars. The Moravians attempted it in Greenland, and it failed there. The first Wesleyan missionaries attempted it among the Foulahs of Africa, but with no better success. The Society of Friends attempted it amongst the Indians of North America, but soon arrived at the conclusion that they had "sorrowfully erred." But all experience concurs with the testimony of the word of God in proving that wherever the beams of the Sun of righteousness enlighten the nations, there true humanity, honesty, fidelity, chastity, and all the social and domestic virtues, follow as the necessary result. It is the gospel, and that alone, which effects all this. Still we are referring to its least important effects only. The gospel is "the power of God unto salvation." It unites men of every colour, and of every clime, in one common brotherhood, as citizens of the "New Jerusalem." Who can tell what is comprehended in the astonishing transformation of being changed "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God?" But if this great end is to be brought about by human instrumentality, not only is the allotment of a variety of climate to the different nations of the earth the best possible means to its attainment, but it is difficult to conceive how it could be accomplished by any other arrangement. Voyages of discovery and commerce, incapable of administering to the highest end of man, are the best of all pioneers to missionary enterprise. Upon the supposition that the earth might have been differently constituted, we see nothing but insuperable barriers to the fulfilment of the great command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." But He who gave it had already prepared a suitable machinery for its execution. Endued as man is with a constitution capable of enduring, for a time at least, even the extremes of climate, knowledge of the condition of every distant nation pours in upon him from every quarter; means to transport him to the shores of each one are ready for his use, and provision is likewise made for his subsistence during the fulfilment of his high commission—all having the same origin in the diversity of climate. Whatever glorious destiny may be yet in reserve for this earth when "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ," the design of the present dispensation is evidently to gather from among the Gentiles of every climate "a people for his name." Let but the herald of salvation respond to the "Master's call," and "He will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back;" and they shall come

from the east, and the west, and sit down in the kingdom of heaven. Thus it was that John was privileged to behold in a prophetic vision: "Lo, a great multitude which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands," Rev. vii. 9.

D. W.

SARAH MARTIN, THE PRISON-VISITOR.

No. II.

From her own registers of the prisoners who came under her notice, it is easy to describe the ordinary members of Sarah Martin's congregation: — Pert London pickpockets, whom a cheap steam-boat brought to reap a harvest at some country festival; boors, whom ignorance and distress led into theft; depraved boys, who picked up a precarious livelihood amongst the chances of a sea-port town; sailors, who had committed assaults in the boisterous hilarity consequent upon a discharge, with a paid-up arrear of wages; servants, of both sexes, seduced by bad company into the commission of crimes against their masters; profligate women, who had added assault or theft to the ordinary vices of a licentious life; smugglers; a few game-law criminals; and paupers transferred from a workhouse, where they had been initiated into crime, to a jail, where their knowledge was perfected. Such were some of the usual classes of persons who assembled round this singular teacher of righteousness. Their characters were as distinct as their crimes. A few extracts from "Prison Records" will exhibit their variety;—

"W. W. Homely villager. Very good natural powers; temper good; grateful for instruction; desirous of improving.

"W. We. Inferior capacity; inoffensive; always behaved well; does not seem to have had a bad character.

"J. B. Extremely ignorant; low habits.

"B. P. Quiet; slow in capacity and habits; shrewd in his way, and sly.

"W. T. Depraved; deceitful; full of pretence; obsequiously obliging; troublesomely forward in manners.

"J. S. With me, still, and almost dumb —he soon compelled the governor to order him to the cell for the most violent conduct.

"J. C. One of the very worst. Foolish; hardened; idle; lazy; and destitute of the wish to improve. In prison a corrupter."

Judging from the notes which we have seen, her addresses to this strange auditory were formed upon a regular system, which was calculated to set before them that particular view of Christian truth which she thought best suited to their circumstances and comprehension. She principally urged three points. 1. The inseparable connexion between sin and sorrow; the great fact, that, in spite of all the allurements and artful promptings of temptation, misery "doth vice, e'en as its shade, pursue," and with the same certainty that effect follows cause in any of the physical operations of nature. This was a foundation upon which, before such an auditory, she might most safely build; and, whilst she reiterated the position in many varieties of expression, her hearers must have felt bitterly conscious that she was not dealing with an imaginary case, but with a stern truth of which they were themselves the evidences and the victims. 2. Her second point was, that there was a similar and equally indissoluble connexion between goodness and happiness. Station, wealth, and the pleasures of life, when viewed at a distance, seemed to lead to a different conclusion. They promised fairly, but if approached, or partaken of, it became evident that they excited hopes which it was not in their power to gratify; and that unless united to goodness, sorrow was their inseparable adjunct. God is eternally happy, only because he is immutably good; and man can procure exemption from misery only by attaining to freedom from the shackles of vice. 3. Her third point was to lead her auditors to the ever-open door of mercy; and, in glowing strains of Bible eloquence, to invite, entreat, and urge them to enter in. The Almighty was held forth to them as desirous to communicate of his own sinless happy nature to all who came to him as the willing servants of the crucified Redeemer; ready by his own Spirit to purify and guide them; to be to them as a hiding-place from trouble, a pavilion in which they should be kept secret from the strife of tongues, a place of refuge in which they should be compassed about with songs of deliverance. Thus were the realities of their position traced to their fountain-head, a way of escape was pointed out; and, in the midst of their sin and shame, they were affectionately allured towards the service of

God, as that which should give them freedom, peace, and happiness. There is reason to believe that these doctrines, urged with a kindly, warm-hearted sincerity, were eminently successful. The respect and attention which would not have been yielded to a preacher who had endeavoured to excite alarm by the enforcement of religious terrors, were willingly conceded to an instructor who sought to win them to a love of purity, by considerations which, without being directly personal, flowed naturally out of a knowledge of their feelings. The papers we have seen are, for the most part, mere skeletons or rough notes of sermons, and their entire publication would not be desirable; but in any more extended biography, a few extracts from them might be very usefully introduced.

In the year 1826, Sarah Martin's grandmother died, and she came into possession of an annual income of ten or twelve pounds, derived from the investment of "between two and three hundred pounds." She then removed from Caister to Yarmouth, where she occupied two rooms in a house situated in a row in an obscure part of the town, and from that time devoted herself with increased energy to her philanthropic labours. A benevolent lady, resident in Yarmouth, had for some years, with a view to securing her a little rest for her health's sake, given her one day in the week, by compensating her for that day in the same way as if she had been engaged in dressmaking. With that assistance, and with a few quarterly subscriptions, "chiefly 2s. 6d. each, for Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and other books for distribution," she went on devoting every available moment of her life to her great purpose. But dressmaking, like other professions, is a jealous mistress; customers fell off, and eventually almost entirely disappeared. A question of anxious moment now presented itself, the determination of which is one of the most characteristic and memorable incidents of her life. Was she to pursue her benevolent labours, even although they led to utter poverty? Her little income was not more than enough to pay her lodging, and the expenses consequent upon the exercise of her charitable functions: and was actual destitution of ordinary necessaries to be submitted to? She never doubted; but her reasoning upon the subject presents so clear an illustration of the exalted character of her thoughts and purposes, and exhibits so eminent an example of Christian devotedness and heroism, that it would be an injustice to her memory not to quote it in her own words:—"In the full occupation of dressmaking, I had care with it, and anxiety for the future; but as that disappeared, care fled also. God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, 'Whatsoever is right I will give you.' I had learned from the Scriptures of truth that I should be supported; God was my master, and would not forsake his servant; he was my father, and could not forget his child. I knew, also, that it sometimes seemed good in his sight to try the faith and patience of his servants, by bestowing upon them very limited means of support; as in the case of Naomi and Ruth, of the widow of Zarephath and Elijah; and my mind, in the contemplation of such trials, seemed exalted by more than human energy; for I had counted the cost, and my mind was made up. If, whilst imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation so momentary to an individual, would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others."

Noble woman! A faith so firm and so disinterested might have removed mountains: a self-sacrifice founded upon such principles is amongst the most heroic of human achievements.

This appears to have been the busiest period of Sarah Martin's life. Her system, if we may so term it, of superintendence over the prisoners was now complete. For six or seven hours daily she took her station amongst them; converting that which, without her, would have been, at best, a scene of dissolute idleness, into a hive of industry and order. We have already explained the nature of the employment which she provided for them; the manner of their instruction is described as follows:—"Any who could not read I encouraged to learn, whilst others in my absence assisted them. They were taught to write also; whilst such as could write already, copied extracts from books lent to them. Prisoners who were able to read, committed verses from the Holy Scriptures to memory every day, according to their ability or inclination. I, as an example, also committed a few verses to memory to repeat to them every day; and the effect was remarkable; always silencing excuse when the pride of some prisoners would have prevented their

doing it. Many said at first, 'It would be of no use;' and my reply was, 'It is of use to me, and why should it not be so to you? you have not tried it, but I have.' Tracts and children's books, and larger books, four or five in number, of which they were very fond, were exchanged in every room daily, whilst any who could read more were supplied with larger books."

There does not appear to have been any instance of a prisoner long refusing to take advantage of this mode of instruction. Men entered the prison saucy, shallow, self-conceited, full of cavils and objections, which Sarah Martin was singularly clever in meeting; but in a few days the most stubborn, and those who had refused the most peremptorily, either to be employed or to be instructed, would beg to be allowed to take their part in the general course. Once within the circle of her influence, the effect was curious. Men old in years, as well as in crime, might be seen striving, for the first time in their lives, to hold a pen, or bending hoary heads over primers and spelling-books, or studying to commit to memory some precept taken from the Holy Scriptures. Young rascals, as impudent as they were ignorant, beginning with one verse, went on to long passages; and even the dullest were enabled, by perseverance, to furnish their minds and memories with "from two to five verses every day." All these operations, it must be borne in mind, were carried on under no authority save what was derived from the teacher's innate force of character. Aware of that circumstance, and that any rebellion would be fatal to her usefulness, she so contrived every exercise of her power, as to "make a favour of it," knowing well, that "to depart from this course, would only be followed by the prisoners doing less, and not doing it well." The ascendancy she thus acquired was very singular. A general persuasion of the sincerity with which "she watch'd, and wept, and prayed, and felt for all," rendered her the general depository of the little confidence, the tales of weakness, treachery, and sorrow, in the midst of which she stood; and thus she was enabled to fan the rising desire for emancipation, to succour the tempted, to encourage the timid, and put the erring in the way.

After the close of her labours at the gaol, she proceeded, at one time of her life, to a large school which she superintended at the workhouse; and afterwards, when that school was turned over to proper teachers, she devoted two nights in the week to a school for factory girls, which was held in the capacious chancel of the old church of St. Nicholas. There, or elsewhere, she was everything. Other teachers would send their classes to stand by and listen, whilst Sarah Martin, in her striking and effective way, imparted instruction to the forty or fifty young women who were fortunate enough to be more especially her pupils. Every countenance was riveted upon her: and, as the questions went round, she would explain them by a piece of poetry or an anecdote, which she had always ready at command, and, more especially, by scriptural illustration. The Bible was, indeed, the great fountain of her knowledge and her power. For many years she read it through four times every year, and had formed a most exact reference book to its contents. Her intimate familiarity with its striking imagery and lofty diction, impressed a poetical character upon her own style, and filled her mind with exalted thoughts. After her class duties were over, there remained to be performed many offices of kindness, which with her were consequent upon the relation of teacher and pupil; there was personal communication with this scholar and with that; some inquiry here, some tale to listen to there; for she was never a mere schoolmistress, but always the friend and counsellor, as well as the instructor.

The evenings on which there was no tuition, were devoted by her to visiting the sick, either in the workhouse, or through the town generally; and occasionally an evening was passed with some of those worthy people in Yarmouth by whom her labours were regarded with interest. Her appearance in any of their houses was the signal for a busy evening. Her benevolent smile and quick active manner communicated her own cheerfulness and energy to every one around her. She never failed to bring work with her, and if young people were present, was sure to employ them all. Something was to be made ready for the occupation of the prisoners, or for their instruction; patterns or copies were to be prepared, or old materials to be adjusted to some new use, in which last employment her ingenuity was preeminent. Odd pieces of woollen or cotton, scraps of paper, mere litters, things

which other people threw away, it mattered not what, she always begged that such things might be kept for her, and was sure to turn them to some account. If, on such occasions, whilst every body else was occupied, some one would read aloud, Sarah Martin's satisfaction was complete; and at intervals, if there were no strangers present, or if such communication were desired, she would dilate upon the sorrows and sufferings of her guilty flock, and her own hopes and disappointments in connexion with them, in the language of simple, animated truth.

Her day was closed by no "return to a cheerful fireside prepared by the cares of another," but to her solitary apartments, which she left locked up during her absence, and where "most of the domestic offices of life were performed by her own hands." There she kept a copious record of her proceedings in reference to the prisoners; notes of their circumstances and conduct during such time as they were under her observation, which generally extended long beyond the period of their imprisonment; with most exact accounts of the expenditure of the little subscriptions before mentioned, and also of a small annual payment from the British Ladies' Society, established by Mrs. Fry, and of all other monies committed to her in aid of any branch of her charitable labours. These books of record and account have been very properly preserved, and have been presented to a public library in Yarmouth.

During all this time she went on living upon her bare pittance; in a state of most absolute poverty, and yet of total unconcern as to her temporal support. Friends supplied many of her necessities by occasional presents; but, unless it was especially provided, "This is not for your charities, but for your own exclusive use and comfort," whatever was sent to her was given away to persons more destitute than herself. In this way she was furnished with clothes, and occasional presents were sent to her of bread, cheese, eggs, fruit, and other necessaries of a simple kind. Some members of the corporation were desirous that a pecuniary provision should be made for her out of the borough funds; but the proposal was soon laid aside, in deference to her own most strenuous opposition. In 1841, the question was renewed, and the wife of one of the magistrates wrote to her:—"We consider it impossible, from the manner in which you live, that you can long continue your arduous labours at the gaol, etc. Mr. —— and myself will feel angry and hurt if you refuse to accept it. I must intreat you to do this," etc.

Sarah Martin's answer ran thus:—

"Here lies the objection which oppresses me: I have found voluntary instruction, on my part, to have been attended with great advantage; and I am apprehensive, that in receiving payment my labours may be less acceptable. I fear, also, that my mind would be fettered by pecuniary payment, and the whole work upset. To try the experiment, which might injure the thing I live and breathe for, seems like applying a knife to your child's throat to know if it will cut. . . . . Were you so angry as that I could not meet you, a merciful God and a good conscience would preserve my peace; when, if I ventured on what I believed would be prejudicial to the prisoners, God would frown upon me and my conscience too, and these would follow everywhere. As for my circumstances, I have not a wish ungratified, and am more than content."
—*Edinburgh Review.*

INDIVIDUAL EFFORTS TO PROMOTE UNITY.

No. I.

There is a question which it becomes every reader to propose: "What is my condition in the sight of God?" Is the conclusion forced on the mind that true benevolence is unknown? Then love to God, from which alone it springs, has never yet taken possession of the heart.

Reader! is this your fearful state? Then he who writes would not pursue his task till he has affectionately besought you, by all that is unsubstantial in the present world, by all the woes which beset the transgressor, by all the ennobling and satisfying realities of religion, by all that is solemn in death, and awful in the judgment-seat of Christ, and glorious in heaven, and dreadful in hell, to strive to enter in at the strait gate, to believe on him who is mighty to save, to become from this moment sincerely and perseveringly intent on your eternal welfare.

If, on the other hand, it be humbly hoped

in the fear of God, that he who reads is "constrained" by the love of Christ, there will be the conviction that there is much to excite profound humiliation in the presence of the Most High. In comparison with the spirit of multitudes of religious professors, charity, as drawn by an inspired hand, appears like a lovely poetic fiction; the embodying of some angelic intelligence, rather than sanctified humanity, moving about in every part of this fallen world, familiar alike to the eye and the heart. Oh! what different thoughts and feelings must operate, and what a quickening and sustaining power must descend from heaven, before the diffusion of charity shall be co-extensive with the Christian name. Nor will this ever occur until it is clearly presented to the mind, and the obligation to its exercise is individually known and felt.

The blessedness of a man can be but one. He can have but one best and highest good. That good is possessed when he can look upwards and exclaim, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee." The entireness of the object on which the affections are thus set, has a correspondence in the entireness of the offering demanded. In the case of the monarch and the noble, no less than of the artizan and the servant, the Divine requirement is primarily directed to what he is, and then to what he has. There is first to be the exercise of love, and then the employment of all that is possessed, as a manifestation of that affection. With the individuality of religion, there is a range for its relative operation throughout the circle of which its possessor is the centre. He stands solemnly accountable for the employment of every talent, and for all the interest that can be gained by its use. Each individual therefore should look first to himself, and every disciple of Christ should be solicitous that his whole soul should be sanctity and love. He who attains the highest points in these respects shall be as the first star that appears in the firmament, while others quickly follow, till the whole convex of heaven glows with the countless multitude.

In offering a few hints on what may be done, it may be remarked, that important results would arise, were each disciple of the Redeemer to discountenance whatever is opposed to the unity of the body of Christ. How much better would it be to turn away at once from some objects, instead of dwelling upon them, and returning to them again and again. How much better to banish them entirely from conversation! How much better to refuse to read journals and volumes where "the trail of the old serpent" constantly appears! In this course the feelings, now chafed and exasperated, and often productive of bitter fruits, would become feeble from inactivity, to the immense advantage of society, and of the individual.

Express effort should also be made for the advantage of others. The traveller in the desert who suffers from thirst, and who, passing beyond his companions, finds some spring at which he is strengthened and refreshed for further progress, will be impelled to direct them to the same stream. And assuredly the benevolence which true piety inspires will, in like manner, constrain those who possess it to aim at the spiritual welfare of others, and to render available to them any personal advantage.

It is a matter of clear and indispensable duty that the views we hold as supremely important should be recommended to others, while, in the cultivation of profound humility, and the exercise of holy jealousy of soul, we speak the truth in love. In such circumstances, every feeling of pride should be repressed, since no advantage is possessed by the individual which he has not received; and those whose powers of discrimination are feebler than his, and who may be his inferiors in theological knowledge, may still surpass him in the depth of experimental religion, and the power of practical godliness.

With some there may be differences, yet none of them affecting what is vital in faith or practice. Such persons ought always to be treated with unfeigned kindness and respect, so that thus any impediments on their part to intercourse may be removed. In any allusion to existing points of difference, it will be necessary to guard against any error respecting their views, either by imputing to them what they deny, or exaggerating what they actually hold. At first, indeed, we should aim to obtain from them a just and accurate estimate of their real sentiments, before we venture, even with the greatest caution, to impugn them; and with this fully before the mind, every observation should therefore be made. A clear and correct statement of our conclusions from the word of God should

be as becomingly made—misconception being as likely to operate on them as on ourselves. In either case its influence may be very unfavourable, and its removal in both a great advance to intimate and affectionate fellowship. Between ourselves and others great differences may exist, yet the barrier to intercourse may not be insuperable. It were easy indeed to impugn their personal Christianity, but such a course would violate apostolic principles, and stand opposed to apostolic practice. The character and conduct of the first Christians required the exercise of much forbearance. There was the absolute prerequisite for discipleship in a general reception of the gospel, but their creed was very commonly either defective or redundant. So far, however, from "the weak in faith" being unchristianised, they were treated with benevolence, that they might become strong. And here our proper line of action is distinctly traced. There is a marked distinction between an attempt to raze a foundation, and the placing on it any portion of "wood, hay, or stubble." Admitting there is evil, it is incomparably greater in the former than in the latter. With the avowed enemies of truth we must remain totally at issue, but towards mistaken friends we should exercise forbearance.

Certain it is that though some may cry "Destroy it," "the new wine" may be found "in the cluster." In our observation of others there may be much that we greatly deplore; still we cannot see the heart, and any practical characteristics of piety should awaken interest and gratitude. A just view of what we have been—of what we are, will prevent our indulgence of exaggerated expectation in reference to others, especially if their religious advantages have been few; and there are dispositions and principles which, whatever drawbacks there may be, in our estimation, are manifestly "not of the world, but of the Father."

That there are times in which we should "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," is beyond dispute. It appears, from the statement of the apostle Paul in his epistle to the Galatians, that at one time the apostle Peter ate freely with the Gentiles, as if the ceremonial law were abrogated; but when certain persons arrived, he separated from them for fear of the Jews, as did also others of his countrymen. The insincerity of this conduct, and the oscillation of Peter between the two parties, awakened, therefore, the holy indignation of Paul, who inquired if, as a Jew, he lived after the manner of the Gentiles, why he should compel the Gentiles to live as the Jews did? Having thus convicted him of inconsistency, Paul proceeds to show that such conduct was absolutely injurious, as tending to confound the works of the law with the exercise of faith—the only means of justification before God; and that a criminal deviation on the part of any from the right course tends to make Christ "the minister of sin." He further argues that he should have become a transgressor, by building again the Mosaic institute, which, as an apostle, he was charged to destroy; since, if justification were attainable on the ground of legal observances, then Christ had died in vain.

Such were the statements and reasonings of that apostle, who became "all things to all men, that if, by any means, he might save some." The principle on which he acted is therefore clear. The instances in which, from an enlightened consideration of the force of prejudice and habit, he complied to some extent with Jewish practices, were those which did not interfere with the doctrine of man's acceptance before God; so far as this was done by Peter, he was free from offence. But when such compliances were likely to operate, in any degree, as a ground of confidence before God, they were firmly and vehemently denounced as anti-christian, and therefore incalculably injurious.

The true simplicity of Christianity, therefore, should be faithfully and unwaveringly maintained. Let its first principles be corrupted, and it is difficult to tell where the pollution will cease. Their abandonment by the church of Rome throws light on the appalling result. There, the sign sets aside the very object it is said to signify; the exercise of the memory displaces that of the understanding, the conscience, and the heart; the building holds the place which ought to be occupied only by the spirit of devotion; the Bible is lost in the breviary and the missal; and even the crucifix excites trust and affection, instead of the only Redeemer. W.

THE DESIGN OF PREACHING.

As an ordinance of Christ, preaching appears to be graced and blessed in a superior degree. The continuance of his ambassadors is a pledge of peace on the part of the King of kings; a mark of truth challenging universal examination; but more particularly, the means by which it is to spread from man to man.

It may, however, be supposed that, as the Bible now is perfected, it would be better that men should not only read it by themselves, but that they should read it without the intervention of other men. "Surely, (it may be argued,) the word of God should by itself come fully on the heart, as the beams of the sun upon the earth; surely, in coming through so faulty a medium as the human mind, Divine truth must be dimmed and distorted." But observe, not only does preaching not preclude reading, but is expressly designed to lead to it. The preacher has just to press the grapes and give the cup into the hearer's hand. He has not to dictate; he has not even primarily to inform: but he has to arouse, to impel, to awaken. The apostles both spoke and wrote; and if you compare one of St. Paul's speeches with one of his epistles, the difference in the style, the connexion in the aim, will be visible at once. And thus at present the preacher's address is made, not in the way of giving perfect and infallible instruction; not as a substitute for the gospel; not even as an unerring guide to the gospel: but as a call to reflection upon the gospel. He is, in reference to the gospel, not to think for his hearers, but to excite them to think for themselves; and this, by appealing to their judgments, warming their affections, and principally by touching their consciences. True; the principle of conscience is in every heart: but the pendulum often requires a touch from without to make it do its office. To give this touch requires no inspiration; although, having been given, it does require on the hearer's part, sincere prayer, and careful study of the Scriptures, that the effect may be permanent.—*C. I. Yorke.*

BLESSEDNESS OF THE JUST.

Let it be remembered that nothing is admitted into heaven which worketh wickedness or maketh a lie; and that, therefore, with every virulence of evil, detached and dissevered from the mass, there is nought in heaven but the pure, the transparent element of goodness. Think of its unbounded love, its tried and unalterable faithfulness, its confiding sincerity; think of the expressive designation given it in the Bible—"The land of uprightness." Above all, think of the revealed and invisible glory of the righteous God, who loveth righteousness, there sitting upon his throne in the midst of a rejoicing family, himself rejoicing over them, because formed in his own likeness; they love what he loves; they rejoice at what he rejoices in. There may be palms of triumph, I do not know; there may be crowns of unfading lustre; there may be pavements of emerald; there may be rivers of pleasure, and groves of surpassing loveliness, and palaces of delight, and high arches in heaven, which ring with sweetest melody: but mainly and essentially it is a moral glory which is lighted up there; it is virtue which blooms, and is the myrtle there; it is true goodness by which the spirits of the holy are regaled there; it is thus it forms the beatitude of eternity. The righteous dying now, when they rise again shall be righteous still—have heaven already in their bosoms; and when they enter its portals, they carry the very being and substance of its blessedness along with them—the character which is the whole of heaven's worth—the character which is the very essence of heaven's enjoyments.—*Chalmers.*

TRIALS OF THE BELIEVER.

The trials of David and Jacob were sharp; but they were short, and they proved to their advantage, put them upon acts of humiliation and prayer, and ended in a double blessing. Nothing can harm us that quickens our earnestness and frequency in applying to a throne of grace: only trust the Lord, and keep close to him, and all that befalls you shall be for good. Temptations end in victory; troubles prove an increase of consolation; yea, our very falls and failings tend to increase our spiritual wisdom, to give us a greater knowledge of Satan's devices, and make us more habitually upon our guard against them. Happy case of the believer in Jesus! when bitten by the fiery serpent he needs not go far for a remedy; he has only to look to a bleeding Saviour, and be healed.—*John Newton.*

Partridges.

APPEARANCES OF NATURE.

SEPTEMBER.

As September and Autumn advance together, they have many beautiful characteristics deserving attention. That the decline of the year has commenced, the condition of vegetation plainly indicates,

> "The fading leaves descend,
> And mournful breezes whisper through the grove."

These are mementoes of our own mortality:

> "Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
> Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
> Another race the following spring supplies;
> They fall successive, and successive rise:
> So generations in their course decay;
> So flourish these, when those are pass'd away."

And most impressively is it said by the prophet: "We all do fade as a leaf."

The woods have now many beauties, and pleasant is it to wander beneath the shelter of the broad branches above, and to seek the hidden recesses of the dense underwood. Here will be seen many interesting plants, seldom found elsewhere; the soft green moss beneath the feet will not fail to attract attention; nor the remains of the nests of various animals, asking admiration from the simple beauty of their structure, and the instinct evinced in the choice of their situation. The tempered gloom of the woods, "their silence," Howitt says, "the wild cries that flit ever and anon through them, the leaves that already rustle to the tread—all is full of pleasant thoughtfulness. And then those breaks, those openings, those sudden emergings from shadow and silence to light and liberty; those unexpected comings out to the skirt of the forest, or to some wild and heathy track in the very depth of the woodlands!—how pleasant is the thought of it! I feel the fresh-blowing breeze of autumn, I scent the fresh odour of the turf which never was cultivated, I feel its elasticity beneath my tread, I rejoice as I behold on its lonely bosom a few loiterers which remain of all summer's flowery tribes; a solitary honeysuckle on some young birch; a few harebells, bright and blue as summer's skies." But still the tendrils of the briony festoon with brilliant berries the slender sprigs of the hazel; and the agaric, with its elegant forms and varied hues, expands its cone, sprinkled with the dewy freshness of the morn.

You may look now at each of the trees, for they now have beauties they possess at no other period of the year. There is the deep luxuriance of the oak, and the elm; and the not less pleasing but lighter foliage of other trees. Observe the poplar, as it

> "Trembles o'er the silver flood;"

and as the wind breathes softly the white poplar will be seen,

> "Whose foliage hoar,
> Scatters forth gleams like moonlight;"

and the black poplar, attaining perhaps a height of eighty feet, displaying the vivid hue of its large and flowering catkins, while the leaves

> "In wanton play,
> Dance for joy at break of day."

Listen! and the rustling of the aspen poplar will be heard, for the least breeze that whispers through the grove will cause its silver pyramid of leaves to quiver in the sun's bright rays. Approach a sheltered portion of the wood, and there in the glen will be seen the ash, whose utility has obtained for it the title of "the husbandman's tree." Observe the drooping banches, and the slender and pendulous twigs and leaves of

> "The cold-place loving birch,"

which Coleridge has called "the lady of the woods;" and to which Wilson alludes when he says,

> "On the green slope
> Of a romantic glade we sate us down,
> Amid the fragrance of the yellow broom;
> While o'er our heads the weeping birch-tree stream'd
> Its branches, arching like a fountain shower."

On the side of the wood by which the water runs will be seen the willow's pendent branches as

> "With passing breeze
> Their leaflets trembling touch the water's brink."

But many more deserve attention: there is the alder, whose pleasant shade is often sought; the large leaves and twisted branches of the maple; the beautiful and rapidly-growing lime; the falling leaves of the chestnut; and the handsome walnut, each possessing some delightful characteristics which only autumn imparts.

Probably the observer will see the squirrel, as, full of life and timidity, it gambols round the root of an ancient beech, the base of which is overgrown with the dewberry; and he will hear the scream of the jay as it tells of danger to its young; the loud laugh of the woodpecker; and the hammering of the nuthatch as it cleaves its prize in the chink of some dry bough. The thrush, the blackbird, and other birds, who have been silent for many weeks, re-commence their songs, bidding good-bye to the summer in the same subdued tone in which they hailed its approach; and wood-owls hoot louder than is their wont.

It is at this period that the woodman and the charcoal-burner are at work, and as the rambler passes he may observe them as they are hewing, stroke after stroke, into the heart of the tree, and then down comes the huge mass, with its lashing and crushing boughs resounding through the glen. At other times the saw is employed, worked by four men, three pulling at one end and one drawing it back again, so as to cut down huge fir-trees in a few minutes. Then the branches are lopped, the small wood is bound in fagots, while the thicker boughs are reserved for more important purposes. However and whenever the process may be viewed, the scene is picturesque; and if the labourers be conversed with, they will inform an inquirer of adventures which have occurred of circumstances connected with their work full of interest, and of the habits of the animals with which they meet. The giant tree, when felled, has perhaps the bark stripped off; the woodmen then drive down short stakes, of the figure of a Y, at some distance, and laying a pole over them, the bark is rested against them till it is dry, and the rumbling of the tanners' wagons is heard as it is removed to their yards.

The lads in the country go forth nutting at this season, and many a merry portion of a day will thus be spent. Having duly prepared for an encounter with briars and brambles, and carrying the long nutting-crook and ample wallet, they explore the intricate by-paths and sheltered portion of the woods. Miss Twamley says:

> "Even now, methinks, I see the bushy dell,
> The tangled brake, green lane, or sunny glade,
> Where on a 'sunshine holiday' I stray'd,
> Plucking the ripening nuts with eager glee,
> Which from the hazel boughs hung temptingly."

The excitement attending these excursions, the search from place to place, before a favourable spot is discovered, the cool shade of the trees varied by the bright gleams of sunshine that occasionally penetrate the foliage; while perhaps the meal enjoyed beneath some aged oak, where moss and harebells form the carpeting on which they rest—contribute to fill the young hearts of the party with unalloyed pleasure.

The fruit-bearing buds showed themselves about the latter end of February; and when they burst, and disclosed the bright crimson of their shafts, they looked very beautiful. Their

> "Hazel-buds with crimson gems,
> Green and glossy sallows,"

indicated the approach of the summer; but now the fruit has reached perfection, and is coveted by the searching eyes that penetrate the foliage of the wood. Acorns and beech-nuts fall from the trees, and in the woods and forests the swine will soon be feeding on them. They are all called *mast*.

Partridge-shooting becomes lawful as the month commences, and the noise of guns is heard in every direction. Thomson says:

"Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey,
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Though borne triumphant are they safe;
Glanced just and sudden from the fowler's eye, the gun
O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground, or drives them wide, dispersed,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind."

The partridge multiplies with such rapidity, as almost to defy extermination; nor will persecution drive it from its haunts. The covey will rise, wheel about, and alight, again and again; but though they may be diminished by the gun, the remainder will often continue in the same turnip-field, or on the same clover-stubble, as pertinaciously as a mountain tribe of human beings have clung to their fastnesses in a war of extirpation.

Of the cunning of the partridge the sports of man will supply numerous instances. White, in his "History of Selborne," relates that he saw a hen-bird come out of a ditch, and run along shivering with her wings, and crying out, as if wounded and unable to escape. While the mother thus endeavoured to draw attention to herself, the brood, which was small and unable to fly, was observed to run for shelter into an old fox-earth under the bank. Nor is it uncommon to see an old partridge feign itself wounded, and run along on the ground, fluttering and crying before a dog or man, to draw them away from its helpless, unfledged young ones. "I have seen it often," says Markwick, "and once in particular I witnessed a remarkable instance of the old bird's solicitude to save its brood. As I was hunting with a young pointer, the dog ran on a brood of very small partridges; the old bird cried, fluttered, and ran trembling along, just before the dog's nose, till she had drawn him to a considerable distance, when she took wing and flew still farther off, but not out of the field. On this the dog returned to his master, near the place where the young ones lay concealed in the grass—which the old bird no sooner perceived, than she flew back again; and, by rolling and tumbling about, drew off his attention from her young, so as to preserve her brood a second time."

The objects of the immigration of many tribes of birds into this country having been now accomplished, they prepare for their departure. It has been well ascertained that, in many instances, they leave the country for a more temperate and uniform climate, but it is not certain that this is the case with all. The cuckoo visits us in April, when the weather is often cold and unequal, and she leaves during the first week in July; so that this rule cannot be regarded as at least universally applicable.

A principal object effected by these visits of birds to this country appears in the destruction of innumerable insects, which, but for the check given to their multiplication, would increase to so prodigious an extent as to threaten the earth with famine and desolation. The hand of God may thus be recognised; though we often forget to appreciate an arrangement which, though comparatively trivial, is of great importance. We need not wonder that the little swallow or the house-martin returns to our land with such faithfulness, and even seeks the same house and window by which, in previous years, it raised its youthful progeny; for their Creator and Preserver directs all their movements.

Let the reader linger in the fields on an autumn's eve, and as the sun approaches the horizon, an universal tranquillity is spread around, which almost insensibly steals into the breast of man, disposing him to solitude and meditation. He may now listen in vain for the varied sounds which might have been heard during the day; and the silence prevailing is only broken by the flitting of the bat's almost noiseless wings, the gentle flap of the owl's feathery pinions, the murmuring of the rivulet as it dashes against the pebbles that would oppose its course, the occasional bleating of sheep, and the lowing of the cattle in the distant valleys. Twilight, however, is but short, and we have hardly had time to observe the splendid and varied tints the retiring sun has left on the sky,

before the beauteous moon, which we have seen lighting the harvesters in their labours, appears above the horizon. The noise of the footfall now rouses the dove in the tree overhead; but instead of the heavy flapping of her wings, and the rushing of the foliage which would have been heard a few hours earlier, she remains but the more closely concealed. The hare perhaps crosses the path, the rabbits are nibbling the herbage near the hedge-bank, and the polecat and the weazel are moving about in pursuit of prey. Perhaps a badger lives in the wood; and if so, it is now astir, yet the dense underwood would hardly disclose him: but look, there is the fox returning from an attack on the roosts at the farm-house or the barn.

But perhaps the reader has been detained too long—the dew with which the grass is laden may occasion inconvenience, and the air is cool; for

"Chill is thy breath, pale autumn."

The thoughtful Christian will not fail to draw a just comparison between "the evening of the year" and the eve of his own life. As he anticipates the storms of a coming winter, and the bleak and piercing winds of December, he thinks of the dissolution which must sooner or later await him. He will have to pass down to the river of death; but trusting wholly and confidently on the merits of his once crucified, but now exalted Redeemer, he will feel his heart beat with delight in the contemplation of the period when, leaving the sordid and vain enjoyments of time, his soul shall be severed from the earthly tenement in which it has tabernacled, and shall expand its energies under the meridian sun of God's protection and love! F. S. W.

MAN, THE CHILD OF SORROW.

There is no need of illustrating the fact, that man, too, is the child of sorrow. A rational being must have consolation in trials. All the world over, the refuge of men in seasons of affliction is their religion; they may have other refuges, but their religion is their last resort. Many have been the professors of wisdom, and many the wise men that have lived where the Bible is not known, but there were no comforters. Philosophy tells us, when sickness invades our pillow, when pain agonizes, when friends die, when property is gone, and when, instead of influence and honour, we suffer only dishonour and contempt, that there is no help for it, that these are evils all men must bear, and that it becomes us to bear them like men! False religions, almost without exception, endeavour to alleviate one trial only by adding another; and for the obvious reason, that they have no consolation to give; they are not the religion man needs.

The Bible does not indeed profess to reveal a religion that exempts from adversity; it rather lays its account with afflictions: it tells men that they must expect to suffer. Nor is there anything, in any of its truths, that is designed to blunt the acuteness of natural feeling. Yet has it consolations for the hour of trial, and such as bear the test of the hottest furnace. Of the Author of our trials, it declares, that he "doth not willingly afflict, nor grieve the children of men;" that "as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." It tells of a "Great High Priest, who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities;" who "knoweth our frame," and "remembereth that we are dust;" and who "stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind." It teaches the children of sorrow to say, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble;" while their own response to its teachings is, "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation!" And while it teaches men these things, it tells them too, that however severe and heavy their trials may be, they are "but for a season," for "a little moment," and shall work for them "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It tells them of the "trial of faith," that is "much more precious than that of gold tried in the fire;" that it redounds to "praise, honour, and glory;" so that, in the retrospect of their severest trials, they can say, "Happy is the man whom God correcteth!" As with the serenity of an angel's countenance, it tells them, that although they have fiery trials to pass through, yet have they "an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." That terrible state of mind, —suspense under apprehended and foreboding evils, finds its antidote only in the Bible. Where, in all the records of earth, is there a sentence like this,— "Casting all your care upon the Lord,

for he careth for you;" or like this,—"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God? And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ." Oh, trials are freed from their bitterness, and fear of its apprehensions, by the whispers of this gentle voice!

The influence which a sensitive creature like man requires, is that also which shall give his emotions a right and happy direction. The academic philosophers erred with the Stoics; the one in trying to eradicate the emotions and affections of men, the other in making human happiness consist in unrestrained indulgence. If his Creator be wise and good, his government over him is such, as to give that direction to his ardent affections that shall be most accordant with his intellectual, moral, and immortal existence. His affections wisely directed and indulged, constitute the loveliness, the glory of his nature. More than anything else, they constitute the man himself, and make him what he is. If misdirected, they make him a degraded, vicious, miserable being; if they are directed wisely, they ennoble, purify, and make him happy. That keenly sensitive nature, which renders him capable of love and hatred, joy and sorrow, hope and fear, must be controlled: it must have something to love; something which may be loved safely and without remorse; something which may be loved without injury to its ever growing desires; something which is worthy of its love; something which responds to the sincerity and fervour of its affections, and which may be pursued with all the ardour and intensity which are inseparable from a sensitive existence.

The Bible, and the Bible only, meets these inward longings of the heart, be they ever so intense and exalted. Every human affection finds its place in the religion it reveals. The love of self finds its proper place there; and so does the love of kindred, and the love of country, and the love of the world, and the love of God and man, yea, the love of everything that is in any measure worthy of love. It does not annihilate one of these affections; it does not forbid them; nor does it degrade them, as false religions do; nor does it disappoint them, as they are always disappointed when they receive a wrong direction and impulse.

Nor in giving them a right direction, does it ever unsettle, unhinge, or derange them. While it gives them ardour and zeal, it also gives them strength and firmness; and while its impulses are sometimes so intensely vivid and strong, that, but for their pure and heavenly nature, they would well nigh drive the soul to those excesses of emotion which border on madness; they are the very impulses which, when indulged in their purity, impart to it loveliness and meekness, tenderness and humility, and not unfrequently an almost unearthly splendour, as they do well nigh unearthly joys. Religious zeal may sometimes degenerate into blind enthusiasm; but when it does so, it is no longer Christian. Other impulses than those which the essential charity of the gospel inspires, render its movements wild and incoherent; while the true spirit of the Bible is the spirit of love, of meekness, and of a sound mind. Men may be excited in their contemplation of its truth; they may be transported and transformed; while in their most enrapturing contemplations they never lose the due equilibrium of thought. The eye of reason is still unclouded and clear; their conceptions are strong and brilliant; nor is there anything they acknowledge more absolutely than the authority of truth. Paul was never more rational than when he was "caught up into the third heaven," and whether in the body he could not tell, or whether out of the body he could not tell. It is a remarkable fact, that every other class of affections of which the heart is susceptible, may be indulged too far and too eagerly; and when pursued beyond a given point, they sound the note of alarm, and tell us that reason already begins to totter on her throne; while the affections and emosions and sacred passions, which are excited and gratified by the truths of the Bible, to whatever degree they are stimulated, and to whatever extent they are indulged, do but give strength and consistency to character, and promote holy enjoyment. The religion it reveals is just fitted for man's sensitive and ardent nature. It imparts to him his true dignity, brings him into new alliances with his Maker, enstamps upon him his image, makes him his friend, adopts him as his son, and in its progressive power makes him like unto the angels.

It is with meekness and fear, and much trembling, that every man contemplates the truth that he must die.

We carry forth and commit to the grave the sleeping dust of those we love; and the inquiry forces itself upon us, "Will the much and long-cherished flower shoot upward again, and bloom to immortality?" From the bed of languishing, we ourselves look down into the dark and hollow sepulchre, and inquire, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Reason, nature, conscience, analogy, do indeed suggest the thought—the strong probability of a hereafter; but they warrant no conviction that satisfies, no certain conclusions where the mind pants for certainty. Here the Bible is a light shining in a dark place; it brings life and immortality to light: to every virtuous mind it announces the glad tidings of a glorious hereafter, and through the narrow and dark inlet of the grave, points him to an unseen world—a world of which he himself is to form a part—where he is to be allied to cherubim and seraphim, and elevated to a celestial throne. The thought of immortality is a great and stupendous thought. Even viewed at a distance, and as a doubtful fact, it must overwhelm with its magnitude and grandeur. When contemplated as certain, the mind is filled with wonder at it; and the more it contemplates it, the more does the contemplation add perpetual interest to the wonder. To this greatest of all the wants of man this book is adapted, giving the coming world a reality, an importance, a nearness, that gratify his strong and restless desires for immortality which it is impossible to eradicate, and which are gratified only here. —*The Bible not of Man: by Dr. Spring.*

THE GREAT KANGAROO.

The Great Kangaroo inhabits New South Wales, Southern and Western Australia, and Van Diemen's Land, and is known to the colonists by the names "Boomer" and "Forester." In the older works it is said to be called kangaroo by the natives; and Mr. Gould informs us, it is the "Buddaary" of the aborigines of the Liverpool range. It prefers low grassy hills and plains, and open parts of the country, where it browses upon the herbage and low bushes. During the heat of the day it shelters itself among the bushes, tall grass, or ferns. In its more common position it rests on the hind legs and terminal half of the tail, with the anterior part of the body bent forwards, and but little elevated; but upon the slightest alarm the body is raised perpendicularly, and the animal is thus enabled to command a distant view.

The senses of smell and sight in the kangaroos are very acute, and as they are timid animals they are very difficult to approach; they, nevertheless, not unfrequently fall a prey to the native dog, and are much hunted by the natives, (their flesh being well-flavoured,) who procure them by means of their unerring spears. Sometimes, discovering their retreat, the natives form a large circle, and gradually close upon them, and by shouting and yelling, Mr. Gould informs us, so terrify the animals, that they become confused, and are readily despatched by means of the bommerengs, clubs, and spears. Still, however formidable an enemy the aborigines may have been, (says this author,) the great kangaroo finds, at the present time, a far greater one in the white man, whose superior knowledge enables him to employ for its destruction much more efficient weapons than those of the more simple son of nature. Independently of the gun, he brings to his aid dogs of superior breed, and of so savage a nature that the timid kangaroo has but little chance when opposed to them. These dogs, which run entirely by sight, partake of the nature of the greyhound and deerhound, and, from their great strength and fleetness, are so well adapted for the duties to which they are trained, that the escape of the kangaroo, when it occurs, is owing to peculiar and favourable circumstances; as, for example, the oppressive heat of the day, or the nature of the ground; the former incapacitating the dogs for a severe chase, and the hard ridges which the kangaroo invariably endeavours to gain, giving him great advantage over his pursuers. On such grounds the females in particular will frequently outstrip the fleetest greyhound; while, on the contrary, heavy old males, on soft ground, are easily overtaken.

Many of these fine kangaroo-dogs are kept at the stock station of the interior, for the sole purpose of running the kangaroo and emu; the latter being killed solely for the supply of oil which it yields, and the former for mere sport, or for food for the dogs. Although I have killed the largest males with a single dog, it is not generally advisable to attempt this, as they possess great power, and frequently rip up the dogs, and sometimes even cut

them to the heart with a single stroke of the hind leg. Three or four dogs are more generally laid on; one of superior fleetness to "pull" the kangaroo, while the others rush in upon and kill it. It sometimes adopts a singular mode of defending itself, by clasping its short, powerful fore-limbs around its antagonist, leaping away with it to the nearest water-hole, and there keeping it beneath the water until drowned: with dogs the old males will do this whenever they have an opportunity; and it is said, that they will also attempt to do the same with man.—*S. R. Waterhouse.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

To praise success is common enough, but to speak highly of disappointment will be rather a novel course; and yet, if there be a man to be pitied it must be he, if such a one is to be found, who has succeeded in all his plans. His education in the school of life must of necessity be defective who has never been instructed by trial and disappointment. Hot-house plants shrink when exposed to the breath of chilling winter; and had the oak never been rocked by the tempest, he would neither fling out such lusty limbs as he does, nor so successfully wage war with the raging winds.

Disappointments though not pleasant may be very profitable; and hardly can they fail, when they confer no other benefit, in impressing our minds with the precarious tenure of earthly expectations. Let me dwell a little on a recent disappointment of my own; for though upon a small scale and not calculated to excite any unreasonable degree of regret, yet may it well serve to assist me in the object I have in view.

In was in August last year, that a Christian friend, from America, till then personally unknown to me, who had formed of me a very favourable opinion, paid me a visit of a few hours. It was one of those agreeable, sunny, open-hearted interviews that sometimes do take place between men of a kindred spirit—who, having confidence in each other, fling restraint to the winds, and, at once, revel in the dear delight of excursive converse, free-hearted communion, and Christian friendship. I cannot tell how much I enjoyed that fleet and friendly meeting. It seemed that my enjoyment was not solitary; for some time after I received a letter from my friend containing the following remark:

"It is my intention to sail in the Great Western. Should I have an opportunity to send you a package from New York, how shall I address it? We have the finest apples in the world, and it struck me that a barrel of them occasionally would gratify you. I shall not soon forget the delightful interview I had with you. Though we may never meet again on earth, there is a great gathering-day when I trust we shall meet under happier circumstances."

Some of my readers may perhaps remember perusing an account of the awful storm encountered by the Great Western steamer, and of the extreme peril through which she passed. Had not He who walks upon the wind and holdeth the sea in the hollow of his hand, rescued her from the yawning gulf that threatened to swallow her, she, like the lamented President, had gone down through the whelming waters of the mighty deep.

That must have been an awful season, when, in expectation of approaching death, the passengers met together in prayer, committing themselves for life or death to the Eternal, and supplicating for submission to his Almighty will; but in the moment of their extremity they were snatched from the jaws of destruction: "They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of all their distresses. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" Psa. cvii. The thankfulness of the rescued passengers was heartfelt and sincere, and a free and noble manifestation of it was given in an offering to the captain and crew, and the formation of a maritime charity.

A New York letter received by me, had in it the observations that follow: "You have read probably an account of the perils through which we passed in the Great Western. Had you been in the midst of us, one of your most thrilling chapters would have been penned on the occasion. Truly we saw the wonders of the Lord in the great deep! I love to look back, my dear sir, to the delightful interview I had with you in your quiet dwelling. Few occurrences in my life have given me greater, or more unmingled satisfaction: it appears as a green spot in the retrospect, refreshing the eye and the heart. Brief interviews and long separations compose the thread of human

life—a thread which will soon be snapped asunder; and then daylight, and liberty, and unending union! Farewell, my dear sir, and may you long be spared, the gentle reprover of the faults, and fosterer of the virtues of your fellow men."

The letter of my kind correspondent contained the following receipt of the captain of the Wellington, for two barrels of apples: "Shipped, in good order and well-conditioned, on board the ship called the Wellington, whereof C. Chadwick is master for this voyage, now lying at the port of New York, and bound for London. To say, two barrels of apples, being marked and numbered as in the margin, and are to be delivered in the like good order and well-conditioned, at the aforesaid port of London, the danger of the seas only excepted."

Being as fond of a dumpling as most people, you will not be surprised at my calculating much on the arrival of the expected pippins. Already I saw their glowing and glossy cheeks, side by side, in the capacious tubs in which they had crossed the world of waters! Already had I divided and subdivided them among my friends in my imagination! What goodly puddings and tarts were to smoke upon my table! and what a splendid roasting was to take place on the eve of the appointed day! Alas! alas! who shall say that his fairest hopes shall be realized! Mine were to be scattered to the winds.

Day after day I looked in the newspapers for the announcement of the safe arrival of the Wellington, when one afternoon came a note from a good friend of mine, a sea captain, to say that the Wellington had been obliged to put back through stress of weather; and soon after I read myself the following announcement in the *Times:*

"New York, Nov. 30, 1846:—The Wellington, which put back on the 11th instant, has discharged her cargo, and it is reported only a small quantity of wheat and some apples are damaged."

To sum up this disastrous affair, my poor pippins were left behind at New York. Thus passed away my attractive vision of two barrels of the finest apples in the world; and thus was I, who had so long proudly stood up on tiptoe with expectation, constrained humbly to sit down with disappointment.

On a hasty review of the past, it might seem as though the kindness of my friend had been thrown away, and that I had lost two barrels of excellent apples; but no such thing! another glance at the affair will show that such a conclusion would be a very incorrect one. I feel, indeed, rather disposed to maintain, that every desirable end has been as fully, though not quite so satisfactorily, followed out and obtained, as if the good ship Wellington had scudded across the Atlantic right before the wind, sailed proudly up the river Thames, and discharged her cargo in excellent condition at the port of London.

With regard to my friend, his kindness was not merely intended, but really performed! His present was made, intrusted to the care of a trustworthy person to be safely conveyed to me, and actually put on board a vessel bound to old England; so that he has as just a claim on me for his kindness as if he had seen his fruit in my possession, and partaken with me of an apple tart at my own table. The propriety of this assertion will hardly be called in question.

With respect to myself, had I duly received my cherry-cheekers, by this time they would long since have been disposed of; but I have had all the enjoyment of anticipation as freely as if no disappointment had afterwards occurred, and I have now the pleasure of retrospection as fully as if my present had been received. Go to, then! for you see my reasoning is right, and that not a pippin has been actually lost. The remembrance of a deed of kindness is a hundred times more agreeable than the recollection of an apple-eating; and then, I have, over and above, the advantage of a disappointment, no doubt required by me, and which I really believe has done me good.

To treat on the varied and general disappointments of life, would be too large a field to enter, otherwise I think I could come home to many of my readers. Oh the pangs of disappointment!—Who has not felt them, agonized, wept, and prayed over them! Some disappointments, like the one that I have buoyantly described, may be easily borne; but there are others that try the patience to the uttermost, and wring the very heart-strings of those who endure them. I speak feelingly, and can sympathize not only with those whose eyes are opened to see the value of their past disappointments, but also with them who are yet groping in darkness, regarding the heavens as brass and the earth as iron.

Ask him who has been disappointed in

his worldly expectations,—whose bright visions of wealth, influence, and fame have faded—whether it is an easy thing to wear a smile and be apparently at ease? Ask those who have met with disappointments in their friendships and affections, if the fields are as fresh and green and the skies as bright and blue to them as they used to be, and they will turn away with bitterness.

Too often, however, do our disappointments spring from ourselves. Alas! alas! we sow the wind; what wonder, then, that we should reap the whirlwind! Thoughtlessness, folly, and sin occasion more disappointments than all other sources put together. But whatever may be the nature of our disappointments, or from whatever cause they may spring, it is a matter of great moment to us that we should regard them in a proper light, and turn them to the best advantage. My own opinion is, that in the Christian character disappointments are more influential for good than successes are, and that when we are mercifully enabled to receive them as from the hand of our heavenly Father, they are among our choicest blessings. If then, reader, as a spoiled child, thou wilt fret and fume impatiently under disappointments, thou wilt only add to thy sorrow; but if, however low they may bring thee, thou receivest them meekly and submissively, the time will come when thou shalt regard them with thankfulness.

THE REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

No. XIX.

JUDGMENT AND SUBMISSION OF FREDERIC OF AUSTRIA—DEPOSITION OF JOHN XXIII. —HIS REMOVAL TO GOTLEBON.

While the council of Constance was severe in dealing with those who called in question its infallibility, it continued those divisions, which rendered that infallibility a very doubtful matter. The important and continually recurring question, as to whether councils are superior to popes, or popes to councils, brought on a violent contest between the patriarch of Antioch, who pleaded for the popes, and Peter d'Ailly, the cardinal of Cambray, that unwearied champion for councils.

The patriarch observed, that, "The power which was given by Christ to the mystical body of the church, so dwells in St. Peter that it is diffused from him to the whole body; this was asserted by Leo I.; and Nicholas II., Gregory I., and many others have agreed on this point. It is also a maxim in the canon law, that the pope judges the whole world, and can himself be judged by none, unless he errs from the faith." "An obstinate persisting in schism is a heresy, and even an act of idolatry," answered d'Ailly, fearlessly. And is not the pope judged by a man, in the tribunal of his conscience?

Among numberless testimonies from the canons, the Scriptures, and the law of necessity, showing how d'Ailly contested the supremacy of the pope, he brought forward the celebrated argument incessantly quoted by the reformers, disproving his sovereign authority, namely, the decrees of the council of Jerusalem, in pursuance to which Paul withstood Peter to the face, although it was not in a matter of heresy.

This grand question was debated, in writing, at Constance, between these two distinguished combatants; for the council had stopped it by its former decrees, and was ready to confirm them by the most serious and decided step—the deposition of the pope; but first it was necessary to subdue the prince who had supported the pope by his armed force. Frederic of Austria, despairing of his strength, had given up the contest before he was entirely forsaken, and no longer shrunk from any sacrifice by which he could obtain pardon. After having protected the flight of the pope, that he might have his support in case of resistance, he was willing to give him up, as a pledge of submission. He had prevented the pope from taking refuge in France. With this view he returned to Constance.

On May the 5th, the emperor assembled, at a banquet, in the great hall of the convent of the Cordeliers, the Italian ambassadors, and a considerable number of the prelates of the four nations. He was seated at the farther end of the hall, when the vanquished prince appeared at the threshold, conducted by Louis, duke of Bavaria, and the elector of Brandenberg, and knelt thrice before the emperor.

"What do you want?" inquired Sigismund. "Mighty monarch," answered Louis of Bavaria, "the duke Frederic, my cousin, here present, implores your royal clemency, he is ready to bring back the pope, but for the sake of his honour, he asks that no violence shall be offered to the holy father." Frederic confirmed this, and approached the emperor, who gave him his hand. The prince surren-

dered to Sigismund all his domains in Alsace and the Tyrol, that held them as the sovereign prince, and took an oath of fidelity to him. The emperor then addressed those who witnessed the scene. "Gentlemen of Italy, you know the name and the authority of the dukes of Austria; see how I look on them, and learn what a king of the Romans can do."

Frederic being thus humbled, John XXIII. must soon fall. The unhappy pope fled from city to city before the deputies commissioned to inform him of the form of resignation drawn up by the council. He at last returned to Friberg, where he received them, and again tried to temporize by negotiating.

The council perceived that he could only be subdued by force, and the ninth session was held on the day fixed for his appearance. On that day, the prelates nominated for this purpose, loudly called John XXIII. at the doors of the church; and as no one answered to this call, twenty-three commissioners, among whom were the cardinal des Ursins and of St. Mark, were appointed to hear the witnesses summoned to appear against the pope.

In the tenth session, John XXIII. was declared contumacious, and suspended from all the functions of a pope. The council enacted, that henceforth it was impossible to elect as pope, either Balthasar Cosa, called John XXIII., or Peter de Lune, known as Benedict XIII., or Angelo Corario, surnamed Gregory XII.,—and every imperial, royal, cardinal, or pontifical person who might disobey this decree, was threatened with the penalty of eternal damnation.

The commissioners then heard thirty-seven witnesses—twelve of whom were bishops, and the remainder were men of influence and rank. The list of accusations on which these witnesses were heard, contained seventy allegations; of which only fifty were discussed in the public council. The remainder were suppressed, to save the credit of the holy see, and of the cardinals; but the nature of those kept secret, may be judged from those which were produced. These were read and examined in the eleventh session, which was one of the most solemn. The list of the secret crimes of pope John XXIII. may be found in the different manuscripts, from which are taken the extracts of Von der Hardt (t. IV. p. 196, 228 and 248). We will not state them to the readers; suffice it to say, that among the crimes which the witnesses deposed, and over which the council thought it right to cast a veil, was that of administering poison to pope Alexander V.

The emperor, princes, cardinals, and ambassadors were present; the cardinal de Viviers was president. Mass having been celebrated, the bishop of Posuania read aloud the articles proved before the commissioners, except those which it had been resolved to suppress. John XXIII. was hereby publicly convicted of simony, and other criminal practices in acquiring and exercising his office, of frightful tyranny, accompanied by robberies and murders in his Bolognese mission; of usurping the pontificate by his intrigues, and of squandering the wealth of the church of Rome, and of other Christian churches. It was proved, that in 1412 he sent into Brabant a lay agent, with authority to levy the tenth part of the ecclesiastical revenues in several of the dioceses, and to pronounce excommunications or interdicts, by his sub-delegates, against such persons or provinces as refused to obey. That he permitted this agent to choose, as he pleased, for persons of both sexes, confessors who would give them a general absolution for a certain payment; and that in this way he had acquired enormous sums. Also, in the same articles, it was alleged, that John XXIII. was regarded by the whole world as the oppressor of the poor, the persecutor of the righteous, the supporter of simony, devoted to the lusts of the flesh, opposed to every virtue, an example of all that is shameful, and only spoken of as a devil incarnate by those who were acquainted with him. From thence it was concluded that John XXIII. was a stiff-necked obstinate man, a hardened incorrigible sinner, the supporter of the schism; and as such, he was absolutely unworthy of the popedom.

The bishop of Posuania read all these articles in succession, with the depositions, and proofs that supported them. They received, in their order, the assent of the council. The cardinals themselves affixed their signatures, and five of them were selected to notify the result of the proceedings to the pope, as well as the sentence of suspension pronounced against him in the preceding session.

Frederic of Austria, who from being his protector was now become his keeper, had brought him from Friberg to the strong fortress of Ratolfoel, two leagues from Constance. There, three bishops,

commissioned by the council, watched him. John XXIII. being left to himself, no longer resisted, or showed signs of any feeling but of extreme cowardice.

Overcome by terror and alarm at the sight of the deputies from the council, he affected contrition and remorse, and refused to read the act of accusation. He repented from his inmost soul, he said, of having disgracefully left Constance. He wished he had died before he had occasioned this scandal; he cared not to resist the resolutions of the council, which he owned were just and *infallible*. His sentence might be sent—he should receive it submissively, and bare-headed; he was ready to resign his dignity, and only implored that his honour and his person might have the pity of the council and the emperor.

By the demand of the commissioners, John XXIII. returned to them the seal of the pontificate, the fisherman's ring, and the book of petitions. He then wrote to Sigismund a letter, as mean as it was false. He reminded the emperor that he had assisted in his elevation. He said, "I made him my beloved son, by a special disinterested preference towards you, and for which the highest recompence could be a return of tenderness from you. All my desires are directed towards you, as being, under God, the only refuge of my hopes. We therefore address to you our most fervent prayers, calling for love for love. We intreat you, by the bowels of Divine mercy, to remember your word, in which we have placed all our hope. This is our comfort in our abasement."

It was too late. This humble and submissive tone did not impose on the emperor. The mind of Sigismund was embittered by the repeated offences and disgraceful acts of which John XXIII. had been guilty. Then, to use the words of a contemporary, "was seen the fulfilment of the declaration of a Roman historian, That there is little security in a powerless monarchy;" and the emperor dealt with the pope in a manner that was suitable to his dignity as Cæsar.

Sigismund pushed on the proceedings vigorously; and the twelfth session, which irrevocably fixed the fate of the pope, was opened in his presence.

All the princes, the cardinals, and the ambassadors were present at this memorable assembly, which was held on May the 29th, 1415. During mass, the reading of the gospel began with these remarkable words: "Now is the judgment of this world: now shall the prince of this world be cast out," John xii. 31. The bishop of Lavaur afterwards rose, and read aloud the replies of John XXIII. to the deputies of the council; then Martin Porée, the bishop of Arras, read the act of the deposition of the pope. The principal charges were first enumerated, and the sentence was contained in this form of words: "The council declares that John XXIII. is deposed, and deprived of the pontificate; it releases all Christians from their oaths of fidelity towards him. He is condemned to remain in some suitable place, under the guard of the most serene Sigismund, king of the Romans, and advocate of the church, reserved for the farther punishment of his crimes, according to the canons and the requisitions of justice."

The president repeated this sentence in the name of the college of cardinals, four bishops pronounced it after him, in the name of the four nations, and all the council signified their approval by the word, "Placet." The arms of John XXIII. were effaced; his seal was broken; and finally five cardinals were appointed to inform him of his deposition, and to exhort him to submit, under pain of severer punishment.

Two days after, they repaired to Ratolfoel, to meet him who had been John XXIII., and was now only Balthazar Cosa. They gave him his sentence in writing, and inquired if he acquiesced in it. Balthazar received it, read it in silence, and required time to reply. After two hours, he sent for the cardinals to return; and told them that, after having attentively read and examined the sentence of the council, he approved and ratified it—adding, that he acquiesced in their deposition. He then laid his hand on his bosom, and swore, freely, and of his own accord, that he would never offer the least hindrance to the decisions of the council, and that he absolutely, and entirely, of his own will, renounced the pontificate: "Would to God," he said, "that I had never ascended to that place. Since then, I have not known a single happy day."

The council, suspecting him of intrigues, recalled him to Constance; and three days after his deposition, the fallen pontiff was transferred to the same castle of Gottleben, in which the unfortunate John Huss, arrested by his order, had languished for six months in the prospect of his judgment, and of certain death. There, separated from his friends, de-

prived of all his attendants, except one only, Balthazar attempted to renew a secret correspondence with some friends who remained at Constance. They refused to answer him, from motives of prudence, and also, because the man who in his disgrace implored their aid, had in the season of his success disregarded their advice.

What a contrast was there between the two persons then prisoners within these walls! The proud pontiff, who lately refused to every human tribunal the right of judging the vicar of God, was there, under the power of his enemies, trembling beneath their threatenings, abandoning the prerogatives of the throne on which he had been seated; and, for which, his honour and his faith required that he should die. See him there, without any inward consolation under outward disgrace, purchasing release from a severe captivity by concessions, still more cowardly than his avowals—admitting with his lips, the claims of a rival power to that privilege of infallibility which the successors of St. Peter then considered as exclusively their own! See him abased, in despair, feeling regrets more bitter than his remorse, humbling himself from terror before men, rather than before God! far more anxious about the miserable remains of his earthly life, than for the eternal condition of his soul, and overwhelmed a hundred times more by his infamy than by his chains.

At a short distance from him, under the same fastenings, behold another man, a simple priest, opposed to his enemies, only for the sake of truth, a firmness not to be shaken. He refused to own himself guilty of some errors of which they accused him; because, he said, such an acknowledgment would have been a lie, and also it would have given an occasion of offence and stumbling to his disciples. The life of this man is pure, yet his sins distress him more than his perils. He thinks of his soul, of his disciples, his friends, and, most of all, of his God. To God alone he turns for relief in his distress. Should he resist, and refuse a shameful acknowledgment, the lot which awaits him is a terrible and lingering death; yet he still resists, and hopes. He is strong in spirit—for God is his hope and his strength; and now that events have placed him near to his persecutor, and fixed them apparently on a level, he is raised and exalted in all the dignity of his virtues, whereby they are removed to a greater distance from each other than ever they were by outward circumstances of rank and power.

History does not tell us whether they ever met there; and it is to be supposed, that in his state of humiliation, the oppressor would shrink from the glance of the oppressed: but he could not conceal from him his debasement. John Huss, in his letters to his friends, freely expresses all the thoughts which were suggested to him, by the exposure of the crimes of John XXIII. and their punishment. He drew from them support for his doctrines: "Take courage," he said; "reply to those preachers who tell you the pope is God on earth, that he can sell the sacraments, as canonists declare; that he is the head and heart of the church, imparting to it spiritual life; that he is the source, the fountain from whence springs all that is virtuous or beneficial; that he is the sun of the holy church—the sure shelter in which it behoves all Christians to find their refuge. See, this head is already cut off, as it were, by the sword! this god on earth is in bonds; even now his sins are exposed, the springing fountain is corrupted, the divine sun is darkened; the heart has been plucked out, that none may seek for shelter in it."

John Huss then returned to the cruel persecution of which he had been himself the object, and the baseness of his judges, giving utterance to the indignation which filled his soul: "The council has condemned its chief, its proper head, for having sold indulgences, bishoprics, and all kinds of things; but among those who have condemned him, there are many bishops who have themselves been guilty of this unworthy traffic! Corrupted men! —why did they not first pluck the beam out of their own eye? They have anathematized and condemned the seller, and they are themselves the buyers!—They have taken a part in the bargain, yet they remain unpunished. Wherefore did the cardinals appoint him pope, and suffer that he should make a traffic of holy things? Why did none of them dare to resist him, before he fled? They feared him then; but when, by the Divine permission, the secular power had got hold of him, they conspired, and resolved that he should not escape."

These are the spiritual princes, who call themselves the genuine vicars of Christ and his apostles; who publish, that they are the holy church and most sacred council, who cannot err, and yet must

have erred, when they adored John XXIII. —bending the knee before him, to kiss his feet, and call him most holy, when they knew him to be guilty of homicide, impurity, simony, and heresy, as their decree declares. May God forgive them! for, knowing this, they named him pope. And now there is no pope in Christendom; Jesus Christ alone is the Chief that guides it, the heart which gives it life, the fountain from whence proceed the sevenfold-gifts of the Holy Spirit—the ever-sufficient Refuge to which I have recourse in my distress, and in firm trust that I shall there always find direction, assistance, sufficiency of life, and endless joy, which God will crown me with when he delivers me from my sins, and from this miserable life! Happy then are they who, in keeping his law, perceive and abhor the vain pomp, covetousness, and hypocrisy of the enemies of the Saviour, and await with patience the coming of our sovereign Judge with his holy angels!

THE INSTINCTIVE CUNNING OF CERTAIN ANIMALS.

THE instincts of animals—from the bee which moulds its philosophic congeries of cells, exciting the admiration of the mathematician; from the bird, which builds its elegant and tasteful nest, to the beaver, which throws a dam across the river, and constructs its domed house—have ever claimed the attention of mankind. Nor, indeed, is it without good reason that man, be he savage or civilized, has delighted in the contemplation of works, which forcibly impress upon our minds the great fact, that God, the Maker of all things, has not left even these lower beings of creation without instinctive laws, operating in them by an irresistible impulse, to their own benefit and preservation. We would speak with reverence; but may we not say that God appeals to us through the animal and vegetable kingdoms; and, as it were, enforces upon us proofs of his universal care, his protection, his majesty, and power? He has made nothing in vain—we cannot always see the "why and the wherefore" this and that animal has been created? but if it bring to our minds one thought of God—if in considering its nature we are led to its great Creator—will the Christian say it has been created in vain? Who that has viewed the wonders disclosed by the powers of the modern microscope, has not shrunk within himself, overwhelmed by a sense of the unutterable vastness of God's power and wisdom?

But it is not alone on works of instinctive skill, as we should call them, that our admiration is demanded; for not less to be wondered at is that cunning, or that instinctive caution and surmise of treachery, which many animals exhibit, especially when brought into collision with man—the great destroyer.

There is a species of beetle, of the genus elater, common in our gardens (its larva is the destructive wire-worm), which on being seized invariably feigns death. It knows nothing of death (for man only anticipates such an event), nevertheless it stretches itself out, it draws its limbs close to its body, and it lies perfectly resistless; but its instinctive sense of danger and its knowledge of the means of escape are in full activity. Suddenly it is gone; a curious spring in its back enables it to dart from the hand, it falls without injury, and is lost amidst the herbage.

If what is related concerning a small deer of Sumatra, called the kanchil, be true, we do not wonder at the common phrase in the mouth of the natives, applied to an artful designing rogue: "As cunning as a kanchil." When caught in a noose, and unable to extricate itself, this animal on hearing the footsteps of the approaching hunter lies down, stretches itself out quite motionless, and feigns to be dead; should the man proceed to disengage it incautiously from the snare, deceived by its appearance, it suddenly starts up, and making a few of those extraordinary bounds for which it is celebrated, disappears in the jungle. Still more extraordinary is the expedient to which it is said to resort, not unfrequently, when pressed by the dogs of the hunter; namely, that it will bound upwards, and contrive to hook itself on the branch of a tree, by means of its long tusks, and there remain suspended, till the dogs have passed far away.

The fox is proverbial for cunning and wariness; few animals are trapped with more difficulty, and it is seldom that the most tempting bait will lure it into a snare. It will go round and round the bait, examining it with the most cautious scrutiny, and the slightest appearance of anything suspicious is sufficient to deter it from seizing the prize. In its mode

of surprising and capturing its prey, the fox displays great address, and resorts to various wiles and stratagems, in order to come upon it: nor when captured himself, or hard pressed by the hounds, does his cunning desert him. He has been known, when taken prisoner, to counterfeit death, and suffer himself to be carried for a considerable distance, till an opportunity of making a sudden escape has presented itself. When pressed by the hounds, he will put into practice every plan possible for confounding the scent, and thus baffling his pursuers. He will cross sheep-folds, brooks, and farm-yards, ascend the roofs of barns, stables, and out-buildings, or boldly go where he expects to find a secure hiding-place. Mr. Egan, in his sporting anecdotes, relates an almost incredible instance of the boldness and cunning of this animal. The fox in question was hard pressed, and in his emergency darted into the midst of a flock of sheep, one of which he killed instantaneously, and ripping it open, crept into the inside of the carcass, and there lay concealed. The dogs came up, and were all at fault; for a quarter of an hour they explored the ground in every direction, till at length an old hound recovered the scent, and presently drew reynard forth from his extraordinary hiding-place.

The extreme cunning of the Virginian opossum (*Didelphis Virginiana*), and its habit of counterfeiting death, are not only notorious, but the more remarkable as this animal is by no means elevated in the scale of animal intelligence, rather, indeed, the contrary; an observation applicable to the marsupials generally. Nevertheless, to "play 'possum" has passed into a phrase common in America, as expressive of any kind of low knavish trickery. Audubon, in his usually lively style, thus details its mode of proceeding: "Suppose the farmer has surprised an opossum in the act of killing one of his best fowls. His angry feelings urge him to kill the poor beast, which, conscious of its inability to resist, rolls off like a ball. The more the farmer rages, the more reluctant is the animal to manifest resistance; at last there it lies, not dead but exhausted, its jaws open, its tongue extended, its eyes dimmed; and there it would lie until the bottle-fly should come to deposit its eggs, did not its tormenter at last walk off. Surely, says he to himself, the beast must be dead. But no, reader, it is only ''possuming,' and no sooner has its enemy withdrawn, than it gradually gets on its legs, and once more makes for the woods."

There is a British bird well known in several of our counties, termed the corn-crake (*Crex Pratensis*), which under certain circumstances has been observed to feign death. The following anecdote is taken from the "Field Naturalist's Magazine," vol. I.: "When the interesting bird, named from its cry the corn-crake, is alarmed, it has the instinct in common with some other animals, and especially insects, to feign death. A gentleman had one brought to him by his dog, that was dead to all appearance. As it lay on the ground, he turned it over with his foot, and was convinced it was dead. Standing by, however, some time in silence, he suddenly saw it open one eye. He then took it up; its head fell, its legs hung down; it appeared again totally dead. He put it into his pocket; and before very long he felt it all alive, and struggling to escape. He took it out; it was lifeless as before. He then laid it on the ground, and retired to some distance; in about five minutes it warily raised its head, looked round, and decamped at full speed." The chaffinch and sparrow have been occasionally known to practise the same artifice.

Among animals notorious for craft, wariness, and cunning, few are more celebrated than the prairie wolf of the plains of the Missouri and Saskatchewan, North America.

Mr. Say thus describes the habits of this animal, which are well worthy of notice: "The prairie wolves (*Canis latrans*) roam over the plains in considerable numbers, and during the night, the principal season of their haunts, they venture very near to the encampment of the traveller. They are by far the most numerous of our wolves, and often unite in packs for the purpose of chasing deer, which they very frequently succeed in running down and killing. This, however, is an achievement attended with much difficulty to them, and in which the exertion of their utmost swiftness and cunning are so often unavailing, that they are sometimes reduced to the necessity of eating wild plums and other fruits, to them almost indigestible, in order to distend the stomach, and appease in a degree the cravings of hunger. Their bark is much more distinctly like that of the domestic dog than of any other animal; in fact, the first two or three notes could not be distinguished from the bark of a

small terrier, but these notes are succeeded by a lengthened scream.

The wonderful intelligence of this animal is well worthy of note; and a few anecdotes respecting it may not be amiss. Mr. Peale constructed and tried various kinds of traps to take them; one of which was of the description called a 'live trap'—a shallow box reversed and supported at one end by the well-known kind of trap-sticks usually called the 'figure four,' which elevated the front of the trap upwards of three feet above its slab flooring; the trap was about six feet long, and nearly the same in breadth, and was plentifully baited with offal. Notwithstanding this arrangement, a wolf actually burrowed under the flooring, and pulled down the bait through the crevices of the floor; tracks of different sizes were observed about the trap. This procedure would seem to be the result of a faculty beyond mere instinct.

"This trap proving useless another was constructed, in a different part of the country, formed like a large cage, but with a small entrance on the top, through which the animals might enter but not return. This was equally unsuccessful; the wolves in vain attempted to get at the bait, as they would not enter by the route prepared for them.

"A large double steel-trap was next tried; this was profusely baited, and the whole, with the exception of the bait, was carefully concealed beneath the fallen leaves. This was also unsuccessful. Tracks of the anticipated victims were next day observed to be impressed in numbers on the earth near the spot, but still the trap with its seductive charge remained untouched. The bait was then removed from the trap, and suspended over it from the branch of a tree, and several pieces of meat were also suspended in a similar manner from trees in the vicinity. The following morning the bait over the trap alone remained. Supposing that their exquisite sense of smell warned them of the position of the trap, it was removed, and again covered with leaves, and the baits being disposed as before, the leaves to a considerable distance around were burned, and the trap remained perfectly concealed by ashes; still the bait over the trap was avoided. Once only was the trap sprung, and had fastened for a short time on the foot of a species which was shot the following day at no great distance. It proved to be a species distinct from the prairie wolf, and we have described it under the name of *canis nubilus* (the dusky wolf). It is larger and far more fierce and formidable than the Prairie wolf."

In no respect disheartened by these feeble attempts, many times repeated and varied in every obvious manner, another scheme was executed, which resulted in success. This was the adoption of the log-trap; and by this rude, or rather simple, contrivance, wolves, which would have avoided a more artful instrument, were taken. In forming the log-trap, one log is elevated above another at one end by means of an upright stick, which rests upon a rounded horizontal trigger-stick, on the inferior log; on the touching of this trigger the upper log comes down with great violence.

In these instances, and they might be easily multiplied, we see the instinct of animals exerted in self-preservation against the latent stratagems, or the open force of man; and often successfully exerted—though it must be confessed the contest is unequal, for man holds dominion over the beasts of the field; and the fiercest, the most powerful, and the most subtle must succumb before him. The fiercest he will extirpate, the most powerful subjugate to his service, and the most subtle circumvent—excelling them in their deepest subtlety. M.

CIRCULATION OF THE SCRIPTURES AT MANCHESTER.

The following interesting facts are taken from the last Report:—

"This is a year long to be remembered in the history of the Manchester and Salford Auxiliary Bible Society. Every true lover of the precious word of God, and every one who wishes well to the religious interests of his fellow-creatures, will rejoice to hear that an unparalleled demand for the Holy Scriptures has manifested itself in this district during the year which has just closed. From a circulation ranging from 5,000 to 10,000 per annum, and which last year reached to 15,000, the issues have extended during the present year to upwards of 96,000 copies! This number is equal to the issues of the whole preceding twelve years—the work of twelve years thus being accomplished in one.

"The fact of a few friends of various denominations of Christians, who were sojourning for a season at Blackpool,

having been eminently successful in putting, under peculiar and interesting circumstances, a large number of copies of the Scriptures into circulation in that place, has been often adverted to, and is well known. The spirit of zeal and prayer kindled there was tranferred to Manchester and elsewhere, on the dispersion to their several homes of those who had taken an active part in the good work. Its first appearance amongst us was in connexion with Sunday-school operations. A teacher in a school, where some of the young people were employed occasionally in delivering tracts to the poor, having suggested to his father, (who had been prominent in the Blackpool distribution,) that portions of the Scriptures should be substituted for the tracts, received for reply, 'Why not give them the whole book?' The hint was immediately taken, samples of Bibles and Testaments were furnished to the young people, an unexpected readiness to receive the Scriptures was discovered, and the work of distribution was set about in good earnest, and proceeded with great rapidity. Another large school, receiving its impulse from the same quarter, commenced operations at nearly the same time, and proceeded simultaneously in the labours of distribution. The parties thus embarked in the undertaking had no preconceived plan of operations; they met frequently for prayer and consultation, watching the openings of Providence, and diligently availed themselves of them, as they rapidly presented themselves on every hand. Other Sunday-schools soon caught the flame of zeal: the superintendents of many of these institutions met to receive and impart information as to the further extension of the work, and a Sunday-school Bible Association was formed to prosecute it in a more systematic and efficient manner.

"In addition to this agency, the old and tried friends of the Bible Society were excited to renewed zeal, and many of the general public were induced to interest themselves in the circulation of the Scriptures. In particular, an extensive correspondence was carried on (especially by the gentleman already referred to) with ministers of the gospel, superintendents of schools, mill-owners, and other employers of workmen in this and the neighbouring towns, with a view to enlist their influence in this Christian enterprise. And the committees and collectors of the Ladies' Associations, instead of being superseded by the new kind of agency which had been called into operation, were roused to fresh exertions, and accomplished more in a short time than they had done for years previously.

"It may not be uninteresting to advert to the manner in which the young people went about this labour of love. They first supplied themselves and families with copies of the whole Bible or the New Testament, as they could afford it. They next went to their neighbours, going from cottage to cottage, to ascertain to what extent the Scriptures were possessed, and taking specimen copies with them; and here they found both a deplorable deficiency of the word of God, and an unexpected willingness to purchase it. Numbers of these large establishments were canvassed, and a most extraordinary desire was evinced by the greater part of the operatives, both male and female, to possess themselves of the word of God. Not a few, even of professed infidels and Roman Catholics, were induced to purchase, at their own cost, the precious volume of inspiration. Those persons who took the greatest part in these proceedings, and who drank most deeply of the happiness which such engagements yielded, were instant, in season and out of season, in stirring up others to like zealous exertions, stimulating their acquaintances in other mills, and, by correspondence, in other towns, and, when called upon to visit neighbouring places, carrying their zeal with them, and setting other parties to work in the same way.

"One more feature of the recent movement remains to be noticed—the character of a large part of the agency employed. Heretofore the greater portion of the distributors of the Scriptures have been persons in a condition of life above the working classes. But in the instance referred to, most of the parties who actually sold the Bibles and Testaments were the religious part of the working classes themselves, who became active agents in the distribution. Whether their fellow-workpeople received the Scriptures with less suspicion, as coming from those whose motives were not liable to be misunderstood, and in whom they had full confidence, we cannot positively affirm; but the fact is indisputable, that no distributors of the Bible were ever more successful in securing a large number of purchasers."

THE PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

Coleridge has said, in his beautiful manner: "Truth, virtue, and happiness may be distinguished from each other, but cannot be divided. They subsist by a mutual coherence, which gives a shadow of divinity even to our human nature." Happiness is the great end of existence. Every sentient being bears the marks of having been created for enjoyment. Indeed, we cannot detect, in the millions of creatures with which we are surrounded, a single contrivance for causing suffering. Misery is incidental only to a violation of the laws by which active beings are to be guided. If, therefore, we urge upon any one, or upon any class of persons, to pursue a given career as a duty, we ought to be able to show that the course recommended is also the means of the highest ultimate happiness. I say ultimate happiness, because it is manifest that duty sometimes involves a present painful effort. For instance, were I to find you alone in your burning dwelling in a state of profound slumber, it might be painful for you to be disturbed. Should I speak to you in loud tones, and pull you earnestly by the arm, as almost compelling you to prepare for flight, you might think me rude, and deem it a very unwelcome interruption. But, certainly, you could not make your escape, and look back upon the imminent danger to which you had been exposed, without feeling that the painful interruption of your slumbers was a necessary means of securing your happiness. If, then, a Christian life were, from beginning to end, a most painful one, we could properly urge you to lead such a life, because it saves the soul from eternal death, and secures everlasting happiness.

But God, in his wisdom, has not so widely separated the duties of piety from the whole of its rewards. True, the higher advantages of a religious life are reserved for the world to come; but devotion to the service of God secures a higher portion of enjoyment in this life, than the same person could have derived from other sources. I think I can demonstrate to you, if you will give me a patient attention, that you will become far more happy in this life, by devoting yourself to the service of God, than you can be while living for the world. For this purpose let me ask you to contemplate the influence of a life of piety upon sensual enjoyments.

There is a class of pleasurable sensations that belongs to us, in common with brute animals. These are estimated very highly by one portion of mankind, and earnestly depreciated by another. It is of small consequence, in my judgment, whether we estimate their precise value or not. All must allow that mere animal propensities afford a degree of enjoyment which no human being can despise, and which demand gratitude to the Author of our existence. Religion, or a devotion of our spiritual faculties to God, does not in any way affect the quality of these enjoyments. Hunger and thirst are the same in a righteous man and an unconverted sinner. The natural relish for food and its gratification are identical in both. Religion does not touch directly, in any way, these sensual enjoyments. It only forbids their indulgence in violation of the rights of others, and restrains from excess.

Now, I venture to say, that I can prove to you, that such a regulating and restraining influence rather augments than diminishes the amount of happiness derived from the animal propensities. We will take the gratification of the desire of food, as a representative of the whole. The boy of twelve years, who has purloined an article of fruit from his brother, and is eating it in secret, knows from the slightest reflection, that he is, on the whole, a loser by that very procedure. He is robbed of more than half the pleasure, by the want of that social delight which imparts so much zest to the gratifications of the appetite. His conscience is unquiet. Fears of retribution obtrude themselves into his mind. He is teaching the injured party to make reprisals, so that, in the long run, since the gratifications to which he is entitled are endangered, he loses far more than he gains. What is true in this simple instance is the elucidation of a great general truth. In a family, or in a community of larger circumference, other things being equal, there is most enjoyment in respect to the gratifications of appetite where there is the most scrupulous respect for one another's rights, and all that natural politeness that springs from a true benevolence. Nor can it be doubted that moderate indulgence is productive of a greater amount of enjoyment than excess. The epicure may, perhaps, secure for himself an intenser degree of enjoyment at times, than is commonly derived from a simple diet; but excess

dulls his subsequent relish. His health is impaired, and his spirits are depressed. On the contrary, when Christian precepts and Christian desires exercise their restraining power, the relish retains its sharp edge, the health is full, and a cheerful flow of spirits secures the constant daily enjoyment of the fruits of the Divine bounty. Nor ought it to be forgotten that the same principles that thus regulate and restrain the indulgence of the appetite produce a joyful gratitude to God for his gifts, a pleasure of which the sensualist knows absolutely nothing. The same reasoning may be applied to the influence of religion, in directing and restraining all the lower propensities of our nature. So far as it has any effect, while it restrains unlawful and excessive indulgence, it augments the amount of sensual enjoyment.

A contemplation of the influence of religion upon the pleasures of life will lead us to a similar result.

By the pleasures of life, I mean the enjoyments that are derived from a higher class of sensations than those just dwelt upon; sensations that are blended with the emotions of taste and the social feelings. Such are the sense of hearing and its gratification in music, mingled with the emotions and sentiments to which it gives rise. Such also is vision, connected with the beauties of nature and art.

I grant you that these pleasures are neither few nor small. On the contrary, in a well-organized human being, who possesses liberal facilities for their enjoyment, they are both numerous and rich. But I maintain that the consecration of your powers to God, while it represses some, and regulates all, does not, on the whole, diminish the pleasures of life. You love music. By a laudable attention to the art, your taste has, perhaps, become exquisite. To obtain the gratification which you desire, you seek it in associations of a questionable character. You go to the play, because you think you must have a music not to be found elsewhere in the same perfection; a music such as Milton describes—

"In notes, with many a winding bout,
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

Doubtless, true religion will draw you away from this class of pleasures. But it will neither destroy your taste for song, nor deprive you of the means of its gratification. The music of the sanctuary is as rich and sweet in its character as that which flows through the gay saloons of pleasure. It is sometimes far more lofty and sublime. The vast compass of the organ, and the manner in which the voice blends with its humanized tones, and the massive harmonies of a Handel and Haydn, a Mozart and Beethoven, are sufficient to satisfy any cultivated mind that the very highest enjoyment of music may be found in the house of God. If you complain that a high style of music is not generally cultivated in the church, my reply is, though you may in some respects suffer loss, yet the heart-felt enjoyment of true praise to God will more than make amends for all that you will lose in abandoning those places of amusement which exercise an injurious moral influence. Besides, if you possess a high relish for cultivated music, you may make your taste an incitement to exertion for improving and rendering more influential this delightful part of Divine worship.

The same kind of gratification may be found in the domestic circle. Indeed, in no place does music produce a sweeter concord of social sentiments than in the devotional singing of a family whose hearts and voices are attuned to the praises of God. With what beauty and truthfulness has Burns drawn the picture in his "Cotter's Saturday Night!"

"They chant their artless notes in simple guise:
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs', worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame,—
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise,
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise."

Nor are you limited to sacred music. There are styles of secular music which, like secular architecture, though not suited to create devotional feelings, nevertheless afford the purest gratification of the taste. There are ballads of freedom, and songs of affection, and harmless glees, and, indeed, a rich variety of secular music, that is as free from an irreligious tendency, and as little reproved by the gospel, as the mirthful laugh and pastime of childhood. In short, the gospel nowhere censures your love of melodious sounds. On the contrary, God gave you those powers to promote your

happiness. He has himself prepared music for their gratification. He has provided sweet sounds in the whispering breeze and the murmuring stream, and sublime music in the roar of ocean, and in heaven's organ—the deep thunder. He has given us the songs of birds, and furnished us with a delightful intimation of the harmonies which ought to subsist among various classes of human beings, by imparting to man's voice a deep and commanding tone—to woman's, more sweet and subduing notes—and to their little boy that stands between them, a voice that reminds us of the tears and the tenderness which his birth produced in the domestic circle. The gospel, then, while it has modified this class of pleasures, has not diminished them. If it draws you away from corrupt and wanton mirth, it opens new sources of delight in a pure friendship with the purest circles of society, and awakens in your soul sentiments of joy and hope.

By a similar course of remark, it may be shown, that those pleasures which are derived from the beauties of nature and art are in no degree lessened by devotion to the service of God.

The sublime wonder created by contemplating the Falls of Niagara cannot be increased by an indulgence in sin. The splendours of a glorious sunset, or the beauties of a landscape, are not more effective in producing enjoyment in proportion as men are wicked. The disciple of Christ can enjoy them to as high a degree as another man. Indeed, an additional charm is imparted to nature by the habits of a pious mind in discovering a thousand instances of the goodness of God in his works. True, the gospel restrains the contemplation of impure works of art, and a gazing upon forms of beauty in the wanton dance, but this restraint augments rather than diminishes pleasure. There is a self-respect and a good conscience accompanying a proper indulgence in visual pleasures, which impart great zest to their enjoyment.

I will not deny, that if you devote yourself thoroughly to the service of God, you will temporarily suffer loss, in respect to some of the pleasures of life. Grave duties will often demand the sacrifice of pleasures that are, in themselves, lawful and innocent. The gospel will restrain you from an indulgence in those that injure others or corrupt yourself. But, still, your hearing and seeing are not impaired. Nor are the objects that gratify these fine senses forbidden you. The sweet sounds of nature, the melodies and harmonies of cultivated music, spectacles of grandeur, and visions of rich and graceful beauty are yours, as really as they would be if you were the servant of sin.

Equally beneficial is the influence of a life of piety on the enjoyments of the intellect and imagination.

Should the question be raised, whether Christianity be favourable to the highest attainments in science and literature, such minds as those of Bacon, and Locke, and Milton, and Samuel Johnson, with a host of others like them, would make a satisfactory reply. And, certainly, in countries where the cause of learning has been left almost wholly to the free patronage of its friends, it is manifest that it has received more than its full share of support from evangelical Christians. If Galileo was imprisoned by the pope, it must be remembered that the pope was not Christianity, but Antichrist; a usurping tyrant, that sealed the book of God, and took away the key of knowledge, because he was the enemy of the gospel.

In literature, it is true that Christianity imposes restraints upon the pleasures of the imagination. The spirit of the gospel forbids you to pore over those pages of fiction where vice is decked with charms, and virtue is brought into contempt. It forbids your dwelling on the imagery of a licentious poet. But there is an abundance of the most wholesome food for the imagination in our literature. No young person, who will reflect upon the subject, can doubt that he will be the gainer by turning away from those novels that are corrupting, to the perusal of the British essayists and the better class of fictitious writings; or that he will enjoy a more intense delight in a familiar acquaintance with our purest and loftiest poetry, than he could possibly derive from gloating over the licentious images that defile so many of the pages of a Moore and a Byron.

Then, again, you ought not to forget that a devotion of your powers to the service of God will open new and rich sources of enjoyment to your imagination and your intellect. A religious life brings with it the cultivation of new tastes, and the formation of new habits of thought. The character of God, the nature of the Divine government, and the incarnation of the Messiah, together with the fall and recovery of man, are themes which must stimulate the intellectual powers of those

that dwell upon them. Then, the conflict that is going on among the principalities and powers in heavenly places, the final destination of the righteous and the wicked, and the shouts and harpings of ransomed millions, furnish the richest enjoyments to a sanctified imagination.—*Parker's "Claims of the Gospel on the Young," just published by the Religious Tract Society.*

INDUSTRY OF THE PORTUGUESE.

The Portuguese are certainly an industrious people. Stone-masons were employed next door to us, and the clink of hammers and chisels was to be heard from sunrise till sunset. The men rested at nine o'clock for one half-hour, to take a second breakfast; and then they set to again, and there was no cessation till half-past twelve. At two they began again, and went on till after sunset; and this, day by day, till their work was ended. I was surprised to observe that the workmen courted rather than shunned the burning sun; for the blocks of granite which they were hewing into shape were all arranged on the sunny side of the street, when it would have been equally convenient to themselves and the passers-by to have had them placed in the shade. I must say a word or two of the industry of the women, and this is best done by stating exactly what came under my own observation. The occupation of the woman I am about to give as an example, was to drive away the little thieves of birds from a crop of Indian corn, in a field adjoining our garden, and extending up a steep slope towards the lighthouse. This woman got up with the birds, (before four o'clock,) and went to bed with the birds, (about eight,) and never left the birds all day, but ran to and fro across the sloping ground under a burning sun, or a blustering wind, or a pelting rain, never once resting her poor legs, so far as I could discover, and I chanced at the time to be confined by illness to a room that overlooked this field. She was busy the while, too, with hand and voice; one loud shrill note was for ever repeated, to an instrumental accompaniment not more harmonious—a sort of watchman's rattle.

Another instance I may quote, of a tall handsome young girl, who came daily to the house where we were staying. She acted as the aguadera, the water-carrier, bringing from the fountain all the spring-water that was required for the day; helping in the garden, weeding or watering, and willing and ready at any moment to be sent up to the city, three miles off, on any sort of errand. Thither she went regularly every other morning; let the weather be what it might, she was off before four o'clock, and home again by eight or nine, bringing on her head, in a large basket, everything used or consumed in the house, except the coals. On her return she would sit down for a quarter of an hour, whilst she ate her breakfast, then away to the fountain, and if nothing more were required of her, she hastened to her mother's humble cottage; and call there at any hour, when she was not out in some other person's service, you were sure to find her busy with her spindle and distaff, or with her knitting. —*Mrs. Gilfillan.*

ENGLISH HISTORY.

Buonaparte faced the difficulties resulting from the loss of his fleet. After stopping an insurrection at Cairo, by the massacre of some thousands of the inhabitants, he set forward, early in 1799, on an expedition into Syria, well calculated to overturn the Turkish power, and give France that preponderance in the east which formed a part of his ulterior measures. He crossed the desert with the most serviceable part of his army, and, entering Palestine, stormed Jaffa. About 4,000 of the garrison were strongly posted, but surrendered on terms. Buonaparte, however, resolved not to be encumbered with prisoners, and on the second day, had them marched to the sea-shore, where they were massacred in cold blood, and without offering any resistance. A few escaped by swimming to some rocks; they were induced to return by promise of mercy, but were added to the dead whose bones long whitened the strand. Such an atrocity was not easily to be credited, even some English travellers at first were induced to deny it, but it was a horrid truth, and has long been established. In his latter days, the sanguinary despot by whose order it was perpetrated endeavoured to allege excuses; but these have been fully disproved, and the fact

remains with all its horrible cruelty, a proof that he regarded neither solemn engagements nor the lives of men, when in any way likely to embarrass his onward course of desolation and of blood. Like many other atrocities, it recoiled on the perpetrator; for the knowledge that such would be their fate doubtless stimulated the Turkish garrison of Acre to resist to the utmost.

Though thus unscrupulous, there was One higher than he; and the same power that places the sand of the sea as an effectual bar, by which the proud surges of the ocean are stayed, caused this mighty conqueror to be stayed by a petty fortress, and a barbarous chief, supported and directed by a British officer, and a few seamen. This was at Acre, which place was under the command of cruel but brave Turks; yet it must easily have fallen before the French assailants, had not Sir Sidney Smith, with two ships of war, hastened to its relief.

This officer had been taken prisoner on the coast of France the preceding year, when the directors, aware of his gallantry, resolved to detain him as a sort of state-prisoner, in the strong prison of the Temple at Paris. A plan for his escape was formed, and he safely reached England. He was immediately appointed to a ship of the line, and sent to Egypt. He arrived at Acre, only two days before Buonaparte, just in time to animate and assist the Turkish garrison. After sixty days of siege, with repeated unsuccessful attempts to enter through breaches which common minds would not have considered defensible, a reinforcement arrived. Buonaparte, finding his resources fail, made a final attempt to storm, which was repelled by the energy of Sir Sidney. The baffled French raised the siege on May 21st, and retreated to Egypt. Buonaparte often dwelt upon this repulse. It overturned all his schemes, and, as he blasphemously expressed it, "changed his destiny!" Not so! his destiny, from the first, was to do a work of righteous retribution and punishment on France, and on the guilty nations of Europe, and then, as "the rod of God's anger," he was to be broken, and thrown aside, while his memory remains to instruct the mighty ones of the earth.

The French army, trained in infidelity, were ignorant of the scriptural associations of the places around them. They had been victorious in a combat on the ancient battle-field of Esdraelon, where Sisera was discomfited, but the retreat was disastrous, the plague added to their sufferings, and another deed of murder was perpetrated; those thus infected, who could not easily be removed, had their food drugged, and were, at any rate, sent out of the world sooner than by the course of nature, or the hands of the enemy, the Turks being on all occasions inclined to refuse quarter, though the English did all they could to restrain such proceedings. This act Buonaparte denied, but it rests on sufficient evidence; he also himself argued in defence of such a deed more plausibly than he could for the massacre of his prisoners.

A Turkish army landed at Aboukir in July, but it was easily overthrown by the French. Some negotiations as to prisoners followed, in the course of which Buonaparte learned the state of matters in France, through some newspapers sent him by Sir Sidney Smith, for all intelligence from France had, for some time, been intercepted. He instantly determined to desert his army, and to return, as the time for pushing his fortune at home seemed to have come. Two small ships of war were hastily prepared, in which Buonaparte sailed with a few favourite officers, unknown to the army, who uttered many execrations when they found themselves thus shamefully deserted. It was not likely he should escape the British cruisers, and he kept close to the coast of Africa, that he might escape on shore if intercepted; but there was no hindrance. When crossing towards France, a British squadron came in sight, it mistook his vessels for friends, and turned from them. His work was not yet done, but on such slender threads did the wondrous proceedings of future years then depend! He landed near Frejus on October 8th, 1799, and hastened to Paris.

Having thus presented a summary view of this extraordinary expedition, we next return to the remaining events of 1798. More strenuous efforts were now made by England than at the commencement of the war. The charges of the army and navy were much increased; loans were still necessary, though, by trebling the assessed taxes, and other imposts, it was expected that the supplies required for the year might have been raised, without adding to the permanent burdens of the country; but, as in every case of large additions to taxes, many persons met the outlay by retrenchment,

so that instead of nine millions, the assessed taxes only produced less than five. The English militia regiments were allowed to extend their services to Ireland; the rebellion there, and machinations in England, called for the continuance of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act, and for summary power to remove aliens from the kingdom. The parliament sanctioned the embodying and arming of volunteers throughout the land, and 150,000 men were speedily enrolled.

The loyalty of the great mass of the people of England was now roused into activity; Jacobinism and all connected therewith was repudiated; while the threats of invasion called forth a large number of volunteers, who were trained to the use of arms. It was evident that their services would be useful in repressing sedition and faction, as well as for repelling invaders.

In May, an expedition destroyed the works at Ostend, but the soldiers employed being prevented by the weather from re-embarking, were obliged to surrender. St. Domingo was abandoned in consequence of the destruction of life among the soldiers, from its climate. It was left to the black population, one of whom, Toussaint, became the chief ruler. Minorca was taken by a British force. At one period the French and American republics were on the point of hostilities. The Americans, having demanded satisfaction for some vessels unjustly seized by the French, were refused, unless they consented to lend a million of pounds to France, and to give the sum of fifty thousand pounds to the directors as a bribe. The demand was refused, and reprisals were made, which led to an accommodation.

The results of the victory of the Nile were very great, for they encouraged the nations of Europe to renew their resistance against France. Paul, who had succeeded to the imperial throne of Russia, now came forward, and joined the renewed coalition on the promise of a large subsidy from England. The year closed by Pitt's proposing a tax upon income; this, it was calculated, would reach many who avoided other payments, and was substituted in lieu of the triple assessment, which had failed to produce the sum expected. All persons whose yearly income was above two hundred pounds, were to pay one-tenth part; others, down to sixty pounds, a smaller proportion. The minister expected that this tax would produce above seven millions, but it produced not much above two-thirds of that sum. There doubtless was much evasion and falsehood on the part of many who were required to pay. The total expenditure, including foreign subsidies, but without the interest on the national debt, was 31,000,000*l.*

The rebellion in Ireland had made the necessity for a union with that country more than ever manifest, by which the whole British empire might be under one legislature, and all its parts brought under one common system. This subject was brought forward in January, 1799, when the general principles were considered, and resolved upon by parliament. The other parliamentary measures of the year were chiefly those necessary for carrying on the warfare, in which England now had allies in active operation. At Naples, the presence of Nelson encouraged the Neapolitans, who occupied Rome for a short time, but, by bad management of general Mack, they were soon forced to retreat. Nelson protected the removal of the court to Sicily, but the French occupied Naples, where they established a republic, and, as usual, levied contributions, and plundered without limitation.

The Austrian and Russian armies moved forward early in the year; the former soon drove the French across the Rhine. The combined forces cleared the north of Italy from the enemy, and formed the blockade of Genoa. Suwarrow, the Russian commander, was a singular character, and everywhere successful, till, crossing into Switzerland, he was unable to expel the French. In fact, the Austrians were kept, by political jealousies, from fully supporting his proceedings. Naples, being left by the French, was re-occupied by Nelson, who re-established the royal family, but tarnished his own fame by allowing several vindictive proceedings. He was then under the influence of a bad but fascinating woman, lady Hamilton, the wife of the English envoy, who had been, from early life, one of those characters against whom the book of Proverbs gives such impressive warnings; and the disgrace Nelson brought upon himself by acting under her influence is a strong instance of the truth of the admonitions of holy writ.

In the autumn of 1799, an expedition of English and Russian troops was sent against Holland. The Dutch ships of war were taken, and for a time Aber-

cromby maintained his position, with a superior force. In September, a reinforcement landed under the duke of York, who took the command; but the French force had also increased, so that, between bad generalship and the allied forces not acting well together, in about a month the duke agreed to a convention, by which he was allowed to return to England, on condition of the release of a number of French and Dutch prisoners.

But, upon the whole, the allies were successful, when matters were changed by the return of Buonaparte. The arrival of the Corsican was hailed by all those inclined to military despotism, and all who were opposed to the Directory.

Talleyrand and Siéyes agreed to support him; his brother Lucien was president of the council of five hundred—the greater part of the other council, the Ancients, were devoted to him. After some rapid consultations, a thorough change was carried into effect on November 10th, less than a month after Buonaparte's return to Paris. The majority of the Directory were gained over to dissolve their body, the councils were adjourned to St. Cloud, where the Ancients sanctioned an entirely new constitution, and the government was to be vested in three consuls, of whom Buonaparte was to be chief, the others were merely cyphers. The Council of Five Hundred resisted, and at one moment Buonaparte seemed likely to quail before them, but he was fully supported; while his brother Lucien was president, who betrayed the trust; he called in the military, the deputies were dispersed, and a small minority re-assembled, to give a colour to the change. Buonaparte and his fellow consuls proceeded in state to the palace of the Luxembourg, which had been lately occupied by the Directory.

There the first consul at once took the supreme power, satisfied Siéyes with grants of money and lands, and soon fixed himself in the old regal palace of the Tuileries, where he, by degrees, but without delay, established the appearance and proceedings of a royal court. Military despotism was now fully developed in France, and continued till this rod of God's anger, having chastised the nations, was broken, and thrown aside.

One of his first measures was to address a letter to George III., with many expressions of a desire for peace. This offer was wholly insincere, as Buonaparte subsequently admitted; intended to give him a short interval to strengthen himself, if it were listened to, or an opportunity for false professions of moderation, if it failed. The British government replied, perhaps in too abrupt terms, and needlessly requiring the restoration of the monarchy, declared that such professions could not be trusted. It was evident, however, that Buonaparte was preparing to carry forward the French plans of aggression and conquest. Nor did he scruple afterwards to declare that he knew the retaining of his power wholly depended upon his continuing that career. Buonaparte devised and carried into effect many improvements, but they were planned so as to extend his power; it was well, however, for the nation that he saw his own objects would be best promoted by the furtherance of the national welfare. The ruthless requirement of large numbers of conscripts every year, to fill up the ranks of the armies, continued to be as marked a feature of his government as it had been of the Convention. It was scarcely possible to find a substitute, so that, not only had the widowed parent often to submit to the forced absence of her only and dutiful child, but many a hopeful youth, rising in life, and beginning to distinguish himself by the successful pursuit of the arts of peace, had to relinquish his prospects, and go forth to the wars, though his doing so was most uncongenial to his desires.

The year 1799 was distinguished by the fall of the last of the great opponents of the British power in India. Tippoo Sultan endeavoured to form an alliance with France, and Buonaparte was eager to use him in his designs against the English empire in India. The governor-general, afterwards marquis Wellesley, saw the necessity for decisive measures, and, early in the year, directed a large force against the Mysore, under general Harris. Seringapatam was besieged, and stormed on May 4th, when Tippoo was slain. His dominions were then divided, the English taking a portion, which extended their possessions across Hindostan.

The parliament met early, on September 24th, 1799; the principal objects were, to facilitate the recruiting of the army by allowing the militia to volunteer, and to attend to various matters of finance. In a debate, early in 1800, on the recent communications from the first consul, Pitt spoke in vindication of the proceedings of the English government, at the commencement of the war, per-

sonifying the French revolution as looking into every quarter of the globe for objects of acquisition or plunder; and this spirit, it was evident, was not likely to abate under the military despotism of Buonaparte. Large majorities supported the minister, and he again raised considerable sums by taxes and loan. The total required was now nearly fifty millions.

The harvests of the preceding year had been deficient, and supplies of more than a million quarters of wheat were imported, but prices were very high, and led to riots in some parts of the country. The rise in prices was increased by the large additions to the paper currency, and by the speculations usually accompanying the increased value of any article. Several persons were prosecuted under old absurd laws, for re-selling corn on the same day they had purchased it. Legislative enactments were passed, forbidding the eating of bread till it had been baked twenty-four hours, thinking thereby to diminish the consumption; and all persons in the upper and middle ranks were urged to abstain, as much as possible, from the use of bread. The distillers were stopped, and large quantities of rice were sold at reduced prices to the poor. Public meetings were also held, and subscriptions raised for their relief.

THE WORD OF GOD.

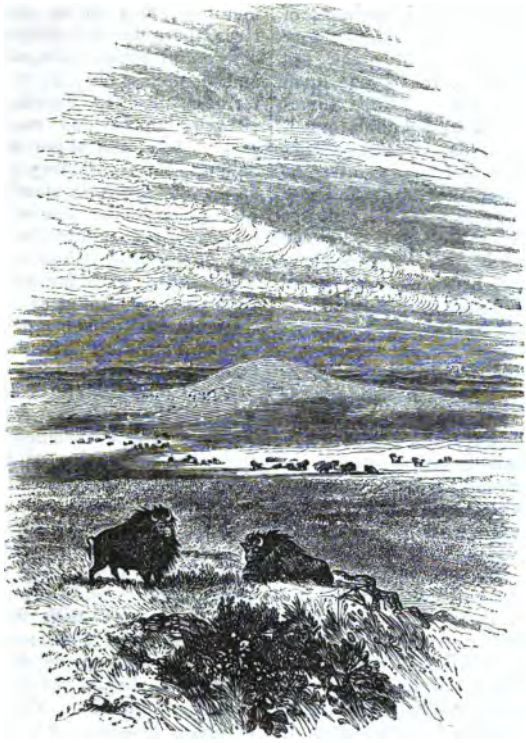
If the Christian be a "stranger," here is his citizenship declared to him. If he be a "pilgrim," here is his staff provided for him. If he be a "traveller," here is his guide. If he be a voyager, here is his chart. If he be a soldier, here is his spiritual armoury; the shield of faith, and the sword of the Spirit, the sandals of peace, and the girdle of truth, the breastplate of righteousness, and the helmet of salvation! Whatsoever the Christian be, or in whatever circumstances, he will find in the word of the living God a most suitable and seasonable portion! It is as food for the hungry, and water for the thirsty: medicine for the sick, and a cordial to the faint. It gives riches to the poor, and a blessing without sorrow to the rich. It gives sight to the blind, strength to the weak, instruction to the living, and consolation to the dying! Safely may we affirm that no believer ever searched the sacred Scriptures in vain. When darkness surrounds us, here we see a light shining upon our path. When perplexity unsettles us, we find here a counsellor who directs us with unerring wisdom. When the remembrance of sin sinks us in despondency, the Scriptures assure us that the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth from all sin. When the believer is bereaved of the pious friends he loved, he is here comforted by the hope that he and they shall again be reunited for ever. Thus, whatever be the circumstances of the Christian, the word of God is as "green pastures" to his soul. —*Stevenson.*

ORPHAN-HOUSE AT HALLE.

Augustus Herman Francke devoted his whole life and energies to the cause of instruction. The well-known Orphan House at Halle, Hallischen Waisenhause, which he founded in 1694, is now a large establishment, no longer confined to orphans, but containing upwards of 3,000 juvenile inmates. "It is interesting," Mr. Hickson remarks, "to a visitor, to remark in the chief cities of Germany, during certain hours, the silence of the streets, with their entire desertion by children, and the contrast of the change produced by the clock striking twelve. The road and footway then suddenly swarm with children, carrying books and slates, and returning from the studies of the morning. The most striking sight of the kind we ever witnessed was at Halle, where, as we approached a large educational establishment, (the old Orphan House,) the whole of its inmates, 3,000 in number, burst forth into the street."

THE VOICE OF CREATION.

The visible marks of extraordinary wisdom and power appear so plainly in all the works of the creation, that a rational creature, who will but seriously reflect on them, cannot miss the discovery of a Deity. And the influence which the discovery of such a Being must necessarily have on the minds of all that have but once heard it, is so great, and carries such a weight of thought and communication with it, that it seems more strange to me that a whole nation of men should be anywhere found so brutish as to want the notion of a God, than that they should be without any notion of numbers or fire.—*Locke.*



The Prairie.

THE PRAIRIE.

In the often talked-of regions of the "far west," lies a vast extent of uninhabited ground, estimated by Humboldt to comprise 2,430,000 square miles, where neither the log-hut of the white man, nor the wigwam of the Indian, is to be seen. And yet, though the surface is but little undulating, in some places there is sufficient variety in the climate to interest all; for while in the northern portion there are, for the greater part of the year, all the horrors of an iron-bound soil, and stunted polar vegetation, the palms and similar trees, that grow at the extremity of the southern portion, have a very different appearance.

Prairies have been classed in three divisions: first, the heathy or bushy lands, having springs, and covered with small shrubs, vines, and other plants, such as are found in Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri; secondly, the dry, or rolling soil, covered with grass, which is so extensive that travellers may roam for days over the vast and nearly level solitudes without observing either wood or water; and, thirdly, the alluvial or wet prairies, covered with a rich vegetation, and having a black, deep, and friable soil, of inexhaustible fertility.

Over the fertile and verdant expanses, comprised in the second division, the buffalo, the elk, and the wild horse roam, in all their native freedom. To these hunting-grounds repair the Osage, the Creek, the Delaware, and other tribes, that have linked themselves with civilization, and live within the vicinity of the white settlements. Here, also, resort the Pawnees, the Cromanches, and other tribes more fierce than any of those which have been mentioned—the Nomades of the prairies, or the inhabitants of the skirts of the Rocky Mountains. The hunters from these parts repair hither during the game season, and, throwing up their

light encampments, formed, perhaps, of branches of trees and skins, commit hasty destruction among the still great, but fast diminishing herds, that graze upon the prairies; and, having loaded themselves with venison and buffalo meat, return to their friends. In the interim, savage conflicts often occur—for all come armed and equipped for war; and if a traveller passes these wilds, he will see the mouldering skulls and whitened bones, which tell him of these deeds of slaughter, and ask his compassion for all who remain in ignorance and sin.

Some of the most remarkable scenes presented by these districts, are on the banks of the Mississippi. From St. Louis to the falls of the Missouri, a distance of 2,600 miles, a continued prairie stretches, with the exception of a few of the "bottoms" formed along the bank of the river, and the streams which are falling into it, which are often covered with the most luxuriant growth of forest timber. The level summit of the great prairies, stretching off to the east and west of the river, is from two to three hundred feet above its level; it has formed a bed or valley for its course, varying in width from two to twenty miles. This channel, or valley, is considered, by an eye-witness, to have been produced by the force of the current, which has excavated, in its floods and gorges, this immense space, and sent its *débris* into the ocean. By the continual overflowing of the river, its deposits have been lodged and left with a horizontal surface, spreading the deepest and richest alluvial soil over the meadows on either side, through which the river winds its serpentine course, alternately running from one bluff to the other, which present themselves to its shores in all the most picturesque and beautiful shapes and colours imaginable; some with their green sides gracefully sloping down to the water's edge; while others, divested of their verdure, present themselves in immense masses of clay of different hues, which arrest the eye of the traveller by their curious and extraordinary appearance. These seem to have been produced by rains and frosts, which continually change the dimensions, and vary the thousand shapes of these denuded hills, by washing down their sides, and carrying them into the river.

Among these groups, thousands of different forms and figures appear in many places, for miles together; and Mr. Catlin mentions, that as he passed down the river, there was a continual appearance, before and behind him, of some ancient and boundless city in ruins—ramparts, terraces, domes, towers, castles, and citadels, cupolas and magnificent porticoes. Here and there were a solitary column and crumbling pedestal; even spires of clay were standing alone, and glistening in the distance, as the sun's rays were reflected by the thousand crystals of gypsum, imbedded in the clay of which they were formed. "Over and through these groups of domes and battlements, (as one is compelled to imagine them,) the sun sends his long and gilding rays, at morn or in the evening; giving life and light, by aid of shadows cast to the different glowing colours of these life-built ruins, shedding a glory over the solitude of this wild and pictured country, which no one can realize unless he travels here and looks upon."

As the visiter wanders over the vast expanses that are spread out, he will occasionally find a very beautiful spot, perhaps on the banks of a rippling stream that is "alive" with fish, and where the green carpet of nature is decked with a vast variety of plants of diverse tints and shapes, from the wild sunflowers, with their thousand tall and drooping heads, to the lilies that stand around, and the violets that hide themselves beneath. Above is spread the rich and picturesque foliage of the lofty *bois d'arcs;* elms also spread out their huge branches, as if offering protection to the rounded groups of cherry and plum-trees, that support festoons of grapevines, the purple clusters of the fruit of which tempt the hand to pluck them.

Or if a higher spot is gained, where an extensive prospect is spread before the view, there is a peculiar feeling of grandeur. An American poet has said:

"I beheld them from the first,
And my heart swells, while the delighted sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fix'd
And motionless for ever. Motionless!
No! they are all unchain'd again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the south!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk, that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have play'd
Among the palms of Mexico, and vines
Of Texas; and have crisp'd the limpid brooks,
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fann'd

A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smooth'd these verdant swells, and sown their slope
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests."

Here the buffalo is pursued, often for the mere purposes of sport; and thus thousands of these useful inhabitants of the prairie are lost to man. Many ways are adopted of killing them, but they are nearly all performed on horseback. Perhaps some half-dozen hunters proceed to a herd that is in sight of the encampment, having ordered a number of carts to follow, to carry back a supply of food. Mounting a bluff, to ascertain the exact position occupied by the game, they see, it may be, four or five hundred buffaloes, some grazing, others lying down—all ignorant of the impending danger. The "feather is then tossed," according to the general custom, to see the direction of the wind; and the hunters, having advanced within a mile or so of the herd, commence "stripping;" hats and coats are laid aside, sleeves are rolled up; one handkerchief is tied lightly round the head, and another round the waist; cartridges are prepared, and placed in the waistcoat-pocket, or some bullets are thrown into the mouth. The leader lays a plan for the chase, and then, with guns charged and ramrods in hand, the party mount and start for the onset; while the horses, which have been champing their bits, and with ears erect, and eager eyes starting, being trained for the work, enter into it with seeming delight. The march is continued, silently and carefully, till within some forty or fifty rods, when the herd, discovering the hunters, wheels and gallops off in a mass. Catlin thus describes the chase: "At this instant we started, and away all sailed, and over the prairie flew, in a cloud of dust which was raised by the trampling hoofs. M'Kenzie was foremost in the throng, and soon dashed off amidst the dust, and was out of sight—he was after the fattest and the fastest. I had discovered a huge bull, whose shoulders towered above the whole band, and I picked my way through the crowd, to get alongside of him. I dashed along through the thundering mass, as they swept away over the plain, scarcely able to tell whether I was on a buffalo's back or my horse—hit, and hooked, and jostled about—till at length I found myself alongside of my game, when I gave him a shot as I passed him. I saw guns flash in several directions about me, but I heard them not. . . . . There were six or eight others killed at the same time, altogether furnishing an abundance of freight for the carts; which returned, as well as several pack-horses, loaded with the choicest parts, which were cut from the animals, and the remainder of the carcasses left a prey for the wolves."

The wilderness of the far-west is in some respects inferior to much of the prairie-land. It seems almost as vast and trackless as the ocean; and from its resemblance to the immeasurable steppes of Asia, has been styled the "Great American Desert." It spreads forth into undulating and treeless plains, and desolate and sandy wastes, wearisome to the eye from their extent and monotony.

No one finds here a permanent inhabitant, for in certain seasons there is no food, either for hunter or steed. The herbage is then parched and withered; the brooks and streams are dried up; the buffalo, the elk, and deer, have wandered to distant parts, keeping within the range of expiring verdure, and leaving behind them a vast uninhabited solitude, seamed by ravines, the beds of former torrents, but now serving only to increase the thirst of the travellers by disappointment.

Occasionally the monotony of this wilderness is interrupted by mountainous belts of sand and limestone, broken into confused masses, with precipitous cliffs and yawning ravines; or is traversed by lofty and barren ridges of rock, which are almost impassable. The rugged defiles and deep valleys of this vast chain form sheltered places for restless and ferocious bands of savages, many of them the remnants of tribes, once inhabitants of the prairies, but broken up by war and disease, and who carry into the mountain haunts the fierce passions and reckless habits of desperadoes.

The "burning of the prairies" forms a very remarkable and often striking scene, every acre of those vast plains burning over, and leaving the ground of a black and doleful colour. They catch fire in many ways, as accidentally from white men and Indians; sometimes, however, they are ignited intentionally, that a good supply of grass may be obtained for the grazing of horses, and convenience in travelling; so that there

may be no old grass to entangle the feet of horses and men.

Where the grass is thin and short, as on the elevated lands and prairie bluffs, the fire slowly creeps with a feeble flame, over which any one can easily step. Here the wild animals rest in their lair till the flames almost burn them, when they pass over to the black and smouldering ground on the other side. At night, these scenes are very beautiful; the flames are seen at many miles distant, creeping over the sides and tops of the bluffs; for the hills being lost to view, they seem to be sparkling and brilliant fires, suspended in festoons from the skies. A writer who has trod the prairie, thus describes a scene in which he was connected:—"Suddenly there was an alarm of fire in the camp! The flame from one of the kindling fires had caught to the tall dry grass; a breeze was blowing, there was danger that the camp would soon be wrapped in a light blaze. 'Look to the horses!' cried one; 'Drag away the baggage,' cried another; 'Take care of the rifles and powder-horns!' cried a third: all was hurry-scurry and uproar. The horses dashed wildly about; the men snatched away rifles and powder-horns; others dragged off saddles and saddle-bags; meantime, no one thought of quelling the fire, nor, indeed, knew how to quell it. Beatte, however, and his comrades, attacked it in the Indian mode, beating down the edges of the fire with blankets and horsecloths, and endeavouring to prevent its spreading among the grass; the rangers followed their example, and in a little while the flames were happily quelled." The fires, however, assume a different appearance, where the grass is seven or eight feet long, and dried with the heat of the sun, and when the roaring flames are swept along by the winds. They travel onward with terrific speed; and though not so fast as a horse can gallop, under ordinary circumstances, yet the wild pea-vines and other plants have so impeded many an Indian, that he has been overtaken and destroyed by the devouring element.

Of the people who occupy some portions of the prairie, little can now be said. Much that has been reported of their cruelty has been exaggerated; and many of the barbarities that white men have recived at their hands, have been occasioned by the cruelties inflicted on the Indians, for which they deemed it just to retaliate. That they have much of original talent is generally admitted; and though it will be a long and laborious work to raise them as a body to an advanced degree of civilization, it is to be hoped, that the efforts now making will go on with increased vigour. The efforts of missionaries in their behalf have not been unblessed by heaven. Superstition has, in many instances, given way to an enlightened veneration for the Author of all good; and where darkness had long reigned, the pure light of gospel truth has shone with its gracious influence. Nor will God fail to afford continued encouragement of the work his servants take in faith and prayer. "Then the wilderness and the solitary place shall be made glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose." F.

ANECDOTES OF CHALMERS.

During the first few years of his ministry he was much employed in giving lectures in St. Andrew's, Cupar, and elsewhere, on mathematics, chemistry, and botany. Meanwhile, it could not be said that he was entirely neglectful of his flock. Up to the light he then possessed he did his duty by them. He visited among them as their friend (and a warm-hearted and open-handed friend he ever was)—he comforted the sick and the dying by such spiritual counsel as he was competent to give; and not with the frigid formality of the then prevailing moderation, but earnestly and eloquently enforced from the pulpit the moral precepts of the gospel. But not having yet experienced himself the mighty change of "passing from death to life," and being "born again," he could not appreciate the importance and responsibility of that work which was designed as the instrument, in the Spirit's hands, of effecting this change in the hearts of sinners. He was ignorant alike of the remedy and the desperate malignity of the disease. On a memorable occasion, he himself affectingly described the state of his feelings at this period, and we shall quote his own words, as furnishing one of the finest examples of the magnanimity of his character. About the year 1805 he had been candidate for the Mathematical Chair in the University of Edinburgh, vacant by the translation of Professor Playfair to the chair of Natural Philosophy; and that gentleman having published a letter to

the lord provost of Edinburgh, in which he represented the habits and occupations of clergymen as unfavourable to the prosecution of mathematical study, Dr. Chalmers came forth with an anonymous pamphlet, in which he maintained that "after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, a minister might enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste might dispose him to engage." In a debate on the question of pluralities, or unions of a pastoral charge with an academical chair, in the General Assembly of May, 1825, in which Dr. Chalmers warmly espoused the negative side, a clergyman of the opposite party, in order to convict him of inconsistency, charged him with the authorship of this pamphlet, and quoted the above, along with other sentences from it. In his reply, Dr. Chalmers acknowledged that it was his own production; and after explaining the circumstances which had called it forth, he said, in reference to the sentiment therein expressed, "Alas! sir, so I thought in my ignorance and pride. I have now no reserve in declaring that the sentiment was wrong, and that in giving utterance to it I penned what was most outrageously wrong. Strangely blinded that I was! What, sir, is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude, and the proportions of magnitude. But, then, sir, I had forgotten two magnitudes. I thought not of the littleness of time, I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity!"

About the year 1809 he was engaged in writing the article "Christianity," for Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," and it was in the course of his studies connected with that work, his perusal of the lives of the primitive Christians, but more especially of Wilberforce's "Practical View," that he began to perceive that the religion of Christ was something very different from what he had hitherto imagined. When in this transition state he fell into a severe illness, which, under God, was the means, along with the counsels of a pious dissenting minister who visited him on his sick-bed, of consummating the blessed change; and great was the surprise and joy of many, when on re-appearing in his pulpit, he boldly avowed his previous ignorance, and preached the doctrine he had once despised.

His lips being now touched with a live coal from off the altar, his native eloquence blazed forth with a brighter and purer flame, and all the energies of his powerful mind and intensely benevolent heart were henceforth concentrated on the grand object of promoting the moral and spiritual good of his species. He speedily abandoned, save as occasional recreations, his scientific pursuits, and gave himself up to more professional studies—retaining, however, his strong predilection for political economy, which he continued to cultivate as a potent auxiliary in the work of christianizing a people. His fame as a preacher soon spread beyond the limits of his native county, and in 1815 he was called to Glasgow, where Providence had designed a wider theatre for the display of his commanding genius and far-seeing practical wisdom. In the year following he published his "Astronomical Discourses," which we need not here stop to characterize. But it is worthy of remark, as being honourable alike to this noble production and to the national taste, that in a long doubtful race through the first rapid succession of editions with one of the most popular works of the most popular writer of the age—"Old Mortality," the discourses at length carried the day against the novel. The period of Dr. Chalmers's residence in Glasgow was remarkable, not only for his singularly brilliant and useful career as the most eloquent and impressive preacher of his own, or perhaps of any country, but for the practical enforcement of his views on the subject of pauperism, an evil which he succeeded in almost entirely eradicating from his own parish—one of the poorest in Glasgow.—*Rev. J. Mackenzie.*

ENGLISH HISTORY.

A.D. 179—.

The Union with Ireland occasioned much debate. The plan proposed was to admit into the legislature twenty-eight peers, chosen for life, and four bishops in rotation, with a hundred members in the House of Commons. The church establishments were not to be altered, but united. The people of Ireland were to have the same privileges as those of Great Britain: the laws should remain in each country as they then were, subject to the future alterations of the united parliament. Many financial regulations were made, all favourable to Ireland; which was exempt from a large part of

the taxes paid in Great Britain, and was to continue so.

The debates on the union in the Irish House of Commons were vehement. The measure was opposed there, and by the opposition in England, but was carried by considerable majorities; many, no doubt, being actuated by rewards and promises, chiefly through the instrumentality of lord Castlereagh, who conducted the proceedings in behalf of the government. The act was passed, by which the union was to come into operation on January 1st, 1801, with a similar law in the English parliament.

The scarcity still prevailed, being aggravated by injudicious interference with the natural course of trade. All attempts to regulate consumption by laws, or to force down the prices by forbidding dealing, can only have the effect that then resulted of keeping grain from market, and increasing existing difficulties. In several parts of the country there were riotous attacks on the corn-dealers.

In May, George III. had two narrow escapes on the same day. In the morning, while reviewing the guards, a ball was fired in one of the volleys of blank cartridges, which severely wounded a person standing near the king; but whether fired by mistake or design, or by whose hand, could not be traced. In the evening, a maniac fired a pistol at the king, on entering his box at the theatre, which nearly struck him. On both occasions his majesty behaved with his usual cool intrepidity.

From the moment Buonaparte obtained the supreme authority, he prepared for a new career of conquest. He himself stated, that his expression of a desire for peace was not in the least sincere. One early act of his government was to give up all care for the French prisoners in England, then exceeding 25,000. As this number was far beyond that of English prisoners in France, and the cost of maintenance there was less, he cared not for the English government declining their allowance, in return, when he refused to continue what had hitherto been paid for the French prisoners in England, and thus abandoned them.

A large number of recruits was raised by the conscription, and the army against Germany was reinforced. Buonaparte himself resolved to act in Italy, and collected a large force in the vicinity of Geneva. His plan was to cross the Alps by St. Bernard, and thus to come behind the Austrian army, then chiefly before Genoa. That city, after enduring the horrors of famine to the utmost, was surrendered by the French, on June 5th—three weeks after Buonaparte had descended into Italy. The passage of St. Bernard presented considerable difficulties, so far as related to the cavalry and the artillery. The latter were taken to pieces, the carriages put on the backs of mules, and the dismounted cannon were placed in the hollowed trunks of trees, and drawn by soldiers. The march over the upper portion of the route was of course difficult; but it was the middle of May, and every means was employed that could give assistance. The exaggerated French accounts must be entirely dismissed. Buonaparte followed in the rear of the army, quietly riding a mule, conducted by a skilful guide.

On entering Italy, he pushed forward to Milan, and then he advanced against the Austrian general Milas, who had turned back from Genoa to meet him. After some rencounters, a great battle was fought at Marengo. The Austrians prevailed at first, and their general, considering the battle was gained, relaxed his efforts. At the critical moment, Dessaix came up with a large reinforcement, that renewed the battle; this was followed by a charge of cavalry under Kellermann, who was enabled to act by the bad management of the Austrian general. This decided the event in favour of Buonaparte; and instead of being driven back to the Alps as a fugitive, he was at once master of Italy, and, very unfairly, appropriated to himself the credit of this success. Dessaix fell in the action, and Kellermann was discountenanced, instead of being rewarded. The farther results of this success was establishing the power of Buonaparte, and compelling the emperor of Austria to agree to the armistice. That no farther effort should have been made by the Austrians, who were still superior in force, is not accounted for. All Piedmont and Genoa were at once given up, and the victor returned to Paris, leaving those districts to be plundered in the usual manner, on condition of his allowing the Austrian army to continue their retreat. On the Rhine Moreau had also been successful, and he occupied Bavaria. The emperor of Russia, also, was evidently disposed to favour the first consul.

Buonaparte required that Great Britain should consent to an armistice by sea, thinking thereby to relieve Malta, and to get his army from Egypt. This was refused, and hostilities were recommenced. Moreau gained a battle at Hohenlinden, early in December, which opened the way to Vienna, upon which city Macdonald also advanced from Italy, across the Sphigen. This was indeed a fearful march, and far more difficult than Buonaparte's passage of St. Bernard. It was in December; the road was blocked by snow, and avalanches fell repeatedly, choking the route, and destroying many of the soldiers. Thus threatened, the emperor sought for a separate treaty, which was signed at Luneville, early in February, 1801, on terms disadvantageous to Austria. The king of Naples was also permitted to make peace. An attempt was made on the life of Buonaparte in December, by exploding a machine, just as his carriage passed. He escaped, but others were killed and wounded. It was a plot of some royalists.

Malta, after a blockade of two years, surrendered to the British, and a few small foreign settlements were also taken. But an expedition against Brittany was too late to be of any service, another insurrection in those parts having been put down, and the leaders conciliated by Buonaparte. The expedition then proceeded to Ferrol, on the coast of Spain, where nothing was done. An attack upon Cadiz was planned, but relinquished, partly because the plague raged there at the time. The troops were then carried to Malta, and at the end of the year it was resolved that they should be sent against Egypt; but the loss of time and waste of strength, during so many months of uncertainty, was very evident.

Early in the year, the Turkish commander and sir Sidney Smith had agreed with the French general to a convention, by which his army was to evacuate Egypt, and be conveyed to France; but orders had previously been sent, not to allow of any terms which would excuse the French from being prisoners of war; and lord Keith signified that his orders would not allow them to pass. The refusal to ratify terms agreed upon was considered objectionable, and, on being applied to, the English government agreed to sanction the convention. Before this decision was known, hostilities had been renewed, and the Turks had been defeated by the French.

Among those individuals worthy of remembrance, who died this year, was the poet Cowper; and it may be observed, as a strong testimony to the power of religious truth, that his poetry has continued to be read for half a century since his death, and has been, and is even now, increasing in popularity; while the productions of later and more gifted bards, of a contrary tendency, are already diminishing in circulation. Earl Howe, and Bacon the sculptor, died some months before him. Burke died in 1798.

The disasters abroad, and scarcity at home, supplied topics for parliamentary discussion, in the midst of which the union with Ireland came into effect; and on January 22nd, 1801, was the first sitting of the Imperial parliament, as it now was called. Some other alterations in style took place—the king's title now being, George the Third, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith. The title of King of France was wisely dropped, and the lilies of France no longer appeared in the armorial bearings, which were merely those of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with those of Hanover on a shield in the centre. The latter have disappeared since England was relieved of that costly and burdensome appendage, on the departure of the succession from the male line, at the accession of Queen Victoria.

Affairs in the north of Europe had assumed a threatening aspect. Paul, the emperor of Russia, who was decidedly insane, had by this time taken a dislike to England, and, under the influence of Buonaparte, favoured a sort of armed neutrality, like that attempted twenty years before. Buonaparte had had a narrow escape from assassination by some of the royalists. He now began to manifest that inveterate hatred to England which eventually caused his downfal. One of his determinations was, to exclude all British trade from the continent, thinking thereby to ruin that commercial greatness on which he considered that her prosperity was built. The destruction of the opposing navies also had given Britain the command of the seas, while France and her allies were wholly dependent on the neutral powers for their trade. Under this state of things, England enforced the regulations established by the law of nations, against supplies of warlike stores being carried to their enemies. At the close of 1800, the Rus-

sian autocrat declared his intention of enforcing the principle of free ships making free goods, and he also required the possession of Malta, claiming it as grand master of its order, though no legal election had taken place; and he could not fill that office, not being a Romanist, nor bound by the laws of celibacy, two indispensable points required by the laws of the order. He laid an embargo on all British ships, without any previous notice, seizing the crews as prisoners, ill-treating them, and marching them into the interior. These proceedings were very unpopular.

There had been disputes for some time with Denmark, arising from the search and seizure of Danish vessels, acting contrary to the principles of neutrality. That power, and Sweden, had so great an interest in acting as carriers at sea, in the present state of affairs, that both willingly joined Russia. Thus British commerce was excluded from every port around the coast of Europe, from Archangel to Venice.

These proceedings were met by the British government with more than usual promptitude. An expedition was fitted out, which sailed in March, under Nelson, as second in command to sir Hyde Parker; it consisted of eighteen sail of the line, with a number of smaller vessels—it being known that the three northern powers had forty sail of the line. Nelson urged a prompt attack on Copenhagen, and persuaded Parker to agree. This took place on April 2nd, when, after a most severe conflict, the Danish ships forming the line of defence were captured and destroyed, by the bravery and conduct of Nelson and his squadron, under many disadvantages. By his energy the Danes were induced to agree to an armistice of fourteen weeks. Parker then sailed up the Baltic. Sweden was soon brought to consent to the armistice. The Russian fleet had been frozen up at Revel, in which position it might have been attacked with great advantage to the assailants; but now Parker was met by intelligence of the death of the emperor Paul. His violent proceedings had excited discontent among the leading nobles, who learned that he contemplated sending many of them into exile. His insanity was clearly proved by many of his actions. Among other projects, he called upon the sovereigns of Europe to settle their disputes by single combat, supported by their prime ministers—a measure which, if it could be carried into effect, would certainly do much to prevent war. A conspiracy was formed to make the emperor abdicate. The leaders entered his chamber for that purpose, on the night of March 24th, but he refused. This led to a struggle, in which Paul was strangled by some of the conspirators; but it was pretended that he had died of apoplexy. His son Alexander, who succeeded, was aware of the necessity for deposing and securing his insane father, but was deeply affected when he found the attempt ended in his murder, for which he did not dare to punish the conspiring nobles. Parker believed that the new emperor would pursue a different course from his father, and returned down the Baltic, to wait events, much against the will of Nelson, who had joined him. Early in May, Parker was recalled, when Nelson, being chief in command, immediately proceeded towards Russia, determined to have satisfaction for the losses and injuries inflicted on the British subjects. The fleet of Russia was by this time extricated from the position in which it might have been destroyed, but for Parker's delay; so that Nelson had to negotiate. He besought the emperor to consent to the liberation of the British seamen and their ships, and to express amicable intentions; and then, being unwell, returned to England.

SARAH MARTIN, THE PRISON-VISITOR.

No. III.

In the winter of 1842 the health of Sarah Martin began to fail, and it was with pain and difficulty that she continued, day by day, up to the 17th April, 1843, to visit the jail, "the home," she says, "of my first interest and pleasure." From that day she was confined to her apartments by a painful disease, accompanied by extreme bodily weakness. But nothing could restrain the energy of her mind. In the seclusion of a solitary chamber, "apart from all that could disturb," and in a "universe of calm repose and peace and love," when, speaking of herself and her condition, she remarked, in words of singular beauty:

——————'I seem to lie
So near the heavenly portals bright,
I catch the streaming rays that fly
From eternity's own light;'

at such a time, she resumed the exercise of a talent for the writing of sacred poetry, which had been early developed, and had even been occasionally exercised in the midst of the occupations of her busy life. The fact that Sarah Martin wrote such poetry is important in her biography. It is deeply interesting to know, that after some of the most exciting incidents of her life—the establishment of a fund for the relief of prisoners after liberation—the death of her grandmother, and that of the father of a lad whom she had reclaimed—an opposition or a success which she met with in the jail—she could retire to her chamber and pour out her heart in strains of Christian praise and gratitude. It is, above all things, interesting to be told that this brave woman could cheer the sacred loneliness of her entrance into the dark valley of the shadow of death with songs of victory and triumph. The compositions here published not only prove all this, but they evidence the existence in the mind of their author of an unquestionable vein of real poetry. They exhibit some specimens of true poetic ore, and contain separate lines, and occasionally whole stanzas, which evidently came fresh from the mint of a strong mind and fervid heart. But her compositions have those defects which mark the imitative and unpractised artist. They are the poems of of one whose time was devoted to the acting of poetry rather than to the writing of it.

Sarah Martin struggled against disease for many months, suffering intense agony, which was partially relieved by opiates. A few minutes before her death, she begged for more of the opiate, to still the racking torture. The nurse told her that she believed the time of her departure had arrived. She, clapping her hands together, exclaimed, "Thank God! thank God!" and never spake more. This was on the 15th of Oct, 1843. She was buried at Caister, by the side of her grandmother; and a tombstone in the churchyard bears a simple inscription, written by herself, which commemorates her death and age, but says not a word of her many virtues.

There can be no doubt that Sarah Martin's labours were followed by most happy results. We will give a few cases:

"B. B., age about twenty-three. Could neither read nor write. Offence, smuggling. After the lapse of twelve years from his imprisonment, Sarah Martin writes, 'He entirely learned to read and write in prison, and immediately after his discharge left off smuggling. He wrote to me afterwards, and expressed the comfort he found in being able to write. * * * I have heard from him many times. He sails in a small vessel from Dunkirk to London, to sell butter and eggs.'

"R., E., C., and four others. Offence, smuggling. Had been in prison before for the same offence. Were supported in Yarmouth jail by a band or club of smugglers. After the lapse of four years, this is Sarah Martin's report:—'E. C. had a wife and six children in Harwich, where they now live. The profits of smuggling were tempting, but he afterwards told me he found it impossible, as he then viewed the thing, to engage in the traffic again, and abandoned it. Since his discharge, I have received four letters; two written by him, one by his wife, and another written partly by him and partly by his wife. Also, I have seen him twice, when the schooner to which he belongs sailed through Yarmouth Roads. By him I was informed, in August last, that the five who were in prison with him had all left off smuggling. He gave me a satisfactory account of each. These men, when I took leave of them, seemed reluctant in promising to give up a profession of fraud, involving habitual lying, etc., etc., yet allowed me to believe that, ceasing to reconcile them to its principles, they wished, and would not be unwilling, to do it.' She writes subsequently:—'February 5, 1840.—This morning, R., the former master of the smuggling vessel * * * called upon me, being the first time he has been in Yarmouth since his discharge. He is now master of the St. Leonard, a respectable merchant ship. His gratitude for what he thought his obligation to me, led him to bring from France a present of a vase covered with shells, and a curious glass box. He was fourteen months without a vessel after his discharge, with a wife and family to support, and desiring to get free from the traffic of smuggling.'

"S. B., aged thirty-nine, charged with felony. Could neither read nor write. Accounted a disorderly person and a thief, and had been in prison before. After three and a half years: 'Perfectly reclaimed. She has never been guilty of any immoral practice since, and seems to have been the means of reclaiming her husband, whose former character was

bad. I see her every month or two. She has suffered much from poverty and illness, without complaint.'

"T. B., aged eighteen; offence, felony. Five months in Yarmouth jail, and afterwards in the Penitentiary at Milbank. After nine and a half years: 'After his return from the Penitentiary he immediately called upon me. His parents were poor, living in a row, and keeping a small vegetable shop. With no character, he seemed destitute. His next step was this: he went to his father's, and took a small box, which he had left locked up, containing 102*l.* and some shillings, and carried it to his master, from whom it had been stolen. Mr. D. entreated him to take 5*l.* of the sum returned, but could not prevail; all he accepted was the odd 2*l.* and shillings, saying, 'Sir, I robbed you of more than that.' The circumstance became public. Mr. B., tailor and salesman, took him for two years to learn his trade. He conducted himself better, Mr. B. informed me, than any former apprentice. Since then, he has been married to a young woman who was taught by me in a Sunday school, and by honourable and successful industry supports himself, by keeping a respectable little shop as a tailor and salesman in the ——.'"

Such cases, which are as instructive as they are interesting, might be multiplied manyfold out of the papers of Sarah Martin. If they exhibit the results of careful, kindly prison-instruction, every one would wish that such instruction could be rendered universal. With such cases before us, who shall doubt that many of the ignorant and the weak, those who have failed in their duty to their neighbour, because they have been permitted to go forth into the world unarmed against its temptations, and uninstructed in their duties, are still within reach of the reclaiming efforts of active benevolence? But such cases give no encouragement to any cold philanthropy, if any such can be; nor to any kind but weak enthusiasm, which seeks for proofs of amendment of life in the mere raptures of excited feeling; nor to that proud and condescending bounty, which chills even whilst it overpowers with a multiplicity of obligations. Sarah Martin governed these people and reformed them, as their cases testify, not merely by instructing them in useful arts, and inculcating in their minds right principles of duty and action, and informing their understandings as to their real interests, but more especially by opening her own heart to them, by entering with warm and genuine sympathy into their real feelings and condition, and by aiding them in devising and carrying out measures of true practical amelioration suited to their circumstances, and their habits of thought and feeling. She did not shower down bounties as from a heaven above, but, placing herself upon a par with them in every thing but their guilt, was ever ready to drop a tear over their misery, and to join with them, heart and soul, to procure relief. They who would obtain Sarah Martin's success must feel her sympathy, and acquire her true practical wisdom.

> 'The high desire that others may be blest,
> Savours of heaven.'

The words are her own, and her life was a comment upon them. "Her simple, unostentatious, yet energetic devotion to the interests of the outcast and the destitute," remarks Captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons, who had many opportunities of judging of her labours, and whose experience gives great value to his testimony—"her gentle disposition, her temper never irritated by disappointment, nor her charity straitened by ingratitude, present a combination of qualities which imagination sometimes portrays as the ideal of what is pure and beautiful, but which are rarely found embodied with humanity. * * * She was no titular Sister of Charity, but was silently felt and acknowledged to be one, by the many outcast and destitute persons who received encouragement from her lips, and relief from her hands, and by the few who were witnesses of her good works."

It is the business of literature to make such a life stand out from the masses of ordinary existences, with something of the distinctness with which a lofty building uprears itself in the confusion of a distant view. It should be made to attract all eyes, to excite the hearts of all persons who think the welfare of their fellow-mortals an object of interest or duty; it should be included in collections of biography, and chronicled in the high places of history; men should be taught to estimate it as that of one whose philanthropy has entitled her to renown, and children to associate the name of Sarah Martin with those of Howard, Buxton, Fry—the most benevolent of mankind.—*From the Edinburgh Review.*

THE REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

No. XX.

IMMEDIATELY after the deposition of John XXIII., the council condemned, in the communion, the partaking of the sacramental cup,—a practice contrary to the established usage of the church of Rome. It is well known, that in the primitive church, the communion was usually administered under the two emblems of bread and wine. A different custom afterwards prevailed, the communion was received fasting; then, only the priests took the communion in both kinds, and they administered the sacrament to the laity in the form of bread alone.

The eastern church preserved the old custom, which was appealed to by most of the reformers, and re-established in many countries; but no nation desired it so ardently as the Bohemians, among whom the practice of communicating in both kinds had never been totally abolished; in fact, Bohemia was, in the ninth century, converted to Christianity by the Greek monks who were sent by the empress Theodora, and her son Michael, and long continued to preserve some particular rites and forms of worship; and when the serious attention of the Roman pontiffs was directed to that land, the work of conversion was already nearly accomplished.

Nevertheless they interposed, because, on account of their pretensions to universal dominion, they were used to interpose everywhere, and in everything; however, they seemed at first tolerant of the habits of the Bohemians, and they had an important reason for their lenity. The eastern church had been recently severed from the see of Rome; it was feared that Bohemia, already united to the first by powerful bonds, might altogether renounce her obedience to the second; therefore the rites used in that country were tolerated, the Bohemians preserved their Sclavonic Bible, and continued to perform their religious services in their national tongue; they also kept up some independent forms in their manner of worship—and it was easy for them to compare doctrines with the written word of God.

When time had rendered the Bohemians more submissive to the papal yoke this was more heavily enforced on them. Toleration gave place to severities, and Gregory VII. prescribed an exact conformity to the Romish usages. In a celebrated letter, written by that pontiff in 1079 to Wratislaus, duke of Bohemia, he says, "Know, that by frequent meditation on the Holy Scriptures, we have found that it is pleasing to almighty God, that the language used in Divine service should be hidden, that it may not be known to all the world, especially to the simple."*

Gregory added, that the opposite practice was productive of contempt and heresy.† This was followed by a division among the people of Bohemia—the higher classes adopted the Latin rites, the hearts of the multitude were attached, in preference, to the Greek custom; and when the use of the chalice was expressly forbidden to the laity, several churches in Bohemia continued to administer it, as being most in accordance with the directions of Scripture and ancient tradition. However, in the fourteenth century, under king Charles IV., the Latin usage prevailed everywhere; and the communion in both kinds was never administered, unless in the privacy of the domestic fireside, or in the recesses of the forests.

But when the eastern schism had shaken the pontifical authority, and brought back many minds to the consecrated fountain, the question as to giving the cup to the laity was again agitated. The difference between the old and new customs, the institution of Christ and the observance of the church, was evident; and it seized the feelings of the multitude, with increased strength, as it was apparent to the bodily senses, and wherever the reformers triumphed the use of the chalice was resumed.

In the fifteenth century this rite was known, throughout Europe, as a distinctive badge of the Hussites; yet it was not John Huss who in this instance urged the return to primitive usages; he was absent from Prague, and already imprisoned at Constance, when two doctors, both of whom were his friends and disciples, Peter of Dresden, and the celebrated James, or Jacques de Mise, or Jacobel, invited the public to receive the communion in both kinds.

If the catholic historian, Dubravius, is to be believed, John Huss at first re-

* It would not be easy to reconcile this opinion of the pope with the language of St. Paul, 1 Cor. xiv.

† This letter may be found amongst those written by Gregory VII. in vol. XXVI. of the Councils of the Louvre.

garded this conduct of his disciples as a serious act of hostility against the church, which would redouble the animosity of the council against himself; and he used this expression in speaking of them, "They have at last found a cup which will hasten my death." But he wrote afterwards to Prague, to express his approbation of Jacobel. His letter was unknown to his judges, and he does not appear to have been called to answer before them on this subject. It was one of his ardent opposers, the bishop of Littomissel, who laid the complaint against Jacobel before the council. A commission of doctors was appointed by the assembly, who presented a report in six conclusions.*

The doctors admitted the fact of the communion being received in both kinds in the primitive church; they proceeded to declare that the contrary custom, though at first established without the formal decision of the church, ought to be regarded as law. Following St. Augustine, they said, that Christ had left the circumstances of the communion undecided as to time; and as to the manner, they alleged a considerable miracle in support of their opinion. Some religious professors, they said, desired to communicate in both kinds; the priest having broken the bread, the paten appeared filled with blood; and when the priest pressed together the two pieces of the host, the blood returned into them, and not a drop remained in the paten. A celebrated doctor of the thirteenth century, Alexander Hale, pledged himself a witness of this miracle, and hereby the question was decided as to the withdrawal of the cup. That practice, the ecclesiastics said, had been introduced upon sufficient grounds; and among other illustrious supporters of it, might be included Richard Middleton, Peter de Tarentaise, Thomas Aquinas, and other famous doctors; it had prevailed for several centuries; and, without authority from the church, none was at liberty to disapprove it; therefore its opponents must be considered heretics, and be punished as such.

The conclusions of the commissioners were vigorously repulsed. Jacobel, in his answer, appealed to doctors against doctors, to St. Augustine against St. Augustine, and to Jesus Christ against his church. He said, "The miracle alleged by Dr. Hale may be called in question; it is impossible to decide from it, in opposition to the certain practice and express command of the supreme Teacher. The most illustrious fathers, St. Augustine and St. Cyprian, have declared, that custom ought to give way to truth." "Perhaps you will allege custom in opposition to me," said pope Gregory; "but our Lord said, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life,' and not I am the custom.*" Three other popes, Urban II., Marcellus Symmachus, and also St. Augustine, have affirmed, that it is not permitted to either pope or emperor to change anything that is prescribed in the law or the gospel. Those, therefore, must be blamed who have withheld the cup from the people, contrary to the institution of Jesus Christ, and the practice of the ancient church. Those who have refused to communicate with both elements are wrong, not those who have desired to restore the institution.

Proceeding, next, to defend the university of Prague, which seemed desirous to return to the first appointment of the ordinance, Jacobel did not spare warm censures on his adversaries. He said, "The members of our university do not array themselves in brilliant and showy apparel, to give an increased dignity to their appearance; they are not such as the Saviour reproved, for loving the chief seats at feasts and in the synagogues, and greetings in public places, and to hear themselves called masters. 'Is it not a shame for the church,' as St. Jerome said, 'to preach Jesus Christ as poor, crucified, destitute of all things, while the body is loaded with fat, the face looks well fed, and the lips are ruddy.' If we are in the place of the apostles, we must not only preach their doctrines, but imitate their lives. And dare such men to affirm, that those whose doctrines differ from their own may be punished as heretics; yet, in the primitive church, the men who followed Jesus Christ, his disciples, his apostles, and Christ himself, were they not all declared to be heretics, and condemned as such by the priesthood?" Jacobel quoted Isaiah, Ezekiel, St. Cyprian, and St. Chrysostom, to show that the priests of the Romish church resembled those of the Jewish religion, in persecuting the true disciples and faithful servants of the Lord.

* Von der Hardt. t. iii. p. 586.

* Von der Hardt. p. 608.

"If it were possible," he proceeds, "for Christ to appear in the midst of the council of Constance, with the members of the primitive church, and to repeat in this assembly the words uttered by him at Capernaum, 'Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood,' etc., and were he willing to administer, in that place, the sacrament, such as he appointed it, think you that those present would permit him thus to speak, thus to do? They would draw back, like those who were offended by his sayings at Capernaum, they would accuse him of heresy, and would condemn him, saying, 'What you are doing here is not the custom.' Such is their habit of acting; first they defame, then they summon; afterwards they accuse, and, finally, they degrade, they abandon, as far as is in their power, the soul to demons, and the body to the secular power; and just as the priests of the Jews formerly said, 'If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend;' so it is now said to the civil magistrate, 'This man is condemnable by your tribunal—he ought to be punished by the secular arm.' Damnable and dangerous hypocrisy! 'They deceive themselves at their peril,' said St. Augustine,* 'such men as imagine that those only are homicides who kill by their own hand. The Jews themselves did not put our Lord to death. They said, "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death," and yet, the death of the Saviour is justly imputed to them, for they slew him with their tongues, when they cried out, "Crucify him." The Lord has said, 'Beware of men, for they will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues, and ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake. And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake.' O thou, King of kings, Lord of lords, everlasting Father—on every side I perceive danger impending. If I listen to thy well-beloved Son; if I believe his gospel, and rule my life by the examples of the first Christians, I shall be excommunicated and pronounced a heretic. I shall be condemned, burned, or otherwise subjected to death, by that church of Rome, which has ceased even to know what were the habits and usages of the primitive church. Should I disobey thy gospel, I must dread eternal death, and the flames that never can be quenched. What must I do, then? what choice can I make? Ah, I know it is better to fall into the hands of men, than to sin against God."*

Jacobel, and the rite of communicating in both elements, had an opponent at the council more to be dreaded than the bishop of Litomissel, and the ecclesiastics who were summoned at his request; namely, Gerson, whose name and proceedings appear incessantly in all the matters of importance which were discussed at Constance. To the arguments of the clergy, Gerson added others, first by word of mouth, then in writing, in a remarkable treatise which he published two years afterwards, at the request of the council, which is inserted in his works.†

After having considered the question, with respect both to the testimony of Scripture and that of tradition, Gerson enumerates the inconveniences which would attend the distribution of the cup to the faithful; he says, "It is necessary to avoid the dangers which might result, and which are manifold; there is danger, lest the wine should be spilled, in carrying it from place to place; danger, lest it should freeze, or lest it should happen to fail; danger, lest it turn sour, in which case it would cease to be the genuine blood of Christ; danger, lest it be corrupt, or lest the heat should produce flies in it; danger, lest it should adhere to the long beards of the laity." Gerson inquires "where vessels could be found sufficient for twenty thousand persons to communicate; he sees a serious evil, in a practice which might lead believers into many errors; as, for instance, to believe, that in the communion the laity are of equal dignity with the priests, or that the clergy, doctors, and prelates, who have inculcated a contrary usage have falsified Scripture, and are in a state of damnation; or that the virtue of this sacrament consists less in its consecration than in its being participated; or, in short, that the church of Rome, and its general or private councils, have erred respecting the sacraments."

Such were, in substance, the principal arguments produced on both sides before the council, as to the leading question, whether the cup should be withheld: a question which engendered numberless volumes, and occasioned the shedding of torrents of blood. On June 15th, 1415,

* Treatise on Penitence.

* Von der Hardt. t. iii. p. 591.

† J. Gerson, Oper. t. i. p. 457. 467. Ibid. p. 466.

the council pronounced, in the thirteenth session, the following decree, the tenor of which expresses only moderate respect for our blessed Lord himself:

"The holy council, desiring to provide for the salvation of believers, after the mature deliberation of several divines, declares and decides, that although Jesus Christ has appointed and administered to his apostles the holy sacrament, after supper, under the two elements of bread and wine, nevertheless, the honourable authority of the sacred canons, and the approved usage of the church, have maintained, and do maintain, that this sacrament ought only to be received by believers when fasting, except in case of sickness, or in some other necessity, admitted by the law, this custom having been reasonably introduced, to avoid some danger of offences. Even so, though in the primitive church this sacrament was received by the faithful under both the elements, it nevertheless can be proved, that it was, in the end, received in this manner only by the officiating priests, and was offered to the laity under the form of bread alone; because it must be believed firmly, and without doubt, that the whole body and blood of Jesus Christ are truly contained under the form of bread, as well as under that of wine. Wherefore this custom, introduced by the church and the holy fathers, and very long observed,* ought to be regarded as a law, which it is not allowable to reject or change, without the authority of the church." The council concluded, by denouncing against those who should infringe it, the penalties due to heretics.

By this celebrated decree, the custom of communicating fasting, and with one element only, was legally established, and has ever since had the authority of a law to the Roman Catholic church. The council thought to appease the dispute by deciding the question; but the disputants resisted by the sword the power which had formally established this decree. A terrible war resulted, and the question, which was quenched by streams of blood in the fifteenth century, revived still more formidably in the succeeding age. The pertinacity of the church of Rome, as to this very secondary doctrinal point, contributed greatly to the success of the Reformation; and if the council, self-styled infallible, had been gifted with second sight, it may be doubted, whether half of the professors of Christianity in Europe would have been severed from the Catholic religion, not for the sake of soundness of tradition or doctrine, but merely to preserve uniformity in matters of ceremony.

* It is not known how the council could determine to assert that it was very long since the custom of communicating in one element only had been introduced into the church. Can it be considered a very long time for a custom to prevail for 200 years at the uttermost, and that not universally or unanimously, especially if this period is compared with the whole of the twelve centuries during which the church communicated in both the elements?—L'Enfant, Concile de Constance: t. ii. p. 371.

EVANGELICAL SOCIETY OF GENEVA.

The "Société Evangelique" of Geneva, is not the exclusive property of the Christians of the Oratoire, as it has on its committee of direction persons connected with the Congregationalist or Independent church in the Pelisserie, and receives support from Christians of all evangelical denominations. Its design is to diffuse the knowledge of saving truth by means of evangelists, and by the circulation of the Scriptures by colporteurs. Its principal field of operation is the south of France, where its agents have been eminently assisted of God in their good work. A few extracts from the annual report for 1845, the last I have seen, will give a just idea of the labours of this valuable society, and at the same time of the religious condition of the people among whom its sphere of action lies.

Under the head of "Biblical and Colportage department," this report informs us, that last year the number of copies of the sacred Scriptures circulated by the society, was 17,300, and of tracts and pamphlets, 100,000. "If," adds the rapporteur,—who, on this occasion, was the truly excellent colonel Tronchin—"If our sixty-four agents had been exclusively occupied in circulating the sacred volume, it is probable that the sales would have been larger; but, as you have already heard, our purpose from the beginning has been to go in search of souls one by one, and to render them attentive to what is written concerning the Lamb of God. The agent who traverses countries plunged in popish darkness, has a difficult task, and cannot restrict himself to being a mere seller of books. Before he can make the people perceive the importance of his mission, he must take some words from the trea-

sure which he carries, and thereby, through the power of the Holy Spirit, kindle as it were a fire in the heart of the sinner. Let but a soul begin to be changed, and immediately chaplets and scapularies will fall, and vain ceremonies will lose their charm. It will not be a fog, however thick and moist, that will avail to appease the thirst of a heart which has begun to melt under the rays of grace; having found the stream which flows from the Rock, such an one will regard only with disgust the stagnant pool which continually mocks his thirst. Such is the Roman Catholic when the hammer of the word has bruised his heart, and when he feels the point of the sword of the Spirit piercing him."

The agents employed in the work of colportage render to the committee regular reports of their proceedings, and of the scenes through which they pass. These, says the report, "form an exhaustless mine of Christian anecdote;" and, judging from the specimens afforded, I may add, of anecdote of the most interesting and instructive kind. A few of these may not be unacceptable to the reader:

"I knocked at the door of a house in E——," says one, "and was at first repulsed, with the declaration that they had something else to attend to. An individual, however, afflicted with palsy, in an adjoining room, hearing the word Bible, requested, that I might be allowed to enter. 'You sell Bibles,' said he; 'a few years ago I bought some tracts; since then, placed on a bed of suffering, I have often occupied myself with reading them, and this made me desire to possess a Bible, of which I find mention made in these tracts.' He accordingly purchased one, and I addressed to him some words of consolation."

A colporteur from Auvergne writes, "I have been thrown into prison, where I remained forty-four days. During this time I disposed of three Bibles, four Testaments, and some tracts, for which I was paid secretly. At B., I had sold a New Testament to three young men; they came to the inn, and requested a room where they might read their book; the innkeeper told them there was a Protestant in the house. The young men sent to beg me to come up to them; afterwards two others arrived, and up to midnight I was enabled to preach Christ to them."

"In traversing the village of ——," says another colporteur, "I met the rector, along with a dealer in chaplets. I thought I might offer him my books. As soon as he had glanced at the title, he said, 'Go, sell these among the Protestants, and do not come to offer them to the Catholics.' 'Why?' I rejoined. 'Is not this book good for all?' He then began to speak ill of the book. I asked him to prove it. He replied, 'I am not a theologian; I am an ignorant.' I hastened to reply, that nothing was more true, and that thus he would be more quickly vanquished; on which he went off. Turning to those who had gathered round us, I said to them, 'You see your rector feels himself unable to contend against the Bible, and the lessons which it contains. This is because the Bible is the book of God, which guides us to the salvation of our soul, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

"In another very papist place, a pastry-cook had bought a Bible. The rector ran to him, and ordered him immediately to burn that book. 'I will not burn it,' said the other; 'but in making my cakes, I will place the leaves under them, should I determine to destroy it.' 'No, no,' replied the rector, uneasy about his parish; 'it would be better to burn it, than to profane it so; for after all it is the word of God.' 'Sir,' replied the pastry-cook, 'you say this is the word of God, and yet you wish me to burn it! No, no; I shall keep it; and I pray God to grave it upon my heart. And you, Mr. Rector, take my advice, and strive not against God's word, for it will be stronger than you.'"

"A priest in the department of V—— perceiving that his eloquence was of no avail in dissuading some young people from buying the Gospels, bethought himself of this singular argument: 'My friends,' said he, 'we are your spiritual guardians, and we are obliged to prohibit your reading the Bible. Our reason is, that it is what they call crude food (*de la viande crue*); and one must have the stomach of a Protestant before he can digest it!'"

"At C. a missionary (priest), who had gathered a large concourse of people whilst preaching on the last day of Lent, made this announcement to them: 'Jesus Christ has no longer the power to forgive sins, having committed, once for all, his power to the church, and to the priests.'"

"At B——," says one of the colporteurs, "God privileged me to dis-

pose of four Testaments, of which three went into the house of the rector. The first time that I presented myself to him, he repulsed me; but the next time he conversed freely with me at the door of his house. At length I got the three copies introduced, and when I left him, he said to me, pressing my hand, 'Do not forget, the next time you pass this way, to come and see me.'" In another department, the colporteur says, "I have had the pleasure of finding a priest who devotes himself to the serious study of the word of God. Not only has he purchased twelve New Testaments, but he said to me that he hoped, from the beginning of the year, to set a-going a subscription of one sous per week for the work of colportage."

With such anecdotes this interesting report is full; those I have cited will suffice to give the reader a view of the nature of the work in which the agents of the society are engaged, the need there is for their labours, and the difficulties and encouragements which they meet with in their work.

Another department of this society's efforts comes under the head of "Evangelisation Extérieure," and consists of the exertions of ministers supported or aided by the society for the preaching of the gospel in the south of France. According to the report from which I have above quoted, the statistics of this part of their work stood thus at the time that report was tendered:—"One ordained minister in the department of Gard; two ministers and one evangelist in that of Drôme; one minister in Isere; three ministers, two evangelists, and one teacher in Saône et Loire; one minister in the Vosges, and one evangelist in Belgium: in all, ten ordained ministers, four evangelists, and one teacher." This body of functionaries they were preparing largely to increase.

For a society so catholic in its basis, so energetic in its operations, and so beneficent in its influence, it were superfluous to ask the approbation and the prayers of the pious reader.—*Dr. Alexander.*

ORIGIN OF A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Sir John Barrow, when referring to the incidents of his early life, says:

Just after leaving school, in a conversation with a young friend, we lamented that there was no such thing as a Sunday-school, for the benefit of poor children, and I suggested that we should propose one—but how? There was no newspaper—not even a printing press. We, however, drew up a plan, and I undertook to stick it up on the market cross, the night before market-day. We saw that it excited great attention; it was talked of; a person offered himself to undertake it; and it succeeded so well, that to the Ulverstone Sunday-school I and some of my family are at this time annual subscribers.

THE WOUNDED MONKEY.

The following affecting story, related in "A Month at Malvern," is enough to affect even the heart of a sportsman:

"The sports of the east are upon a larger scale than ours, more daring, and consequently more exciting; they seem exalted to the very height of butchery, and yet demand our admiration at the display of courage in man and beast.

"A relation of mine, always better satisfied at succeeding in his aim, than in the result of his shot, brought down a monkey from a high tree. The poor creature, mortally wounded, was able to catch at the branches as it fell; and having so reached the ground, —— was shocked to see it as large as a child of three years. He put away his gun, and hastened to it. The monkey, placing its hand on the wound, looked up into his face with an expression that seemed to imply, 'What have I ever done to you that you should kill me?' He took it in his arms, and tried to stop the bleeding; while the creature, growing weaker, yielded itself to the comfort that he gave:

> 'And the big round tears
> Chased one another down his innocent nose,
> In piteous course.'

"Still there was the expression of reproach, heightened by the misery of poor ——, who at that moment would have given much for the recovery of his victim. He then took it gently to a pool, to put a period to the protracted sufferings of nearly an hour, and exerted his resolution by immersing it in the water. Holding it during the brief struggle, he turned from the sight; but when all was still, and he ventured to look, there were the monkey's eyes wide open under the water, with the same sad, reproachful expression, and fixed upon his. From that day he never used his gun, and that hour's experience embittered his life."

Ladye-Place, A.D. 1688.

LADYE-PLACE.

THE old mansion of Hurley House, or Ladye-Place, (of which we give an engraving,) was situated about five miles from Maidenhead, on one of the most picturesque windings of the Thames, being four miles from Henley-on-Thames, and not far from the Oxford road. The view from the hills, above the village of Hurley, is very fine, and the houses are pleasantly situated in a valley, sheltered on both sides of the river by gently descending and well-wooded hills. As it is enjoyed, we are reminded of the words of Pope:

"My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays,
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity!
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not, chaos-like, together crush'd and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree:
Where waving groves and chequer'd scenes display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day:
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades;
Here, in full light the russet plains extend;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend:
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And, midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn."

The village of Hurley has an ancient and retired look; the houses are old, and partly constructed of timber, with deep porches and seats covered with mosses and vines, which contrast somewhat singularly with the small toll-house at the end of the village.

On the dissolution of the monasteries, it became the property of a family named Chamberlain, of whom it was purchased in the reign of queen Elizabeth, by Richard Lovelace, "a soldier of fortune," who went on an expedition against the Spaniards, under sir Francis Drake, and erected his mansion on the ruins of the ancient building, with the property he acquired in that enterprise.

The remains of the monastery might be traced in the numerous apartments, which, till a recent period, occupied the west end of the house. The vaults under the hall formed the burial-place, which formerly occupied the site; and an inscription on the floor records that "three bodies, in Benedictine habits, were found under the pavement." The ceiling of the vaults is about six feet and a half high; there is also a recess connected with the rooms.

At the period of the Revolution in 1688, these vaults became of great importance to the Orange party, as, from their perfect seclusion, they afforded a

suitable spot for the secret meetings of the so-called "conspirators." The Protestants considered the king to have lost all respect, and become the vassal of the overbearing monarch of France. The courts of Madrid and Vienna, having failed to gain over James to their side, were ready to favour any project against him; and it became a general axiom of state, that the downfall of this worst of the Stuarts was essential to the welfare and independence of Europe. The intrigues and by-paths by which a great change was effected, are well known in history. Count Zuleystein, who was sent as ambassador by the States to felicitate James upon the birth of a son, returned in a few weeks with an invitation, from a great number of noblemen and gentlemen, for the prince of Orange to come over with an armed force to call the legitimacy of the child in question, and redress the grievances of the nation. Officers of the army and navy, men in high civil trusts and employment, even personal friends and favourites of the king, joined in the prayer to William, and every secret of the court and government was betrayed to the prince and his emissaries. Even Sunderland, seeing the inevitable convulsion, prepared for his own safety by betraying his master. Russell, Herbert, and Mordaunt were soon on the side of the prince, and the earl of Shrewsbury threw up his regiment, mortgaged his estates for 40,000*l.*, and offered his sword and money to William.

Fletcher of Saltoun, who had been serving as a volunteer in Hungary, hastened to Holland, to be ready with his sword and his counsels; and, generally, the Protestant lords, who had been obliged to fly to the continent, joined the prince with reviving hopes that, through his means, they might recover their property and their homes, and restore liberty and Protestantism to their country. A regular correspondence was maintained between London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and the Hague, under the superintendence of many of the nobility; but to few was William indebted more than to the lord and lady Churchill, who had tasted, to an unusual degree, of James' favour and bounty. Henry Sidney, brother of Algernon, Hampden, and others, who had felt the weight of the perverted laws, determined to run one more risk, and were active and eager, like men who knew this must be their last effort. Secret meetings were held in various places, and, among others, one of the most important was at Hurley House. Here the great movers of the revolution held their secret consultations, and signed the papers transmitted to the prince of Orange.

The plan went on till ripe for execution, under a variety of favourable circumstances which occurred on the continent, while at home there was almost an unanimous feeling of impatience at the tyranny of the government. An army and a fleet were collected under appearances which deceived both the French and English kings; while the attempts made to apprize James of his danger were unsuccessful; and it is said that Sunderland, who had command of the foreign correspondence, purposely prevented any information being communicated to the king. Every recourse was had to a deception which cannot be too greatly deprecated; and it has been well observed, that "in this glorious revolution nothing was glorious but the result."

With this all are acquainted. The nobility who had assisted William received rewards proportioned to the advantages they had rendered, and lord Lovelace had the post of captain of the band of gentlemen. The circumstances are stated in an inscription on the walls of the vaults of Hurley House. It runs thus:

"Dust and ashes,
"Mortality and vicissitude to all.

"Be it remember'd, that the Monastery of Lady-Place, (of which this vault was the burial cavern,) was founded at the time of the great Norman Revolution; by which revolution the whole state of England was changed:

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt?

"Be it also remember'd, that in this place, six hundred years afterwards, the Revolution of 1688 was begun. This house was then in the possession of the family of lord Lovelace; by whom private meetings of the nobility were assembled in the vault; and it is said that several consultations for calling in the prince of Orange were held in this recess; on which account this vault was visited by that powerful prince after he had ascended the throne."

Other facts are then stated:

"Be it also remember'd, that on the 29th of May, 1780, this vault was visited

by general Paoli, commander of the Corsicans in the revolution of that island.

"Be it also remember'd,
that this Place was visited by
their Majesties KING GEORGE
the third, and QUEEN
CHARLOTTE, on Monday,
the 14th of November,
1785."

The prodigality of lord Lovelace was so great, that he was ultimately obliged to sell a great part of his estates, under a decree of Chancery, to pay his debts, and Hurley House is said then to have passed into the hands of an attorney, on behalf of himself and his clients. The manor was purchased for the family of Greeve; it then became the property of the duke of Marlborough, and subsequently of lord viscount Ashbrook, in right of his lady. Meanwhile part of the old chapel, or refectory, was converted into stables, the windows of which were of chalk, and though made in the Conqueror's time, they appeared very recently as fresh as if they were of modern workmanship.

The hall was extremely spacious, occupying nearly half the extent of the house. The grand saloon was decorated in a singular style, the panels being painted with upright landscapes, the leafings of which were executed with a kind of silver lacker. The views appeared to be Italian, and were reported as the work of Salvator Rosa, purposely executed to embellish this apartment. The receipt of the painter is said to have been in the possession of a late resident. F.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

BUT few that saw it will ever forget the Aurora (or Northern Light) which occurred in the winter of 1836-7. It was pronounced at the time the most brilliant and general that had been seen by any living man. It was not confined, as it usually is, to the northern section of the heavens. The whole horizon was illumined by arches of fiery hue, from which columns and sheaves of light, of the most variegated and beautiful colours, shot up towards the zenith, forming there a fiery coronet of the most transcendent beauty. The agitation of these columns and sheaves was sometimes very great. On a sudden these agitations would cease, and the light would die away, and the heavens would resume their wonted appearance; but in a moment these columns would shoot up again in increased size, and with greater splendour, giving an appearance of brilliancy and grandeur to the heavens which called forth the loud acclamations of the admiring beholders. For some weeks previous the earth had been covered with a deep snow, which a cold frost had made to sparkle with a peculiar brilliancy; and such was the effect upon it of the aurora, that streets, fields, and houses looked as if they were covered with blood. This remarkable phenomenon only disappeared from the sky as the morning light began to dawn.

Not long afterwards I observed, on Sabbath evening, and on the evening of the weekly service, in a corner of my lecture-room, a female who was a stranger to me, and, obviously, to the place. Her attention was marked; her attendance became regular. Weeks passed away without my knowing who she was. I received a request to visit a family where was a woman anxious about her soul. As I entered the door, I was met by the stranger I had seen in the lecture-room. I was favourably impressed by her subdued and respectful manner, her great frankness and candour, and her deep solicitude to know the way to be saved. Taking my seat by her side, and after hearing her account of her feelings, I asked her if she understood the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ. Her reply was, "I am afraid I do not."

"Then, madam," said I, "will you permit me to explain it to you in a brief and simple manner?"

"That," said she, "is the very thing I want you to do."

"Well, then," said I, addressing her personally, and applying every word to herself, "you are a sinner in heart and in life. God is angry with you every day. Every sin you have ever committed deserves eternal banishment from God. So that you deserve to die as often as you have sinned. From the guilt and punishment of sin you cannot relieve yourself; nor can man or angel relieve you; nor can baptism or the Lord's supper, or any other rite, relieve you. And such is the nature of your sin, and of the justice and government of God, that you cannot be saved unless law and justice are satisfied for the many sins you have committed."

I stopped a moment to see the effect of all this upon her mind. Looking at me with a tearful eye, she replied in a sub-

dued tone, "I feel all this in my soul. My fear of the anger of God, which my sins have kindled, is so great, that I cannot sleep or eat. My tears flow day and night."

"But," said I, "there is a way of escape from the guilt and the punishment of sin. You are a sinner; and Jesus Christ has died for sinners. He bore the sins of all who ever have, or ever will believe upon him, in his own body on the tree. The law requires us to be righteous, in order to enter heaven; and Christ Jesus is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believes upon him. If you feel yourself to be a sinner, you have nothing to do but to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ in order to be saved. If you repent of sin, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ—if you believe what Jesus teaches, if you do as he commands—if now, without a moment's delay, you can trust your soul and its concerns in the hands of Jesus Christ, without waiting until you are either better or worse, he will certainly save you; for he says, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

With her bright and beaming eye fixed upon me, she drank in every word that I uttered; and when I concluded, she promptly replied, "This is just the way that suits my case." "Are you willing now," said I, "to believe in Christ, to cast yourself upon the merits of his atonement, to take him to be your Saviour from all sin?" "Yes," said she, with the eagerness of a drowning man catching hold of the boat sent out to his rescue, "yes, I take him now to be my Saviour; I cast myself now upon the merits of his atonement."

I prayed with her. When we arose from our knees her whole expression was changed, and a new song was put into her mouth. I felt there was a new trophy to redeeming grace and love before me.

I now felt greatly desirous to know something about her history, the leading incidents of which she gave me with great frankness. She was born and educated a Roman Catholic. Though well educated, she was on the subject of religion extremely ignorant. Although now in mid-life, and the mother of children, all the attention she ever gave to her soul was to go to mass and to confession; and even that she had given up for years, convinced of their utter worthlessness. And up to the evening of the aurora borealis she never had a conviction of her sinfulness. With thousands of others she gazed upon the brilliant heavens, and the apparently crimsoned earth. The thought of the final conflagration, and of her utter unfitness to meet that dread scene, seized her mind, and she retired to her room deeply impressed with the greatness of God, and her own sinfulness and ingratitude. Then was made the first of those impressions which resulted in her conversion.

Her husband was a Frenchman, of Protestant parentage, but utterly regardless of religion. When he returned home, on the evening of the day of my visit, she told him of my conversation with her, and its effects upon her mind and heart. She read to him from the Bible, and prayed with him. With his consent she erected the family altar. Her fidelity to him, and her deep anxiety for his salvation, created some restiveness, and he refused to hear her. In the deepest distress she sought my advice. I told her to increase her supplications for him in private, but to do nothing that would fret his mind, as that would be to defeat her great object. She retired, resolved to follow my advice.

Some weeks had passed away without my knowing anything of what was going on in this little family. On a sabbath-evening, after a day of peculiar solemnity in the house of the Lord, and when with a dejected spirit I was thinking that I had spent my strength for nought, she appeared in my study with her husband. She narrated her conversation and prayers with him, and he frankly confessed his opposition of heart to her change of mind, and especially to her conduct towards him in pressing religion upon him on all occasions. "But," said he, "her prayers and tears have broken my heart."

"I told John," said she, "that if you would tell him what you told me, he would love God too, and that he would feel better in his mind and heart. I have strove to tell him all, but he does not understand me well enough, and I wish you to tell him about Jesus Christ." After hearing with intense interest their narratives as to each other's conduct, I spread out before John the plan of salvation, essentially as I had done a few weeks previous before his wife. When I got through, I asked him, "How does this plan appear to you?" His reply was, "It is the very one for me—I can now most cordially embrace it." I prayed with them, and when we rose from our

knees John seemed a changed man. Before he left my study he felt that he could rejoice in Christ as his Saviour.

Not long after, they professed their faith in Christ, and although for years beyond the bounds of my ministry, I believe they yet live to adorn that profession; and their conversion may be traced up, as a means under God, to the aurora borealis.

How plainly this narrative teaches the following truths:

The means of God, for impressing the minds of sinners, and leading them to himself for pardon and salvation, are exhaustless.

A clear understanding of the plan of salvation through a Saviour—of its freeness and fulness—of its sovereign efficacy when truly relied on, is the only sure way of securing peace to the anxious sinner.

How important that the believing wife should labour for the salvation of the unbelieving husband; and the believing husband for that of the unbelieving wife!

A word to the reader of this narrative. Are you a careless sinner? If the aurora so impressed the mind of this woman, what will be your impressions when the elements shall melt with fervent heat?—when the earth, with all that it contains, shall be consumed? Are you an anxious sinner? Then Jesus died for sinners; and he died for you, because you are a sinner. To be saved, you have only to believe upon him. Are you a Christian? Then rise from the perusal of this narrative with the resolution to labour for the conversion of some soul, as this woman laboured for the conversion of her husband, and yours may not be a starless crown.—*American Messenger.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON PREPARING FOR A JOURNEY.

Who has not prepared for a journey? Who has not passed through the different degrees of excitement which a prospect of leaving home, and an expectation of gazing on new and distant scenes, are accustomed to call forth? At first the intention is not fully entertained; it has merely occurred to the mind, or been suggested by a friend, but after a while the plan is more mature, the determination is strengthened, and the intended journey becomes a settled thing.

To an attentive observer it is not uninteresting to trace the varied emotions which an intended journey awakens in the minds of youth and age, for these emotions are very different. Youth looks onward with ardour and impatience. The nearer the holiday, or the excursion, or the journey, the greater the anxiety that it may arrive. Thus it is ever with youth, but rarely is it the same with age.

It is one thing for him who has grey hairs on his head to anticipate a long journey at some future day, and another to contemplate it as almost at hand; for in the latter case, that which was agreeable, frequently becomes adventurous. The love of ease, the disinclination for change, and the caution and fears of age, have a tendency to represent the undertaking as something formidable. The resolution wavers; not one, but a hundred "lions" appear to be "in the way," and almost is the rash enterprise abandoned.

As the day of departure approaches yet nearer, and becomes inevitable, this caution and these fears increase, so that the affair creates something like alarm. Shadowy thoughts and foreboding anticipations intrude—coach accidents, railroad disaster, and wrecks at sea, flit across the memory; a hurried glance is given on the dear ones around: "What, if an accident should take place—what if"—and here the mind reins up itself with an—"Ah, well!"—and takes refuge in some active duty to dispel its fears. The young may laugh at these unseasonable apprehensions; but tell me, my aged friends, if I do not faithfully describe your emotions?

There is a growing importance in an intended journey, and it becomes by degrees more and more the subject of conversation. However quiet it may have been kept at first, afterwards it is freely made known. We make ourselves, as it were, the centre of a circle, rise in our own estimation, and expect attention and help from every body.

The day of departure is a day of bustle. What brushing of clothes, and folding of linen! What piling up of cravats and pocket-handkerchiefs! What opening and shutting of drawers! What hurrying to and fro, and calling for paper and string! What packing of boxes! What contrivances to get in this and that! and what regrets at being constrained to leave out the others! At last all is right, and the large trunk is ready for cording.

No, alas! all is wrong, for the razors, now required for use, instead of being at the top, are at the bottom; a clothes-brush is in the box, instead of being in the carpet bag; and where the map and guide-book are, no one can tell. The great trunk, so beautifully packed as it was, must again give up its contents, and once more the carpet-bag be opened.

How alive we are to our own comfort in preparing for a journey! We make inquiries, provide ourselves with all sorts of conveniences, choose the best route, adopt the safest mode of conveyance, carefully calculate distances and expenses, and leave nothing undone that can contribute to our ease and satisfaction. Whether our enterprise be one of pleasure, profit, or information, it absorbs our thoughts, it mingles with all our concerns, and we enter into it with all our hearts.

And here the thought naturally enough occurs to the mind, while thus we make preparation for moving to and fro in this world, are we equally anxious in preparing for the great journey to another? This question is not the less important, because it is common-place. To pack up a few necessaries for time is one thing, to wind up our worldly affairs for eternity is another. It is a strange, a sad, a fearful mistake, to make preparation for life, and neglect preparation for death; to prepare for the comfort of the body, and altogether overlook the comfort of the soul. If, then, we ask, What does the perishable frame require when preparing for a common journey?—let us not evade the question—What will the immortal spirit require when preparing for the great journey of eternity? It will require peace, even the peace of God that passes understanding. It will require hope, even the hope that maketh not ashamed. It will require faith in Jesus Christ, who died for sinners; and it will require joy, even joy and peace in believing.

I speak feelingly on the subject of preparing for a journey, for it is applicable to my own case. It so happens that a fit, which came upon me some time ago, to see the Highlands of Scotland, is now at its height, and is only to be allayed by the sight of Loch Lomond, the scent of the mountain heather, and the sound of the Falls of Aberfeldy:

"The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws
The birks of Aberfeldy.

"The hoary cliffs are crown'd with flowers;
White o'er the linn the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy."

In my youthful days I read much, thought much, and talked much, of bonnie Scotland, longing to linger on her heath-clad hills; and once wandered from my onward course into Dumfries, for the mere delight of putting my foot in the "Land of the Thistle." It seems but as yesterday, that I first took up young Macpherson's poems, called "Ossian's Poems," and revelled in their wild contents. How well do I remember the glowing language in Fingal, that inflamed my foolish fancy, and set my pulse beating ardently in my veins: "Where are my friends in battle? The companion of my arm in danger? Where art thou, white-bosomed Cathbat? Where is that cloud in war, Duchomar? And hast thou left me, O Fergus! in the day of the storm? Fergus first in our joy at the feast; Son of Rossa! Arm of death! Comest thou like a roe from Malmor—like a hart from the echoing hills? Hail, thou son of Rossa! What shades the soul of war?

"Four stones," replied the chief, "rise on the grave of Cathbat. These hands have laid in earth Duchomar, that cloud in war. Cathbat, thou son of Torman, thou wert a sun-beam on the hill. And thou, O valiant Duchomar, like the mist of marshy Lano, when it sails over the plains of autumn, and brings death to the people! Morna! thou fairest of maids! calm is thy sleep in the cave of the rock. Thou hast fallen in darkness, like a star that shoots athwart the desert when the traveller is alone, and mourns the transient beam. Say, said Semo's blue-eyed son, say how fell the chiefs of Erin? Fell they by the sons of Lochlin, striving in the battle of heroes? Or what confines the chiefs of Cromla to the dark and narrow house?"

Well, too, can I remember how I was affected by the works of Burns, and the Ettrick Shepherd, and the Noctes Ambrosianæ, in Blackwood's Magazine, and the popular lines of Scott, the "Wizard of the North," beginning with the couplets,

"O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."

Their influence was great upon me, and I yearned to get among the Buchanans and the Camerons, the clan Stuarts and clan Ranalds, the Mackenzies and

the MacPhersons of the Highlands. How strange, that the romantic desires of youth should be gratified in years, and that the grey-headed man should climb those mountain-tops, that the fair-haired boy sighed in vain to ascend! Well! there is yet in me much that is adventurous; and those who may meet the "old man" on the hills will hardly give him credit for the elasticity of his foot, or the warmth of his affections. Scotchmen, I feel as a friend, and no "chiel amang ye takin notes" shall fling on you and your bonnie land a freer blessing than that which shall be poured upon you from your highest hills, by the lips and the heart of Old Humphrey.

What hard work it is to pick up a little rail-road information! It may be that I over-estimate my own ability; but never yet did I look over a railroad paper, purporting to set forth the departures and arrivals of first, second, and third-class carriages, with their several fares, without thinking that I could have given the information in a much more intelligible shape. These papers, to me, are, for the most part, sad puzzle-pegs; for seldom can I find what I want without great difficulty, if I find it at all. It was only the day before yesterday that I lost a full hour in poring over railroad papers, without obtaining the information I required. The fearful array of titles, Great Western, Great Northern, London and South Western, London and North Western, Eastern Counties, Great North of England, Northern Counties Union, Northern and Eastern, and twenty others, together with the complicated columns attached, studded with figures, arrows, stars, lines, dots, and spaces, absolutely bewilder me; and glad am I when any one is at hand, to whom they are more intelligible than they are to me, to satisfy my inquiries.

Making preparation for a journey suited me much better years ago than it does now—for my body could then better sustain the ardour of my mind. My imagination is still as active as ever: why, even in the last few moments, standing at the window, in fancy I have roamed through the Trosachs, mused in gloomy Glencoe, revelled at Loch Katrine, ascended the mighty Ben Nevis, gazed delighted on the boundless prospect around, lingered till after sunset on the mountain, lost myself in the fog, and taken shelter for the night in a shepherd's shieling. Even now, I am again on the wings of imagination. Loch Vennachar's silver flood is before me. Benledi rises by its side—and here is the muster-place of Clan Alpine, where, at the shrill whistle of Roderic Dhu,

"Instant through copse and heath arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The braken bush sends forth the dart;
The rushes and the willow wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife."

But see! early as it is, the sun is shining in the skies, the clock has struck five; my corded trunk and carpet-bag are placed ready in the hall. I have hastily breakfasted, a cab has just driven up to the door, and in three minutes I shall be off for the Highlands!

PATIENCE AND PRAYER.

Our patience is our crown, and others' conversion. Eusebius, from Clement, reporteth, that when a wretched accuser had brought St. James to condemnation, seeing his Christian fortitude, he was so touched in his conscience, confessed himself a Christian, so was taken to execution with him, where earnestly beseeching St. James to forgive him, he, after a little pause, kissed him, and said—Peace to thee, brother! and they were beheaded together. Oh! blessed patience, which not only gets honour to ourselves, but brings others to salvation, and, in all, glorifies God!

Prayer.—This was the apostles' refuge in the time of affliction, Acts iv. 24. Bernard, in a fiction, doth excellently express this necessity, and enforce this duty. He supposeth the kings of Babylon and Jerusalem (by whom he means the world and the church) to be at war one against the other. During this hostility, a soldier of Jerusalem fled to the castle of Justice. Siege was laid to this castle, and a multitude of enemies environed and intrenched it round. There lies near this soldier a faint-hearted coward called Fear. This speaks nothing but discomfort; and when Hope would step in to give some courage, Fear thrusts her out of doors. While these two opposites, Fear and Hope, stand debating, the Christian soldier resolves to appeal to the direction of Sacred Wisdom, who was chief counsellor to the captain of the castle, Justice. Hear Wisdom speak: Dost thou know, saith she, that the God

whom we serve is able to deliver us? Is he not the Lord of hosts? even the Lord mighty in battle? We will despatch a messenger to him with information of our necessity. Fear replies,—What messenger? Darkness is on the face of the world. Our walls are begirt with an armed troop, which are not only as strong as lions, but also as watchful as dragons. What messenger can either escape through such a host, or find the way into so remote a country? Wisdom calls for Hope, and chargeth her with all speed to despatch away her old messenger. Hope calls to Prayer, and says,—Lo, here a messenger speedy, ready, trusty, knowing the way. Ready: you can no sooner call her than she comes. Speedy: she flies faster than eagles, as fast as angels. Trusty; what embassage soever you put in her tongue, she delivers with faithful secrecy. She knows the way to the throne of mercy; and never faints till she comes to the chamber of the royal presence.

Prayer hath her message. Away she flies, borne on the sure and swift wings of Faith and Zeal, Wisdom having given her a charge, and Hope a blessing. Finding the gate shut, she knocks, and cries, Open, ye gates of righteousness, and be ye open, ye everlasting doors of glory! that I may enter, and deliver to the King of Jerusalem my petition. Jesus Christ hears her knock, opens the gate of mercy, attends her suit, promiseth her infallible comfort and redress. Back returns Prayer, laden with the news of consolation. She hath a promise, and she delivereth it into the hands of Faith,—that were our enemies more innumerable than the locusts in Egypt, and more strong than the giants, the sons of Anak, yet Power and Mercy shall fight for us, and we shall be delivered. Pass we, then, through fire and water—through all dangers and difficulties, yet we have a Messenger holy, happy, accessible, acceptable to God, that never comes back without comfort—Prayer.—*Adams, of Wintringham.*

APPEARANCES OF NATURE.

OCTOBER.

The associations which autumn brings to the minds of many, are full of interest. The young are more pleased with the cheerful,—they love the happiness of mirthful spring, or the glorious profusion of summer; but those more advanced in life, probably enjoy autumn as much as any period of the year. Nor is the importance of association to be underrated; for, while it sometimes causes dissatisfaction or pain, at others it is the occasion of much that is delightful and improving. Let a spot be visited, connected with which there are mournful considerations, and the beauty, the sublimity, or the grandeur of the scene may be lost, as varied emotions of past scenes oppress the spirit: but let another place be sought, where, with the satisfaction which the mind experiences as it dwells on the thousand beauteous objects around, there is mingled the delightful retrospect of past happiness; and he, who places his confidence in God, will not fail to find a solace in circumstances of trial, and to experience an enjoyment pure in its source and improving in its influence:

"O Nature! all thy seasons please the eye
Of him who sees a Deity in all.
It is His presence that diffuses charms
Unspeakable, o'er mountain, wood, and stream—
To think that He, who rolls yon solar sphere,
Uplifts the warbling songsters to the sky;
To mark His presence in the mighty bow
That spans the clouds, as in the tints minute
Of finest flower; to hear his awful voice
In thunder speak, and whisper in the gale;
To know and feel his care for all that lives;—
'T is this that makes the barren waste appear
A fruitful field, each grove a paradise.
Yes! place me 'mid far stretching woodless wilds,
Where no sweet song is heard; the heath-bell there
Would soothe my weary sight, and tell of Thee."

When the mind is thus attuned—and it is only under such circumstances that Nature is fully appreciated—the eye dwells with delight on every object that appears, and the ear revels in every sound of rural melody. There may be no spacious solitudes of unploughed and untrodden valleys; no lofty mountain lifting its pinnacling embattlements high in the blue vault of heaven, where the echoes of the eagle's scream or the cataract's roar is heard: yet the humblest objects and the simplest intonations, when mingled with the charms of association, produce emotions which fill the mind with delight. The murmuring of the waters, the whispering wind, the sound of the undulating corn, the lowing of cattle, or the tinklings of the sheep-bell, are sounds which, though destitute of particular interest in themselves, are yet full of interest.

The winds of autumn now mournfully sigh through the grove, and seem to reciprocate the feelings of those who lament

the decline of the year. Yet how many are ready to say with the poet:

"I love that moaning music which I hear
In the bleak gusts of autumn, for the soul
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere;
And in sublime, mysterious sympathy,
Man's bounding spirit ebbs and swells more high."

But, presently, the gentle winds will change, and as they strip leaves from the rustling branches, and toss them high in air, they seem as though glorying in the destruction they occasion; and, at length, as autumn mingles with winter, they hurry on with suddenness and fury, sometimes tearing away the strongest branches of the knotty oak, or hurling to the ground the trunk of one that has long tenanted the forest or the grove. Many love not such scenes, for they indicate their own decay; but if the mind be taught of God, it fears not to dwell on the prospect of the future: a good hope, through grace, bears it aloft as on the pinions of an eagle, and it contemplates either the recurrence of the beauteous reign of another year, or the peaceful exchange of "the things which are seen and temporal" for those which are "unseen and eternal."

The naturalist must now avail himself of every opportunity to observe the beauties that appear around, ere mellow autumn has declined into the barrenness and storms of winter. As he lingers by the river side, he will see the fading leaves falling on the water's bosom, and gently wafted away to be no more seen. Still the plants on the brink appear flourishing, the fish are sporting at the gravelly bottom, the rustic bridge invites the steps, and, as he passes onward, though indubitable signs appear of the declining beauty of vegetation, yet the varied and often rich tints presented by the landscape, as they gleam through the mists of autumn, with so much of chastened splendour and serene and sober loveliness, soothingly remind the beholder that the beauties of later summer are not yet gone.

The tints and hues of forest trees give, too, at this period an unsurpassed interest to the landscape. The appearance of the oak is varied according to circumstances and age; some seem almost in a summer dress, others wear a garb of dusky green, while a few have assumed a robe of russet hue. Pollard-oaks, as well as young beeches, sometimes retain their foliage during the winter, till the young leaves come; but it has been well remarked, that the fall of the leaf indicates the life of the tree, not its death; for were the latter the case, the leaves would adhere to, and die on the branches, but in the natural fall of the foliage, the sap retreats to the root, and by the contraction of its vessels, produces that remarkable change which is so characteristic of the present season. The planes and sycamores display every variety of tinge from a bright yellow to a brilliant red; the appearance of the elms depends on their age and the weather, and the beeches have deepened into a warm glowing brown:

"I saw the woods and fields at close of day,
A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded, and the lands, where lately waved
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturned so lately by the golden share.
I saw, far off, the weedy fallow smile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His favourite herb; while all the leafless groves
That skirt the horizon wore a sable hue,
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve."

As for the hedge-rows, though they have lost most of their flowers, yet many are spread out for the wintry food of the birds:

"The ruddy haws
Now clothe the half-leaved thorn; the bramble bends
Beneath its jetty load; the hazel hangs
With auburn branches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
The leaf-strewn banks."

The red hips of the wild rose; the dark purple branches of the luxuriant blackberry; the brilliant scarlet and green berries of the nightshade; the blue sloes, covered with their tempting bloom; the beautiful clusters of the berries of the guelder-rose; the opaque fruits of the briony; the orange-tinted branches of the mountain ash; and the rose-coloured fruits of the spindle-tree, form a variety of interesting objects which cannot fail to elicit admiration. The ivy, as it mantles over the old ruin, or climbs around the rough sides of the yew, displays also many a cluster of green blossoms, from which the bees extract the sweets. This picturesque plant softens the features of many a rude and uncouth building, and gives additional interest to ruined turrets and arches. Nor does it lose its charm by the severity of winter, for many an old gateway, a rustic bridge, or church tower is adorned with its graceful mantle. Uninjured, apparently, by the varied temperature of different climes, it has been thus addressed:—

"Thou o'er the shrines of fallen gods,
On classic plains, dost mantling spread,
And veil the desolate abodes
And cities of the dead;
Deserted palaces of kings,
Arches of triumph, long o'erthrown;
And all once-glorious earthly things,
At length are thine alone."

A stray sprig of honeysuckle may still be gathered; the strawberry tree, gay with greenish white flowers, suspends them among its thick evergreen foliage like waxen bells; the shepherd's spikenard shows its yellow star-shaped flower and hairy leaves on the long stalks by which they are supported on the chalky or clayey pastures on which it abounds. The second bloom of the purple violet is also detected under its broad canopy of leaves, and the pretty bright yellow flower of the dwarf greenwood does not fail to be admired. Even the hare or heath-bell has not entirely left us, and its blue petals dance on the hill-side and the down land with every breeze that passes.

The duration of the beauties of the waning year depends much on the weather, and though they sometimes vanish in October, a fine autumnal scene is occasionally observable in the beginning of November, when we

"Catch the last smile
Of autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods."

But though many of the charms of the landscape have departed, before the rigour of winter set in, there are often days of such delightful temperature that the weariness of winter is hardly to be realized. Thomson thus describes a day of this kind:

"The morning shines
Serene, in all it dewy beauties bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
O'er all the soul its sacred influence breathes,
Inflames imagination, through the breast
Infuses every tenderness, and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought."

But the chilly morn and hasty twilight remind us of the close of summer scenes, and that fair autumn's mellow reign will soon be ended:

"The flush of the landscape is o'er,
The brown leaves are shed on the way,
The dye of the lone mountain flower
Grows wan, and betokens decay;
The spring in our valleys is born,
Like the bud that it fosters, to die,
Like the transient dews of the morn,
Or the vapour that melts in the sky."

The feathered races undergo considerable change during this month. The swallow tribes leave the country, following the swift, who disappeared a month ago; and now the house and sand martin, after congregating in vast flocks about the banks of rivers and other places, are seen no more till spring re-appears. If one or two are seen during the warm days that sometimes occur, we regret their presence; for they are strangers and wanderers, and convey to the mind the idea of a desolateness which is by no means pleasant. In exchange for the loss that has been sustained, flocks of fieldfares and redwings arrive, accompanied by snipes, woodcocks, and several of the tribes of waterfowl.

A remarkable assemblage of swallows took place at Rotherham in the year 1815, and the vicar of that place informs us of the circumstances attending this immense concourse: "Gradually collecting together, they formed a vast flock, comprising more than could possibly be numbered, and such as to impress the mind with the idea that the whole of the swallow race had been collected together. Arising every morning, their masses darkened the air, and then falling into different divisions they flew in various directions, returning as evening approached, and continuing the assemblage till it was nearly dark. In the interval they went through a thousand aerial evolutions, as if strengthening their pinions in these playful feats for the long journey before them, while the countless sounds that twittered forth from their little throats, impressed all who heard with a conviction of their happiness. The notes of those who had already gained the willows sounded like the murmur of a distant waterfall, or the roar of the retreating billow on the sea-beach." At length the mighty army broke up its encampments, and covering the sky with its legions, they took their trackless course, directed by an unerring guide.

The swallow appears to be a general favourite. Sir Humphrey Davy declared that it rivalled the nightingale, for it cheered his sight as much as the other did his sense of hearing. "He is the glad prophet," said he, "of the year—the harbinger of the best season: he lives a life of enjoyment amongst the loveliest forms of nature: winter is unknown to him; and he leaves the green meadows of England, in autumn, for the myrtle and orange groves of Italy, and for the palms of Africa." The soft and sweet warble of the swallow has often pleased us on a summer's eve, nor have we failed to notice the attention it pays to its young; yet the law of migration is so powerful, that these birds have been

known to desert their offspring, and leave them to perish in their nests.

As the evenings contract, the clear, bright flame of the fire is sought, and many pleasures connected with wintry scenes are renewed; and where unity and love preside in the family, the pure and highest enjoyments of home are experienced. Here instructive occupations strengthen the intellectual powers, and elevate the tastes, while innocent recreation will enliven and gratify the mind.

"The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still;
Beguile the night."

As the month hastens to a close, little will now be experienced of the warmth of the sun, and the effects on nature will be proportionate in the exchange of verdant beauty for barrenness. No longer will the trees be seen rich in blossom, or gay with verdure; the magnificence of summer, displayed in a thousand variations of colour, whose richness was relieved by the beautiful green of the meadows and waving groves, is no more; the purple hue of the vine is gone, and the gilded ears no longer adorn the landscape. The last leaves of the trees are now falling; the pines, the elms, and the oaks bend beneath the blast of the fierce wind; and the fields, which have lavished on us so many gifts, appear at length exhausted.

Yet in the midst of scenes in themselves tending to depress the mind below the position it ought to retain, we should not overlook the faithfulness with which nature fulfils the laws under which it is controlled. Though on the approach of winter, the country appears stripped of many of its most pleasing ornaments, it still affords reason for happiness. Gratitude will be excited as the mind dwells on the fact that the dry fields now appearing were covered with harvests—that the corn which delighted us has been gathered into the garner, to supply the wants of man and beast—and that though now the orchards and gardens are barren of fruit, multitudes enjoyed their rich and ample produce. The grass of the meadows is withered, dark clouds gather in the sky, and the rain falls in such heavy showers, as to impair the roads and render walking impracticable, but the man who appreciates nature as he ought, will find copious sources of pure gratification in the objects which remain, and especially in the consideration, that though the earth has lost many external beauties, yet its labours are being busily, though secretly plied for the future good of creation. F. S. W.

ENGLAND—A SKETCH.

"I HAVE been in England," says Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, "I have seen in her great manufacturing cities the miracles of that activity which covers the whole world with the productions of a petty island in Europe. In the ports of London, of Liverpool, and other places, I have gazed upon those floating isles, those thousands of masts which bear afar over every sea the riches and power of the nation. I have admired in Scotland a simple, energetic, and active people, ready to sacrifice everything rather than abandon Christ and his word. I have been present at the debates of the parliament of the three kingdoms, and I have admired that eloquence, which, not content with words, goes right to the heart of the matter, and impels the nation onwards in its great destinies. I have found everywhere, from the lower classes of the people to the exalted stations of nobles and princes, an enthusiastic love of liberty. I have wandered through those halls from which are conveyed to the four quarters of the world Bibles printed in every known language. I have prayed in the churches, and at the religious meetings have been transported by the powerful eloquence of the speakers and the acclamations of the audience. I have found in the families a morality comparatively greater than in other countries; and pious customs, both private and public, more generally prevalent. I have been struck with admiration at beholding the people of those islands encompassing the globe, bearing everywhere civilization and Christianity, commanding in the most distant seas, and filling the earth with the power and the word of God.

"At the sight of such prosperity and greatness, I said, 'Ascribe ye strength unto God; his excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds. O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places! the God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. . . . Blessed be God!' This is the work of the Re-

formation:—it is Protestantism and the evangelical faith which have so greatly exalted this nation, and given it such influence."

MY RAILWAY COMPANIONS.

No. II.

ANYTHING stirring in the political world this morning? How are they getting on in Spain and Portugal? How is the corn-market? How are the stocks? Any news from Mexico? Has the *Times* anything about the potato disease? What news from Ireland? And what was done in parliament last night? These are a few of the many questions which old Gundy is constantly putting to his fellow railway travellers, as he makes his transit from the country to the great metropolis.

I know old Gundy well. He is a man of substance; but though he could purchase one or more daily papers, he prefers picking up news by the way, to spending his money in purchasing intelligence. I am not certain, however, that he does not now and then take a railway ticket, in order that he may obtain the news of what is passing the world from his fellow-travellers. I am not aware, indeed, that he has business in London more than twice in the year, and that is when his dividends become due. If he has not, he certainly spends more money in travelling to pick up news, than would purchase a daily paper, by which he might obtain it in his parlour. Men often pay dear for their foibles, and I half suspect old Gundy is in this matter as the common proverb says, "Penny wise and pound foolish."

It is curious to observe with what pains old Gundy seeks the news of the world. If he sees a fellow-traveller with a paper in his hand, he is sure to follow him into the box he enters, close at his heels, and to take his seat by his side. In such instances there is no doubt he obtains the intelligence he requires; but sometimes there is no paper to be seen at our station, and then he enters a box at hazard, and seats himself by the passenger most likely to be able to satisfy his curiosity. But even then old Gundy shows his judgment, for he is sure to select one whom he considers to be a gentleman, thinking that such certainly reads the paper before he leaves home.

Sometimes, however, old Gundy is doomed to meet with disappointment. It was only the other morning that he placed himself by my side, and no sooner had the train started, than he began to ask his usual string of questions, and the following colloquy occurred:

"Anything stirring in the political world this morning, sir?"

"I am not aware that there is."

"How are they getting on in Spain and Portugal?"

"I have not heard."

"Do you know how the corn-markets were yesterday?"

"I really do not."

"Have the stocks improved?"

"And that I do not know."

"Is there any news from Mexico?"

"I am not aware that there is."

"Have you heard anything about the potato disease?"

"Nothing that can be depended upon; all I can say is, my own and my neighbour's, thanks to a gracious Providence, promise to be most abundant."

"Do you know what was done in Parliament last night?"

"I do not."

By this time old Gundy seemed uncomfortable. He had taken his seat by my side that he might obtain some news, and he found me ignorant as himself. His next question, however, I was able to answer satisfactorily. It was this:

"Have you seen the paper this morning?"

"I have not; and, to tell you the truth, I am not in the habit of reading the daily papers. My time is so precious, that I cannot spare any of it for such a purpose."

Old Gundy saw his case was hopeless, and, after eyeing me all over, he sat silent. There was no one on our side of the box likely to satisfy his curiosity, but he determined not to be disappointed, if possible. There was one at the other side who might know something more than I did, and no sooner had the train stopped, than he changed his seat and his companion.

Whether old Gundy was now satisfied I cannot say, as the clatter of the wheels and the snorting of the engine prevented my hearing. But thus much is certain, that he seemed more at home with his new companion. They talked with animation until we arrived at the terminus, while I sat ruminating on the folly of man. How eager, I thought, are men to

know what is passing in the world, and how much time do they spend in talking about that which brings them no profit. The things of time and sense engage their attention, to the utter neglect of those which belong to their eternal interests.

It is rare, indeed, that one meets with a companion, either by railway, or in the streets or highways, or by the fireside, who is half so earnest in inquiring the way to heaven, or about the things which belong to the salvation of the soul, as they are solicitous of knowing what is passing in the world. With what zest do men converse on passing, and even trifling events, but how coldly do they talk, at all, if they talk, on subjects connected with religion. Well has it been said that man is ignorant of his real greatness. In spite of all the preacher has said, in spite of all that has been written for the instruction of mankind, and

"In spite of all the truth the muse has sung,
Are there who wrap the world so close about them:
They see no farther than the clouds, and dance
On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,
Till, stumbling at a straw in their career,
Headlong they plunge where end both dance and song?
Are there on earth—let me not call them men—
Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;
Unconscious as the mountain of its ore,
Or rock of its inestimable gem?"

There are, and I am afraid old Gundy is one of them. He loves this world, and thinks not of that which is to come; that which should be uppermost in the thoughts, not only of himself, but of all mankind.

Old Gundy is not singular in his love of the world; he may display it in a different manner to many people, but the world is sufficient for most men. It seems especially sufficient for my neighbour, Mr. P—, for he displays his love of it in a manner still more marked than old Gundy.

Mr. P— is a constant traveller by the railway, and he never enters the train but for a specific purpose. He is going to London in order to seek an increase of wealth. Rich though he is, he still wants more. The heart, when set on riches, is never so happy as when seeking it; all that is in the coffers of the rich man, who has a love of money, does not give half the satisfaction to the mind, as does a single guinea gained to add to the store possessed.

Mr. P— is a large corn-factor, who is engaged from morning to night, from the first to the last day of the year, in buying and selling and getting gain. If old Gundy has ever asked him how the corn-market went, he could tell him to a fraction. There is not a market-town within many miles of his residence where his name is not known; and there is not a farmer who brings corn to these markets, of whom he has not purchased. He has gold at command for his purpose, and his granaries are large enough to contain a stock sufficient to astonish the beholder. If one could peep in them even in this time of dearth, there is no doubt but sack after sack would be seen heaped up therein. But why does he not open his granary-doors, and send his stock to market? Will he keep it till half of it is consumed by the rats and the mice? No, no; Mr. P— is too wise for that. He only waits till the markets are "up," and depend upon it, he will send it away again; and even to the very markets from whence he purchased it. This is his mode of living, and you cannot be in his company, even in a railway carriage, without discovering it. His one topic of conversation is the corn-market, and how happy have I seen him, on his return from Mark-lane, when, by a fortunate rise in the article of food, he has made some few more hundreds of pounds. At such seasons my fancy has left the railway-carriage with a speed swifter by far than the train passed on, and has roamed among the dwellings of the poor, not only in town, but in the country, and has seen faces on which want and sorrow were indelibly stamped. What a contrast between them and that of Mr. P—! it would almost seem that the lines of happiness once visible in their faces were transferred to his: that the happiness of many was concentrated into one. But I do not charge Mr. P— with cruelty; trade is a legitimate pursuit, and if conducted in an upright manner, may be pursued without injury to character or our eternal interests. I have no doubt he pursues it in this manner. He does not buy corn to throw away, or to keep it from the mouths of the community; he buys and sells it to get gold. But can gold bring solid happiness to man? Wealth is vanity:—

"High-built abundance, heaps on heaps! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
Then make a richer scramble for the throng.
Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long,
Almost by miracles, is tired with play,
Like rubbish from disploding engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly—
Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes.

New masters court, and call the former fool,
(How justly!) for dependence on their stay;
Wide scatter first our play-things, then our dust.
Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth how little mortals can enjoy:
At best it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust."
YOUNG.

Reader, make a wiser choice than Mr. P—. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal," Matt. vi. 19, 20. E. F.

PERILS OF THE SEA.

To prevent the ships separating during the fog, says sir J. C. Ross, referring to a cruise in the frozen waters, it was necessary to keep fast to the heavy piece of ice which we had between them as a fender. and with a reduced amount of sail on them, we made some way through the pack. As we advanced in this novel mode to the south-west, we found the ice became more open, and the westerly swell increasing as the wind veered to the N.W. at midnight, we found it impossible any longer to hold on by the floe piece. All our hawsers breaking in succession, we made sail on the ships, and kept company during the thick fog by firing guns, and by means of the usual signals. Under the shelter of a berg of nearly a mile in diameter, we dodged about during the whole day, waiting for clear weather, that we might select the best lead through the dispersing pack; but at 9 P.M. the wind suddenly freshened to a violent gale from the northward, compelling us to reduce our sails to a close reefed main-top-sail and storm stay-sails. The sea quickly rising to a fearful height, breaking over the loftiest bergs, we were unable any longer to hold our ground, but were driven into the heavy pack under our lee.

Soon after midnight our ships were involved in an ocean of rolling fragments of ice, hard as floating rocks of granite, which were dashed against them by the waves with so much violence that their masts quivered as if they should fall at every successive blow; and the destruction of the ships seemed inevitable from the tremendous shocks they received. By backing and filling the sails we endeavoured to avoid collision with the larger masses; but this was not always possible. In the early part of the storm, the rudder of the Erebus was so much damaged as to be no longer of any use; and about the same time I was informed by signal that the Terror's was completely destroyed, and nearly torn away from the stern-post. We had hoped that, as we drifted deeper into the pack, we should get beyond the reach of the tempest; but in this we were mistaken. Hour passed away after hour without the least mitigation of the awful circumstances in which we were placed. Indeed, there seemed to be but little probability of our ships holding together much longer, so frequent and violent were the shocks they sustained. The loud crashing noise of the straining and working of the timbers and decks, as she was driven against some of the heavier pieces, which all the activity and exertions of our people could not prevent, was sufficient to fill the stoutest heart, that was not supported by trust in Him who controls all events, with dismay. . . At 2 P.M. the storm gained its height, when the barometer stood at 28·40 inches, and after that time began to rise.

Although we had been forced many miles deeper into the pack, we could not perceive that the swell had at all subsided, our ships still rolling and groaning amidst the heavy fragments of crushing bergs, over which the ocean rolled its mountainous waves, throwing huge masses one upon another, and then again burying them deep beneath its foaming waters, dashing and grinding them together with fearful violence. The awful grandeur of such a scene can neither be imagined nor described; far less can the feelings of those who witnessed it be understood. Each of us secured our hold, waiting the issue with resignation to the will of Him who alone could preserve us, and bring us safely through this extreme danger; watching with breathless anxiety the effect of each succeeding collision, and the vibrations of the tottering masts, expecting every moment to see them give way without our having the power to make an effort to save them. Although the force of the wind had somewhat diminished by 4 P.M., yet the squalls came on with unabated violence, laying the ship over on her broadside, and threatening to blow the storm-sails to pieces: fortunately they were quite new, or they never could have withstood such terrific gusts.

At this time the Terror was so close to us, that when she rose to the top of one wave, the Erebus was on the top of that next to leeward of her; the deep chasm between them filled with heavy rolling masses; and as the ships descended into the hollow between the waves, the main-top-sail yard of each could be seen just level with the crest of the intervening wave, from the deck of the other: from this, some idea may be formed of the height of the waves, as well as of the perilous situation of our ships.

The night now began to draw in, and cast its gloomy mantle over the appalling scene, rendering our condition, if possible, more hopeless and helpless than before; but at midnight, the snow, which had been falling thickly for several hours, cleared away, as the wind suddenly shifted to the westward, and the swell began to subside; and although the shocks our ships still sustained were such that must have destroyed any ordinary vessel in less than five minutes, yet they were feeble compared with those to which we had been exposed, and our minds became more at ease for their ultimate safety. During the darkness of the night, and the thick weather, we had been carried through a chain of bergs which were seen in the morning considerably to windward, and which served to keep off the heavy pressure of the pack, so that we found the ice much more open, and I was enabled to make my way in one of our boats to the Terror, about whose condition I was most anxious, for I was aware that her damages were of a much more serious nature than those of the Erebus, notwithstanding the skilful and seamanlike manner in which she had been managed, and by which she maintained her appointed station throughout the gale. I found that her rudder was completely broken to pieces, and the fastenings to the stern-posts so much strained and twisted, that it would be very difficult to get the spare rudder, with which we were fortunately provided, fitted so as to be useful, and could only be done, if at all, under very favourable circumstances. The other damages she had sustained were of less consequence; and it was as great a satisfaction as it has ever been a source of astonishment to us to find that, after so many hours of constant and violent thumping, both the vessels were nearly as tight as they were before the gale. We can only ascribe this to the admirable manner in which they had been fortified for the service, and to our having their holds so stowed as to form a solid mass throughout.

THE BENEFIT OF CHRIST'S DEATH.

To the end that this point, wherein lieth and consisteth the whole mystery of our holy faith, may be understood the better, let us put the case, that some good and holy king cause the proclamation to be made through his whole realm by the sound of a trumpet, that all rebels and banished men shall safely return home to their houses, because that at the suit and desert of some dear friend of theirs it hath pleased him to pardon them; certainly none of those rebels ought to doubt of the obtaining of true pardon of his rebellion, but rather ought assuredly to return home to his house, to live under the shadow of that holy king. And, if he will not return, he shall bear the penalty of it, because that through his own unbelief he dieth in exile, and in the displeasure of his prince. But this good King is the Lord of heaven and earth; who, for the obedience and desert of our good brother, Jesus Christ, hath pardoned us all our sins, and, as we have said afore, hath made open proclamation through the whole world, that all of us may safely return into his kingdom. Wherefore he that believeth this proclamation doth straightways return into God's kingdom (whereout we were driven by the offence of our first parents,) and [is] blessedly governed by God's Holy Spirit. And he that giveth no credit to the said proclamation shall never enjoy the said general pardon, but for his unbelief's sake shall abide in banishment under the tyranny of the devil, and live and die in extreme misery, living and dying in the displeasure of the King of heaven and earth—and that justly. For we cannot commit a greater offence against this good God, than to account him as a liar and deceiver; which verily we do, in not giving credit to his promises.

Oh, how passing heavy is this deadly sin of unbelief! which, so far forth as is possible, bereaveth God of his glory and perfection; besides the great harm that it doth to a man's self, which is his own damnation and the endless torment of his soul, which the miserable conscience feeleth even in this life. But, on the contrary, he, that cometh unto God with assuredness of this faith, believing him

without any mistrust or doubt of his promises, and warranting himself for a certainty, that God will perform all that ever he hath promised him, giveth all the glory unto God,* and liveth continually in rest and endless joy, evermore praising and thanking the Lord God, for choosing him to the glory of the eternal life.

And hereof they have an assured earnest-penny and gage, that is to wit, the Son of God, whom they take for their most loving Bridegroom, the blood of whom hath made their hearts so drunken, that, through this passing holy belief, there is in the Christian heart engendered so lively a hope, and so certain a trust of God's mercy towards us, and such an operation is wrought in us, as we rest ourselves wholly upon God, leaving the whole care of us unto him in such wise, that, being thoroughly assured of God's good will, we are not afraid, neither of the devil, nor of his ministers, nor of death. Which holy and stedfast trust of God's mercy enlargeth our heart, cheereth it up, and with certain marvellous sweet affections directeth it unto God, filling it and setting it on fire with an exceeding fervent love. And therefore Paul encourageth us to "go with all boldness to the throne of grace;"† and he counselleth us that we should not shake it off, nor "make light of our trust, which hath great recompence and reward."‡

But this so holy and Divine affiance is gendered in our hearts by the working of the Holy Ghost, who is communicated unto us by faith, which never goeth without the love of God. And hereof it cometh that we be provoked to do good works with a certain liveliness and effectual cheerfulness; whereby we gather such a strength and inclination to do them, as we be throughly ready and forward to do and suffer all intolerable things for the love and glory of our most gracious and merciful Father; who hath enriched us with so abundant grace through Jesus Christ, and of his enemies made us his most dear children. This true faith is no sooner given a man, but he is by and by endued and imprinted with a certain violent love of good works, to yield right sweet and amiable fruits both unto God, and likewise to his neighbour, as a very good and fruitful tree. And it is no more possible that he should be otherwise, than it is possible that a faggot should be set on fire, and not cast light immediately.

This is the holy faith, "without the which it is unpossible that any man should please God,"* and whereby all the holy men, (as well of the Old Testament as of the New,) have been saved, according as St. Paul witnesseth of Abraham; concerning whom the Scripture saith, that "Abraham believed God, and it was reckoned to him for righteousness."† And therefore he saith a little before: "We believe that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law."‡ And in another place he saith: "So then in that time shall the remnant be saved, according to the election of grace; and, if they be saved by grace, then is it not by works; for then were grace no grace."‖ And to the Galatians he saith: "It is a manifest matter that no man becometh righteous before God by the law; because the righteous liveth by faith. And the law consisteth not in belief, but he that performeth the things that the law commandeth shall live by that performance."§ And further he saith, that "a man cannot become righteous by the deeds of the law, but only by believing in Jesus Christ." Again, a little after he saith that, "If a man can become righteous by the law, Jesus Christ died in vain."¶ Moreover to the Romans, making comparison between the righteousness of the law and the righteousness of the gospel, he saith that the one consisteth in the doing of works, and the other in believing: "For, if thou confess our Lord Jesus Christ with thy mouth, and believe in thy heart that God hath raised him up from death, thou shalt be saved. For the belief of the heart maketh a man righteous; and the confession of the mouth maketh him safe."** Lo! how this good teacher St. Paul showeth evidently, that faith maketh a man righteous without any works.—*Paleario's Benefit of Christ's Death, (in the press.)*

* 1 Cor. i. 31. † Heb. iv. 16. ‡ Heb. x. 35.

* Heb. xi. 6. † Rom. iv. 3. Gen. xv. 6. ‡ Rom. iii. 28. ‖ Rom. xi. 5, 6. § Gal. iii. 11, 12. Habak. ii. 4. ¶ Gal. ii 16, 21. ** Rom. x. 9, 10.

PRINCIPLES.

Our principles are the springs of our actions; our actions, the springs of our happiness and misery. Too much care, therefore, cannot be employed in forming our principles.—*Skelton.*

MY LODGERS.

No. VII.

Among the latest of my lodgers, though not the last, was a family whom I shall call Browne. This family consisted of a father and mother, and a son and daughter, with as many servants, more or less, as my readers may think were necessary to their comfort.

Mr. Browne had been a tradesman. If I had known this before my first negotiations with him, the probability is, that I should have refused to negotiate at all; for I had, somehow or other, acquired a most unworthy and contemptible contempt of persons who had debased themselves by the petty transactions of business. Professional *gentle*men, of course, were exempted from this sweeping condemnation; manufacturers were exempted also, provided they carried on their operations on a *large* scale; wholesale merchants were bearable—but retail tradesmen!—could any good thing come out of a *shop?*

But let this pass—it is one of the exploded fancies of a foolish and, in many respects, untaught woman of thirty years ago: nor would I have alluded to it, could I but hope that the fancy is equally a by-gone prejudice in the world around. But, alas! alas! pride, sinful pride; ignorance, perking ignorance, will have their sway; and though, as I think becomes me, I can but lift up my feeble voice, and point my well-nigh worn-out pen against the ridiculous foolery of a folly-steeped world, I doubt the utility of my feeble attempt. Nevertheless, O ye who scorn the industry of the *counter*—who prate of the inherent vulgarity of shopkeepers, shopmen, and apprentices—who shrink from contact with things so mean, and minds so contracted—take heed to yourselves, lest the growing intelligence and rapidly increasing enlightenment, and expanding mental vigour of *their* class, should outstrip, if it have not already outstripped, the ponderous inanity of your own; and outshine, if it do not already outshine, its boasted polish.

Do not, kind reader, accuse me of needlessly diverging from my marked-out path, in thus far condemning myself, that I once—although dependent upon lodgers for my daily bread—wrapped myself mightily close in the faded old cloak of *gentility;* and in thus far vindicating myself, that I have determinately thrown it aside, for the more becoming garb of a common humanity; having learned to say, with poor Burns,

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> A man's a man for all that."

The fact is, being about to lay bare a class weakness in my tradesman lodger, it is necessary—I think so, at least—to disclaim all sympathy with class-prejudices.

Mr. Browne, then, had been a London tradesman; had retired from business with a sufficient competency; and, for some reason unknown, had chosen our old-fashioned, quiet town, and my old-fashioned house, for his future home. He was well-advanced in years, grave in his deportment, and precise to a nicety in his dress. How, to the comprehension of the youth of these days, can the dress and toilet of an old-fashioned old gentleman (beau I should be loth to say, in this case of thirty years since,) be described? Think, my young friend, of a well-powdered head of hair, scanty on the crown, but extended behind into what is vulgarly called a pigtail; a complete suit of good broadcloth, as to material and as to colour resembling more than anything else within my present recollection, a dish of well-mingled strawberries and cream: think, also, of voluminous foldings of spotless muslin, innocent of starch, around the throat; a frill and ruffles of the purest cambric, shoes of the most intense polish; knee-buckles and shoe-buckles of massive gold; white stockings of the richest silk, and all unconscious of a darn;—think of these things, and you will have before you the gala habiliments of Mr. Browne.

But great would be your mistake, did you imagine that these outward decorations indicated a barren or an insignificant soul; they were things of habit, not of study. To know my lodger aright, and to respect his mental attainments, it was needful to listen from day to day to the outpourings of his well-stored mind, and to test the soundness of his judgment by actual experience; to appreciate his moral worth, it was equally necessary to witness his inflexible integrity, and his domestic virtues; and to decide upon his religious character, it was well first to observe the daily exercise of those characteristics of evangelical piety which

we are led to believe are "the fruits of the Spirit" of God.

And yet, with all these excellencies, there was one weakness, as I have before hinted, which at length turned a house of joy into a house of mourning, and brought down the grey hairs of a repenting parent with sorrow to the grave.

But before I enter upon this subject, I must needs bestow a few words upon my female lodger and her daughter. Conveniently enough for my space, a few words will suffice. Of all the men who ever lived in the world, Mr. Browne was, in the estimation of Mrs. Browne, the very best; his opinions, with her, had the weight of all kinds of authority; and his very infirmities (I should rather say infirmity) of temper, and the weak side of his character, were hallowed by her, and exalted into very virtues. This was one, and the principal characteristic of Mrs. Browne; after this, I need scarcely say that she was very considerably younger than her husband. For the rest, she was intelligent, though not learned, good tempered, diligent, and *rather* fussy. I soon got to like her, however; and though I did not reverence her husband quite to the extent of her desires, I showed sufficient respect to him to induce her to like me.

Kitty Browne was a delicate little thing of twelve years old; so delicate as to be considered a destined victim to consumption. It may be, that care for her health had induced her anxious parents to court a change of air, scene, and occupation, to which otherwise I can but think they were averse. But this needs confirmation. Be it as it may, the tender girl appeared to gain strength. Colour came to her cheek, and energy to her spirit: in course of years her hand was given away in marriage, and a long and happy life might have been hoped for the blooming bride. Alas! no—disease had been retarded, but not entirely subdued. In one short year—ah, even at that gay bridal, the doom had gone forth —"This year shalt thou die!" Happy for her was it, that she had "so numbered her days as to apply her heart unto wisdom;" that for her "to live was Christ; to die, gain."

But George Browne, the principal subject of my sketch—what of him?

At the time of my first acquaintance with him, he was fifteen years old; he had then just left school, and his future course, as he thought, undecided. He was "a lovely youth." Surely never lived one, of whom it could with more justice and certainty be said, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God:"—not far *from* it; but, alas! not *of* it. But now I must turn back to what I have before noted—the one weakness (as I can but term it) of the father.

I have read of a witty Frenchman, who, with playful logic, proved himself (though plain in features, even to repulsiveness,) to be the most handsome object in the world; thus:—"Of all cities in the world, Paris is the finest; of all the quarters of Paris, the quarter in which I dwell is the finest; of all streets in this quarter, that in which my house stands is the finest; of all the houses in the street, mine is the finest; of all the rooms in the house, my own room is the finest; and I am the finest thing in the room.

In like manner, but with more seriousness, did Mr. Browne deduce, by a succession of arguments, that, a London tradesman—more especially a tradesman in his own former line of business—and more particularly still, a London tradesman connected with the firm of which he had so long been the principal, was, of all things in the world, the most enviable. To this high eminence he had secretly destined his only son; and, with due commercial brevity, when the proper time arrived, he communicated this determination to the object of it, nothing doubting of his ready acquiescence, of his more than acquiescence—his overflowing gratitude.

How, then, shall the astonishment of Mr. Browne be described, upon finding that, so far from being fascinated by the prospect laid before him, his son seemed horror-struck, afflicted beyond measure? that he did not hesitate to express deep distaste for London, for trading in general, and more especially for *the* trade to which he was, so to speak, unconsciously espoused. The sorrowful lad entreated his father to re-consider the matter; to allow him to make a more congenial, though a more humble, choice for himself; or at least give him time to reconcile his thoughts to the disappointment of his hopes.

No, not a day. On this point the otherwise indulgent father was inexorable, and deeply offended that his only son, the centre of his commercial hopes,

should thus turn restive at the very starting-point of his career. George seemed to know how vain an attempt it would be to debate the matter further, and how equally vain to have recourse to a mother's advocacy. He breathed his sorrows and fears into his gentle sister's ear alone, and submitted. The next week he was in —— street, London.

Communication by letter was not so frequent in those days as it is now; nevertheless, a letter soon arrived from poor George. Much to the satisfaction of his parents, he expressed himself resigned to his circumstances, and willing to submit to a longer trial of his new situation, provided that it might be lengthened to three months before he should be irrevocably bound to a continuance in it. To this his father unwillingly acceded.

Another letter came, but strangely differing in tone from the former. The three months had nearly expired, and the youth begged, in terms the most pathetic, to be allowed to relinquish his engagement. It was not, he said, that he desired to return home—far less that he wished to lead a life of idleness. It was not even that he felt the same objections to trade which had formerly possessed him; but he found so many temptations to dissipation and sin, to mis-spending of time, and profanation of the sabbath; so many around him ready and striving to drag him into the vortex of ruin, that he dreaded to remain within their influence. He wished most sincerely, he said, to be a Christian: he knew that no pleasure was to be found in transgression; but he felt himself going—hurried away from his better thoughts and aspirations; the fascinations of vice were fastening upon him; his reverence for holiness and holy things was melting away; his mind was becoming contaminated; his soul verging on towards ruin! He implored his father to save him; to remove him from the scene of these new and unanticipated trials; to restore him to his better self.

This was the substance of the unhappy boy's communication. Did it not move the Christian parent? it did; but, alas! it grated harshly on that one point upon which he was utterly incapable, by reason of his prejudices, of forming a correct judgment. "Does the boy think me such a fool," was his angry comment, "as to credit these complaints? Do not I know what London is? what business is? what his trials are? It is mere idleness and whim. He has persuaded himself, doubtless, that his temptations are great; and he would fain persuade me so too;—as though London, of all other places, and business, my own business of all other callings, were the very centre of all that is vile and contemptible! Would not he have the same evil nature elsewhere? Are not the same means of resistance available to him there as here? *I* lived fifty years and more in London—passed through every grade in my business—mixed with all sorts of people; and I was never contaminated. It is folly, and I will not yield to it."

And he did not yield to it. In severe terms he reprehended his son for conjuring up difficulties where none existed, hinted that he had exaggerated them to gain his own ends; and expressed his determination to abide by the decision already formed. It is true, the letter contained excellent advice as to the conduct which ought to be pursued, and warm appeals to the heart and conscience of his son, to rebut any real temptations which might be put in his way, and to seek that heavenly assistance which is promised to all who sincerely and diligently seek it. In short, the indentures were prepared and executed; "and there," said Mr. Browne, on his return from London, a few days afterwards, "and there is an end of it." An end of it! No, the end was yet to come.

From this time, however, no murmurings of dissatisfaction reached their ears; and when, after the lapse of a year, George was expected home for a week of relaxation, the hopes of the affectionate parents—for they were affectionate—that their son would prove all that their wishes had predicted, were highly raised and loudly expressed.

He came; but how changed! The seriousness and modesty which had once promised so fair, had disappeared; flippancy, carelessness, and even indecorum, had usurped their place. Instead of reverence for piety and its outward marks, boyish contempt and immature scepticism were but too apparent. Affectionate filial regard was turned into petulance and unwilling obedience; and brotherly love into cool, politely cool, indifference.

Then did the Christian parent first

begin to question whether all were right within, and to ask how far he himself had been accessory to this manifest deterioration of character. But he dismissed the unwelcome suspicion. He lamented the change, but the causes which produced it were yet mysteries to him. Nevertheless, he remonstrated with his son on his change of conduct; questioned him as to his pursuits, amusements, and companions; besought him earnestly to seek the God of his mercies; and prayed secretly (who can doubt it?) that the seeming wanderer might be brought back to the fold of God. But the remonstrances were met by sullen silence; the questions were evaded, and entreaties were listened to with calm indifference: the prayer of faith, and its answer—"*the day* shall declare it."

We will pass over two years of doubts and anxieties, hopes and fears.

It was a dull December day—that to which my memory reverts—cold, misty, and cheerless; but far more cheerless and sad was the prospect within doors than that without. Mr. Browne, in a state of nervous excitement, his hair untrimmed, his dress disordered, his whole demeanour and appearance troubled, paced rapidly from room to room; his daughter, her eyes red with weeping, sat listlessly over work which her fingers refused to complete, while her thoughts were far away. Dinner was sent away almost untasted, and candles remained unlit through the darkening twilight. At length the sound of expected wheels were heard; the carriage stopped at the door; and father and daughter rushed eagerly to receive the visitants. They were George and his mother. But oh, the change which had been wrought since first we had met!—the attenuated frame, the haggard face, the sunken eyes! Supported by his mother and a servant, the sinking youth was conveyed to the chamber already prepared for him; and in the midst of their unceasing parental and sisterly assiduities and cares, that cheerless day closed upon the unhappy family.

Spring came, but with it no amendment to the victim of dissipation and unholy gratifications. There he sat, from day to day, propped by pillows, by the fireside of his sick room—every look and sign watched for and obeyed; there he sat, unheeding all attempts to arouse, repelling all attempts to cheer.

"So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven—
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven;
Darkness above, Despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death."

Summer came, but with it no change, except from weakness to weakness more intense. "There is no hope," sighed the sorrow-stricken father, "no hope of his recovery." And he strove, with agonizing fervour, to awaken the deadened, deathlike, better feelings of his son, to the realities of a coming state.

Once, on such an occasion, the withered, dying youth, fixed his dark eyes, sparkling with a momentary energy, upon the sorrowing man; and his hollow voice sounded terrifically in the parents' ears—"Father, *you* ruined me, body and soul!"

Autumn came, and its sun shone upon the grave of poor George; while a few bright and merciful beams of heavenly hope irradiated the desolate heart of the humbled mourners. Nevertheless, the blow had been struck—the words had been spoken—the effects of which were to terminate only with life—"Father, *you* ruined me."

But was it true? and wherein could the tremendous charge be sustained?

Simply in this one respect—that in the cherished ascendancy of one ruling prejudice, the man of business had overlooked or disregarded every opposing consideration; had stifled even parental yearnings; had over-estimated the value and power of early training, and as strangely under-rated the worth of an immortal soul. In the pursuit of his darling scheme, he had become willingly blinded to all but its fancied brilliant results. What wonder, then, that bitter disappointment supervened? Oh, how often, when I see parents seeking the advancement of their children, regardless of their better interests, do I think of the exclamation of George Browne—"Father, *you* ruined me, body and soul!"

G. E. S.

CAPE HORN.

The poetical description that former navigators have given of this celebrated and dreaded promontory, occasioned us to feel a degree of disappointment when we first saw it; for, although it stands prominently forward, a bold, almost perpendicular headland, in whose outline it requires but little imaginative power to detect the resemblance of a "sleeping

lion, facing and braving the southern tempests," yet it is a part only of a small island, and its elevation, not exceeding five or six hundred feet, conveys to the mind nothing of grandeur. But the day was beautifully fine, so that it is probable we saw this cape of terror and tempests under some disadvantage. We passed it at 3 P.M., at the distance of about a mile and a half, which was as near as we could approach it with prudence, by reason of the dangerous rocks which lie off to the east and west, and whose black points were rendered conspicuous by the white foam of the breakers, amongst which numerous seals were sporting. There was some snow on the summit of the cape, and its sides were clothed with a brownish coloured vegetation; beyond it, the shores of the island consisted of black vertical cliffs, with a curiously cleft rock at its north-western extreme. As we stood across the Bay of St. Francis, we were struck with the wildness and beauty of the scenery, its numerous islands and lofty peaks, more particularly those of Hermite Island, whose southern extreme forms the bold perpendicular promontory called Cape Spencer.—*Sir J. C. Ross.*

INDIVIDUAL EFFORTS TO PROMOTE UNITY.

No. II.

When opposing error, we should present a contrast to many avowed advocates of truth. As when Achilles was disguised in the island of Scyros, it was not the jewels, but the suit of armour, exhibited by Ulysses, that revealed his true character, so there are many who love contention. Among them are all violently disputatious religionists. They require, in order to a proper standing being taken, an exact coincidence with themselves, and thus frequently engender disputation and strife.

The persons, thus loquacious and dogmatic, affect a superiority of intelligence. They perhaps pride themselves on their fidelity and zeal; yet the apostle Paul, addressing Timothy, charges him "not to give heed to fables and endless genealogies, which minister questions." He emphatically stigmatizes such questions as "unlearned," and places "variance, emulations, wrath, and strife," amidst the most appalling evils.

Violent efforts, that precisely what is held by one should be held by another, frequently forbid any admission. An opinion, but slightly defended before, has often, when assailed, an impregnable rampart thrown round it. Aware of the tendencies of human nature, the apostle Paul gave a charge to Timothy, equally applicable to private and public life: "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves;" thus distinctly prohibiting all impetuosity of feeling and expression. As the earth must be prepared to receive the corn, so must the mind be to receive the truth. The latter, like the former, too, requires the influences of heaven; but as it is not desirable that a shell from a mortar should tear up the earth, instead of the plough or the spade, it is equally undesirable that a deluge should fall, instead of the genial showers of rain. With party strifes we have unhappily been long familiar; we have read of them in past days, we behold them in our own. But where shall we look for the overthrow of one by the violence of another? Such a triumph cannot be found. The assaulted party still rears its head, and its fortress still hovers aloft; though its antagonist discharged against it its most formidable artillery.

It is obvious that there is a far wiser and more beneficial course than that of violent disputations, for as contention directs the mind to points of difference, so cordial intercourse, for which these must be kept in abeyance, leads as certainly to those of agreement. And as the former has a repulsive, so the latter has an attractive influence. When only one essential verity is admitted, error is checked; but as another and another truth, with which it is connected, is received, the effect is increased, until the man rises from the degradation of a captive, or the mere partizan, into the dignity of one who is made "wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." Nor will he who labours for so important an end, fail to derive benefit from the appropriate means he employs. As error perverts and degrades the mind, so truth, like some peerless jewel, gives dignity to any depository in which it is found.

The charge of the apostle to the Philippians is, in these circumstances, strictly

applicable: "Let us, therefore," he says, "as many as be perfect, be thus minded; and if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you. Nevertheless, whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing," Phil. iii. 15, 16. Here the fact is still apparent, that there are considerable differences among the truly pious, both as to the understanding of religious doctrines, and their application as practical principles.

Some are described as "perfect," that is, comparatively so, in accordance with the use of the term in other instances. How far those who are described as "otherwise minded" fell short of this perfection, it is difficult accurately to determine; but there is reason to conclude that there is a reference to things collateral to the essential verities of the gospel. With these the younger or weaker converts might hope, in the use of appointed means, to become so far acquainted as was necessary to the due elevation of their characters, and all the purposes contemplated by the Divine dispensations.

The promise of a revelation of what was necessary, in its fullest extent, must be limited to apostolic times, but it may apply, more restrictedly, to those in after days, who, yielding themselves to the clear light of the word of God, will be likely to draw similar conclusions, and to approximate, in matters of the highest moment, to conformity of opinion. The course thus opened to the Philippians is as clear, and imperative to the specified extent, on professing Christians now. The young are to aspire after the rank of fathers in Christ; the weak are to aim after the vigour of the strong; and all are to walk together, so far as they are agreed, according to the only and infallible rule, for the promotion of individual and relative piety, and for the advancement of the glory of God in the midst of the earth.

There is great want, not only of thought and feeling, but of distinct and persevering effort, so important in the formation of character:

> "Thoughts pent up want air, and spoil
> Like bales unopened to the sun."

Emotion is healthy when it issues in appropriate exertion, but, with no such result, it becomes morbid; stimulants are then needed; and these must be increased in proportion to their use. It has therefore been well said, that "the only way to keep up the freshness of the affections, and the youth of the heart, is to let them flow freely over the activities of life, and from action to circulate back to their fountain-head, that the stream of benevolence may issue and re-issue from the heart in a ceaseless circle." There is an express command, "Do good unto all men, especially to them who are of the household of faith." As a properly regulated mind will find repose only in the persevering discharge of appropriate duties, in so doing, the most efficient means of strengthening principle will be employed.

Association with others, for the promotion of the cause of God, though in all points they may not accord with ourselves, is most important. To quote the words of Mr. Bickersteth: "I think that the scriptural rule, 'Whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing,' furnishes me with a clear and sufficient warrant. That universal union, which is the object of our hopes, prayers, and labours, when God's will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven, is, it is clear, more likely to be attained by cordial co-operation in those things in which we can walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing, than by keeping at a distance. For the very end, then, of gaining my brother over to what I see to be truth, I will unite with him in those things, which we both see to be truth; he, for his part, acting on the same principle, till God shall reveal even this unto us."

A general and cordial concurrence among the pious, on the great principles of Christianity, would produce, unquestionably, incalculable good. To any individual member the loss would be imaginary rather than real, but the gain to the body of Christ would be immense. The aggregate would form a more precious and grateful peace-offering than was ever presented on the altar of Jehovah.

What a contrast would at once be palpable! The tongue would cease to employ the words of uncharitableness. The pen would refuse to lacerate the mind, and to impugn or destroy the character. The deportment would be free from the haughtiness of pride, and the

apathy of selfishness. The "unclean birds," which have nestled in the heart, would be gone, for want of their usual aliment. We should become familiar with the aspect, the sounds, the actions of pure and lofty benevolence.

As Christians proceeded together on their heavenly course, the space, on which their fellowship was first formed, would gradually enlarge. Those who imagined that they should only be able to advance one mile, would discover that they could easily traverse two; the path would then extend to five; and it might be still further lengthened, until the greatest surprise was felt that they should ever have been separated. Great mountains would become plains, as they did before Zerubbabel. When a desert was anticipated, scenes of surpassing beauty and fruitfulness would be disclosed. A day for which they expected to wait long, would suddenly dawn, with the promise of a glorious meridian. The sensible distance between earth and heaven would be diminished. The celestial state would be contemplated chiefly in its locality, for its spirit would pervade this lower world. Faith would not have to rise so high, nor love to soar so far. Some beamings of the city which "has no need of the sun," would fall on the eye, while the ear caught the melody of heavenly songs. It would seem as if the church on earth were separated only from the church in heaven by a thin veil, and as if the glories of God, of attendant angels, and of the spirits of the just "made perfect," might in a moment break upon the soul.

A great cause has commonly embalmed the memory of some individual, foremost in its promotion—who, then, will become the apostle of unity? He may now have no thought of such a distinction. Elisha was fully intent on his ordinary duties when the mantle of Elijah was cast upon him; but as this significant and symbolic act was performed, a new light fell on his mind, and unwonted desires arose in his bosom. Nor was this all; special communications were afterwards made; and who can imagine the exultation of his heart when, as he smote the waters of Jordan, and "they parted hither and thither," it was fully demonstrated that the Lord God of Elijah was as certainly his own?

A joy, as unexpected and transcendant, may yet await the movements of one mind, glowing intensely with true benevolence. Formidable difficulties, it is true, may exist. Prior to the coming forth of Luther, the aspect of the church of Rome was that of strength, yet a power was actually being developed, which eventually overturned that huge fabric.

No anticipations of Luther could have grasped what he was destined to accomplish. Slow and gradual was his own progress in the discovery of each succeeding truth; yet no sooner had a great doctrine currency, than it was embraced. Conviction followed the voice of the Reformer; he came, he saw, he conquered; and not only did he triumph for his own age, but for all that are to come. On whose brow, then, shall rest the honour of a second Reformation—a triumph over the enormous evils of anti-christian strife—a state more replete with moral excellence, and attractive with moral beauty, than angels have yet witnessed in this world? Myriads of hearts are ready to unite in the loftiest burst of praise that has ever yet ascended to the skies; but what master-hand shall strike the key-note of this transporting melody?

Of the nearest possible approach to such a destination, let all—let each one, be emulous. To be so, would cast a purer splendour over the highest earthly honours. In the light of Christian philanthropy their brightness fades, as the satellites of the planets when they catch the beams of the ruling orb. It might be well were the shackles, by which multitudes are held in bondage, to be cast off by those who occupy the highest stations; but those of inferior grade must not linger for them. It is incumbent on every disciple of Christ to seek for himself the spirit of charity, and to exemplify its influence every day and every hour.

No obscurity of station, no feebleness of power, can avert or diminish the obligation. The many—the communities, the masses—are needed in this cause; but these are formed of individuals, of whom each one is an important item. Though leaders are wanted, their influence will depend on the state of those on whom they act, and with whom they are associated. The corn which would perish if cast on the hard and untilled earth, when sown on the well-ploughed field, produces its golden crops. All the followers

of Christ require to be apprized of the character, importance, and claims of scriptural unity. For are they not one body? Sympathy is dependent on the feeblest, as well as on the noblest parts. The full power of the ear or the eye is wanting, unless there be health and vigour in the nerves.

With these views and principles of action let us, then, give ourselves to prayer. Most appropriate are the expressions of the Collect for Unity: "O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, the Prince of Peace; give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away all hatred and prejudice, and whatever else may hinder us from godly union and concord: that as there is but one body, and one spirit, and one hope of our calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all, so we may henceforth be all of one heart, and one soul, united in one holy bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity, and may, with one mind and one mouth, glorify thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord." W.

DISCOVERIES AT NIMROUD.

At a meeting of the Royal Institute of Architects, on the 14th inst., a very interesting communication from Mr. Layard, addressed to Mr. Mair, from Nimroud, was read, relating to further excavations recently made. In illustration of it, drawings of some of the bas-reliefs already sent home by Mr. Layard, and now to be seen in the British Museum, were exhibited, and led to some interesting conversation. The dean of Westminster said—the material in which these extraordinary sculptures are worked, is not marble but gypsum, and is so soft that the nail will scratch it. He thought this an important fact. As this material could be obtained in large quantities, and was extremely easy to work, it was important to know of its power of retaining forms given to it for thousands of years. It is identical with the alabaster of workmen, not oriental alabaster, and may be had in slabs of large size in Italy. Marble exposed to alteration of temperature would not last so long. He would not conclude without stating his opinion that Mr. Layard's were the most marvellous discoveries that had been made for many years.

THE MIND.

By the mind of a man, we understand that in him which thinks, remembers, reasons, wills. The essence both of body and mind is unknown to us. We know certain properties of the first, and certain operations of the last; and by these only we can define or describe them. We define body to be that which is extended, solid, movable, divisible. In like manner, we define mind to be that which thinks. We are conscious that we think, and that we have a variety of thoughts of different kinds—such as seeing, hearing, remembering, deliberating, resolving, loving, hating, and many other kinds of thought—all which we are taught by nature to attribute to one internal principle; and this principle of thought we call the mind or soul of a man.—*Dr. Reid.*

THE PERFECTION OF NATURE.

I am quite sure, says a recent writer, that, if Mr. P——, or any other painter who has hitherto been very careful in his choice of subject, will go into the next turnpike-road, and taking the first four trees that he comes to in the hedge, give them a day each, drawing them leaf for leaf, as far as may be, and even their smallest boughs, with as much care as if they were rivers, or an important map of a newly-surveyed country, he will find, when he has brought them all home, that at least three out of the four are better than the best he ever invented."—*Modern Painters.*

DIVINE PHILOSOPHY.

Divine philosophy begins with the idea of God, and has been eloquently described as "capable of continual expansion, which transforms into its own likeness the mind that receives it, grows more refulgent by having transferred upon it new perceptions of beauty and goodness—attracting to itself as a centre whatever bears the impress of dignity, order, or happiness; which borrows splendour from all that is fair, subordinates to itself all that is great, and sits enthroned in the riches of the universe.—*Hall.*

St. John's Bay, Patmos.

PATMOS.

Patmos is an island of the Ægean Sea, belonging to the Sporades, and situated about thirty miles south of Samos. The name Sporades is derived from the Greek, and signifies to sow, from the scattered position of the islands forming this group. Patmos is of a very irregular shape, about ten miles long, five in breadth, and, according to the best authority, about eighteen in circumference, though this has been much disputed. Tournefort describes it as the most barren rock—*méchant écueil*—of the Archipelago; and, probably, on this account it was chosen, by the rulers of the Roman empire, as a place of banishment, and for the exile of the apostle John, who was confined here, "for the testimony of Jesus," Rev. i. 9. It is this circumstance which has attached to the island so much of its scriptural interest; apart from which it would be little regarded.

When viewed from a distance, and in connexion with the associations which crowd upon the mind, the island presents a very interesting appearance. A writer says: "We saw the peaks of its two prominent hills, but our course did not lie very near it. Still it was intensely interesting to get even a glance of that memorable spot, where the beloved disciple saw two visions of God; the spot, too, where the Saviour was seen, and his voice heard, for the last time till he come again. John's eye often rested on the mountains and the islands among which we were passing, and on the shores and waves of this great sea; and often, after the vision was passed, these natural features of his place of exile would refresh his spirit."

As the coast is approached from the sea, it is found to be high, and comprising many promontories and bays, which give to the whole a very irregular appearance. The only port, however, that is used is a deep bay, sheltered by high mountains on every side but one, where it is protected by a projecting cape, called La Scala. Above the landing-place is a small village, comprising above fifty habitations, and on the edge of a vast crater, sloping off on either side, like the roof of a tiled house. Perry has compared it to "an ass's back," upon the highest ridge of which stands the monastery. The inhabitants, therefore, have no space to exercise, either on foot or on horseback; they can only descend and ascend by the rugged, ill-paved, and very narrow path, that leads to the harbour. The village comprises about four hundred substantial stone houses.

Though deficient in wood, the island

has an abundance of plants and shrubs. Walnuts and other fruits are produced; and the wine of this isle is considered the best of any of those around. Maize and barley are cultivated, but not in a quantity sufficient for the use of the inhabitants, and for the supply of their own vessels and others, which put in for provisions. For this purpose, they are furnished with corn from Samos, Smyrna, and the Black Sea. The island now bears the name of Patino and Palmosa, and the inhabitants do not exceed four or five thousand, many of whom are emigrants from the neighbouring continent.

The male inhabitants are chiefly seamen, and, from their intercourse with different European nations, they are more enlightened than the generality of the Greeks. The women are much disfigured by their strange costume; their principal employment is the knitting of cotton stockings, which are very durable, and obtain a very high price. The cotton is obtained from the neighbouring continent of Anatolia. Tournefort mentions, that, for every man on the island there are at least twenty women; but this disproportion is probably in consequence of the men being principally at sea.

The famous grotto, or cavern, covered by a chapel, where the apostle John is said to have written the Apocalypse under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, is situated on the face of the hill, about half way between the town and the port. Some have said that it is not sufficiently spacious to have afforded habitation even for a hermit; but the monks show some crevices in the rock, through which, as they allege, the Divine commands were communicated to the apostle. In point of fact, there is no evidence in the writings of John, that they were produced in any cave; and if they had been, any other cave in the island would have answered the purpose equally well. The fault, however, of regarding statements as correct, when the truth has never been proved, is unhappily not confined to the monks of Patmos.

The monastery of St. John, as it is styled, in memory of the apostle, has several towers and thick lofty walls, which, if duly mounted with guns, might be easily converted into a military post of some strength. It is said to have been founded by Alexius Comnenus, in consequence of the persuasions of Christodulus; but Dapper states that the latter was the real author, having obtained permission to execute his plan from Alexius, towards the end of the tenth century, when he retired to Patmos, to avoid the persecution of the Turks. On one of the towers a look-out is maintained for piratical vessels, the view from hence being so extensive that no vessel can approach the island without being perceived. "We returned," says a visitor, "to enjoy the prospect of this place. The sight was extremely magnificent, as may be conceived by any reader who will judge from the appearance exhibited by the island itself, and by this monastery, at the distance of six leagues at sea. We commanded the whole island of Amorgos, which is nearly forty miles from the nearest point of Patmos;" while many of the grandest objects in the Archipelago were spread over the various points to which the eye might be turned.

Dr. Clarke states, that, having requested to see the library of the monastery, he entered a small, oblong chamber, having a vaulted stone roof, and found it to be nearly filled with books of all sizes, in a most neglected condition—some lying on the floor, destroyed by damp and worms, and others standing on the shelves, but without any pretensions to orderly arrangement. The books upon the shelves consisted of printed volumes; for these, being more modern, were regarded as the more valuable, and had a better station assigned them than the rest, many of which were only regarded as rubbish. Some of them were tolerably well bound, and in good condition. The Superior said they were his favourites; but when some of them were taken down, in order to examine their contents, it was discovered that neither the Superior nor his colleague were able to read, and all their intelligence consisted in a very confused knowledge of some of their names. At the end of the room a considerable number of old parchment volumes, some with and some without covers, were heaped on the floor, in the utmost disorder; and there were evident proofs that these had been laid aside and condemned, to answer any purpose for which the parchment might be required; and upon the Superior being asked what they were, he replied, with an expression of indifference and contempt, that they were mere manuscripts. It was a moment in which the wonder of the visitors was excited in a high degree,—for the whole of this contemned heap consisted of Greek manu-

scripts, some of them being of the highest antiquity.

Clarke and his companions determined to examine them further, and sought, but in vain, for the manuscript of Homer, said to have been copied by a student from Cos; and they ventured to ask the monks if they knew anything of it? One replied that he did, and should know it if he saw it, and presently produced from the heap a copy of the poems of another author, written on vellum, evidently as old as the ninth century. The cover, and some of the outer leaves, had been torn off, but the rest was perfect; and other appearances demonstrated that it was of great age. What was to be done? asked the visitors of each other—for to have betrayed any extraordinary desire to obtain possession of the treasures would inevitably prevent all possibility of obtaining any of them. "We, therefore," says Dr. Clarke, "referred the matter to Mr. Riley, as to a person habituated to dealing with knavish Greeks; and presently such a jabbering took place, accompanied with so many significant shrugs, winks, nods, and grimaces, that it was plain something like a negotiation was going on. The author, meanwhile, continued to inspect the heap, and had soon selected the fairest specimen of Grecian calligraphy which had descended to modern times. It was a copy of the twenty-four first Dialogues of Plato, written throughout upon vellum, in the most exquisite characters, and bound with wood, in one volume folio; but was falling to pieces from the destruction of worms." Having selected some other valuables, Mr. Riley informed them that the Superior had agreed to sell the few they had chosen; but that even these would be lost if they were exposed to the observation of any of the inhabitants of the town. Just as the bargain was concluded, the French commissary appeared, and finding them busy in the library, said, "Do you find anything worth your notice, among all this rubbish?" The visitors replied, that there were many things they would gladly purchase. "Purchase!" said he, "I should never think of purchasing from such a herd of swine: if I saw anything I might require, I should, without ceremony, put them in my pocket, and say, '*Bon jour*'"

It was estimated by Clarke that the number of volumes in the library was about a thousand, of which two hundred were in manuscript. After he left the library, he saw on the shelves of the refectory the most beautiful manuscript of the whole collection, in two folio volumes, richly adorned, called "The Theology of Gregory of Nazianzen," and purporting to be in the handwriting of the emperor Alexius. As a singular circumstance, was side by side with these, a manuscript of the writings of Gregory's greatest admirer, Erasmus. By a successful manœuvre the books that were purchased, and some others of great value, which the Superior added, were secured on board the vessel in which Dr. Clarke and his companions left the island.

The time when the island appears in its best position is during the rising and setting of the sun. Whether viewed in dim perspective, through grey and silvery mists, or amidst hues of liveliest purple, the isles and continent of Greece present their varied features, which neither pen nor pencil can adequately portray. Let the reader picture to his conception an evening sun, behind the towering cliffs of Patmos, gilding the battlements of the monastery of the Apocalypse with its parting rays,—the island, surrounded by inexpressible brightness, seeming to float upon an abyss of fire, while the moon, in milder splendour, is rising full over the opposite expanse, and he will have a faint idea of the beauty of this spot, as viewed from the sea at the period mentioned. To enjoy, however, the scene in its fulness, can only be done by him who combines, with a sense of the beauties of nature, an appreciation of the solemn grandeur which its connexion with revelation should inspire. F.

CHINESE FLOWER-DEALER.

I PURCHASED, says Mr. Fortune, a collection of *tree pæonies* during my first visit in the winter of 1843, which were said to be very splendid things, and entirely different in colour from any plants of the kind which were known in England. The history of this purchase is rather amusing, and affords a curious example of the kind of duplicity which I had to contend with. I had drawings with me of various *moutan pæonies* which were said to exist in the country: and when these were shown to a Chinese nurseryman in Shanghae, he said he could get them, but they were only to

be procured at a place called Soo-chou, distant nearly a hundred miles, and that it would be rather expensive to bring them down. I asked him how many kinds there were, what were the colours of their flowers, and, finally, expressed a wish to have a certain number of each. He told me very gravely that he would undertake to send to Soo-chou for them, providing I would pay him at the rate of a dollar for each plant. I was too anxious to get them to make any objection to the price, which, after all, was not much out of the way, if they were to be brought about a hundred miles. In the stipulated time the plants were delivered to me in excellent order, and the money was paid. They were then taken down to Hong Kong, and despatched to England, where they arrived in very fair condition. I had of course no opportunity of seeing their flower at that time; and was now (April, 1844,) anxious to get some more in flower, and intended to send my old friend back again to Soo-chou for another collection, stipulating, however, this time, that all the plants should be in flower, in order that I might have an opportunity of seeing their colours. One morning, however, as I was going out into the country, a short distance from Shanghae, I was surprised by meeting a countryman with a load of *moutans* in full bloom. The flowers were very large and fine, and the colours were dark purples, lilacs, and deep reds, kinds of which the very existence was always doubted in England, and which are never seen at Canton. Dr. Lockhart, an excellent Chinese scholar, being with me at the time, we soon found out the name of the *moutan* district; and from the state of the roots in the man's basket, I was quite certain that the plants had not been more than an hour or two out of the ground, and that, therefore, the distance from Shanghae could not exceed six or eight miles, a surmise which we afterwards found to be perfectly correct. This was, doubtless, the place where my nursery friend had procured his plants in the autumn before, and where he would have gone again, had I not been lucky enough to find that I could easily go there myself. Indeed, I afterwards discovered that there was no *moutan* country in the vicinity of Soo-chou; having met a man from that place in the Shanghae district, where he had come for the express purpose of buying *tree pæonies* to take home. I was now out in the *moutan* district daily during the time the different plants were coming into bloom, and secured some most striking and beautiful kinds for the Horticultural Society.

ON ADORATION.

The late Rev. Charles Simeon thus writes to Miss Mary Elliott on his secret experience:

"K. C., May 21, 1834.

"My beloved Mary,—I could not but weep over your kind and affectionate letter, insomuch that my constant attendant said to me, 'Sir, I fear you have had some bad news to-day.' I thank you most tenderly for all the expressions of your love, of which, alas! I feel myself most unworthy. You evidently do not know my state. It is that of a poor sinner before God; it is that which I ever expected it to be; and, in fact, ever wished it to be. Any other would be utterly unsuited to my whole life. I am —I feel I am—a brand plucked out of the burning. But, oh, what dreadful marks of the fire upon me to this hour! None but Infinite power could ever fit it for a place in his temple. I do believe God's power sufficient; and I believe the whole plan which Infinite Wisdom has devised for the accomplishment of this great object, is sufficient for the attainment of it. But I cannot forget what I am,—I do not desire to forget what I am,—I am even, so to speak, satisfied with being what I am, that God may be the more glorified. Of course, you will not understand me as saying, that I do not wish to be more holy and heavenly; but simply that, seeing I am what I am, I am willing, yea, desirous that God should be glorified in the salvation of the very chief of sinners. I remember to have shown you a little paper expressing the different parts of religion: 1st. As revealed in the Bible; 2nd. As experienced in the soul; 3rd. As operating towards man; 4th. As operating towards God; each in one word; the word for the last was *adoration;* for then God is in his place, and the sinner in his. This is my posture; and I would have it as deep as possible. If Job, after seeing God as it were with his eyes, abhorred himself, and repented in dust and ashes, what frame can be so fit for me? Young persons, to whom reconciliation with God is quite a novelty, may have great ebullitions of joy; and others, who have a vivid ima-

gination, may go up to heaven and behold all the glory of it, and join with the heavenly choir in their songs of praise. I have no imagination. I never had. Plain, simple truth has been more in accordance with the natural construction of my mind, and more suited to my taste; and I am inclined to think that God deals with men in a way suited to their constitutional feelings or acquired habits. I do not therefore regret my want of devout and joyful anticipations; for I had peace without a moment's interruption, even the peace that passeth all understanding. But this I bitterly regret; namely, a want of Divine savour on my soul, a want of tenderness of spirit, a want of devout admiration and gratitude. These have solely a respect to God as a part of adoration; but the anticipations of glory have more respect to ourselves, and the blessedness that awaits us. Therefore, as having less to do with the imagination and with self, I prefer the shame and confusion of face, which I am conscious my whole life calls for, and which is less open to delusion of any kind. Yet I do not condemn or despise the things which I lack. I can easily conceive them to be high manifestations of a meetness for heaven; but I am not grieved that they do not enter into, and much less characterize, my experience. I have often wished that there were more of holy reverence in religious people when speaking of God, and of the things which he has wrought for their salvation. I see not an instance of any remarkable manifestation of God to man, which did not instantly generate in his heart, and produce in his act, a lowly reverence and self-abasement; and I cannot but think that the nearer we approach to the eternal world, the more that feeling should be wrought within us. If I recollect aright, I showed you and your mamma a paper which I drew up for the satisfaction of poor Mr. ——, who thought that my frequent sighs and groans were indications of something habitually and essentially wrong in my conduct. Nothing but the satisfying of a brother would have induced me to put to paper the inward experience of my soul. To such accusers we are indebted for almost all that we know of Paul's experience. Having written it, I judged it on the whole right not to destroy it, because after my death it may be of some little use to the church of God. But that is a *fac simile* of this letter; only that it opens distinctly the reasons of my experience, and the frame of mind which I expect on my admission into heaven, if ever I be admitted there; and if you can call anything of it to remembrance, you will see that my last end is in perfect accordance with it."

SUDDEN DEATH.

In his sermon on the death of Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Wardlaw, speaking from the text. Gen. v. 24, "He was not; for God took him,"—after having briefly adverted to the connexion in which it stands, and having just noticed the particulars included in the short but comprehensive description of Enoch's character, he "walked with God,"—illustrated the nature of his translation, the interesting lessons taught by it, and the salutary impressions conveyed by it, both in heaven and upon earth; and then the following extract was introduced:

"Next to translation—to those who, by faith in Christ, are prepared for it, whose sins are forgiven, and whose hearts are renewed—stands sudden, immediate death. Not, indeed, when merely sudden; it must have another attribute; it must at the same time, be peaceful. In every sudden death, when it has been the effect of any frightful accident, maiming and shattering the frame—or when it has been accompanied by such intense agony as has left upon the countenance giving the conception of the spirit having been driven out by the very force of the sufferings—there is something from which our minds instinctively and shudderingly revolt. And there are some spirits, well am I aware, whose piety, though deeply sincere, is, from constitutional temperament, or from sensitive tenderness of conscience, timid and self-distrustful—to which the very idea of suddenness is in itself startling and overawing. Yet, when the panting breath has been peacefully drawn, and the soul has taken its flight, leaving the serene smile of hope and joy on the lips—surely to a child of God, to one who, like Enoch, has been 'walking with God,' as all his children should ever be, this must be the nearest approach to the description of our text, 'He was not, for God took him.'

"And such appears to have been the death of that truly great and good man, whose recent departure has stirred so deep

a feeling amongst all classes of society in our country. With the nearest possible approximation to truth might the terms be used of him—'He was not, for God took him.' He was sought—sought with timid and trembling apprehension?—but 'he was not found; for God translated him.' His bodily frame, indeed, was there: but that was not himself, that was not the man—the animating spirit had fled. All that constituted the interest of his being, all that gave character to the living and intelligent man, all that wakened admiration, all that inspired affection, was gone. It is very true, we are disposed to feel as if there were something unattractively dreary in the solitude of his departure; no one by to whisper in his ear a precious promise, or to catch from his dying lips the latest breathings of faith and hope! no one to close with friendly hand, the eye which death hath fixed! and yet, it was not solitude. He had company with him,—Man was not there; but God was there: his Divine Master was there. Earthly friends were absent; but his best Friend was there. And, although there was no human lip to whisper a promise in his ear, that Friend, let us cherish the assurance, spoke by his Spirit to his heart—'Fear not; I am the First and the Last, and the Living One:—and I was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore; and have the keys of the unseen world and of death.' 'Fear not, for I am with thee!' And the smile of serenity upon his lips may have been fixed there, just while they were uttering the believing response to the promise—'I will fear no evil; for thou art with me!' And angels of light were there, 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?' They were there, in waiting, to escort the parting soul to its promised and prepared mansion in the realms of light and love.

"His spirit had fled. And what a spirit was that!—a spirit which the God of nature had amply endowed with powers of intellect, of large expansion and commanding energy; which the God of providence had afforded abundant means and opportunities of maturely cultivating, and fitting for effective use; and which the God of grace had hallowed by the subduing, renovating, purifying power of his Spirit and truth, consecrating all its faculties and all its energies and resources to himself. That noble and devoted spirit had fled. That very day, on the early morning of which God had suddenly, silently, secretly, taken it to himself, he was expected by his assembled brethren of the church of which he was so distinguished an ornament and so massive a pillar, to have appeared amongst them with official communications, the product of his ever-active mind, respecting the educational seminary of which he was the honoured head. But their Master had taken him from their head that day. He had taken him to join a higher and holier assembly,—the assembly of the 'spirits of the just made perfect, — and the innumerable company of angels' in the sanctuary above. So that, instead of listening, as they had anticipated, with their wonted delights, to his own living voice, they had to hear, with heavy hearts, from other lips, the tidings of his death! 'He was not; for God had taken him!'"

"LITTLE SINS."

Our blessed Lord lays it down as a principle of human conduct, and of human responsibility, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." Though a man start back, and shrink from great transgressions, if he allow himself in known offences against God, which appear to him of a smaller character, he manifests that the spirit and disposition of his heart are still guilty, and opposed to God. The claims of true piety and obedience not only require that we should be kept back from presumptuous sins, but that we should be cleansed also from secret faults.

The incident connected with the history of Lot may be viewed as an illustration of this. Lot hesitated in an entire and thorough obedience of the Divine commands, and would have compromised with their claims upon him, by the offer of an inferior submission. He had come out of Sodom, as God had directed him. But when the heavenly messengers had brought him forth abroad, and said, "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed;" he hesitated in following out their earnest address. He had shown himself willing to obey to a certain extent. But he was not willing to obey

to the utmost extent of the requisition. He answered to the angel, "Oh, not so, my lord:—behold, now this city is near to flee unto, and it is a little one. Let me escape thither, (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live." God would teach him by his own experience, and, for a little while, endured with his folly, that he might learn how poor a refuge his sinful heart had selected for himself. The result was as the Lord designed it. He was soon glad to escape from the little city which he had selected, and which had been spared for a time, for his sake, to the mountain which the Lord had pointed out.

Lot stands before us as an example and testimony; and it is the principle which is displayed in this illustration, of which I wish to speak. I see in this incident a principle which is exhibited in the conduct and character of multitudes, who profess to be the servants of God, and who attempt to cover up transgressions because they are esteemed little, and pass over faults which they deem of little consequence, in the hope that their souls shall live. But it is a principle which will be found in all cases as great a mistake in calculation, as it was in the case connected with our text. An inattention to those which are considered small things in religion; a disregard to the guilt of those which are supposed to be little sins; and an allowed commission of these sins, on the ground that they are of inferior consequence; are the source of vast evil, and of vast danger to the souls of men. However long endured, they are uniformly found at last, a Zoar, in which the soul of man cannot live. The evil and danger of this inattention to little things in the cultivation of religious character, is a subject which I propose now to consider.

The men of this world understand the necessity of a vigilant attention to the smaller outlets of waste, in order to the attainment of success and prosperity in earthly pursuits. It is deemed a wise proverb in their affairs, "Take care of your pence, and your pounds will take care of themselves." They will ask for no surer indication of a spendthrift, than the habitual contempt of little things, in the system upon which the business of life is conducted. Negligence, in this respect, will go far towards clothing a man with rags. Diligence, assiduity, and persevering economy in small expenses, not disjoined from a spirit of liberality and kindness to the needy, have raised multitudes, who had no remarkable share of natural talents, and no peculiar experience of what the world calls good fortune, to the highest posts of earthly influence and honour.

This is equally the principle of certain success in the concerns of the soul. There must be in that merchandise which is better than silver, to which the heart and thoughts of the real Christian are directed, and to an interest in which the hearts of all are invited in the gospel, the very same attention to matters which are too often considered trifling and indifferent. The most lamentable consequences in a Christian's life often date their origin from some small act which is suffered to grow into a principle; from some incidental occurrence which ministered temptations that were heedlessly encouraged; or from a failure in habitual watchfulness in something which was considered unimportant in its influence. The conflagration which fills the proudest city with desolation and ruin, was, in its first appearance, a little spark, which a single drop of water would have easily extinguished. The storm which covers the face of the heavens with its blackness, and pours its torrents of devastation upon the earth, was seen, in its incipient state, to arise a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. Thus will it be found, also, in the most destructive concessions in life. The unheeded lusts of the eye, the disregarded risings of mental passion, the momentary excitement and indulgence of sensual appetite, only serve to lay open a way, which will continually widen, to habitual transgression, irreparable loss, and, unless repented of and abandoned, even the final destruction of the soul. You may as easily set bounds to the flowing of the sea, and, in the tempest's raging, command the swelling wave to stop its course, as arrest the triumphant progress which you have given, by indulgence, to a headstrong lust, and say, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther."—*Dr. Tyng.*

A VISIT TO THE SAMARITANS.

NABULUS, or Shechem, says Dr. John Wilson, was now in sight. We reached it in about half an hour after we left the Makhnah. Embosomed in the mountains, with its rich and well-watered fields

and orchards, and gardens of flowering and fruit trees, it fully sustained the conceptions which he had previously formed of its beauty and loveliness. The Jew, Mordecai, who had hitherto been much disappointed with the land of his fathers, and who was always contrasting its naked asperities with the grandeur and fertility of Western India, was forced to admit that this part of the country, at least, seemed to flow with milk and honey.

Nábulus lies principally along the eastern base of Gerizim. We were impatient to enter it, from our desire to find out the remnant of its oldest inhabitants, the Samaritans, with whom, if possible, we were anxious to take up our abode, that we might learn as much as possible from them of their creed and condition. We asked for them at the gate, first by the name of the Samaratáni; but by this cognomen they were unknown by the Arabs, to whom we addressed our inquiry. That of the Hebrew Shomeronim was equally unintelligible. As soon as I stumbled upon the Sámarah, several voices exclaimed, "Yes, the Sámarah! We shall soon show you where they live." A young man politely volunteered to be our guide to their abodes. Conducting us through the bazaar, he directed our attention to a venerable native trudging along, and distinguished by a white turban and nearly as white a beard, whom he introduced to us as their priest. This proved to be the very person of whom we were in search. "I am, indeed," he said, after receiving our salutations, "the priest of the Samaritans, Salâmah Ibn Tobíah, the veritable correspondent of the learned Frenchman, the Baron de Sacy. Whence do you come?" "From Hind, from Bombay." "Have you brought a letter from the Samaritans there?" "I have brought," I said, in reply, "a communication from the Bene-Israel of Bombay, whom you suppose to be Samaritans." "This," cried he, "is what we have long wanted. Come along to my dwelling." Leading the way through the narrow streets, he conducted us to a small conglomeration of houses on the north-western part of the town, and close on the gardens lying along the base of Gerizim; and, after passing through a darkish vault, we ascended a staircase, which led to his residence directly over the synagogue. "This is your own house," were the simple terms in which he welcomed us to its hospitalities. When we told him that we had lodged with the people of Hawárah during the preceding night, he began to curse them, and declared that they were fit for every evil deed, being known throughout the country as "sellers of water."

Our host was much disappointed to find that we had strong doubts about the propriety of ranking the Bene-Israel of Bombay among the Samaritans. That we might make no mistake in forming a judgment of them, he would repeat, he said, the articles of the Samaritan creed, which he did in the following terms:

1. Allah Wáhid—God is one.
2. Músá Nabíyah—Moses is the prophet.
3. Et-Toráh hí el-Kutáb—The law is the book.
4. Karízím el-Kiblah—Gerizim is the Kiblah.
5. Yakún yom el-keiámat wa ed-deinúnat—There will be a day of resurrection and judgment.

He also repeated some Arabic verses, in which this creed was given at greater length, but without any addition to its substantial meaning. When we said that the Bene-Israel did not view Gerizim as a Kiblah, he said, "Then, most assuredly, they are not Samaritans." This concession, however, he made only to ourselves. To some of the members of his flock, who had begun to collect around us, he said, "These gentlemen have brought me tidings of the Samaritans of Bombay."

We felt much interested in the avowal of the doctrine of the resurrection by the Samaritans. When I asked the priest, in what passage of the Law he found this important tenet, he quoted the verse, "See now that I, even I, am He, and there is no god with me: I kill, and I make alive," with a great air of confidence in the correctness of his interpretation, and asked us, "Do you think that men are to remain in their graves after they are made alive again?" In answer to a question which we afterwards put to him, he supplemented his creed, by declaring his belief in the existence of Satan, as a malignant and injurious spirit having access to the souls of men, to tempt and allure. When we asked him to point out the authority in the Pentateuch, the standard of his faith, for this doctrine, he said, "The Náhásh which addressed Eve was evidently more than a serpent. It was Satan who spoke within that animal." "True," we said; "but, have we no more direct proof for the personality

of Satan in the books of Moses?" "Verily, we have," he replied with great emphasis; "look at these texts: 'Certain men, the children of Belial, are gone out from among you;' 'Beware that there be not a thought in thy heart of Belial.'" We could not but be much struck with his application of these passages of holy writ. With all due deference to Gesenius and others, I am more than inclined to believe, that the translators who rendered Belial as a proper name, have better authority for so doing, than those who render it abstractedly, "worthlessness," "evil," and so forth. It remains to be proved, that it is either a late or New Testament usage merely, which sets it forth in a personal sense.

Among the articles which the priest first showed to us was a copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch, tolerably neatly written on paper. At my request he explained to me the powers of the Samaritan letters, and slowly read a portion of Genesis. I endeavoured to mark his method of pronunciation, which, of course, differed much from that of the Jews, as the Samaritans have never received the Masoretic points, by which the Jews regulate their reading. The notes which I made on this occasion I elsewhere insert. When we told him that the Samaritan Pentateuch had been printed in England, he said, "I know that," and then brought us a few leaves, and afterwards the body, of the first volume of Walton's Polyglott, in which it is contained.

It was now full time for breakfast, and the kind priest who had his table spread before us, took care that we should do justice to all the good things which he had provided for our refreshment. To do us honour, he produced a considerable quantity of silver plate, which had been in the family for several generations. He also introduced us to his son, a handsome and agreeable person, about thirty years of age. Into the hands of this young man we put a copy of the Arabic New Testament; and he read with us the fourth chapter of John's Gospel, in which is contained the interesting and affecting narrative of our Lord's interview with the woman of Samaria at Jacob's Well, in our immediate neighbourhood. I made the perusal of this portion of the Divine word the occasion of examining both father and son as to the views and expectations of the present Samaritans relative to a Messiah. "The Messiah," they said, "is not one of our terms; but we do not particularly object to its use. We still expect a great instructor and guide, whom we call Hathab, to appear in the world."

The conversation, on this avowal, of the Samaritans, proceeded as follows:

W. Upon what passage of the law do you found this hope?

Priest. Upon the words of Moses, "The Lord thy God will, from the midst of thy brethren, raise up a Prophet, like unto me; unto him shall ye hearken."

W. What do you think of the passage, "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel?" Does this apply to the Messiah?

Priest's Son. It may apply to the Messiah, and it may not apply to the Messiah.

Priest. It does not apply to the Messiah.

W. What do you think of the passage, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be?" To whom does this apply?

Priest. Don't say Shiloh, but Shilah.

W. Take the word in either form you please.

Priest. Shalah is equivalent to Shalamah, (Solomon) [the peaceful one.]

W. How do you make the passage agree with the interpretation?

Priest. The sceptre did not depart from Judah till the days of Solomon, till the days of his son Rehoboam, as you may see even from those unworthy historical books that are in the hands of the Jews.

W. But how do you make out that the gathering of the nations was to Solomon?

Priest. Why, do you not know that his kingdom extended from El-'Arish to Damascus, and from the Great Sea to Euphrates? The queen of Sheba came to visit him, and brought him presents from a far country. He held the birds of the air and the beasts of the field in subjection. Joseph, and not Judah, has been, and will be, the deliverer. "From thence is the Shepherd, the stone of Israel."

The fable with which the priest concluded his notice of Solomon, is common to the Jews, the Mohammedans, and the Samaritans.

We all felt much interested in this conversation; and I defended the Christ-

ology of the passage as I best could. I was quite convinced, from the keenness with which my views were impugned, that the prophecy respecting Shiloh is a very sore one in the eyes of the Samaritans, and that they feel that their interpretation of it is a very unnatural one.

THE CHESTNUT-TREE.

The chestnut-tree is named only thrice in the Scriptures. It occurs among the "speckled rods," which Jacob placed in the watering-troughs before the sheep, Gen. xxx. 37. Its grandeur is indicated in Ezek. xxxi. 8; as well as in Eccles. xxiv. 14. It is noted for its magnificence, shooting its high boughs aloft. This description agrees well with the plane-tree, which is adopted by all the ancient translators, to which the balance of critical opinion inclines, and which actually grows in Palestine. The beech, the maple, and the chestnut, have been adopted, in different modern versions, as representing the Hebrew *armon;* but scarcely any one now doubts that it means the plane-tree. It may be remarked, that this tree is, in Genesis, associated with others, the willow and the poplar, whose habits agree with it: they are all trees of the low grounds, and love to grow where the soil is rich and humid. This is strikingly illustrated by the fact, that Mr. Russel expressly names the plane, the willow, and the poplar, along with the ash, as trees which grow in the same situations near Aleppo.

In those situations which are favourable to its growth, huge branches spread out into all directions from the massive trunk, invested with broad, deeply divided, and glossy green leaves. This body of rich foliage, joined to the smoothness of the stem, and the symmetry of the general growth, renders the plane-tree one of the noblest objects in the vegetable kingdom. It has now, and had also of old, the reputation of being the tree which most effectually excludes the sun's beams in summer, and most readily admits them in winter; thus affording the best shelter from the extremes of both seasons.

For this reason it was planted near public buildings and palaces—a practice which the Greeks and Romans adopted; and the former delighted to adorn with it their academic walks and places of public exercise. In the east, the plane seems to have been considered sacred, as the oak was formerly in Britain. This distinction is in most countries awarded to the most magnificent species of tree which it produces. In Palestine, for instance, where the plane does not appear to have been very common, the tereberith seems to have possessed pre-eminence. No one is ignorant of the celebrated story of Xerxes arresting the march of his grand army before a noble plane-tree in Lydia, that he might render honour to it, and adorn its boughs with golden chains, bracelets, and other rich ornaments; an action misunderstood and egregiously misrepresented by Ælian.

The oriental plane endures our own climate well, and grows to a fine tree; but not to the enormous size which it sometimes attains in the east. Several grand old plane-trees have been mentioned. Pausanias notices a noble plane in Arcadia, the planting of which is ascribed, by tradition, to Menelaus; so that, if this tradition were entitled to credit, (and it claims little,) it must, when he wrote, although in a sound state, have been about one thousand three hundred years old. Pliny, in noticing this tree, mentions one in Lycia, in the trunk of which had been gradually formed an immense cavern, eighty feet in circumference. L. Mutianus, thrice consul and governor of the province, with eighteen other persons, often dined and supped commodiously within it. If nothing more were known of this L. Mutianus, we should like him for the pleasure, not unmingled with regret, with which he records the satisfaction which he occasionally derived from hearing the rain patter on the leaves overhead, while he and his company sat dry and safe within: it was the music of their feast. Caligula, also, had a tree of this sort at his villa near Velitræ, the hollow of which accommodated fifteen persons at dinner, with a proper suite of attendants. The emperor called it his *nest;* and it is highly probable that his friend Herod Agrippa may occasionally have been one of the fifteen birds who nestled there along with him. Modern travellers also notice similar trees. La Roque and others mention the groves of noble planes, which adorn the plain of Antioch; and the last-named traveller records a night's rest which he enjoyed under planes of great beauty in a valley of Lebanon. That they are among the principal trees in the plantations near

Aleppo has already been observed, on the authority of Russel. Buckingham names them among the trees which line the Jabbok. Evelyn seems to ascribe the introduction of the plane-tree into England to the great lord Bacon, who planted some which were still flourishing at Verulam in 1706. This was, perhaps, the first plantation of any note; but it appears from "Turner's Herbal," published in 1551, that the tree was known and cultivated in this country before the chancellor was born.—*Kitto.*

THE REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

No. XXI.

Of the three pontiffs between whom the nations of Christendom had been divided, and whom the council had resolved to reduce or to depose, one only had submitted, being conquered for the most part by the fear of the punishment due to his crimes. The downfal of John XXIII. removed an obstacle to the abdication of Gregory XII. Perhaps this aged man, who was almost ninety years old, felt aware that he was too weak to resist that formidable assembly which had at its disposal imperial and kingly power; perhaps, also, on the borders of the grave, he was willing, by a considerable, though a tardy sacrifice to the peace of the world, to make expiation for the offences and the miseries which his obstinacy had occasioned, and after contesting before the world with his rival, Benedict XIII., during eight years of pride and ambition, he allowed himself to think that he should at least be his superior, in being first to humble himself before God.

On June 16th, 1415, Charles Malatesta, lord of Rimini, captain-general and deputy of Gregory XII., entered Constance with a brilliant escort. A magnificent reception was given to him, yet he was not deputed to the council. Gregory did not acknowledge that assembly, not having himself summoned it, he addressed his envoy to the emperor only. He made two conditions upon resigning his pontificate; he asked that the council should submit to be summoned in his name, and he forbade his deputy to be present in it, unless the president were one of the cardinals who had been subject to him. The council accepted the first of these clauses, and rejected the second; at this time, only, they preferred offering the presidency to the emperor. But by avoiding one difficulty, he fell into another. On the one hand, it was never intended that the acts prior to the last convocation should be invalidated; and on the other, it was not desirable that it should be said that the emperor had presided in a session of an universal council. Therefore, it was settled that this should not have the sacred character of those which had preceded it, most of the religious services with which those had commenced being omitted on this occasion.

Things being thus arranged by both parties, with extreme attention to the just claims of all, the session opened under the direction of Sigismund. The emperor was seated, with the altar in full view, having on his right hand Charles de Malatesta, the agent of Gregory, and on his left the cardinal of Ragusa, one of his legates. Some hymns were sung, then two bulls of Gregory XII. were read. One of these authorized the prelates and great officers to recognise the assembly of Constance as a general council, when it should be again called together by him; the second gave to Malatesta full power to act and decide as he should judge most suitable to his own interests and those of the Church. The bulls being read, the messenger of Gregory arose, and said, "I, John, cardinal of Ragusa, by the authority of my so-called sovereign lord the pope, as far as he is concerned in it, assemble the sacred general council, and authorize and confirm all that may be done in it for the union and reformation of the church and for the extirpation of heresy."

The archbishop of Milan next spoke, and in the name of the council approved this new convocation in these terms: "The principle and the motive being the chief point on all occasions, the holy council of Constance, lawfully assembled in the name of the Holy Ghost, and representing the Catholic church, (having for its principle to do all that can be done for the union of the church, that the two subjections, namely, that which acknowledged John XXIII. as having been pope, and that which acknowledged Gregory XII. as actually so, may be united together under Jesus Christ, who is their Head,) will admit in all things this convocation which has just been made, in the name of him, who is called by those under his control, Gregory XII., as far as the business may concern him; and ordains that these two subjections may be, and may continue united."

The council being thus afresh assembled, the cardinal of Pisa celebrated the mass, and all the ceremonies were performed which were usual at the opening of each session; the emperor returned to his accustomed seat, the cardinal de Viviers presided in the assembly, and the fourteenth session began.

Several decrees having been read, by which the council forbade any one whatsoever to proceed to the election of a new pope, unless acknowledged by it; it suspended at this time, all the customs, rights, and privileges authorized by former councils respecting the election of the popes. The council reserved for itself the regulation of the time, form, and place of this election, decided that it would not be dissolved till a pope should be elected, and entreated the emperor to employ himself effectually in upholding and defending it.

The emperor declared that he should obey the will of the council, and he caused an edict to be published, which threatened the severest penalties against whoever should attack the security of the council, or the liberty of electing the pope. The next act was to ratify what Gregory had canonically done in those places which were really obedient to him, declaring, that, not on account of incapacity, but for the promotion of public peace, Gregory had been deprived by the twelfth session of the right of being again elected. The council acknowledged his dignity as cardinal, and confirmed the same to the six cardinals who had submitted to him.

Charles Malatesta, then, having risen, harangued the assembly, and in alluding to the name of Angelo, which belonged to Gregory XII., he took for the text of his discourse these words from St. Luke, "There was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host." Then, placing himself on a raised seat, prepared as if for Gregory himself, he solemnly declared that his master renounced the sovereign pontificate, not being influenced by any other motive than the desire of procuring peace and union to the church.

The council terminated its fourteenth session by the reading of a decree, which summoned Pierre de Luna, called Benedict XIII. to perform his promise of renouncing the pontificate within ten days, under pain of being prosecuted, as a schismatic, incorrigible, void of faith, and perjured: in case of his refusal, the council ordered him to be so prosecuted, and the emperor was required to execute the sentence. Gregory, after having resigned the tiara, appeared to be relieved from a considerable weight; in fact, the crown pressed more heavily on his conscience than on his brow. When he learned what had passed at Constance, he assembled his cardinals, his priests, and household, and in their presence laying aside his mitre and pontifical ornaments, he took an oath that he never would resume them. He was appointed cardinal bishop of Porto, and two years after died at the age of ninety, at Recanati, in the marquisate of Ancona, where he was legate.

The Italian divines have taken advantage of the concession which the council granted to Gregory, to nullify all the former proceedings, and especially the acts of the fifth session, which established the superiority of a general council over the pope. Such an attempt on their part may be understood, but cannot be justified.

In order to invalidate the acts of the previous sessions, the council must have declared them to be void, at the fourteenth or some following session; and indeed these ought only to have been reckoned, from the announcement of the new convocation. The contrary was done; the sessions continued to be reckoned in the same order as before, and eventually, all their acts were confirmed from the lips of another pope; and, to avoid all pretence for doubt or equivocation, the clause "as far as concerns Gregory XII.," was required to be retained in the decree of that pontiff for the convocation of the council.

It does not appear that Gregory himself, after his abdication, regarded all the former proceedings as null,* or supposed, for instance, that, to render valid the deposition of John XXIII., it was needful again to depose him. Doubtless, Gregory would allege what was due to himself, to excuse his long-continued resistance; he also desired, as far as they were in his power, to preserve unsullied the privileges of his supreme dignity which his former competitor had abandoned. When conquered, he knew how to derive honour from his overthrow. His descent was constrained, but it was his aim to make it appear a voluntary act, and to cover a real necessity by an appearance of free will. Balthasar Cossa was shamefully thrown down, and resigned his crown as a coward. Angelo Corrario yielded his

* See a curious letter by Gregory XII., quoted i Martin's Anecdotes, tome ii. p. 1646.

as a pope, and may rather be said to have walked down than to have fallen from his throne.

After having done much in order to put an end to the schism, the council directed all their efforts against heresy. Already, by condemning Wickliffe and his works, they had attempted to check the new doctrines from their fountain head; it was now necessary to repel those who had dared to publish them abroad. Notwithstanding all the distance which in point of doctrine separated Wickliffe from John Huss, the popular voice designated the latter as the successor of the great heresiarch of England. And, to those who judge rightly, John Huss was indeed the successor of Wickliffe; like him he defended, against the authority of the priesthood, the claims of Scripture, and of the conscience: it is true, that, on other points, he departed very little from the doctrines of the church of Rome; he asserted only one principle, the result of which was the right of separating from thence, if this appeared a duty to the conscience. That was sufficient. Here was the germ of a revolution. His ruin was then determined on, and never was there a greater cause, or a nobler victim. No sufferings were spared him. The arrest of Jerome of Prague was a severe trial to John Huss, his teacher and his friend. They were denied the consolation of being together in their captivity, and while Jerome pined in the fetters of the tower in St. Paul's burying-ground, Huss remained at Gottleben, under the guard of the bishop of Constance.

All his letters, all the testimonies of his contemporaries, attest, to this last period of his life, that his patience, his angelic mildness, and his resignation, were as enduring as his sorrows. If, in former times, his indignation had imparted too much violence or bitterness to some of his actions or treatises, these defects had now given place to the contrary virtues, and it was the will of God that he should appear most meet for the incorruptible crown of heavenly glory at the moment when his enemies on earth were preparing to inflict on him the pains of martyrdom. Never more conspicuously than in him did faith appear filled with gratitude and hope, in the midst of trials in which worldly men would have seen only cause for tears and despondency. He said: "These words of our Saviour have been a great consolation to me; Blessed are ye, said Jesus, when men shall hate you, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for my sake; rejoice in that day, for your reward shall be great in heaven."

John Huss, like most other men of fervent piety, united to great courage that elevation of soul, that enthusiasm, in which it must often be evident, that the direct influence of the Holy Spirit enables the human mind to surmount the greatest obstacles, the bitterest sorrows. But the extraordinary manifestation of his superior abilities, of that remarkable state of mind which human wisdom has so greatly censured, because of being in itself unable to explain the cause, never in the least degree diminished the humility of John Huss.

Already, when driven from Prague, and wandering in the villages of Bohemia, followed by crowds who were attentive to his words, he observed, "The wicked, by their citations and anathemas, have covered the poor "goose"* with their nets; but if this quiet, domestic fowl, which never flies to any great height, has broken these snares, will they not be spurned still farther by those which soar in the heavens? Instead of a feeble bird, the truth has stimulated eagles, with piercing sight and fearless wings, and they will win many souls to Jesus Christ, who will put his strength in them."† One night, in his hiding-place, he dreamed that the priests desired to destroy the pictures of Jesus Christ which he had caused to be painted on the walls of his chapel at Bethlehem. "The next day," he says, "methought I saw several painters employed in tracing brighter and more numerous representations of the Saviour, and they cried, with a great crowd of people, 'Now come the priests and bishops; let them efface this if they can.' And the multitude rejoiced, and I joined with them."‡ "Think more of your defence than of your dreams," said John de Chlum to him: when he heard of this, John Huss, replying to his friend, repeated that "the Scriptures forbid us to have regard to dreams. And yet," he said, "I firmly trust that the life of Christ which I have impressed on the hearts of those at Beth-

* "Huss" signifies "a goose," in the dialect of Bohemia.

† Epist. vi. J. Hus. script. tempore Anat. et interd. Pontif.

‡ Balbinus dates this dream as previous to the captivity of Huss; but he saw in it only the foreboding of the calamities about to fall on the church and on Bohemia.—(Epit. Rer. Bohem., p. 412.) Epist. xliv.

lehem, by the preaching of his word, will not be effaced; and that, after I am gone, it will be more effectually set forth, by superior preachers, to the great joy of the people; in which I shall myself rejoice, when I am again permitted to preach the gospel—that is to say, when I shall rise from the dead. As for my defence, I entrust that to the Lord, to whom I appealed for it before the commissioners, saying, May the Lord, who soon will judge you all, be my advocate and my judge. I have committed my cause to him, as He has himself committed his cause to his Father. He has said, Take no thought what to say before those who shall judge you, be not uneasy as to the manner in which ye shall answer; for I will give you a mouth, and wisdom, and power, which your adversaries shall not be able to resist. Fear not; be not troubled; ye are going forward to the conflict, but I will fight for you." (Epist. xlvi.) Yet the day of his judgment did not arrive. The most ardent opposers of Huss, and, among them, Paletz and Michael Causis, dreaded the influence of his eloquent flow of language before the assembly; perhaps, also, they were afraid lest a public recantation should deprive them of their victim. They had found from the canon law, that they might conscientiously refuse to allow a pleader for a heretic; they had also discovered that such a one might be justly condemned, unheard. On the other hand, Sigismund foretold, too confidently for his own credit, the result of a public trial; the safe-conduct which he had allowed was a burden to his conscience, and in gaining time for John Huss he also gained it for himself.

However, the barons, the nobles of Bohemia, and, amongst all the rest, the brave and faithful John de Chlum, always showed the same zeal in the cause of their unfortunate countryman, and they renewed their energetic supplications to the council and the emperor. They alleged, "John Huss is accused of having openly preached at Constance, where, immediately from his arrival, he inhabited the same lodging with John de Chlum, who has never left him, as the said nobleman offers to take oath, and to prove at any risk, or in any manner whatever." They added, "John Huss is come freely to the council, to make public confession of his faith; he arrived with the intention of being reunited to the holy church, as to those points on which he shall be acknowledged to have differed from her." The barons repeated the certificates of orthodoxy which had been delivered at Prague, and produced a protestation by John Huss, in the following terms:

"Desiring before all things the honour of God, and of the holy church, and wishing to continue a faithful member of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Head and Husband of his church, which he has redeemed, I protest, as I have done before, that I have never obstinately supported, and never will thus support anything that shall be contrary to the truth. I have believed, I do believe, and I desire always to believe, firmly, all the truths which it is necessary to admit, and sooner than be willing to defend any error contrary to them, may I, with confidence in my Lord and his Divine assistance, undergo the pains of death. I am, then, ready, with the help of God, to expose my miserable life, for the sake of that law of Christ, which I believe to have been expressly given by the inspiration of the Holy Trinity, and published by the saints of God for the salvation of the human race. I believe the articles of the Divine law, as the Trinity has set them forth and commanded us to believe them. In my answers, my theses, and public acts, I have submitted, I submit, and promise hereafter to submit to the requirements of this holy law, being ready to recal all that I may have advanced in opposition to the truth."*

"Now," the barons alleged to the council, "some seek to condemn John Huss from some passages that are mutilated, misinterpreted, and treacherously extracted from his works by his mortal enemies, and in violation of the safe-conduct of the emperor. We conjure you, therefore, reverend fathers, to permit John Huss to be removed from his severe confinement, and entrusted to the hands of some bishops and commissioners selected by yourselves, that he may regain his strength, and return in health, to be afterwards examined. In reliance on which, we, the nobles and barons of the kingdom of Bohemia offer to you such sureties as you shall require, and sufficient pledges for the promise that we give, that the said John Huss shall not depart till he have satisfactorily answered the examination of your commissioners."

The barons wrote in a similar style to the emperor. His reply has not been preserved, but the patriarch of Antioch

* J. Huss. Hist. et Monum. t. i. p. 15.

answered in the name of the council, that the event would prove whether the protestation of John Huss were the truth or an imposture; that, as to the sureties or hostages whom the barons engaged to present, if they should offer a thousand, the deputies of the council could not conscientiously receive them in behalf of a heretic. Nevertheless, they promised that Huss should be removed from Gottleben on June 5th, and brought to Constance, that he might be publicly heard. This latter conclusion must be especially attributed to the emperor, who gave by word of mouth the same assurance to the barons of Bohemia.

John de Chlum left that prince filled with hope, and hastened to write to John Huss,—"Very dear friend in Christ: know, that it has been determined between the emperor and the national deputies, that you should have a public audience, and your friends insist on your being placed in a very airy situation, that you may recover yourself, and have some refreshment. Therefore, in the name of God, and for the sake of the truth, beware of deserting his sacred cause from any fears of the loss of this miserable life, for it is for your greater benefit that God visits you by this trial."*

Notwithstanding the engagement which had been just made between the council and the emperor, the enemies of Huss persevered in their opposition to the audience promised, and circulated the report that a sedition had broken out in the town on the arrival of John Huss. They induced the council to send deputies to Gottleben, to question him, and to obtain from him some confession which should render his public audience useless. In these private interrogations all means were employed, including even insult and violence, to shake his firmness, and his friends were somewhat uneasy as to the result.

Huss thus reassured them in one of his letters, which at the same time displays the rigours and annoyances of this secret inquisition. He says: "Let my friends be under no alarm as to my answers. I firmly trust that the things I have spoken in secret will be hereafter published on the housetops.† Every article was presented to me with an inquiry whether I persisted in being willing to defend it. I answered that I was not willing now, but that I waited the decision of the council. God is my witness, that no answer appeared to me more becoming, since I had written with my own hand that I would support nothing by obstinacy, but that I was disposed to allow myself to be instructed by any one whatever. Michael Causis was there, holding a paper, and stimulating the patriarch to force me to answer his questions. The bishops then entered. God gave permission to Paletz and Causis to arise against me, because of my sins. The first examined all my letters, and the second related all the conversations that had passed between us many years ago. The patriarch maintained, before all the rest, that I was very rich.* 'You have 70,000 florins,' said one archbishop. Oh, assuredly, I have suffered much to-day. One of the bishops said, 'You have established a new law.' Another said, 'You have preached on all these articles,' and I replied, 'Why do you pour insult on me?'"†

Among those who were the most ardent in opposing Huss, were the (university) doctors of France. Consulted by the council as to nineteen articles which were attributed to him, their conclusions, signed by Gerson, were severe, and brought down rigorous condemnation on the author. The greater part of the deputies from the church and university of Paris to the council, belonged to what was called the "nominal" school, which, after a contest of two centuries, obtained superiority in France over the rival school. Several censured John Huss for being one of the "realists" at least as much as for his heterodoxy. Perhaps they forgot that their own school, as represented by Roscelin and Abelard, had already been censured by the church, or rather they remembered it too well, and by exciting the council against John Huss, they thought to blot out their former disgrace, and to revenge such humiliating defeats.

Doubtless such calculations were of no weight with Gerson; but the strongest minds are not exempt from prejudice, and Gerson attributed exaggerated evil to the great Bohemian doctor; thus the conclusions of the university of Paris pressed heavily on the heart of Huss.

* Oper. Hus. Epist. xlvii. t. i. p. 91.

† "Spero quod quæ dixi sub tecto prædicabuntur super tecta." The disciples of Huss regarded these words as a prophecy.

* Several letters in which Huss requests his friends to discharge some very trifling debts for him, prove that, on the contrary, he was very poor.

† Epist. xlviii.

He declared them to be slanderous; and in one of his letters, he said, "Oh, may God grant me time to reply to the false imputations of the chancellor of Paris," (Epist. l.)

The council seemed at last disposed to hear him, and on June 5th, he was brought from Gottleben to the monastery of the Franciscans; where he remained in chains until his death. However, before the day of his public audience, the cardinals, the prelates, and almost all the members of the council, assembled in that place, and resolved, first, in the absence of Huss, to pronounce on the articles of his accusation. With them also was found Peter Maldoniewitz, the friend and disciple of Huss. He went out in haste, and ran to warn John de Chlum and Wenceslaus Duba. He said to them, "John Huss is going to be condemned before he is heard."

The two barons informed the emperor, who sent immediately to the assembled members, the elector palatine, and the burgrave of Nuremberg. Sigismund ordered that the inquiry should be suspended in the absence of John Huss, and required that information should be given him as to the articles of accusation, that he might have them examined by men of learning and integrity. The assembly consented to the first point, but refused the second.* John de Chlum and Wenceslaus Duba then presented to the elector palatine those volumes by Huss, from which it was pretended that the articles of his doctrines were extracted, and they begged him to produce them in the assembly, in order to prove whether the extracts from these works were faithful. The elector and the burgrave, having restored the volumes, withdrew; and all things being thus arranged, John Huss was introduced.

"IT IS TOO LATE NOW."

I WENT some few years ago to visit one of my own hearers, who was so ill that his physician pronounced him to be beyond the reach of human recovery. On offering him my hand, he shook his venerable head, covered with the silvery hairs of age, and said, with a tremulous voice, "It is too late now, sir." I endeavoured to shake his confidence in the impossibility of his salvation, by arguments drawn from the design of our Lord's mission and death, and from his power and willingness to save the chief of sinners. He listened with profound attention to all I said, but to every argument he replied, "It is too late now, sir: I have loved my money, and neglected my soul. Yes, sir, it is too late now." I varied my method of appeal, and multiplied my arguments of encouragement, but the monotonous reply came with still stronger force of utterance, "It is too late now, sir!" I proposed praying with him: he objected, saying, "It is too late now, sir." After a kind and lengthened remonstrance, he consented. We knelt together at the throne of grace, and when we arose, he said, with a look, and with an accent I shall never forget, "It is too late now, sir." With this horrifying sentence vibrating in my ear, I descended from his bed-room, and walked away, sighing as I walked, occasionally turning, as I passed onwards, to look on the dwelling in which still lived a sinner, who could utter only one sentence, and that one sentence proclaiming his fixed belief that it was too late for him to hope for his salvation. He survived this heart-rending interview only a few hours, and then expired,

> "Without one cheerful gleam of hope,
> Or spark of glimmering day."

Reader! now is the accepted time; and again I urge you to kneel and pray for mercy. It may be too late to-morrow. —*East.*

THE BEGINNINGS OF SIN.

WE should take care of the beginnings of sin. Nobody is exceedingly wicked all at once: the devil is too cunning to startle men with temptations to great and frightful crimes at once.—*Bp. Wilson.*

LIVING TOMBS.

How many are so entombed by the riches, the honours, the pleasures, and the sins of the world, as only to be taken out of them to be buried in the earth.—*Marsh.*

* Theobald Bel. Hus. cap. xvii. This refusal from the council must be imputed, either to their fear of the emperor's disposition of mind with regard to Huss, or to their dread lest Sigismund should take upon himself to be a judge on an ecclesiastical subject.

The Jewish Mother.

EASTERN COSTUME.

The dresses of the inhabitants of the east generally, and the Jewish people in particular, have undergone little alteration since a very remote period in the history of the world. The materials of which they commonly consisted were wool, and the hair of goats, camels, and even of horses for the coarser clothing, the latter being especially adapted to the exhibition of suffering from bereavement. Sackcloth, too, of goats' hair, was manufactured for mourning, the coarseness and colour of which was regarded as according with the feelings of a people, whose outward professions, at least, wore great grief at the loss of relatives or friends. This is the reason why a clouded sky is represented in the bold figurative language of Scripture as covered with sackcloth and blackness. In Canaan, under ordinary circumstances, persons of distinction were dressed in fine linen of Egypt; and, according to some authors, in silk, and rich cloth, shaded with the choicest colours, or, as the Vulgate calls it, with feathered work embroidered with gold. Professor Paxton states that the beauty of the clothes of the Hebrews consisted in the fineness and colour of the stuffs; and it seems the colour most in use among the Israelites, as well as among the Greeks and Romans, was white, not imported and improved by the dyer's art, but the native colour of the wool, being most suited to the nature of their laws, which enjoined so many washings and purifications. The retention of the native colour of the wool in clothes was not confined to the lower orders; it was also in great esteem among persons of superior station, and is particularly mentioned in Scripture, as emblematic of purity and beauty: "Let thy garments," says Solomon, "be always white," Eccles. ix. 8. The fullers had discovered the art of communicating a very splendid white to cloth, though by the aid of impure substances.

The purple cotton cloth, which was similar in many respects to the celebrated Tyrian purple, was highly esteemed, and is considered to have been produced by the blood taken from a vein in the throat of a shell-fish then found in the adjacent sea. Mr. Bruce, however, inclines to the opinion that the murex, or purple fish, at Tyre, was only a concealment of their knowledge of cochineal; for if the whole city had applied themselves to nothing but fishing, they would not have coloured twenty yards of cloth in a year.

Blue was a favourite colour among the

Jews. The robe of the ephod, in the splendid dress of the high priest, was of this colour, and it appeared prominently among the hangings of the tabernacle. In modern times, the whole dress of the Arab female of humble rank was of this tint, ornamented with differently coloured needlework. Mr. Harmer supposes the art of dying blue was discovered in countries more to the east or south than Tyre, and that the dye had by no means become common in the days of Ezekiel; while others think that some of the persons employed in the construction of the tabernacle, and some of the Tyrians in the time of Solomon, seemed to have the art of dyeing with blue. These blue cloths were manufactured in remote countries; and to those who wore scarcely anything but woollens and linens of the natural colour, they formed very magnificent vestments. It does not appear, however, that the Jews ever wore garments wholly of this colour; and perhaps they abstained from it as sacred and mysterious, from its use about the tabernacle and the temple, in the curtains, veils, and vestments belonging to these sacred edifices. The blue, or hyacinth colour, was extracted from the cuttle-fish, which bears in Hebrew the same name with the tint, and was highly esteemed, especially among the Assyrians.

The *hykes*, or blanket, as we should call it, was a loose but troublesome garment, continually falling with its ends on the ground, so as to oblige the wearer to be constantly tucking it up. A girdle was, however, used whenever the wearer was about to engage in any active employment. Under this garment many wore a close-bodied frock, or tunic, with or without sleeves, differing probably but little from the coat of our Saviour, which "was without seam, woven from the top throughout," John xix. 23. The fisher's coat with which Peter girded himself was doubtless a similar article of apparel. The girdle was usually of worsted, artfully woven into a variety of figures, and made to fold several times round the body; while one end, being doubled back, served as a purse,—and this plan was so generally adopted, that when a Roman said, "I have lost my girdle," he meant his purse. To loose the band and give it to another was a mark of peculiar regard and love, and David received one from the hands of Jonathan as an expression of cordial affection.

Isaiah, when declaring the punishments which God had denounced against those who continued to reject him, says:

"In that day the Lord will take away
The bravery of *their* tinkling ornaments *about their feet*,
And *their* cauls, and *their* round tires like the moon,
The bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands,
And the tablets, and the earrings,
The rings, and nose jewels,
The changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles,
And the wimples, and the crisping pins,
The glasses, and the fine linen,
And the hoods, and the veils.
And it shall come to pass, that, instead of sweet smell, there shall be stink;
And instead of a girdle, a rent;
And instead of well-set hair, baldness;
And instead of a stomacher, a girding of sackcloth;
And burning instead of beauty."—Isa. iii. 18—24.

Here Isaiah enumerated the articles composing the female toilet in his day, and comparatively little alteration has been made by those Jewesses who are splendidly dressed in modern times in the countries of the east. The vice of paying too much attention to dress is, unhappily, not confined to the limits of Asia; but, when a better knowledge of what is really beautiful is spread abroad, and the mind and heart are brought under a right influence, it will rapidly decrease.

CHRIST IS GOD.

The following striking incident is taken from the Memoirs of Dr. Joseph Fletcher: One morning he received a letter from one of the members of his church, stating that a neighbour of his, an intelligent man, professedly a sceptic, was apparently very near his end; and though he refused to see any other Christian visitor, was willing—he could scarcely say wishful—to see Dr. Fletcher, whom he had seen, and once heard, and whom he thought a sincere man. Dr. F. went, as requested, in the afterpart of the day, before the prayer-meeting at Stepney, and was so much overcome by the interview as to be almost unfitted for that service. On entering the chamber of this apparently dying sceptic, he beheld the attenuated form of one who had been a tall, athletic man, struggling under the ravages of a disease at once the most painful and incurable. Dr. F. commenced by some kind inquiries respecting his disease; after suggesting some little things calculated to soothe his pain, and, in his own peculiar way, expressing his sympathy, alluded to the sufferings of Christ, who died for us, and

gave himself a ransom for sinners; who, equal with the Father, and one with him, humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, that, through his blood, we might have peace with God. Hearing this, the dying man said, "Sir, I do not believe that; I wish I could, as my dear wife does there: she believes all you say." "Well," said Dr. F., "but you say you wish you could, and that is a great point towards attaining it, if you are sincere. Now, what do you believe concerning Jesus Christ?" "Why," said he, very inarticulately, "I believe that such a man once lived, and that he was a very good, sincere man; but that is all." It was a principle with Dr. F., when reasoning with unbelievers, if they acknowledged the smallest portion of truth, to make it a position from which to argue with them. This mode he adopted in the present case, and said, "You believe that Jesus Christ was a good man—a sincere man. Now, do you think that a good man would wish to deceive others? or a sincere man use language which must mislead?" "Certainly not," said he. "Then how do you reconcile your admission that he was a good man with his saying to the Jews, 'I and my Father are one.' When they took up stones to kill him, because he had made himself equal with the Father, he did not undeceive them, but used language confirmatory of his Godhead; and he further said, 'My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me, and I know them, and I give unto them eternal life.' Now, could any mere man say, '*I* give unto them eternal life?' Could any angel, even, however exalted?" —"Stop!" cried the dying man, with an excited voice; "stop! sir, I never saw this before; a new light breaks in upon me,—stop! sir." Holding up his emaciated hand, as if fearing that a breath might obscure the new light breaking in upon his benighted soul, and with a countenance lighted up with a sort of preternatural expression, quite indescribable, but with eyes intently fixed upon Dr. F., after a short but most solemn pause, he exclaimed, the big tears rolling down his almost transparent face, "Sir, you are a messenger of mercy, sent by God himself to save my poor soul! Yes! Christ is God, and he died to save sinners! yes, even me!" His feelings were so excited as to be almost too much for the poor wasted body; and Dr. F. was so powerfully affected as to be only able to conclude this most remarkable interview by prayer, and a promise to renew his visit next day: referring him, before he left, to some suitable portions of Scripture on which to rest his faith and his hope. The next day he found him propped up in bed, literally a "new man," with all the eagerness of a hungry man seeking to be fed with the "bread of life," and yet, with all the simplicity of a child, trusting in the promises of God, which are "yea and amen in Christ Jesus." He candidly confessed, that, though he had rejected the gospel as unworthy of credit, he had never before read it, which Dr. F. had generally found to be the case with infidel objectors. The mind of this dying man seized upon each successive truth as it was unfolded to his enraptured view with an avidity indescribable. He almost forgot the previously insupportable sufferings of his body in the overwhelming experience he enjoyed of the love of Christ in his soul, and in proportion as his bodily frame decayed, his faith triumphed. He had one little girl, his eldest child, capable of reading. He gave her a copy of the New Testament, with all the passages marked by his own hand, which had been specially useful to him in the way of instruction or consolation; and he desired her, as the last request of her dying father, to read it daily, never to part with it, but to make its blessed contents her guide through life, that they might prove her comfort in death. After this he desired that all his infidel books might be committed to the flames before his eyes, that the poison might be destroyed and the plague stayed. He lived just one fortnight after Dr. F.'s first interview, and every succeeding one was confirmatory of his hopes.

OLD HUMPHREY ON INFLUENTIAL WORDS.

Among the thousands and tens of thousands of words of which our language is composed, there are many that have a much greater influence with us than others. Some produce but little emotion or interest, while others are full of significance and power. I will refer to a few that call up within us pleasurable associations.

The word *spring* is extremely grateful, surrounding us in a moment with imaginary fresh air, green leaves, blooming flowers, and singing birds. We see the

verdant fields and budding trees, smell them, enjoy them, and revel in them. The cheerful and beautiful creation animates and delights us, and puts a song of joy in our mouths, and a psalm of thanksgiving in our hearts.

As a tree shoots out into branches and sprays without number, so the word *books* spreads its numberless pleasant associations in our minds. At the sight or sound of the word, the books of our boyhood, and those of after-days, that have won our regard, are heaped and huddled together in delightful confusion. Piles of juvenile works, in gay bindings, are mixed with folios and quartos, and sober-backed, black-letter tomes. Histories, Travels and Voyages, Adventures, woodcuts and engravings, appear endless. Nor is the Book of books forgotten—the Holy Scriptures of truth, the ever blessed word of the Most High.

The word *riches* is a dazzling word to the eye and the heart, and though different people attach to it different significations, with most it is a medley of fine estates, fine mansions, fine carriages, fine horses, fine clothes, and fine jewels, with much money in the bank, many servants, and an opportunity of living in style, and enjoying life. Talk of living in style and enjoying life! Why, where is there a lord or a lady in the land, who has half as much enjoyment as the wild roamers of the woods and lanes? "If I did not believe the Bible," said one, "I would close it at once for ever, join a gang of gipsies to-morrow, and so lead a merry life in the fields." That the rich are free from many cares to which the poor are subject, is certain; but that they are happier than others, is a belief which I am very much inclined to question. The word of God would rather incline us to a contrary opinion. "Labour not to be rich," Prov. xxiii. 4. "Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasures and trouble therewith," Prov. xv. 16.

Father is a word, with me, wondrously influential, nor can I think of it without mingled reverence and filial affection. "As a father pitieth his children," says David—and we feel the pity he describes. "Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father," says Solomon—and we acknowledge the authority with reverence. "I will arise and go to my father," said the poor prodigal, and his words thrill through the heart. "My father! my father! the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof," cried out Elisha, when Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven; and the exclamation arrests our very souls. Few who have felt the kindly correcting, sustaining, and fostering influence of a father, but must feel, at the name, somewhat in the way that I have described.

No sooner is the word *oak* spoken, than it calls up in a moment before me a goodly park, wherein deer are quietly cropping the herbage, and here and there an antlered stag proudly stalks along under the trees, or among the withered fern. There stand in avenues the giant Anaks of the forest, the aged oaks with enormous trunks, stretching wide their spreading branches, rich in leaves of autumnal brown and ruddy oak-balls. Yonder is the old turretted hall, partly hid, and partly seen in the distance. The grey stones of which it is built are mossgrown, and tell a tale of other times. Old sir Everard has long mouldered beneath the marble pile in the chancel of the neighbouring church, and

> There 's rust on the trophied lance and sword
> That rests in the ancient hall,
> And a spider has woven her web on the helm
> That hangs on the western wall.

These old halls are, no doubt, goodly dwelling-places, but they are but for a season. Look out! look out! ye owners of halls and castles, for more enduring habitations, whose builder and maker is God.

What family gatherings and friendly greetings the word *Christmas* brings before us! We see the sparkling eyes of long-absent friends, and we feel the hearty shake of their hands, while the warm glow of the cheerful hearth spreads through our conscious frames. Sometimes it is a country scene that starts before us, and the farm-house, the hearty host, the plenteous board, the village church bedecked with mistletoe and holly, and the simple manners of the rustic throng, by turns present themselves! And their city scenes of gathered relatives, and festive board and carol singers, and schoolboys with Christmas pieces, and charities and aged widows, occupy our thoughts, not altogether unmingled with the remembrance of Him who came "to seek and to save that which is lost."

Where is there a heart, young or old, that is not in some degree affected by the word *ocean?* Who hears not at the word the roar of the mighty deep, or sees not the billows break on the sandy or pebbly

shore? Over the spirit of the young comes a dream of white sails, blue-jackets, cabin-boys, porpoises, and foaming waves, sunny islands, flying fish, coral reefs, cocoa-nuts and macaws—sharks, shipwrecks, and savages; while with the more mature prevail fleets, ships, merchandize, voyages of discovery, storms in the Bay of Biscay and in the West Indies, and a general sense of the presence of the world of waters—vast, restless, unfathomable—mysterious, awful, and sublime.

"The sea it is deep, the sea it is wide,
And it girdeth the world on every side;
Oh! ancient, wide, unfathom'd sea,
Ere the mountains were God fashion'd thee."

What a rest, a peace, a repose there is in the word *sabbath!* The church bells appear not to break the stillness that reigns around, and the quietude is only rendered more impressive by the solemn voice of prayer, the arresting exhortation, and the burst of praise. The big, old family Bible almost opens of its own accord, and we read in the Old Testament, "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple,"—or, in the New, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."

Mother is a word to which every bosom responds. It finds its way to our hearts in our youth, and retains its hold upon us in our age. If fathers are looked up to for precept, principle, and example, mothers are relied on for tenderness and enduring affection. Fathers are strongholds of safety, mothers are sources of love and consolation. The word mother is as a soft and balmy breeze coming up from the valley, sweet, soothing, and grateful; cooling the fevered brow, calming the ruffled spirit, and tranquillizing the agitated heart. What voice was ever like the soft voice of a mother?

Nor is *moonlight* a word that has no influence on our minds and our hearts; for who has not wandered in the fields and the grove in the tranquil hour when the bright beam and the deep shadow have relieved each other! And who has not stood on the sea-shore at eventide, when the silver flood of light from above has fallen on the wide-spread waters! We have, all of us, at some period of our lives, looked up from our casement, in the lonely midnight hour, to the pale moon gliding silently through the heavens, and thought of the absent and the loved, that were dear to our hearts! The word moonlight has in it much that is pensive and lonely; but it has also a thousand pleasurable remembrances with profitable reflections.

Few words are more cheering and joyous than that of *holiday*, making, as it does, the eyes of the young sparkle with pleasant anticipations, and supplying the more advanced in years with agreeable remembrances. It speaks in a breath of liberty, light-heartedness, hilarity, laughter, and delight. Our thoughts of holiday are social, and not selfish; for who ever spends a holiday alone? Loved and sprightly companions, cheerful sounds, and pleasurable and exciting scenes, are all associated with holiday. How many bygone seasons again start into being at the word, and what mirthful moments and hours of happiness rush onwards to occupy our thoughts!

Welcome is a warm and pleasant word. Who is there that has not felt its sunny glow, and been gladdened by its pleasurable influences? It seems a word fashioned to express, in the briefest way possible, the kind cordialities of life. It dissipates doubt, confirms confidence, and imparts unmingled satisfaction.

A welcome should suddenly start
With emotions of joy and surprise;
Triumphantly rush from the heart,
And exultingly beam from the eyes.

The word *country*, in its rural signification, is a source of unbounded pleasure, presenting us at once with hills, valleys, fields and brooks, heaths, lanes, woods, waterfalls, hospitable farm-houses and goodly cheer. The word breathes of health, and ease, and roaming, and high spirits, and happiness; and when it is used to signify our native land, it stirs up within us a love of the spot that gave us birth. England is dear to our affections,—

We love it in age, as we loved it in youth—
The homestead of honours, religion, and truth.

May we estimate it more for its justice, generosity, and benevolence, than for its riches and power, and ever desire that its goodness may eclipse its greatness and its glory.

Sunshine is a very influential word, and light and brightness appear to break in upon us while it is uttered. It not only brings sunny skies before us, but creates also sunny thoughts. How often has sunshine scattered our cloud of cares,

added to the hoard of our enjoyments, and lit up our hearts as well as the earth and heavens. While noting down these passing thoughts, I see, or fancy that I see, a sunlit scene, and the bright beam that is spread over the whole landscape glitters on the church weathercock, sparkles in the running brook, and blazes like fire in the windows of the old hall.

And how sweetly does that dear word *home* sink into our hearts, and blend with our affections!

There may be many, very many, who talk and sing about

"Home! sweet home!"

who have never enjoyed the tranquil peace and delightful luxury of a happy household; but to those who have, the word home is as music, soft and sweet, low and loud, cheerful and solemn by turns; calling forth pleasant remembrances, gentle affections, and holy aspirations. Blot out the word home, and I know not how you are to supply its place, for palace will be but a paltry substitute.

"Home is home, be it never so homely."

I could go on in this way for some time, but had much rather that the subject should be pursued by my readers. After pondering, then, a little on the words I have given you, see if you cannot add to them a list of your own; and as, when you have done so, you may sum them up all, ay, more than all, a thousand times told, in the word *heaven;* let heaven be your hope, your home, your desire, and your expectation. Seek it humbly! seek it heartily! seek it through Him who has said, "I am the way!" and seek it with all your soul!

THE BANKS OF THE ELBE.

The extensive forests, beautiful meadows, and fertile fields, bordering on the river Elbe, from where it empties itself into the sea, to the eastern extremities of the duchies of the Lunenberg and Mecklenburg, were, about the fourth or fifth centuries, the dwelling-places of that remarkable people who poured into Britain and possessed themselves of the inheritance of Boadicea in England, and Kenneth in Scotland. They were to be the colonizers of the earth; and, possessing the blessings of free institutions themselves, they were filled with an insatiable thirst to impart, through whatever means, these institutions to others.

Brave and terrible in arms, wise in their municipal laws, just in their civil relations, enlightened in their views of the public good, fond of their domestic hearths, and devotedly attached to their wives and children, they were, nevertheless, restless wherever they were located. Urged on, as if by some invincible force, they had suffered, bled, fought, had conquered or had been defeated, till they made their way from the Danube to the Elbe, peopling the whole distance with their descendants. At length, the North Sea checked their progress, and compelled their noblest families, for several centuries, to locate themselves in East Anglia, (the country between the Elbe and the Weser,) and also in Anglia Proper, comprehending the provinces of Sleswig, Holstein, Lunenburg, and Mecklenburg, while the whole of Saxony formed the base of their operations.

From East Anglia they made many piratical incursions on the coast of Albion, till, being invited by the Britons themselves, after Rome had, in a great measure, withdrawn its armies from this island, to aid them to resist the Scots, who had invaded them, the Anglo-Saxons overcame both parties, and made themselves masters of the greater portion of the two kingdoms. Their posterity still form the staple of the population of the British Empire; while the name of their Saxon province, Angleland, is transformed into England. Their intermingling with various foreign races has not worn out the blood, nor greatly changed the features or personal qualities derived from their Teutonic ancestors.

The pure descendants of that renowned race still inhabit the countries through which the stream of colonization passed till it reached the British shores; and the river, which was their outlet, remains the same as it has been for a thousand years. It cannot surely be regarded without interest by those who trace to these people their common origin; especially when it is considered, that, though concentrated in the British isles, their onward course is in progress to the present day. The wide Atlantic has been left behind them for ages; the Pacific Ocean beholds their banners waving almost from every island; the Indian seas have opened to the keels of their vessels; and neither mountains, nor rivers, nor jungles, nor wild and savage warriors, nor barriers, of whatever description, have been able to stop them "pushing to the ends of the earth."

The river Elbe, though thus maintaining a high and interesting position in the ancient history of our nation, possesses few, if any attractions for the tourist. Its entrance is indistinct, and hemmed in by dangerous sandbanks; its shores are low, and the habitations of its people not discernible for some time after you are within its waters. It is not till you have sailed fifty or sixty miles up the river that you obtain a view of any objects worth regarding. Even then, there is nothing that can for a moment bear a comparison with the Tay, or the Clyde, or the Thames.

Cuxhaven is a small town at the mouth of the river, on its southern bank, at which place all the ships bound upwards call to obtain a pilot. It is a mere suburb of Ritzebuttel, a lordship belonging to Hamburgh; and has a little harbour, and some trade with the surrounding country. The castle of Ritzebuttel, situated about a mile from the water side, is a high, square, red brick building, of poor appearance, where a governor resides, who is always one of the senators of Hamburgh. The place is much frequented in the bathing season, by the burghers of the city and the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns, and every species of gaiety and dissipation is carried on.

The stationary population of Ritzebuttel, and its dependencies, I found far more respectable than the giddy multitude that visited them. Sedate, cautious, and industrious; generally in comfortable circumstances, and many of them devout in their religious character, I had much pleasure in conversing with the few to whom I had access. They lived greatly secluded in their houses, and appeared to take no part in the gaiety around them. The deeply-ingrained German self-respect, united with the utmost attention to the duties of their creed, admitted, as far as I could see, no laxity of morals. There were Bibles, and treatises on Calvinistic theology, found in various houses. Indeed, the people all about this province of East Anglia reminded me more of the serious and enlightened peasantry of Scotland than those of any other part of Saxony. Bremen, the neighbouring free city, about forty or fifty miles off, has preserved its orthodoxy since the period of the Reformation to the present day; and, doubtless, the influence of truth, in all that regards reverence for the word of God and attention to the means appointed, still prevails in the towns and hamlets around; while many experimentally enjoy the hope of their fathers.

Many of the best seamen of northern Europe come from this district, and are trained from their youth at the port of Cuxhaven. The stream of commerce continually rushing past, from all parts of the world; the number of pilots always required—to Hamburgh inland, and to the deep water seaward, together with the difficulty and danger of the navigation between the Elbe and Heligoland westward, and to the Eyder and Cattegut northward, makes this spot one of the best nurseries for a seafaring life in Germany.

From Cuxhaven the north shore of the Elbe is scarcely visible, the river being six or eight miles wide at its mouth. In sailing up, Braunsbuttel, on the north shore, is the first place that attracts attention. It is a large fishing village, and a great refuge for pilots. The river now contracts its banks, and is here about two miles wide. The roof of a farm-house may now and then be seen behind the strong sea-wall, or perhaps a village church spire, or an occasional clump of trees; but there is nothing worth remarking till you reach Gluckstadt, which is a small fortress on the north bank, belonging to his Danish majesty. It is a neat, compact little town, of great antiquity, surrounded with strong walls, and showing a rather imposing front towards the river.

About fifteen or eighteen miles above Gluckstadt the town of Stadte is found, laying a mile or two south of the river, in the Hanoverian dominions. Opposite to Stadte there is a small guard-ship stationed, where every foreign vessel must be cleared before she proceeds farther. To prevent delay, the ship's papers are entrusted to the examining-officer coming on board; they are then sent after the vessel to Altona or Hamburgh, where the dues are paid, at so much per ton for the ship, and an *ad valorem* duty on the cargo. This forms a considerable branch of the revenue of king Ernest, who tried a few years ago to double these dues, but failed. This impost is exacted, professedly to maintain the sovereignty of Hanover over the navigation of the river; but Holstein claims it also; and the matter is compromised, by all Danish ships being free from these dues.

Between Stadte and Blankenese the banks gradually rise, the river again

widens; but it is nearly filled up with low woody islands, which can scarcely be distinguished from the main. Blankenese is a beautiful village, about ten miles below Hamburgh. It is chiefly the abode of the most expert salt-water fishermen of the Elbe, whose immense boats, some of them fifty or sixty feet long, with one tall mast, and high-beaked prow, line the beach. The cottages of the fishermen are scattered without order up the acclivity, which is here tolerably steep, amidst trees and flowering shrubs, and have a very pretty appearance. All along the bank above, which rises to nearly one hundred and fifty feet, there are some large and beautiful pleasure-grounds and gardens, belonging to the rich merchants of the adjacent imperial city. They are open to the public, and hundreds of the citizens of Altona and Hamburgh, unhappily, avail themselves of the day of sacred rest to parade around this spot. From some of the eminences in these grounds the prospects are enchanting. You can see far down the Elbe to the west, studded with villages and islands; and, directing the eye towards the east, in a clear evening, you can discern the towers of Lunenburgh, forty miles distant.

There is a marked difference observable between the English and German character, as to the privacy of the gardens of the gentry on the one hand, and the respect with which this kind of property is treated by visitors on the other. In England the grounds and gardens of the nobility and gentry are generally kept shut up from the public: their owners would be almost as much astonished to see half a dozen groups of persons, with as many sporting children around each of them, parading their retired walks, without especial permission, as they would be to behold two or three African lions, or a royal tiger or two from Bengal, amusing themselves beneath the oaks of their ancestors. In Germany, on the contrary, scarcely a garden, or well-laid-out pleasure-ground can be found, which is not open to all comers; yea, the owner seems to take pleasure in it only in administering to the taste of the public, rather than in satisfying his own. He seems to regard his grounds as a mere trust for the amusement of the million, and to acquire their approbation is all he appears to care about, in placing his seats, erecting huts, or arranging his plantations. As in the disposition of the owners there is this difference between them and the English, so also there is a difference in the disposition of the visitors. In England, the visitors of parks and gardens, such as Richmond and Hampton-court, are, with difficulty, kept upon the gravel walks, or from trampling on the green grass, or from plucking the flowers, or carving their names on the trees, or from injuring heedlessly, in a variety of ways, the property around them; while, in Germany, a multitude from the middle ranks of life, or even from the lowest purlieus of their cities, may be safely trusted amidst flowers and fruits of all descriptions, in the most valuable pleasure-grounds of the country. Not a stem will be injured, nor a tree notched, nor a flower plucked, nor a leaf disarranged, nor a greensward trod on, nor a stone of gravel displaced, if they can help it, through a summer day's sojourn, of all that multitude. There seems to exist a kind of tacit agreement between the owners and their visitors, that, on the one hand, every means shall be used to please those who may visit their grounds, and, on the other hand, that such kindness shall be repaid with every mark of decency and attention. There is something interesting in this trait of German character. It appears to make property, or, at least, the enjoyment of it, change hands for the time being, and to place the pleasures of the rich in the possession of the poor, to be resumed by their owners, only when the parties borrowing have neither inclination nor ability to make any further use of them. Such were the beautiful grounds and gardens of Blankenese.

G. D. M.

THE POOR SHOULD BE TREATED WITH KINDNESS.

A young man, of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the students' friend, such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct. While they were walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was at work in the field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work. The young student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick: we will hide his shoes, and conceal our-

selves behind those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them." "My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves." The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the labourer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express. The poor man had soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down, and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder was seen upon his countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it round, and looked again and again; then he looked round him on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar. His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing. The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes. "Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?" "Oh, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood, 'It is better to give than to receive.'" We should never approach the poor but with the wish to do them good.—*The Christian Citizen.*

ENGLISH HISTORY.

A TREATY was signed at Petersburgh, on June 17th, by lord St. Helen's, in which some explanations were given of the laws of blockade and neutral trade. Thus the northern confederacy was at once dissolved by the death of Paul and the success of Nelson at Copenhagen; and the mighty schemes Buonaparte had formed, including an overland expedition to India, were done away. Meanwhile an entire change of administration had taken place. Pitt, having found much difficulty in carrying into effect the union with Ireland, had made some promises to relieve the Roman Catholics from their remaining disabilities, or, as it was termed, to grant "Catholic emancipation," an unhappy term, involving a concession which never ought to be made to the professors of the Romish faith; for it is meant by them to establish the claim that theirs is the universal faith—whereas it is notorious, that, without reference to Protestants, there is a far greater number of nominal Christians who refuse to admit the supremacy of the pope in his claims to be lord over God's heritage.

On proceeding with his measures resulting from the union, Pitt found himself stopped, by the decided refusal of the king. George III. was firmly set against the "emancipation," considering that it was contrary to the oath taken at his coronation to maintain the Protestant religion unaltered. Pitt urged that no injury thereto would ensue, and that such a measure was necessary to tranquillize Ireland. The king being firm against any concessions, Pitt resigned early in February, thus concluding his memorable administration of seventeen years, during which it had fallen to his lot to be concerned with events more important perhaps than those of any like period in the history of the world. It was, however, evident that Pitt's measures were to be pursued, for the successor appointed in his place was Addington, the speaker of the House of Commons, a personal friend of Pitt, afterwards viscount Sidmouth, a man of respectable character, but of moderate abilities. In the midst of these changes the king was again in a state of mental aberration, apparently brought on by his anxiety about the emancipation question; but in a few days the paroxysm passed away, before any public arrangements for a regency were necessary. During this interval the financial arrangements for the year were announced, including a loan of twenty-five millions; the sinking fund being considered as a sure mode of relief. These had previously been brought forward by Pitt.

The new ministry was in office in the middle of March. Directly after Addington's appointment, it was reported that he was inclined to enter into negotiations for peace. It has indeed been stated that the resignation of Pitt was intended

to facilitate the making peace, by the substitution of one acting upon his principles, but not so committed as himself to the continuance of the war. Whether this was the case, and the emancipation question was merely used as a pretext, is not clear;—in this, as in many other matters, there may have been a mixture of motives. It was evident that Pitt was not in opposition to the new ministry, or to their negotiations for peace with France.

Many of those detained in prison under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act were now discharged, but martial law was continued in Ireland. The desires of the British Government for peace were forwarded by the altered state of affairs in the north, which alone was enough to incline Buonaparte to a short interval of rest. This was also furthered by the successes of the British army in Egypt, to which country the troops, so long beating about in the Mediterranean, had now proceeded, under the command of sir Ralph Abercromby. This force was the best yet sent out from England, and considerable improvements had been made in the discipline of the soldiers, and especially in the training of the officers. The landing was well managed, though in the face of the enemy; and the army, in the whole about 15,000 men, advanced towards Alexandria. A severe but partial action was fought on March 13th, and if followed up, the English might have entered Alexandria; but the general was cautious, for as yet the English land forces had been usually unsuccessful in this war.

The French general, Menou, now arrived with his main body from Cairo, and attacked the British on the 21st. The contest was severe, but the French were thoroughly beaten; one body, named the Invincibles, was almost wholly cut off. The forces in the battle were about 10,000 on each side; but the French were veterans of the army of Italy, and nearly all concentrated against one part of their opponents, who were as yet untried, or unsuccessful in the field. Abercromby was mortally wounded, and died in a few days after. The command then devolved upon general Hutchinson, who proceeded with steadiness and great caution. He was now joined by a Turkish force, and leaving a part of his army before Alexandria, he moved towards Cairo, taking Rosetta and some other places while on the way. On June 27th, Belliard, the commander there, agreed to surrender, on condition that the French with him, 13,000 in number, should be conveyed to France. The English army was soon after joined by Baird, from India, by the Red Sea, with an army of about 5,000 men, who much surprised the other forces by the extent and magnificence of the equipments of an Indian army.

On Hutchinson's returning to Alexandria, the French there, after some attempt at bravado, agreed, also, to evacuate Egypt. Those who survived to return exceeded, in the whole, 24,000; thus proving that the French in Egypt had been overcome by an inferior force. It is worth noting, that the French generals agreed to surrender many antiquities and articles of scientific research; but their *savans* threatening to destroy these rather than give them up, the British commander, desirous they should not be lost to the world, consented to their being retained—a striking contrast to the practice of late constantly pursued by the French invading armies. One memorable article, however, was taken possession of by the British, as a trophy of the campaign—it was the sarcophagus in which the body of Alexander the Great had been originally deposited, though long since removed. This interesting relic of antiquity is now in the British Museum. The final result of the Egyptian expedition was not known in England till some time after; but the successful progress had much influence in promoting peace. Twice did Buonaparte send forth Gantheaume and a squadron, with orders to throw succours into Alexandria, at any hazard; but each time the French admiral avoided the result of an action, when he found he could not otherwise communicate with the besieged force. The important results to Britain from the successes in Egypt may be given in the words of Alison:—"Nothing but the recollection of this decisive trial of strength could have supported the British nation through the arduous contest which awaited them on the renewal of the war, and induced them to remain firm and unbroken amidst the successive prostration of every continental power, till the dawn of hope began over the summit of the Pyrenees, and the eastern sun was reddened by the conflagration of Moscow. The continental neighbours, accustomed to the shock of vast armies, and to regard the English only as a naval power,

attached little importance to the contest of such inconsiderable bodies on a distant shore; but the prophetic eye of Napoleon at once discerned the magnitude of its consequences, and he received the intelligence of the disaster at Alexandria with a degree of anguish equalled only by that experienced from the shock of Trafalgar." He never allowed those around him to know the extent to which he was afflicted by this reverse. To one, however, he said, "My projects, alike with my dreams, have been destroyed by England." He had indeed dreamed—forgetful that he was only an instrument in the hand of the Most High; and though repeatedly shown that his power was limited by the Divine permission, he proudly persisted in his arrogance.

In the Mediterranean, sir James Saumarez attacked a French squadron at Algesiras in July, but only a part of his ships could get into action, and he had to retire, leaving a ship of the line to surrender. But the enemy, having been joined by a Spanish squadron, sailed from Cadiz in a few days. The British commander followed, though with only half the force of his opponents. A desultory action followed, in which two Spanish ships, of 112 guns each, took fire and blew up, and another ship of the line was taken.

France now stirred up Spain to invade Portugal. England was unable to aid her ally, and the latter submitted to a disadvantageous peace—but this was not enough for Buonaparte. He caused a body of his troops to enter Portugal, and reluctantly allowed peace to be purchased. Prussia was offered Hanover, but honourably declined the proposal. The preparations for an invasion of England were now made on a very large scale, all along the Dutch and French coast, Boulogne being the chief place of rendezvous. Nelson was put in command, to attack the flotilla in that port. He made the attempt, though not heartily approving the measure; but the French vessels were chained to the shore, and to each other, and surrounded by strong netting, which prevented the entrance of the assailants, and the enterprise failed.

By this time negotiations for peace were nearly completed. They were conducted in London through a French agent, named Otto, who was there ostensibly to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, and begun in March, but the preliminaries were not signed until October 1st, when the London public displayed joy in no measured degree. It was not less in Paris. The terms were advantageous to France, as they not only gave Buonaparte an opportunity to strengthen himself, but in several repects to weaken his enemies. His promptness was shown by his sending a large fleet and army to the West Indies for recovering St. Domingo from the negroes, who then possessed it, under the government of one of their number, Toussaint l'Overture. The treaty of peace was finally signed at Amiens, by lord Cornwallis, on March 27th, 1802, after protracted negotiations. By it England consented to restore all her colonial conquests—Guadaloupe, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Eustatia, Surinam, the Cape of Good Hope, Pondicherry, Minorca, and Elba. The only concessions from France were, that her forces should be withdrawn from Portugal and Naples, and some compensation made to the prince of Orange. Malta was to be restored to the knights, under the guarantee of some neutral power, afterwards intended to be the king of Naples.

This was a peace, of which, as Sheridan said, "every one was glad, but no one proud." So far as such humiliation goes it cannot be objected to—and peace, under any circumstances, is preferable to war. It was, however, but too apparent, that this could not be a lasting peace; and that while Buonaparte's rapacity was notorious, he would be the great gainer, by repossessing the French colonies, and having an interval to consolidate and increase his strength; but it gave a great moral lesson; the result showed the impossibility of satisfying or keeping quiet, one—

> "Who enlargeth his desire as hell,
> And is as death, and cannot be satisfied,
> But gathereth unto him all nations,
> And heapeth unto him all people."

It also was now evident that a great political as well as a moral mistake had been made by Britain, in joining the unprincipled efforts and designs of the first coalition, instead of contending only for her own integrity, with means strictly lawful, on Scripture principles. Still the remarks of Alison appear to be just;—they are to this effect: "Such was the termination of the first period of the war, and such the terms on which Great Britain obtained a temporary respite from its perils and expenses. The government of the first consul, compared to

any of the revolutionary ones which had preceded it, was stable and regular. It seems indisputable that it was the duty of government, if it could be done without dishonour, to bring to a conclusion a contest, of which the burdens were certain and immediate, and the advantages remote, if not illusory, and put the sincerity of the first consul's professions of moderation to such a test as might relieve them of all responsibility, in the event of their being obliged, at a subsequent period, to renew the contest. England lost none of her means of defence during the intermission of hostilities, and she avoided the heavy responsibility which otherwise would have lain upon her to the latest generation, of having obstinately continued the war, when peace was in her power, and compelled Napoleon, although otherwise inclined, to continue a contest which ultimately brought such unparalleled calamities on the civilized world."

During this memorable war, from 1791 to 1802, the trade of Great Britain had prodigiously increased: its imports were one-half more, its exports were doubled. Notwithstanding the constant demands of the navy, the shipping and merchant seamen had increased considerably. The navy had 135,000 seamen, while the merchant service employed 121,000. The army was 197,000, exclusive of 78,000 militia, 31,000 fencibles, and many thousand volunteers. The annual national expenditure had increased from sixteen to sixty-nine millions of pounds. Land was much increased in value, and the profits of commerce—so that those classes could well afford their proportion of the public burdens; but the agricultural labourer, as we have seen, had been defrauded of his due increase, and the rise of prices pressed heavily upon him and on the fundholder, as well as on all persons of fixed and small income. The national debt was augmented from two hundred and forty-four millions of pounds to four hundred and eighty-four—the annual charge of which was 21,661,000*l.*, including four millions for the sinking-fund. It is to be remarked, that the resources of England had increased during the struggle, and her efforts at the conclusion were on a scale which, if put forth at the commencement, would have at once crushed the opponent, if we may reason after the manner of men. But, as Alison observes, "Like an extravagant individual, who squanders in the profusion of a few years the savings of past centuries, and the provision of unborn generations, the government of England threw a fleeting lustre over its warlike administration, by trenching deep on the capital of the nation, and creating burdens little thought of at the time, when the vast expenditure was going forward, but grievously felt in subsequent years, when the excitement of the moment had passed away, and the bitter consequences of the debt which had been contracted remained. But this was not all. England, during those eventful years, drank deep at the fountain of paper currency, and derived a feverish and unnatural strength from that perilous but intoxicating draught."

MEMORY.

Many are discouraged from studying the Scriptures, because, as they say, their memories are so treacherous and unfaithful, they can retain nothing. More pains will supply this defect. Memory is the soul's steward; and if thou findest it unfaithful, call it the oftener to account. A vessel set under the fall of a spring, cannot leak faster than it is supplied. A constant dropping of this heavenly doctrine into the memory will so keep it, that, though it be leaky, yet it never shall be empty. If Scripture truths do not enrich the memory, yet they may purify the heart. We must not measure the benefit we receive from the word according to what of it remains, but according to what effect it leaves behind. Lightning, you know, than which nothing sooner vanisheth away, often breaks and melts the hardest and most firm bodies in its sudden passage. Such is the irresistible force of the word: the Spirit often darts it through us—it seems like a flash and gone, and yet it may break and melt down our hard hearts before it, when it leaves no impression at all upon our memories. I have heard of one, who, returning from an affecting sermon, highly commended it to some, and being demanded what he remembered of it, answered, "Truly, I remember nothing at all; but only while I heard it, it made me resolve to live better, and so by God's grace I will." To the same purpose I have somewhere read a story of one who complained to an aged holy man, that he was much discouraged from reading the Scriptures, because he could fasten nothing upon his memory which he had read. The old hermit (for so, I remem-

ber, he was described,) bid him take an earthen pitcher and fill it with water; when he had done it, he bid him empty it again and wipe it clean, that nothing should remain in it, which, when the other had done, and wondered to what this tended: "Now," saith he, "though there be nothing of the water remaining to it, yet the pitcher is cleaner than it was before; so, though thy memory retain nothing of the word thou readest, yet thy heart is the cleaner for its very passage through."—*Bishop Hopkins.*

APPEARANCES OF NATURE.

NOVEMBER.

"AUTUMN is dark on the mountains," says a writer, the sombre imagery of whose style is peculiarly applicable to the season; "grey mist rests on the hills. The whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. The leaves whirl round with the wind, and strew the grave of the dead." To use the words of Bryant:

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere;
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the wither'd leaves lie dead,
They rustle in the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, throughout the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood,
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves,—a gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lonely beds, with the fair and good of ours:
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perish'd long ago,
And the briar-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn's beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was lost from upland, glade, and glen."

The trees now rapidly lose their leaves; the walnut begins; mulberry, horse-chestnut, sycamore, lime, ash, follow; and then, after an interval, the elm, beech, and oak, and apple and peach-trees cast their foliage; but this may not be till the end of the month. Pollard oaks and young beeches retain their withered leaves till they are pushed off by their new ones in spring. Towards the end of the month, the leaves begin to collect in heaps in sheltered spots, and rustle to the foot of the passenger; and there they will lie till the young leaves are grown overhead, and spring comes with all its benignant influences. As the sapless branches spread out their innumerable ramifications against the cold grey sky, they show perhaps the ivy which has mantled over, and which forms a pleasing contrast to the bare objects around.

The furze now displays its flowers, like little gleams of sunlight, on the broad cold common; the moles ply their night-work in the meadows; the green plover "whistles o'er the lea;" "the snipes haunt the marshy grounds; the wagtails twinkle about near the spring heads; the larks get together in companies," and seem to talk, instead of pouring forth their notes, as is their wont; the thrush occasionally utters a plaintive sound, as if half afraid of its own voice; while the hedge-sparrow and titmouse appear as if they were trying to sing, to keep up their drooping spirits. So true is it, that—

——"Congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving in their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note."

Though the swallow no longer "twitters on the straw-built shed," the sparrows are chirping on the eaves, and the twitterings of a thousand birds in the hedges remind us that there are many of the feathered race who will not forsake us during the winter months. Our old friend the robin, too, who had forsaken us when he could support himself on the produce of the field and garden, returns to the farm-house for the winter, with his lively and clear song,—

"And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is,"

while his full dark eye, his "scarlet stomacher," his confident, sidelong, and sprightly turn of the head, makes him a favourite with all. His trustiness is, however, one reason why he is regarded as a friend; for, when we desire the welfare of the different members of the feathered family, we do not like to have our intentions unreasonably suspected. His whole deportment displays a confid-

ence in himself and in others, as is sufficiently indicated by his rapid hop, the quick intelligence of his eye, and the quiet tossing of his head. His courage has been apparent during his whole history; for though, when building his nest he selected some lonely copse or lane, or a cavity in the bark at the root which would defy a steady search, yet the behaviour of the parents was never indicative of timidity. They were generally flitting about the nest, and, though careful enough to be out of the way of danger, they did not appear agitated, nor did they fly away when observed, but were ever satisfied with the screen of a hedge between themselves and that by which they were disturbed. Nor must the wren be forgotten, though his modesty prevents his intrusion on our notice, a tendency which his plain garb is only calculated to encourage. Yet the most illiterate do not fail to admire the beautiful contrivance of a wren's nest.

With this month the sport of woodcock shooting begins. The woodcock is a nocturnal bird, seeking its repose by day in the dry grassy bottoms of brakes and woods, and seldom or ever moving unless it is disturbed. Towards night it sallies forth on silent wing, pursuing a well-known track through the cover to its feeding-ground. These tracts, or open glades, in woods are sometimes called cockshoots, and it is in them that nets were formerly suspended for their capture, for which the gun has now been generally substituted. A few may still be caught with nooses of horsehair, set up about the springs or soft ground where the birds leave the marks of the borings of their beaks in the pursuit of worms.

This bird appears in the greatest numbers in hazy weather, with little wind, and that blowing from the north-east, and it is probable that it then finds the upper region of the atmosphere, in which it flies, freer from counter-currents of air than in more open weather. After a night of this description, woodcocks have frequently been met with in great numbers on the edges of plantations, in hedges, and even in turnip-fields; but on search being made for them on the following day, not a single bird has been found, the whole having taken flight during the night. They are supposed to come from Norway and Sweden, a continued flight of eight or ten hours being sufficient to accomplish the transit; and the good condition in which these birds arrive confirm this belief, as a long flight would be indicated by proportionate wasting consequent on the exertion.

The snipe is also a bird pursued by the sportsman, and it may be described as indigenous to this country. It breeds in small numbers in most of the counties along the southern line of the coast of England, but goes higher in the breeding season. In addition to the native birds, however, great flights come annually from Norway, and other parts of northern Europe, arriving in Northumberland in the greatest numbers at the commencement of this month. They seldom remain long in one place, moving from spot to spot, according to circumstances. The nest consists of the simplest materials, and the young have some resemblance to the chicken of our poultry yards, but the long beak of the snipe prevents any mistake.

The brooks are now brimful, and the waters hurry along the courses, laden with masses of foam, or pour their waters over the meadows on either hand:—

"Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in dark glooms. First joyless rains, obscure,
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul,
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That, grumbling, wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and, deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home retire; save those that love
To take their pasture in the troubled air,
Or, skimming, flutter round the dimply pool."

Warton's translation of the antiquated Scotch verse of Gawain Douglas, the bishop of Dunkeld, gives so good a description of the season, that we cannot refrain quoting from it:—

"The fern withers on the miry fallows, the brown moss assumes a barren mossy hue; banks, sides of hills, and bottoms grow white and bare; the cattle look hoary from the dark weather, the wind makes the red reed waver on the dike. From the crags and the foreheads of the yellow rocks hang great icicles in length like a spear. The soil is dusky and grey, bereft of flowers, herbs, and grass. In every hold and forest, the woods are stripped of their array. Boreas blows his bugle horn so loud, that the solitary deer withdraws to the dales; the small birds flock to the thick briars, shunning the tempestuous blast, and change their loud notes to chirping; the cataracts roar, and every linden-tree whistles and brays to

the sounding of the wind. The poor labourers, wet and weary, draggle in the fen. Warm from the chimney side, and refreshed with generous cheer, I steal to my bed, and lay down to sleep, when I see the moon shed through the window her twinkling glances and wintry light. I hear the horned bird—the night-owl, shrieking horribly with crooked bill from her cavern; I hear the wild geese with screaming cries fly over the city through the silent night. I am soon lulled to sleep, till the cock, clapping his wings, crows thrice, and the day peeped."

Still the cold increases, and this gradual augmentation is of great value in preventing the indisposition, and perhaps serious injury of the body; for if the heat that we experience during the summer months were suddenly exchanged for the coldness of winter, alarming results might ensue. But it is otherwise; and the interposition which has thus been made for the convenience and comfort of man is but another indication of the goodness of the God of providence in his arrangement even of the minor affairs of this lower world:—

"Thus wears the month along, in chequer'd moods,
Sunshine and shadows, tempests loud and calms.
One hour dies silent o'er the sleepy woods,
The next wakes loud with unexpected storms;
A dreary nakedness the field deforms."

The occasional gales of wind, and nipping frosts, now remind us that winter in all its severity is fast approaching:—

"What time the fields are frequent strown
With scatter'd leaves of yellow brown;
What time the hawthorn berries glow,
And, touched by frost, the ripen'd sloe
Less crudely tastes; and when the sheep
Together in the valleys keep;
And all the smaller birds appear
In flocks, and mourn the alter'd year;
The careful rustic marks the signs
Of winter."

But though it is November, there is a pleasing side of the case. As the Italians say, "Every medal has its reverse,"—and if the mind has an improper bias it will soon find it. The labourer has now to enjoy some of the advantages which arise from the increased toil of the past months. His little store of winter money and provision has been hardly earned, and, if he is prudent, and safely lodged, his countenance brightens and his heart warms with the reward of his labours. As the days shorten, and the hours of darkness increase, the family is again assembled around the fire; the youngest child may again be seen on the father's knee; and the value of "the good wife" is more appreciated as her little arrangements come more under observation. It may not be thus delightful with all, but it is so with many, and the number might be greatly increased. Only let knowledge and pure religion spread their genial influence around, and this will be the picture of thousands of families, while many a heart will beat for joy which is now depressed by insensibility or wickedness.

Those who pursue pleasurable employment will not now fail to dwell with satisfaction on the hours they have profitably spent in the pursuit of those beauties which the spring, the summer, and the autumn displayed; for memory affords many joys, on the condition that our time is appropriately employed. We may call to mind the scenes, blending perhaps sublimity and beauty, which we have beheld; the soft melody of the birds, as it floated on the air, or the more powerful song of the thrush or the blackbird, as it thrilled so loud and clear from the fir or the poplar; the beauties that smiling nature lavished upon us, as we inhaled the fragrant breath of the flowers, or saw their beauteous colours spread out richly before us; while the gentle breeze fanned the cheek, giving new life to our frames; and the clouds were dispersing and leaving the deep azure of the heaven clear, or the sun promised a continuance of his unobscured splendour, and with it were blended thoughts of Him "who formed and decked and still upholds the world:"—

"Oh, hours more worth than gold,
By whose bless'd use we lengthen life, and, free
From drear decays of age, outlive the old."

Then, as the winds howl, and the rain falls, and the snow descends, let the mind dwell on the fact that these changes of the seasons are essential to the full development of nature. If we had constant summer the grass would become withered, the flocks and herds would roam in unsuccessful search for food, the brooks would disappear, pestilential diseases would result from the putrefaction of animal and vegetable bodies; and man himself, enervated and debilitated by excess of heat, would droop. But these evils are all averted by the wise ordinations of Providence, by which autumn, as it succeeds summer, softens the descent to winter, and brings to perfection those fruits which are to serve for the good of man and beast during the remainder of the year.

F. S. W.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

MATT. xvii. 24; translated literally: "And when they came to Capernaum, those who received the didrachms [or money for the tribute] came to Peter and said: Doth your Teacher pay the didrachms?" And further on, "Cast an hook, and take the first fish that cometh up; and on opening its mouth, thou wilt find a stater, [a coin worth two didrachms,] take that and give to them for me and thee." These Greek coins are well known to all collectors; and the stater is nearly equal to the Jewish shekel, and of course the didrachm to half a shekel. Hence the question naturally arises, whether the Romans, in levying a poll-tax of half a shekel on the inhabitants of Judea, were imposing a new tribute, or seizing the well-known temple tax, which, by the Levitical law, every male above the age of twenty-one was ordered to pay towards the maintenance of the services. Commentators have been divided on the question, though we think it might have been settled by remarking, that at this time the temple services were maintained by a voluntary gift, or corban, in the place of the old tax. And that the two taxes were the same, is proved by a coin which commemorates its repeal under Nerva. The coin proves that the Roman tribute, like the Levitical tax, was payable by every Jew, wherever he lived, not by those in Judea only, and that it was thought not only an injustice, but a disgrace, as we might suppose the Jews would feel the appropriation of their sacred temple tax to the service of their pagan masters. The words on Nerva's coin are, "Judaici fisci calumnia sublata."—*Eclectic Review.*

MULBERRY-TREES IN CHINA.

THE mulberry-trees, says Mr. Fortune, are all grafted, and produce very fine thick leaves. I obtained a plant, which is now alive in England, in order to determine the particular variety, and whether it is different from the kinds which are used for the purpose in Europe. It is not yet, however, in a sufficiently advanced state for this to be ascertained. One thing, however, is certain, that the silk produced in this district is considered as being amongst the finest in China; but whether this is owing to the particular variety of mulberry-tree used in feeding the worms, or to climate or soil, still remains to be ascertained.

The trees, or rather bushes, are planted in rows, the banks of the canals being a favourite situation, and they are not allowed to grow more than from four to six feet in height. The natives set to work with a pair of strong scissars, and cut all the young shoots off close to the stump; they are then either stripped of their leaves, or taken home in bundles, and stripped afterwards. Before this operation takes place the plants seem in a high state of health, producing vigorous shoots, and fine, large, and thick shining leaves. After the leaves have been taken off, the bushes look like a collection of dead stumps, and in the middle of summer have a curious wintry appearance; but the rain, which falls copiously, and the fertility of the soil, soon revive a succulent plant like the mulberry.

The Chinese seem very particular in stirring up the earth amongst the roots of the bushes immediately after the young branches and leaves have been taken off, and the plantations appear to have great attention paid to them. The farms are small, and are generally worked by the family and relatives of the farmer, who not only plant, graft, and cultivate the mulberry, but also gather the leaves, feed the silkworms, and wind the silk off the cocoons. During my progress through the silk district, I visited a great number of cottages where the worms were feeding. They are commonly kept in dark rooms, fitted up with shelves placed one above another, from the ground to the roof of the house. The worms are kept and fed in round bamboo sieves, placed upon these shelves, so that any one of the sieves may be taken out and examined at pleasure. The poor natives were greatly surprised when they saw a foreigner coming amongst them, and generally supposed that I intended to rob them of their silkworms. In all the villages which I visited, they uniformly denied that they had any feeding worms, although the leaves and stems of the mulberry about their doors told a different tale; and they never failed to direct me to go on to some other part of the country, where, they assured me, I should find them. Before we parted, however, they generally gained confidence, and showed me their collections of worms, as well as the mode of managing them.

ALAN QUINTIN'S INQUIRIES.

No. VIII.

DO YOU COUNT THE COST?

STOP a moment. Pause for an instant. You shall not be kept long. Time is too precious to be wasted. I ought to value it; you ought to value it; we all ought to value it; but do we? What project have you in hand? Are you working, or remaining idle? going on, or standing still? doing good, or doing evil? Whatever it may be,—ploughing or sowing, putting up or pulling down, lending or borrowing, buying or building, the question I wish to ask is this, Do you count the cost?

> Whate'er our object be, in every plan
> To count the cost becomes a prudent man.

Hardly could I ask a more serious question, a more important question, or a more necessary question. Answer it openly and honestly. Attend to this inquiry, and all may be right; neglect it, and all may be wrong. Some people count differently to others; David counted God's thoughts towards him to exceed the sands, and his own iniquities to outnumber the hairs of his head. Many reckon their afflictions to be overwhelming, but Paul reckoned his not worthy to be compared with the glory to be revealed. Most of us count the good things of the world as everything, but he counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus. There is a right way and a wrong way; whichever you are taking, count the cost. God's favour is cheap at any price, but the cheapest sin will be found in the end to be far too dear.

Again I say, Do you count the cost? Do you reckon the price you have to pay? A man took a journey by coach in great haste; rode outside; went slow enough up the hill; rather too fast down. He urged the coachman to hurry on, but did not count the cost. The coachman should have known better. Smack went the whip, on sprung the horses, round went the wheels, and over went the coach at the bottom of a hill, flinging passengers and driver into a gravel-pit, one with a broken arm, and the other with a broken leg. Foolish men! They ought to have counted the cost.

An aeronaut went up in a balloon—dangerous enough to do that—but he would come down in a parachute; this was still more dangerous. Thoughtless man! He had never counted the cost. He ascended without accident, but he did not descend without one. No! He was too heavy for the parachute; down they came together, over and over. People said he was dead before he reached the ground; but certainly he was dead enough soon after he did reach it—dashed to pieces.

A miner went down a coal-pit, but he never came up again alive. How was that? say you. Did the rope break? Did he tumble out of the skip? or did anything fall on his head from the top? No! none of these things occurred. There was fire-damp in the pit, and he knew it; but he was thoughtless, wilful, and obstinate, for he would not be persuaded to count the cost. The light of his lantern set the fire-damp in a blaze. The miner was working at one end of the pit, but his scorched body was found almost at the other. Whether you travel by coach, or by any other conveyance; whether you go up high in the air, or down deep into the ground, use the prudence that God has given you, and in every case count the cost. Make no exception to this general rule, but ask the question in every project you undertake, hoping or fearing, suffering or enjoying,

> While shines the sun, or blows the wintry blast,
> What is the price that I must pay at last?

Some feast themselves with venison, and drink the ruby wine. Some fast through poverty, and sigh for table crumbs! How is it with you? Are you sitting down to a well-spread board, banqueting on dainty morsels, and dressing yourself in gay attire? Have a care! The rich man, in the parable, did this before you; but he counted not the cost. He never dreamed that it would harden his heart. He never suspected it would make him selfish. What a price did he pay for his feastings! Be on your guard; venison and turtle must be paid for—sparkling wine that moveth itself aright has a price. Count, then, the cost of them! Let them not lure you from God, and pay not for them more than they are worth.

Are you building a house, digging a well, and fencing in fields? If so, proceed with discretion. Sit down first and count the cost; or haply, when you have laid the foundation of your dwelling, you may be mocked with the words, "This man began to build, and

was not able to finish," Luke xiv. 30. Did you never hear of a man being so foolish as to build his house on the sands? He never counted the cost. No wonder that, when the storm raved, his habitation came tumbling down about his ears. Are you a wise master-builder? Are you building for the sunshine or the shower? for the summer or the winter? for time or eternity? for earth or for heaven?

Have you set your heart on riches? Count the cost, for riches may be bought too dear. On power? Count the cost, for you may become weak before you are aware. On fame? Count the cost, for the bubble may burst suddenly. Why, a fit of the tooth-ache, the head-ache, or the heart-ache, renders the rich poor, the strong weak, and the celebrated unmindful of his popularity. Think of this, and think of the fading nature of earthly things.

The tale of life is short and quickly told,
Then count the cost, and buy not dross with gold.

A certain sage was called the weeping philosopher. He saw nothing in the world to laugh at, but much to make him mourn. Sad habit, the habit of repining! Oh for a cheerful spirit, a thankful spirit, a rejoicing spirit! for this is the sunshine of the heart. Another, whom many esteemed wise, was called the laughing philosopher. He saw nothing in the world worth a tear, but everything to provoke his mirth. Sad affliction, the affliction of a light and trifling spirit! Will laughing at water prevent it drowning you? or jesting at fire hinder it from burning you? You know it will not. Are you melancholy, unthankful, and repining? Count the cost. Are you light, trifling, and foolish? Count the cost. Let philosophers laugh or weep; be you thankful for God's gifts, and desirous of God's glory.

Are you leading or following? teaching or learning? In either case you have enough to do. You cannot afford to cast aside your Bible, to neglect prayer, to mis-spend the sabbath, or to absent yourself from the house of God. There is a sunbeam over your head, if you are heavenly-minded, and charitable, and compassionate, and kind; and there is a dark cloud above you, if you are worldly, and selfish, and hard-hearted, and cruel. See to these things, see to them quickly, see to them now, and count the cost of putting the burden of to-day's duties on the back of to-morrow.

But, perhaps, your course is decided, and you are a pilgrim to the promised land; but have you counted the cost of being a candidate for heaven? Can you deny yourself—endure affliction—fear God—love the Redeemer—and be faithful even to death? If, through Divine grace, you can do these things, or are looking above to One who is mighty, yea, almighty, for help, to enable you to do them, all is well. The thunder shall not scare you, nor the lightning scathe you! Your darkness shall be turned into day, your mourning to rejoicing; though you sow in tears, you shall reap in joy, and the terrors of death shall be taken away. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Onward, through joy and grief! Spare neither cost nor pains in striving for heaven.

No cost too great, no price can be too high,
To gain a dwelling-place above the sky.

MY RAILWAY COMPANIONS.

No. III.

How various and how different are the pursuits of man! There are scarcely two, indeed, whom we may meet with in the compass of a day, who are pursuing precisely the same object. In travelling by the railway, I often speculate as to the objects which those in the same carriage with me are in search of: that is, as to what they are travelling to that modern Babylon, London, to do, or to obtain. I was one day thus pleasing my fancy, when my old friend Mr. M— sat by my side. "I can hardly imagine," I thought to myself, "what my friend is travelling in search of; especially as the day is so cold, and he is an acknowledged invalid. I do not like the idea of prying into other men's affairs, but I am half inclined to satisfy my curiosity in this instance, by asking him the object of his journey." I was, in fact, upon the point of thus committing myself, when, happily, I was spared the trouble, by his giving me spontaneously the desired information. With a smile passing over his countenance, he observed, "I dare say you could scarcely guess what I am going to town for. The object of my journey does, in fact, seem to be a ridiculous one. You must know, I am going for the express purpose of

buying a turkey. You may well stare, but such is the fact. And, let me tell you that though turkeys are bred in the country farm-yard, there are none brought to table equal to those bought in London. And you must know, also, that I not only can get finer turkeys in London than in the country, but I can get them cheaper."

"And whence does this arise?" I inquired. "I have heard that you can at all times get fruit cheaper and better in London than you can in the very gardens where it is grown, but I never imagined that this curious circumstance extended to turkeys."

"I will tell you," replied my friend. "I question, if I were to send to all the poultry yards in my neighbourhood at this season, whether I could find a dozen turkeys among them fit for the table. They have sent them all to London in the hope of getting a first-rate price for them, but the market from this cause gets glutted with them, and I have no doubt but I shall return with one of the finest turkeys in all England at about half price. I shall save my fare in the purchase, and have the satisfaction of partaking of a turkey worth eating."

My friend pursued this topic no further, and I relapsed into thoughtfulness. "I would not," I thought to myself, "class Mr. M— with those shameless professors, of whom the apostle said with tears, 'whose god is their belly, whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things.' I know him to be a sincere Christian, but it is evident that he studies his meat and his drink more than is necessary. His character is certainly not that of the Romans, of whom Horace said:

> 'There are a number of us creep
> Into this world, to eat and sleep;
> And know no reason why they're born,
> But merely to consume the corn,
> Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,
> And leave behind an empty dish.'

But I almost fear his thoughts dwell too much on the sustenance of his 'earthly tabernacle,' and that he loves too well the delights of the table."

Reader, Mr. M— is not a solitary instance of a professing Christian gloating over the flesh of a turkey. Memory recals to mind several, who, while they profess to live for another world, live too much for this. Often when, in company, I have expected to hear godly discourse, the conversation has turned wholly upon the viands of the table. This fish has been praised for its fineness, and that fowl for its flavour, and their merits contrasted with those long ago eaten, not forgotten; and the conversation on fish, flesh, and fowl has become so animated, that one could almost have imagined that those engaged in it thought with the Roman gourmand, "Life's but a feast," and that their motto was that of the heathen epicurean, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." When I find myself mixed up with such companions, I feel inclined to administer to them this grave reproof from the pages of holy writ: "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. For he that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men. Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another. For meat destroy not the work of God. All things indeed are pure; but it is evil for that man who eateth with offence. It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak," Rom. xiv. 17—21.

In connexion with my old friend Mr. M—, I would notice my neighbour, Mr. G—, with whom I often find myself, without any previous arrangement, "boxed for town."

"Who is that?" said my loquacious and good tempered fellow-traveller, Mr. H—, one morning, as we were proceeding onwards at the rate of some fifty miles per hour. "Who is that person at the farther end of the box, wrapped up in an old cloak? It strikes me I have seen his face somewhere under very different circumstances; and I suspect I am right, because I perceived that when he spoke to you, he spoke with a conscious air of superior wealth."

"Hush!" I replied, "I fear he will hear us; I will tell you when we get into the omnibus."

"Ha! ha! ha!" ejaculated Mr. H—, "He hear us, indeed! he must have quick ears if with this eternal snorting of the engine and pattering of the carriage-wheels, sitting as he does at the other side of the box, he could make out one word of our conversation, though we talked at the very top of our voices."

"Well, then," I replied, "I will venture to tell you. I dare say you have

heard of the great wealth of Mr. E—; you must know that is the man. You have doubtless seen him under different circumstances; you have seen him lolling in a carriage that would vie in splendour with those of our titled nobility. It suits his purpose, however, sometimes to sink his greatness. You must know that he is now going among the tradesmen of London, to make purchases for his household; and he fancies that by going thus humbly dressed, he can get his wares cheaper than he could if he rolled up to their doors in his carriage, or if he sent his orders by post, or his livery servants to order what he required."

Had my readers seen the smile of contempt which passed over the face of my friend Mr. H—, as I gave him this piece of intelligence, they would not have forgotten it for at least some months.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, "how contemptible! I could hardly have supposed that a man could be guilty of such a meanness. And let me tell you, if ever he should chance to stray into my establishment, I will remember him; he shall certainly pay the tip-top price of all the purchases he may make. I should like to catch him there; he should not profit by his threadbare cloak."

I can easily understand the feeling of contempt which Mr. H—, as a tradesman, had for such a man as my wealthy neighbour, and have no doubt but he would remember him, if ever he should present himself at his establishment. My feelings, however, as regards the character of Mr. E—, are widely different; with me, he is rather an object of pity than of contempt. And for this reason: that while he is seeking the perishable things of earth at the cheapest possible rate, he neglects those which are enduring, though they are offered to him, in common with all mankind, "without money and without price." It is pitiable, indeed, to see a creature born for eternity live only for time—to see a being capable of enjoying the high and holy pleasures of heaven, delighting only in the things of this world—to see a man striving to heap up wealth which he knows, from daily observation, he must soon leave behind him; and yet neglecting to lay up "treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

"On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave,
The proud run up and down in quest of eyes:
The sensual in pursuit of something worse;
The grave of gold; the politic of power;
And all, of other butterflies, as vain.
As eddies draw things frivolous and light,
How is man's heart by vanity drawn in,
On the swift circle of returning toys,
Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then ingulph'd,
Where gay delusion darkens to despair."—YOUNG.

E. F.

THE CHARACTER OF JESUS.

COULD we lose sight for a moment of the infinitely merciful object for which the Messiah appeared among men, and fix our thoughts exclusively on his character, we should still find enough to excite the profoundest admiration and wonder. Everything that we can imagine necessary to form the perfection of humanity, the standard of our judgment being the revealed requirements of God, finds its abode and centre in this character. Neither before nor since has there appeared among men such a combination of varied excellencies, such a cluster of mental and moral beauties, as dwelt in "the man Christ Jesus." And these excellencies being such as God himself requires, were inherent and positive; absolutely up to the Divine standard, not comparative, or such as distinguish one mere man from another.

The patience that bears misrepresentation and injury; the magnanimity that forgives enemies; the sympathy that weeps with sorrow; the compassion that relieves distress; the love to God and men that fulfils the law; the unwearied zeal that leads to labour, for the glory of the former and the good of the latter; the engrossing solicitude that keeps its eye constantly on the great object of existence; the comprehensive benevolence that disdains all selfish interests; the wisdom that selects the best means for accomplishing the best ends; the faith that wavers not in the dark and cloudy day; the piety that shines with steady light in sorrow and in joy; the perfect holiness that receives no stain from surrounding impurity; the resignation that gathers motives to praise from every Divine dispensation; the spirituality that finds the spring of conduct in the heart; the resolution that founds itself on what is immediately right, irrespective of temporary consequences; the obedience to Jehovah's law which recognises in the will of God the safeguard of the universe; the enunciation of truth for its own sake,

however it may clash with patronised maxims; the sincerity which never diverges from its straight course to parley with expediency; the intellectual power that awes learning into reverence; the condescension that attracts the timid child; and the divine philosophy which measures human conduct by an infallible standard, and places all the transactions of time in the light of eternity, was all found in, and exhibited by, "the man Christ Jesus," in absolute perfection.

Nor was this unequalled character occasional, transitory, variable. It was uniform, constant, unchangeable. His heart was always pure; his affections were always in harmony, always set on God; he loved him with all his strength, and soul, and mind; and on God's work, he delighted to do it; and on God's fallen creatures, he failed not until he had redeemed them. His understanding was always comprehensive, his intellect clear, his judgment infallible. When he taught, there was no ostentation. When he suffered, there was no murmuring. When he rejoiced, there was no levity. When he rebuked, there was no asperity. When he silenced gainsayers, there was no boast of triumph. When he took up children in his arms, there was no show of condescension. When he walked with the poor, there was no affected superiority. When he dined with the rich, there was no concealment of his opinions. He asked no favour, he sought no patronage, he courted no applause. Whether sitting among the fishermen of Galilee, or in one of the cottages of Nazareth, or in the house of the Pharisees; whether standing before the Jewish priests, or in the presence of Herod, or at the bar of Pilate; whether teaching the multitude, or instituting the eucharist, or bearing his cross, he was the same—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Supremely beautiful character! Who that has looked upon it, as delineated with inimitable fidelity and simplicity in the evangelic history, can fail uttering a burst of surprised delight? It has no drawback, no shade but of keeping, no stain; there is nothing to be deducted, nothing to be added, nothing to be desired more: it is "altogether lovely."—*The Footsteps of Messiah.*

THE THREE CROSSES.

"On either side one, and Jesus in the midst."

The most celebrated country in our world is Judea, and the most celebrated spot in Judea is Calvary. Nor is the fame of Calvary confined to our earth: it has been heard of in other worlds; nor will time be able to limit its marvellous history: it will form the subject of intense study in eternity. The redeemed and the lost, the good and the bad, will think of it, the former with inexpressible gratitude, the latter with irresistible anguish; for the transaction from which Calvary derives its pre-eminence is not a mere historical episode, the removal of which would leave no blank in the annals of time, but the central truth of a circle of doctrines embracing all time, all men, and all eternity. The history of man, with that of Calvary omitted, would be not only lamentably incomplete, but it would form the most appalling record in the universe. In such a case, dark and sad, sunless and joyless, were the life of man! And the history of Calvary, with that of man omitted, would cover with impenetrable mystery that part of the Divine government which is now luminous with the continued rays of "mercy and truth." In such a case, we should not know even "part of his ways!" True, the government of God stands alone. It has neither precedent nor parallel. It comprehends issues far too vast to be embraced by the human understanding. But thus far we can go regarding it. It is not a thing of short-lived expedience, but of immutable principle; not to meet a contingency, but to embrace all events; not for a time, but for all time; and not for all time merely, but for eternity; and not for one world, but for the universe which he has created, and over which he reigns. In different worlds, there may be different manifestations of this government; but there will be no contradiction, however great the diversity: the fundamental principles from which these manifestations spring will be found—if discoverable at all—uniformly the same. Hence, at the throne of God, the centre of authority, there is constant calm, "eternal sunshine," undisturbed repose. The death of a sinless being, for instance, which took place in our world, and by which perhaps it is distinguished from all other worlds, whilst it does not interfere with the principles on which

they are governed, brings out with astonishing grandeur the wisdom and mercy of Him who is "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working;" for the inspired book which records this event, takes care to inform us that it was the death of the just for the unjust; and thus the very event which at first sight would seem to prove an exception to the equity of the Divine rule, invests that rule with beauty, attractiveness, and glory. On the principle of substitution, the death of the sinless Jesus is reconcilable with the rectitude of Divine government, but not otherwise. On this principle, Calvary has moral significance which eternity shall not exhaust; but on none other can it be made to harmonize with correct ideas of holiness. Death is the wages of sin. Jesus was put to death "by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God." Either, therefore, Jesus was a sinner, or the substitute of sinners. That he was without sin, God himself repeatedly declared. It follows, therefore, that he "died for us." Let us, then, read the lessons which the three crosses teach.

I. Behold on the three crosses the representatives of all known characters! The holy—the pardoned—the impenitent—are there. To one or other of these classes of mind all intelligent beings must belong. There is no conceivable fourth division. The guiltless, the forgiven, and the guilty, embrace all. Strange that they should all meet on Calvary! Stranger still that the representative of each should be nailed to a cross! But it was not accidental. God intended to read a lesson to the world—say rather to mind in all worlds—by this memorable coincidence. The central sufferer is the Son of God! He occupies the place which belonged to Barabbas; but the murderer escapes, and the Restorer of life is crucified. Two of the banditti are also crucified with Jesus. One of them is awakened from the stupor of guilt, the death of sin, confesses his crimes, believes on Jesus, cries for mercy, and is saved;—the pardoned man represents the church. The other rails on and rejects the Messiah, until exhausted nature forbids further utterance, and he dies in his sins;—the impenitent man represents the ungodly. Their feelings towards Jesus determined their destiny. They were alike guilty when fastened to their crosses; how vast the difference between them now! All men, by reason of sin, lie "in the same condemnation!" How different the destiny of the pardoned from that of the impenitent! The view they take of Calvary determines it. The "great gulf" is related to the cross. The story of Calvary gives heaven its bliss, and deepens the gloom of hell.

II. Behold on the three crosses the issue of sin—death! The holy Sufferer dies, for he is the substitute of sinners. His death is vicarious: "Christ, our passover, is sacrificed for us." The pardoned sufferer dies; but he is "complete in Christ," and enters paradise with his Redeemer that day. The impenitent sufferer dies, and is driven from the presence of the Lord whom he reviled and rejected. Sad death! By the side of the cross, and within sight of the Saviour! Now here, if I mistake not, is a forcible illustration of the equity of the Divine procedure. The law exacts its penalty from the holy Sufferer as the substitute of the guilty. "It was exacted, and he was made answerable." "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." He took the sinner's place, and bore the sinner's doom. To have relaxed the law would have destroyed the idea of substitution. Three things were essential;—first, the personal sinlessness of the Substitute; secondly, the voluntariness of the sacrifice; thirdly, independent existence. These essentials met in Christ. He was sinless as a man; "he gave himself" as a sacrifice; he was "equal with God" as an independent Being. The sacrifice was without spot, and there was self-surrender of the body prepared for him "who was God." He had power to lay down his life; he chose to lay it down; he undertook to pay the penalty incurred by the guilt of other beings: there was, therefore, equity in exacting that penalty.

The law exacts its penalty from the penitent sufferer. He looks to Jesus, who has magnified the law and made it honourable, and for his sake he is justified, acquitted, saved! The law is satisfied; its claims having been fully met by the blessed Redeemer, "with whom" the poor man was considered as "dead," and with whom, therefore, he shall "live." Here also there was equity; grace triumphs, but not at the expense of law; faith does not make it void; God is just in justifying this sinner.

The law exacts its penalty, in like

manner, from the third sufferer. He continues impenitent, rejects Jesus, and is "sent to prison." Here, also, there is perfect equity. Mercy is rejected in the only way in which it can be honourably extended, and law must take its course. There is no alternative. He who refuses mercy offered in harmony with justice, must have justice without mercy. Love and law concur in saving the soul that flies to the atoning Substitute; but if Jesus be rejected, law takes its course. The penitent robber has "a right to the tree of life," through the merits of his Saviour; the impenitent robber rejected Jesus, and must "die the death" of a transgressor.

The gospel, then, proclaims "a just God and a Saviour." The angels who kept their first estate shall not be able to challenge the privileges of the redeemed in heaven; for they are there in consequence of their union to Christ. They are there honourably on the part of God. For the same reason, the lost shall not be able to find fault with the arrangement which secures bliss to the saved. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" But, in conjunction with this exhibition of justice, behold the triumphant career of Divine mercy! Mark the race of love! What affluence, what expansion, and what adaptation to the state of man! "In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

III. Behold on the three crosses a foreshadowing of the last judgment! Jesus shall occupy the centre again, but not on a cross. "Then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory."

"How unlike the man
That groaned on Calvary!—yet he it is;
That man of sorrows! Oh, how chang'd! What pomp!
In grandeur terrible all heaven descends;
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train!"

He shall again occupy the centre between two opposite classes of character, the penitent and the impenitent, the redeemed and the lost, "the precious and the vile." "Before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left." Again the three classes: the holy, the pardoned, and the impenitent! The pardoned, "purified and made white" in the blood of the Lamb, shall hear addressed to them the glorious invitation, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." The impenitent, who trifled away the accepted time, and neglected the great salvation, shall be compelled to listen to the terrific sentence, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." These widely-different issues, it may be repeated, spring out of the different impressions made by the doctrines of the cross in this world. How fearful the result of unbelief! How glorious the issue of faith! How precious the great salvation! And how earnestly should men examine themselves! May the Spirit of grace lead to the work!

W. L.

THE INDIAN PASS.

HEADLEY, of America, in his "Letters from the Woods," says:

The famous Indian Pass is, probably, the most remarkable mountain gorge in this country. On Monday morning a council was called of our party, to determine whether we should visit it. A teamster from the settlements had agreed to come for us this day, to take us out the next; but some of our number, fearing his inability to get through the woods in one day, proposed we should abandon all further expeditions, and make our way homeward. But the Indian Pass I was determined to see, even if I remained behind alone; and so we all together started off, some of us quite lame from our excursion to Mount Tahawus.

It was six miles through the forest, and we were compelled to march in single file. Now skirting the margin of a beautiful lake, now creeping through thickets, and now stepping daintily across a springing morass, we stretched forward until we at length struck a stream, the bed of which we followed into the bosom of the mountains. We crossed deer paths every few rods, and soon the two hounds our hunter had taken with him parted from us, and their loud deep bay began to ring and echo through the gorge. The instincts with which animals are endowed by their Creator, on purpose to make them successful in the chase, is one of

the most curious things in nature. I watched, for a long time, the actions of one of these noble hounds. With his nose close to the leaves, he would double backwards and forwards on a track, to see whether it was fresh or not; then abandon it at once, if he found it too old. At length, striking a fresh one, he started off; but the next moment, finding he was going back instead of forwards on the track, he wheeled, and came dashing past on a furious run, his eyes glaring with excitement. Soon his voice made the forest ring, and I could imagine the quick start it gave to the deer, quietly grazing, it might have been, a mile away. Lifting its beautiful head a moment, to ascertain if that cry of death was on *his* track, he bounded away in the long chase and bold swim for life. Well; let them pass. The cry grows fainter and fainter; and they, the pursued and pursuer, are but an emblem of what is going on in the civilized world from which I am severed. Life may be divided into two parts—the hunters and the hunted. It is an endless chase, where the timid and the weak constantly fall by the way. The swift racers come and go like shadows on the vision, and the cries of fear and of victory swell on the ear and die away, only to give place to another and another.

Thus musing, I pushed on, until at length we left the bed of the stream, and began to climb amid broken rocks, that were piled in huge chaos up and up as far as the eye could reach. My rifle became such a burden, that I was compelled to leave it against a tree, with a mark near it to determine its locality. I had expected, from paintings I had seen of this Pass, that I was to walk almost on a level into a huge gap between two mountains, and look up on the precipices that toppled heaven-high above me. But here was a world of rocks, overgrown with trees and moss, over and under and between which we were compelled to crawl and dive and work our way with so much exertion and care, that the strongest soon began to be exhausted. Caverns opened on every side, and a more hideous, toilsome, break-neck tramp I never took. There was a stream deep down somewhere; but no foot could follow it, for it was a succession of cascades, with perpendicular walls each side, hemming it in. It was more like climbing a broken and shattered mountain than entering a gorge. At length, however, we came where the fallen rocks had made an open space amid the forest, and spread a fearful ruin in its place. Near by was a huge rock, that, in some former age, had been loosened from its high bed, and hurled, with the strength of a falling world, below. It was a precipice of itself, from which to fall would have been certain death. This was "the church" our guide had spoken of; and it did lift itself there like a huge altar, right in front of the main precipice, that rose in a naked wall, a thousand feet perpendicular. The top of this "church" could be reached on one side; and thither we clambered, and lay down to rest ourselves, while from our very feet rose this awful cliff, that fairly oppressed me with its near and frightful presence. Majestic, solemn, and silent, with the daylight from above, pouring all over its dread form, it stood the impersonation of strength and grandeur. I never saw but one precipice that impressed me so, and that was in the Alps, in the Pass of the Grand Scheideck. I lay on my back, filled with strange feelings of the power and majesty of the God who had both framed and rent this mountain asunder. There it stood, still and motionless in its grandeur. Far, far away heavenward rose its top, fringed with fir trees, that looked, at that immense height, like mere shrubs; and they, too, did not wave, but stood silent and moveless as the rock they crowned. Any motion or life would have been a relief—even the storm; for there was something fearful in that mysterious, profound silence. How loudly God speaks to the heart, when it lies thus awe-struck and subdued in the presence of his works. In the shadow of such a grand and terrible form, man seems but the plaything of a moment, to be blown away with the first breath.

Persons not accustomed to scenes of this kind would not at first get an adequate impression of the magnitude of the precipice. Everything is on such a gigantic scale; all the proportions so vast; and the mountains so high about it, that the real individual greatness is lost sight of. But that wall of a thousand feet perpendicular, with its seams and rents and stooping cliffs, is one of the few things in the world daguerreotyped on my heart. It frowns on my vision in my solitary hours, and with feelings half of sympathy, I think of it standing there in its lonely majesty.

Family Fire-side in December.

APPEARANCES OF NATURE.

DECEMBER.

WINTER has now arrived, and increases in intensity as time passes. If we look abroad, we see that—

> "Fast falls the fleecy shower; the snowy flakes
> Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
> Softly alighting upon all below,
> Assimilate all objects;"

reminding us of the words of the psalmist,

> "He giveth snow like wool:
> He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.
> He casteth forth his ice like morsels:
> Who can stand before his cold?"

On the common may be seen the bright yellow flowers of the furze; the moles ply their night work in the drier meadows; the green plover "whistles o'er the lea;" the snipes haunt the marshy ground; the wagtails collect around the spring-heads; the larks associate in flocks; the thrush utters an occasional note, in a manner which might induce the belief that it was ashamed of the sound of its own voice; the hedge-sparrow and titmouse seem as though trying to sing and keep the robin company; blackbirds nestle together in banks where the hedge-fruit is plentifully found; larks find shelter among the stubbles, and tribes of small birds visit the stack-yards in search of sustenance. The yellow-hammer and the chaffinch are seen near houses, while the redwing and others frequent the sides of the streams that remain unfrozen. The ring-dove seeks the ivy-berries; the water-fowl are seen in the neighbourhood of ponds and marshy ground; and sea-birds leave the shore, and frequent the inland rivers. Fieldfares are now seen in great numbers, and the young sportsman, who shoulders a gun for the first time, considers this bird a prize, if he succeed in adding it to his bag of sparrows and

larks, as it is difficult to approach. They arrive in large flocks in pursuit of food from the north; and if the weather is mild, spread themselves over pasture-lands, in pursuit of worms, slugs, and other soft-bodied animals; but on the occurrence of frost or snow, they betake themselves to the hedges, and feed greedily on haws and other wild fruit. Should the weather become very severe, the fieldfare will proceed more southward, and will be seen again on its return. The call-note of the bird is harsh, but its song is soft and melodious. At night it frequents evergreens and thick plantations; but it has also been known to roost among the heath and furze of commons, and other bushy places. The redwing is another winter visitor to the shores of Britain, coming, like the fieldfare, from the northern and north-eastern parts of Europe. It frequents parks and pleasure-grounds that are ornamented with clumps of trees, and, like the thrush, which it much resembles in external appearance, seeks its subsistence in milder weather in pasture lands and moist meadows. Linnæus, several times, in his tour in Lapland, notices this bird, "whose amorous warblings from the top of the spruce fir were delightful. Its high and varied notes rival those of the nightingale herself."

But we look in vain for vast numbers of the animal creation, and ask, "Where are they all?" Many have availed themselves of the threatenings of the last severe weather, and have accommodated themselves to the peculiar circumstances in which it is intended they should be placed. Some have burrowed in the earth, where they will remain until the genial influences of spring encourage them to reappear; many of the insect tribes are hidden in the crevices of the bark of trees and shrubs, or have found shelter in the holes of rocks, dived below the surface of the water, and are immovably fixed in the sides or bottom of the stream banks. "The frog sinks to the bottom of ponds and ditches, and buries itself in the mud. The lizard, the badger, the hedgehog, creep into holes in the earth, and remain torpid till spring. Bats get into old barns, caves, and deserted buildings, where, suspending themselves by their hind feet, and wrapping themselves in the membranes of their fore feet, they sleep winter away, except some unusual intervals of mild weather should awake, and call them out for a little while occasionally. Squirrels, rats, and field-mice shut themselves up, with their winter stores; and the dormouse betakes itself to slumber. When the hedges are bare, numbers of old birds' nests are visible; and when they are near the dog-rose, they are found full of the seeds of the hips, the field-mice being in the habit of climbing up the hedges for this fruit, and using the nests as stations where they may sit and eat." Other animals have migrated, and, in more genial climes, escape the threatening severities of the winter season, while their places are supplied by hardy species of the feathered races, which have left the storms and rigour of the northern regions to enjoy the more temperate cold of our own winter.

There is a greenness about the meadows produced by the late rains which is pleasing; the corn-fields display the young autumn-sown corn, and the hardy primrose and violet are seen near the hedgerows, where the fallen leaves have thickly collected. The laurustinus, holly, and other evergreens which appear near the home-enclosures, have lost the sombre hue with which they have been distinguished, and by contrast with the faded leaves and bared trees around, look gay and cheering.

The farmer has still a sufficiency of employment, though the particular business of his men greatly depends on the state of the weather. The live-stock now requires a regular supply of food, and the thresher is busily engaged, if the horse or steam threshing machine is not employed. Ditches are cleared, fences repaired, plantations of fruit and timber trees finished, turf collected, earths carted from ditches and old banks; the water meadows are flooded, and land-draining attended to.

The heavens present at this period of the year a peculiar beauty of appearance. The transparent purity of the frosty atmosphere gives an extent of vision, and a richness and intensity of colour to the high concave, over which are studded the bright stars; the moon sails among the glittering galaxies with a more than usual queenly grace, while the light clouds that cross her track serve but to increase her radiance. But when the mind seeks to understand the magnitude of the scene, it finds its incapacity, and after exercising its utmost power, falls back with the conviction of the immensity of the task, and seeks repose for

its wearied faculties in silent adoration of the Hand that has

> "Sown the heavens with stars,
> Thick as a field."

As the sun is hidden by the thick clouds that intervene, and the gloomy weather forebodes the gathering tempest, the minds of many are depressed, and they regard this as a season peculiarly unpleasant and useless. Doubtless there are many advantages possessed by other periods which this does not enjoy; but let the important operations going on in nature be appreciated, and we shall adore the goodness of an all-wise and good Creator. The earth, it must be remembered, almost exhausted by its fruitfulness, requires a renovation of its strength, to accomplish which it must not only have repose, but an abundance of moisture. Hence the necessity there is for the plenteous supplies we enjoy at this time; which, discharged from the heavy clouds, swell the streams and rivers, which, overflowing their banks, sweep over the lowland fields and meadows. The water thus furnished penetrates the arid land, and refreshes the lowest roots of the plants, while the dry leaves which cover the ground are made rapidly to decay, and are incorporated with the soil, from which, in other forms, they have been taken. Thus, although it appears the night of the year, the days becoming shorter and darker, spread an unwonted gloom around; earth grows niggardly of her supplies of nourishment and shelter; man seeks artificial means of warmth and hoarded supplies of food; the wind whistles ominously through the naked trees; and the flowing waters become fixed and immovable; yet a mighty arrangement is going on for re-supplying us with the beauties of another year.

If we could look within the trunk of that denuded tree, whose naked arms creak in every blast, we should observe many very important operations. Preparation is there advancing in secret for the renovation of leaf and bark, the construction of the flower and the fruit, and a multitude of other results, as important as they are delicate and mysterious. Let these considerations occupy our minds when we look around us with regret, and prospectively examine those scenes of interest and of beauty, which will be displayed when these preparatory arrangements are consummated in maturity.

We have thus examined a few of those beauties which are presented to us in nature's gradual development in spring, its maturity in summer, and its decline in autumn and winter; and many considerations have arisen calculated to produce a beneficial result. The study of the beauties of nature may be rendered as improving as it is delightful, if it is only regarded in a proper point of view, and the hand of God acknowledged in his various works. Indications have been observed of unfathomable design in the conception, and power in the execution of the great scheme of nature; and if the view has not been highly improving, the fault must rest with ourselves.

The analogy which is apparent between the succession of the seasons and the progress and decline of human life is generally acknowledged. Spring has been regarded as the youth of the year, the season of pleasing hope, lively energy, and rapid increase; summer has been compared to perfect manhood, the season of confirmed strength and undiminished vigour. Autumn, while it bestows the rich products of full maturity, is yet hastening to decline, and has been aptly compared to that period when the man, mellowed by age, yields the valuable fruits of wisdom and experience, but daily exhibits increasing symptoms of decay; while the coldness of winter has been termed the decrepit and hoary old age of the year. Well has Thomson drawn a religious and instructive lesson from the comparison:

> "Behold, fond man!
> See here thy pictured life;—pass some few years,
> Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
> Thy sober autumn, fading into age,
> And pale concluding winter comes at last,
> And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
> Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
> Of happiness? those longings after fame?
> Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
> Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
> Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
> All now are vanish'd. Virtue sole survives."

During the season of winter, man himself seems to forget the scenes in which he loved to mingle. Instead of feeding his mind with facts gathered at pleasure from the great book of Nature, he consults the tomes which men of science and literature have placed upon his shelves; and, as he sits by the cheering fire, he silently indulges in communion with the minds of other men, or reads to an attentive family circle many important truths. By these means the thoughts and principles of men of all

countries and ages are brought before them; their ideas are modified or displaced by others which their feelings or judgment may dictate, while friendly discussion on the various subjects will add to the general interest and improvement.

Thus the winter evenings, which by some are only associated with what is chilling and dreary, are highly regarded by others. It has been said that the bee extracts honey and the wasp poison from the same flower, and this fact illustrates the difference of position occupied by men of opposite tendencies of mind. He who is discontented with his lot, whether rich or poor, will dwell on the shortness or chilliness of the day, and on the long and wearisome nights; while the man who is habitually contented with the position in which he is placed, will talk of the happiness of the wintry fireside, the sweets of refined society, the mental luxury of books, and thank God for the blessings he enjoys. The winds may howl over the ravaged earth, as though bewailing the departed glories of the year, the clouds may lower and discharge their watery burden on the earth, the fields may look saturated and dead; but these will only tend to render the love of domestic happiness and fireside enjoyments the greater.

Availing ourselves of the proffered advantages, and patiently awaiting the return of nature's beauties, we can calmly observe the fury of the wintry storm, and while the inferior animals shrink from their approach, let us regard all the appearances of winter as evidences of the same infinite benevolence, which brings forth the promises of spring and fulfils the hopes of harvest, and as illustrations of that wisdom which makes momentary evil the source of permanent good. Whatever may be the natural or moral appearances we behold, let it never be forgotten that the same Almighty mind reigns amidst them all; that all things work together for good to those who love him and seek his protection and love, and that amidst the storms of our moral nature those dispositions are matured, which are to awaken under the influence of a greater spring than that of nature, and to exist when its revolutions are ended, and time is lost in immortality. Another year will soon have passed away, and if we for a moment appreciate the fact, that—

"One hour of parted time
A world's too poor to buy,"

we shall sincerely regret the wasted periods of the past, and be stimulated afresh to avail ourselves of every opportunity of serving God and our fellow-man. F. S. W.

TRACES OF LUTHER IN GERMANY.

We left the palace-town of Potzdam—for such it may justly be termed*—to go to one connected with very different associations, and exhibiting an aspect almost as different—I mean the town of Wittenberg. Potzdam owes all its splendour to Frederick the Great, the friend, if we may call him so, of the infidel Voltaire. There we were shown the apartment Voltaire had occupied, the book in which Voltaire had written, and the cabinet, with a dining-table made to descend and ascend through a trap-door, to be changed or replenished; so that the king might not be interrupted by attendants when he dined there, with Voltaire, and a few other chosen literary associates; and, leaving all the splendour of Potzdam and Sans Souci,† we went to Wittenberg, to view more lowly scenes, which are connected with the memories of greater deeds than ever Voltaire or the celebrated king of Prussia thought of aspiring to. In the market-place of that otherwise uninteresting town is a bronze statue of the monk of Wittenberg, Martin Luther, on which are inscribed in German these often-quoted words: "If it be the work of God, it will endure; if of men, it will perish." That work has endured, and the relics of Wittenberg are surely more interesting than those of Potzdam.

The Augustine convent in which Luther dwelt is a convent no longer, but there his cell, his table and chair are religiously preserved; the Prussian government also has purchased Melancthon's house, and uses it as an orphan asylum.

I felt it no little honour to sit in Luther's chair; and while I did so, the idea of all the thoughts that must have filled and agitated the mind of the reform-

* Potzdam, in the vicinity of Berlin, is called the Prussian Versailles. It possesses four royal palaces. The dulness of its streets often contrasts singularly with the splendour of their architecture.

† The royal palace, "Sans Souci," that is, "Without Care," is still the most splendid residence of the Prussian monarchs. Even while walking in its magnificent gardens, one feels how unwise it is in any mortal to name his dwelling "Sans Souci"—"Without Care." The late king was a prey to grief. The beautiful statue of his ever-lamented wife is placed in an adjoining temple.

ing monk who had long ago occupied it, rushed over mine, and plunged me into a fit of abstraction, which might have lasted inconveniently long, if the good woman who showed the place had not dissipated it by approaching with a request that I would look at Dr. Luther's rosary! Wittenberg witnessed the stormy infancy of the Reformation. The Reformation—commenced in the struggles of a humble soul, in the cell of a convent at Erfurt—was cradled in the Augustine convent of Wittenberg.

It was in the year 1508, that Luther was appointed by the elector of Saxony professor of theology and philosophy at the once famous University of Wittenberg. "Arrived at Wittenberg," says his biographer, "he repaired to the convent of the Augustines, where a cell was assigned him; for though a professor, he did not cease to be a monk. . . . Thus Luther, who hungered and thirsted for the word of God, was obliged to devote himself almost exclusively to the study of the scholastic philosophy of Aristotle. . . . But the labours to which Luther was then obliged to devote himself were of great use to him afterwards, in combating the errors of the schools."* The reputation he acquired doubtless seconded his ardent desire to be able to devote himself to theology alone, and at the end of a year he received permission to attend only to biblical theology. Every day, at one o'clock, he had to deliver a lecture, or exposition of the Bible—"a precious hour for the professor and the disciples, which caused them to penetrate more and more into the divine sense of the sacred revelation, so long lost both to the people and the school!" His friend, Staupitz, was one of the principal persons connected with the university, and by him Luther was first invited to preach. The young professor shrunk from the proposal; he wished to confine himself to his academical functions. "It is not," he said, "a small thing to speak to men, in God's stead." Staupitz persisted, and Luther yielded.

In the square of Wittenberg was an old chapel, made of wood, thirty feet long, and twenty wide, nearly falling to ruin. An old pulpit, made of rude planks, and three feet high, received the preacher. It was in this poor chapel that the preaching of the Reformation commenced. "This building," says the contemporary of Luther, who relates the circumstance, "may well be compared to the stable where Christ was born,"—there his gospel was born again.

The Augustines made use of that chapel while their church was building; but the crowd of hearers which the preaching of Luther attracted, caused the council of Wittenberg to summon him to the Schloss Kirche, or cathedral of their town. There still exists the pulpit from which he afterwards preached; and to the door of that church he nailed his famous theses, or propositions, against the doctrine of indulgences.

"The fête of All Saints was a very important day at Wittenberg, and especially at the church, which the elector had built and filled with relics. On that day these relics, ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones, were exhibited to the eyes of the people, who were astonished and dazzled by so much magnificence. Whoever on that day attended the church and confessed, received an indulgence. Luther, fully decided, repaired courageously on the evening of the 31st of October, 1517, All Saints' day, to that church where so vast a crowd of pilgrims assembled, and affixed his ninety-five propositions against indulgences, to its doors. Neither the elector, nor Staupitz, nor Spalatin, nor any of his most intimate friends had been informed of his design." Within that church Luther is buried, and a few feet from his tomb is that of his friend, the mild and learned Melancthon.

It was with a sense of profound emotion I stood over that tomb; a bronze tablet in the pavement of the church simply marks it,—a similar one that of Melancthon. One can hardly believe that the mighty voice which almost shook the world, is silent in that dwelling-place; that the frame which appeared formed for ages, which endured labours and watchings, journeyings and perils, fightings without and fears within, was appointed, like any other, to run its tiny race and return to the dust from whence it was taken. Oh! how unphilosophical at such a moment appears all scepticism! how resistlessly is the mind compelled to believe, that the powers so largely given were never meant to be limited to threescore years and ten, but to reach their maturity in that after-life in which length of days, even for ever and ever, shall be added unto us!

In going to this church from Luther's cell, we passed the house of Philip

* D'Aubigne.

Melancthon. It was inscribed with these concise and expressive words: "Here lived, taught, and died, Philip Melancthon." Melancthon was appointed professor of ancient languages at the university of Wittenberg in the year 1518. "Neither Luther, whose acquaintance he made the first, nor his colleagues, conceived great hopes, in seeing his youth, his embarrassment, and his manners." But four days afterwards he made his speech of inauguration, and the young boy, as Luther called him, spoke in such elegant Latin, and showed so much learning, so sound a judgment and cultivated a mind, that all his auditors were filled with admiration. Afterwards, when the commotion which the monk of Wittenberg had raised agitated all Christendom, we find Melancthon at Wittenberg, more quietly engaged.

"Whilst the inhabitants of the eternal city were thus agitated, more tranquil scenes passed at Wittenberg; Melancthon spread there a mild but brilliant light. Fifteen hundred or two thousand hearers came from Germany, England, the Low Countries, France, Italy, Hungary, and Greece, to attend his teaching; he was then twenty-four years old, and was not an ecclesiastic."

It was from Wittenberg that Luther set out on his journey to Rome. Seven Augustine convents differed on points of opinion from their vicar-general, and he was chosen as their agent to represent these differences to the pope. This visit to Rome had doubtless a powerful influence on the future course of the reformer.

"It was necessary that he should know Rome. Full of the prejudices of his cloister, he had always represented it to himself as the seat of holiness. He set out; he crossed the Alps; but hardly had he descended into the plains of rich and voluptuous Italy, than he found on every side subjects of astonishment and scandal. . . . Finally, after a painful journey under the burning sun of Italy, at the beginning of the summer, he approached the city of the seven hills. His heart was moved; his eyes sought for the queen of the world and of the church. As soon as he discovered the eternal city, the city of St. Peter and St. Paul, the metropolis of Christianity, he fell on his face to the ground, and cried out, 'Holy Rome, I salute thee!' "*

* These extracts are translated from the French of D'Aubigne.

Luther is in Rome; the professor of Wittenberg is in the midst of the eloquent ruins of the Rome of the emperors and consuls, of the Rome of the confessors of Jesus Christ and of the martyrs, where formerly were to be found the Virgil whose works he had carried into his cloister, and all the other great men, at whose memory his heart had often beat. He finds their statues, the remains of monuments which still attest their glory. But all that glory, all that power has passed away! He recalls at each step the sad presentiment of Scipio shedding tears over the ruins of Carthage, its burned palaces and prostrate walls, and exclaiming, "Thus it will be with Rome!" "And, in fact," said Luther, "the Rome of Scipio and of the Cæsars has been changed into a corpse. There are so many ruins, that the foundations of houses rest on what were formerly the roofs." All these ruins said to Luther, that all that is strongest in the eyes of men can perish by the breath of the Lord.

But with these profane ashes are blended those of the saints. He remembers this; the sepulchre of the martyrs is not far from those of the Roman generals, and from their conquerors. Christian Rome, with all her griefs, has more power over the soul of the Saxon monk, than pagan Rome, with all her glory. It was here arrived that letter, in which Paul had written, "The just shall live by faith." He is not far from the Appian Way and the Three Taverns. There was the house of Narcissus; here the palace of the Cæsars, where the Lord delivered the apostle from the mouth of the lion. Oh, how these remembrances fortify the heart of the monk of Wittenberg! Rome presented to the pious monk a spectacle so unlike that which his devout imagination had drawn within his cell at Wittenberg, that I can scarcely forbear continuing a condensed account of it. The warlike Julius II. then filled the pontifical chair,—Leo X., as has sometimes been stated. Luther often related an anecdote of that pope. He was at prayers when he received intelligence that his army had been beaten by the French at Ravenna; he flung the book on the ground, and, addressing St. Peter, "Well!" he cried, "thou art become a Frenchman! is it thus thou protectest thy church?" Then, turning to the Swiss, from whom he hoped for assistance, he added, "Holy Swiss, pray for us!"

Ignorance, levity, the contempt of all that was sacred, a shameful traffic in spiritual things—such was the spectacle that unhappy city presented. Yet the pious monk remained still in his delusions. "Oh, how I regret that my father and mother still live," said the pious German often to himself. "How happy should I have been to deliver them from the fire of purgatory now, by masses, prayers, and many other admirable works." He had found light, but darkness was yet far from being chased away by it. His heart was converted, but his mind was not enlightened; he had faith and love, but he wanted knowledge. It was not easy to break forth from that profound night which for so many ages had covered the world. Luther several times said mass at Rome; he performed that action with all the dignity and unction which it seemed to him to require. But what affliction seized the heart of the Saxon monk, in beholding the profane mechanism of Roman priests in celebrating the mass! Those priests, on their side, smiled at his simplicity. One day that he officiated, he found that at an adjoining altar, a priest had already said seven masses while he had been saying one. "Go on, go on," cried another, "send back to our holy Lady her Son!" making an impious allusion to the transubstantiation of the bread into the body of our Lord.

At that period it was the fashion at the papal court to attack Christianity; and no one could pass for a man of the world who did not entertain some erroneous or heretical opinion concerning the dogmas of the church. They wished to prove to Erasmus, from passages of Pliny, that there was no difference between the souls of men and those of beasts, and the young courtiers of the pope asserted that the orthodox faith was the stupid invention of certain saints. The title of envoy of the German Augustines, caused Luther to be invited by several distinguished ecclesiastics. One day in particular he dined with several prelates, who showed themselves before him in their natural colours. Their impious conversation and jesting manners were not concealed, as they believed that he was of one mind with themselves. Among other jests, they related before the monk, how, while saying mass at the altar, instead of the sacramental words which should transform the bread and wine into the body and blood of the Saviour, they pronounced over them these deriding words: "Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain; wine thou art, and wine thou shalt remain." "Then," added they, "we elevate the host, and the people adore it." Luther could hardly believe his ears. The jests of Rome offended him. "I was," said he, "a young monk, grave, and pious; such language sensibly grieved me."

Luther mixed often with the monks, and with the citizens of Rome. If some of these praised the pope and his retinue, others gave a free vent to their complaints and sarcasms. "One would not believe," said Luther afterwards, "that sins and infamous actions were committed at Rome; it was necessary to see it to believe it; thus there is a saying, that if there is a hell, Rome is built upon it. It is an abyss from whence issues all sin." This spectacle made a great impression on Luther's mind; and this impression was afterwards increased. "The nearer one approaches to Rome," said he, several years after, "the worse Christians one finds. They say commonly that one goes to Rome the first time to seek for a rogue; the second time, one finds him; and the third time, one carries him away at the moment of leaving. But at present the world is become so clever, that these three journeys are made in one."

One of the most celebrated and profound geniuses of Italy—Machiavel, who lived at Florence when Luther passed through it to go to Rome, made the same remark. "The greatest symptom," said he, "of the approaching ruin of Christianity," (by which he meant Roman Catholicism,) "is, that the more people approach the capital of Christianity, the less they find of the Christian spirit. The scandalous examples, and the crimes of the court of Rome, are the cause of Italy losing all principles of piety, and all religious feeling. We Italians owe it principally to the church and to the priests that we have become unbelieving reprobates."

Luther, in later years, felt the value of this journey. "I would not," said he, "for a hundred thousand florins, but have seen Rome." It was at Rome that the monk of Wittenberg was to be indeed enlightened; not only as to the state of the professing church as it then was, but as to a point of still greater moment—his own way of finding peace with God. This portion of his history is singularly interesting, and one who has seen the steps,

or ladder, he mounted, may be excused quoting it. It may be well to premise, that it is firmly believed that the steps of Pontius Pilate's house, which our blessed Lord descended, and traced with his blood, are preserved at Rome. No one must ascend these sacred stairs but on their knees.

The pope, while Luther was at Rome, had promised an indulgence to those who ascended the sacred stairs. Wishing to merit this indulgence, "the poor Saxon monk climbed these steps, which they told him had been miraculously transported from Jerusalem to Rome. But while he performed this meritorious act, he thought he heard a voice at the bottom of his heart, crying, as he had heard it at Wittenberg and Bologna,* 'The just shall live by faith.' He arose affrighted; he was ashamed to see how low superstition had abased him; he fled from the scene of his folly. That powerful word had a mysterious influence on the life of Luther. It was a word which created the Reformer and the Reformation. It was by it that God said then, 'Let there be light, and there was light.' Thus it was in Rome that God gave to Luther that clear view of the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. He had come to seek in the city of the pontiffs the solution of some difficulties concerning a monastic order; he brought from it in his heart the salvation of the church. Luther quitted Rome, and returned to Wittenberg, his soul filled with sorrow and indignation."

We will return there with him. The man who conducted us through the town, (for all such places are beset with guides and persons who live really on the memories of the past,) spoke a barbarous sort of German-French, which rendered both languages almost unintelligible. He told us about "Luther's Oak," and though not quite clear as to his meaning, the idea of seeing an oak that was contemporary with Luther stimulated us, tired and heated though we were, to walk quite through the long rough-paved town, and beyond its gate, under the noon-tide ray of a fervent sun, to visit the memorable oak.

When we came out upon the road, and had walked a short way, we approached a very pretty fresh-looking tree, set round with a paling, inside which sundry pleasant flowers were planted, quite in German taste, recalling to one's mind the graves we see thus carefully planted over and adorned in the cemeteries of Germany.

"There," said our guide, "is Luther's oak."

"How!" we exclaimed. "Luther's oak? It looks very young."

"It is six years old," said the German, gravely.

"Six years! and we understood that it had lived in Luther's time!"

"Oh! there have been ten oaks since then," he answered. "The French cut down the first, and the one that was planted instead died; the next that they planted the French cut down also in the last war. This one was planted six years ago, and it grows well."

We turned precipitately back, murmuring in English, "What nonsense!" But further inquiry rendered us more satisfied with the young oak, though it was *not* the contemporary of Luther. It marks the spot where Luther burned the pope's bull; and German gratitude, or pride, perpetuates the memory of the deed in perpetuating the existence of an oak, which, whatever accidents befall it, is renewed or cherished on that memorable soil.

I must finish this brief account of my short visit to Wittenberg with the description of Luther's departure from that town, when summoned by the emperor Charles v. to appear at the Diet of Worms, to give account of the doctrine and of the books which he had published:

"The 2nd of April had arrived, (1521.) Luther was to take leave of his friends. Having said adieu to his colleagues, he turned to Melancthon:—'If I do not return,' said he to him with emotion, 'and if my enemies put me to death, oh! my brother, do not cease to teach; and stand fast in the truth. Labour in my place, since I can no longer labour in the world; if you live, what matters it if I perish.' Thus remitting the care of his soul to Him who is faithful and true, Luther mounted his car, and quitted Wittenberg. The town council had supplied him with a very humble carriage, covered with a stuff curtain which might be put on or removed at pleasure. The imperial herald, (sent to convey him to Worms,) covered with decorations, and bearing the eagle of the empire, was on horseback going before, followed by his attendant. The friends of the gospel, the citizens of Wittenberg, invoking God with emotion, melted into tears. Thus Luther set out."

* On his road to Rome.

As long as Wittenberg shall retain one stone upon another, Luther shall have there a monument; and one at least of the pilgrims who have visited that place, recalls with pleasure the sensations that were experienced, when sitting for a few minutes in the chair of the monk of Wittenberg.

"The just shall live by faith." That sentence, directed to the heart and understanding of the reformer, was an emanation from the Fountain of Light, which not only set his own struggling soul free from the darkness and bondage which had enthralled it, but left to the new-born church a test, whereby in all ages of its existence to test its verity.*

S. B.

THE MANHOOD OF CHRIST.

Few of us think enough of the real and complete manhood of the Lord Jesus Christ. We are told that he "was made man," and we believe the amazing fact; but then we generally confine our view of his manhood to the mere form he took on him, to the body in which he suffered and died. But the Scripture goes much farther. It speaks of him as man within as well as without: as possessing a human soul as well as a human frame; as being as truly and experimentally acquainted with human feelings, sin only excepted, as any one of ourselves.

It tells us, too, why this human soul and these human feelings were given him. It was for a most wonderful and gracious purpose—that he might carry them up with him to his lofty throne, and feel, like a brother, in heaven, for those whom he has left in tribulation on earth. This is St. Paul's account of the matter; "It behoved him to be made in all things like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high-priest:" "For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted."

We lose nothing, then, by the high exaltation of the Son of man. Our misery can reach him at the right hand of his Father, just as quickly as the widow's reached him when he was by her side at Nain; it can move his heart as deeply. It cannot indeed disquiet his soul, as the sight of misery disquieted him in the days of his flesh; he no longer weeps and is troubled; but it affects him as much. Nay, it possibly affects him more. His human soul is now "made perfect;" its powers are enlarged. Its compassion may consequently be increased. Nothing assuredly is gone from it but its pain and weakness. It is a father's pity, without its imperfection; it is a mother's love, softened and heightened by the love of heaven.—*Bradley.*

* The doctrine of justification by faith, revived and promulgated by Luther, has been said to be the test of a standing or a fallen church.

MYSTICAL INTERPRETATION.

How ingenious soever the detection of the mystical under the simply historical may be, and whatever piety may be associated with the ingenuity, I cannot but regard the ingenuity as perverse, and the piety, though ever so well-meaning, as mistaken. I may admire the wish to find Christ everywhere, and I may have much more allowance for the man who finds him where he is not, than for the man who obstinately fails to find him where he is. I may censure, with a far keener severity, the interpreter who carnalizes the spiritual, than the interpreter who spiritualizes the carnal: but still, the one legitimate object of all investigation of the Scriptures should be to find, and of all exposition of the Scriptures to unfold, what the Holy Spirit of God intended, in every portion of them, to convey. It is true, that God is the God of salvation; it is true, that this is the most interesting relation in which he stands to our fallen and guilty world; and it is true, that to reveal him in this relation is the primary object of his inspired word. But God is the God of providence, as well as the God of salvation; and his administration in the one relation is so closely connected and interwoven with his administration in the other, that, in regard to our world, they can hardly be contemplated apart. Lessons relative to his providence are thus enhanced in value and interest by their connexion with the system and the purposes of his grace. And in few parts of the sacred oracles are more important and striking lessons to be found on the subject of providence, than those contained in the narrative which we have now closed.* Here are the "wheels within wheels." Here are the various and conflicting passions of men working out Divine ends, while they "mean not so, neither do their hearts think so." Here is "the wrath of man" praising

* The History of Joseph.

the Lord, and the "remainder of wrath" restrained. Here are the counsels of the wicked "turned to foolishness," their plans frustrated, and, by unforeseen but Divinely interposed impediments, made to work against themselves. Here are events of the greatest magnitude, and pregnant with the most important results, both of evil and of good, produced and modified by incidents intrinsically the most trivial, undeserving in themselves not only of formal record, but even of passing notice. Here is Jehovah, manifesting his faithfulness to his covenant engagements, when to human view all things appear to be against them,—encouraging thus the confidence of his people, and preparing confusion for his enemies. I ask, are lessons such as these not worth the learning? Are they not important enough to justify the inspiration of "holy men of God" to teach them? Are they not rather lessons of the deepest and most beneficial interest? And why, then, should we not be satisfied with them, as the special lessons of this particular section of the oracles of God? For other lessons let us seek elsewhere. There is a fulness in the Divine word, which those persons would greatly and mischievously impair, who would force the same description of instructions out of every part of it. Granting, and rejoicing to grant, the paramount importance of redemption, —we have it, in all its Divine perfection, in all its plenitude of glory and blessing, unfolded to us in those portions of the inspired volume of which it forms the immediate and proper subject. But is providence unworthy of our study, because redemption is superior?—Nay, what is redemption itself but "a special act of providence?"—what, but the highest department of God's providential procedure towards our fallen world? And is it not, I further ask, one of the very evidences of the supreme importance of this branch of providence, that all the rest of the Divine dispensations are made subservient to it?—that its introduction, development, and completion, are the great ends of the government, and even of the preservation, of the world?—*Wardlaw.*

VISIT TO THE CHALK-PITS OF GRAVESEND AND NORTHFLEET.

WHAT is to be seen in the chalk-pits of Gravesend or Northfleet? much, or nothing,—*much* by the man of enlightened or inquisitive mind, who is eager for information, and lets no opportunity, however apparently trivial, pass by without endeavouring to profit by it, and learn what it can teach,—*nothing* by him who, viewing these rude and almost unsightly excavations, (which, however, art has, in one instance, contrived to render almost picturesque,) turns away, exclaiming "All is barren!"—and so to him it is. He sees the men busy, some with their pickaxes, and various instruments, in the quarry, and others loading vessels with the material. He knows that chalk is burned into lime, or used for manuring certain soils, and he walks away satisfied. Let us, however, arrest our steps, and enter into a few reflections.

No one who visits Kent can fail to observe the extension of the great chalk deposit, which again shows itself on the opposite coast of Boulogne. Above the chalk lies a deep bed of plastic clay, and above this the London clay—of which latter the hills of the Isle of Sheppy consist, and also Shooter's Hill, which is about four hundred and forty feet in height. Near Pegwell Bay this London clay immediately covers the chalk, spreading over a tract of no great extent. In some parts, as, for example, a strip from the valley of the Darent to below Gravesend, the overlying clays have been more or less completely washed away; the chalk being covered with a mixture of sand and vegetable soil. Of the thickness of the chalk some idea may be formed, from the cliffs which abruptly crop out, and overhang the sea, or the estuary of the Thames. The hill on which Dover Castle (of great antiquity) stands, is four hundred and sixty-nine feet in height; in other parts, near Dover, the cliffs are about four hundred feet high; and those of the North Foreland are from one hundred to two hundred feet. These are, of course, only the measurements of the outcropping cliffs; but the actual thickness of the stratum of chalk itself is considerably more. Sir W. De La Beche estimates its average thickness at seven hundred feet. Dr. Conybeare considers it to range between six hundred and one thousand feet. From causes which have operated since its deposition, producing the abrasion or removal of its upper surface, and also, very probably, from original local causes influencing its deposition in different places, the thickness of the chalk is variable. The height of the

cliff at Beachy Head, Sussex, which at the summit includes a portion of the flinty chalk, and goes down very nearly to the upper green sand, (the next stratum,) is only five hundred and thirty-five feet; this flinty section averages at Dover three hundred and fifty feet; taking this as an average standard, the total thickness of the chalk on the Sussex coast may be estimated at about eight hundred feet. On the other hand, at Diss, in Norfolk, the thickness of the chalk, as ascertained by boring, is but five hundred and ten feet.

We shall not here enter into the range of the chalk stratum, and its underlying green sand-beds, in our island, or on the proximate parts of the continent, for we are not going to expatiate on the minutiæ of geology; we may however observe that the chalk is a marine deposit, proving that once a sea existed where hills and valleys now alternate—where the shepherd drives his sheep, and the reaper bends over the waving grain. The chalk, in fact, abounds with marine organic remains,—corals and sponges imbedded in flint, thin sections of which show the structure of the organic material with exquisite distinctness,—encrinites, star-fishes, echini, shells, crustacea, fishes, and tortoises; to which marine plants may be also added. Sir W. De La Beche observes, "Organic remains are in general beautifully preserved in the chalk; substances of no greater solidity than common sponges retain their forms; delicate shells remain unbroken; fish, even, are frequently not flattened; and altogether we have appearances which justify us in concluding that, since these organic exuviæ were entombed they have been protected from the effects of pressure by the consolidation of the rock around them, and that they have been very tranquilly enveloped in exceedingly fine matter, such as we should consider would result from a chemical precipitate."

Here, then, open upon us reflections which in a short paper like the present it would be useless to attempt to follow out, but which while we were exploring the chalk-pits in question crowded upon our mind. So then, at last we said, here are fossil relics to be found, let us search for them—we had searched for fossils in the mountain of limestone of Derbyshire, a prior formation, and were well accustomed to clambering; but, alas! at the outset, we found the soft chalk not like mountain limestone; and our dress began to show innumerable marks of white, and we rapidly assumed a party-coloured appearance. Prudence whispered, Stop—so we stopped and considered, not liking to lose our anticipated specimens. At this moment a troop of young urchins, incipient quarrymen, came up, and vociferously demanded if we wanted "fossils." "Yes," we answered, somewhat surprised at their use of a scientific word, with a definite meaning attached to it. "Oh, then," responded one of the group, "come to our house down in the quarry, we have plenty for sale." So, following the sturdy and intelligent little fellow, we went to his father's cottage, and were there shown a considerable number of specimens. Of these, for the moderate sum of twopence or threepence apiece, we purchased several, which are at this moment, while we write, spread out before us. Let us pass them under rapid review. We have six specimens of echini, very perfect; of these, three belong to the genus spatangus, and three to the extinct genus galerites; besides these, we have a singular club-shaped rough sponi, evidently belonging to some species of the group of echini. Among the other specimens is a portion of one of the jaw-bones of a large fish,—a fragment of the body of a fish, thickly covered with large scales, and having the vertebral column in its original and proper position, very distinct; a large plate or convex scale, minutely tuberculous, probably a part of the integumentary covering of a fish. There are two specimens of branches, or portions of what appear to be encrinites, or crinoidea, both distinct forms; and several bivalve shells, very perfect. There are, also, the teeth of extinct species of sharks, called by the quarrymen birds' tongues, and regarded by them as such in reality.

Such were the relics of once living creatures which we obtained, and which the quarryman had saved, while hundreds of others were destroyed by his instruments of labour, as he pursued his task. "Curious things, sir," (said the man to us) "have I turned up; but you see we cannot help breaking them to pieces, and we have not time to collect all we might;" and he afterwards added, that sometimes for a considerable space few or no "fossils" were met with, while on the other hand they sometimes came upon them in considerable abundance.

Surely it was worth while not to leave the chalk-pit too hastily—at all events we were gratified with our acquisitions; and we have here, we flatter ourselves, completely proved, that an inquisitive mind may gain knowledge and experience pleasure even by a visit to a chalk-pit. Let us remember the inspired words of the psalmist: "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." Yes, whether we look to the organic relics of by-gone time, or to the forms of animal or vegetable life that now occupy the surface of our planet, they all speak of design, of wisdom, and of power inscrutable; they all proclaim the existence of God—a God eternal, immutable, the Lord of life—the Creator of all things visible and invisible, whose name the naturalist, and especially the Christian, cannot pronounce without awe and reverence. M.

ANIMAL INSTINCTS.

The tail of the peacock is of a plain and humble description, and seems to be of no other use besides aiding in the erection of the long feathers of the loins; while the latter are supplied at their insertion with an arrangement of voluntary muscles, which contribute to their elevation, and to the other motions of which they are capable. If surprised by a foe, the peacock presently erects its gorgeous feathers; and the enemy at once beholds starting up before him a creature which his terror cannot fail to magnify into the bulk implied by the circumference of a glittering circle of the most dazzling hues, his attention at the same time being distracted by a hundred glaring eyes meeting his gaze in every direction. A hiss from the head in the centre, which in shape and colours resembles that of a serpent, and a rustle from the trembling quills, are attended by an advance of the most conspicuous portion of this bulk; which is in itself an action of retreat, being caused by a receding motion of the body of the bird. That must be a bold animal which does not pause at the sight of such an object; and a short interval is sufficient to insure the safety of the bird; but if, after all, the enemy should be bold enough to risk an assault, it is most likely that its eagerness or rage would be spent on the glittering appendages, in which case the creature is divested only of that which a little time will again supply. A like explanation may be offered of the use of the long and curious appendages of the head and neck of various kinds of humming-birds, which, however feeble, are a pugnacious race.

Among the birds of our own country, the bittern (*Ardea stellaris*,) the pheasant, and common cock, are, in a less degree, examples of the same strategy in defence; and, besides the terror they infuse, are instruments of protection, in offering an uncertain mark to a combatant.

The song of birds has ever been a theme of poetic admiration, and a subject of interest to every lover of nature; but the precise character of these sounds, with those of animals in general, and more especially the ideas which the creatures may be supposed to express in these modulations, have been little studied by naturalists.

It is obvious to a listener that, in the utterance of song, birds are intensely occupied by their feelings; and that they are listened to by others of their race with an intelligence and earnestness which proves that they possess an understanding of the meaning of what is uttered. A thrush, blackbird, or redbreast may be seen to stretch forward the head, and direct the ear, to catch the notes which come to it from some distant songster of its own species; nor will an effort be made to return a sound, until the competitor is known to have ended his lay. In such cases, the contest is one of rivalry, and not of imitation; for the series of notes is in no case the same, nor is the beginning or ending of each portion at all taken up from one bird to another. And it is still more remarkable, that the responses proceeding from those of the same species are continued with distinctness, and without distraction, their attention never being diverted by the multiplicity of sounds that strike the ear from birds of another species, which are loudly singing close at hand. I have marked three cocks, of superior size and majesty, engaged in answering each other from distant quarters in regular succession; but when at last a host of inferior individuals were led to join their voices to the chorus, the crowing ceased in those that began it, as if disdaining to mix their voices with the puny efforts of the others.

The sympathetic feeling which is thus known to exist between animals of the same species, and the knowledge they display of the sounds of kindred voices, to the general exclusion of others, though

more musical and obtrusive, besides the daily experience we have of it in birds, is also witnessed in the uproar produced among dogs, if one begins to bark in alarm. In the jackal, so lively is this impression, and so powerful the impulse on all within hearing, that we are told when a multitude of them are abroad in pursuit of prey—where silence is requisite to escape danger and ensure success—if one of them utters the well-known note, even those whose safety is betrayed by its utterance are unable to resist the desire to unite their voices to the general cry. . . . . .

How large a share of the spirit of contention for supremacy in musical strength and duration is engaged in such competitions, will appear from the methods employed to urge a pair of canaries to vie with each other. The scraping of a pan, or the noise of a crying child, excites them to exertion, or revives it when it begins to droop; and how much passion is contained in these modulations may be learned from the tale of the nightingale who entered into competition with the instrument of the musician, and fell exhausted at the foot of the player. A friend informs me: "I remember an eccentric barber, living at the corner of the gateway of the White Horse-cellar, Fetter-lane, who was very successful in breeding and rearing nightingales, hung up all round his shop in cages. He could set them singing at any time, late or early, by simply turning the cock of the cistern in the corner of the shop, and letting the water fall into a pewter basin."

His name was Leadbetter, and he was a native of Tweeside: his shop was one curiosity, from man to bird; and it is worth notice, that there exists a singular sympathy between town barbers and singing birds.

It is somewhat remarkable that, with such undoubted courage and strong powers of flight, the swallow seems to feel a degree of hesitation in venturing on the passage of the Channel, and will keep along the coast for a considerable distance before it will adventure over the expanse. And this is the more surprising, since we know that the wheat-ear, (*Sylvia Œnanthe*,) various species of willow-wren, and even the little goldcrest, (*Sylvia regulus*), are able to cross in safety. But the greater distance of the autumnal flight of the swallow, and the habits of flight of these families, may afford an explanation of the singularity.

The shorter-winged birds are seen to hurry along from one margin of the sea to the other, with no more effort than is absolutely required to enable them to cross in safety. But the mode of flight of the swallow tribe is in circles; and they seem less careful in arranging the time, manner, and distance of departure; so that the journey becomes extended much beyond its natural limits. I have seen a troop of martins, which may have been baffled by contrary winds, approach the shore from the sea, late in autumn, in such an exhausted condition, that they were compelled to alight on the sills of windows, where it would have been easy to have taken them with the hand.

Inscrutable as this directing skill appears to our duller perceptions, it is not only constant in its manifestation among our little summer insect-hunters, but it is also possessed by birds whose opportunities of using it are only occasional. Domestic pigeons have been taken to remote distances from their home, and that, too, by a mode of conveyance which must effectually shut out all possibility of recognition of the local bearings of the direction, and yet they have returned thither with a rapidity of flight which marked a conscious security of finding it. I have known some of the most timid and secluded of our birds, as, the wheat-ear and dipper, to be taken from their nests, and conveyed to a distance, under circumstances which must have impressed them with feelings of terror, and in which all traces of the direction must have been lost; and yet, on being set free, they were soon at the nook from which they had been taken. Even the common hen, which has been carried in a covered basket through a district intersected by a confusion of hills and valleys, in a few hours has been seen scraping for grain on her old dunghill.

The only explanation, in these cases, must be sought in the existence of perceptions to which the human race is a stranger; their possession of which is proved by the exquisite and ready susceptibility of most animals to changes of weather, long before the occurrence of anything which our observation can appreciate, or which can be indicated by instruments. While the atmosphere seems to promise a continuance of fair and calm weather, and the wind maintains the same direction, the hog may be seen conveying in its mouth a wisp of straw; and in a few hours a violent wind fulfils the

omen. The cat washes, and some wild animals shift their quarters, in compliance with similar indications; and even fish at considerable depths in the sea, display, in their motions and appetite, sensibility to the coming change. The latter circumstance especially, which is well known to fishermen, is a proof that mere change of temperature, or moisture, is not sufficient to explain the phenomenon."—*Couch.*

MY RAILWAY COMPANIONS.

No. IV.

"Here she comes," said my friend Tims, the other morning, as we were waiting at the station for the train, "here she comes, snorting away as usual, and at her own peculiar pace. The steam-engine is a noble animal; there is no whip required; feed her with coke and water, and she will do her work handsomely. Here she comes; the steam is shut off, and she will soon be standing quiet as a lamb before us. The steam-engine is a noble animal; there is no kicking or prancing at starting, or stopping; only put on the steam and she sets off quietly, or shut it off, and apply the screw to the wheels, and she stands as still as a rock. But I say, friend F—, we must try and get into an empty box alone; I have a good deal to talk about, but we must look out sharply, and shut the door as soon as we get in, or else we shall be sure to have plenty of company."

"There, that was well done: she is off again, at her usual noble pace," continued Mr. T—, as we had gained our point, and still speaking of the engine in the feminine gender, "she is off again, and no power on earth can stop her till the driver again shuts off the steam."

"Well, what news have you at your village?" he paused to inquire.

"I am not aware," I replied, "that anything particular has happened. My habits are such that I do not often hear of what is going on in our little community. I will suppose, however, that if anything had occurred of great importance, I should have heard of it, and therefore I will conclude that all things are going on as usual. I have heard the death-bell, indeed, toll two or three times lately, and though it made me thoughtful, I did not perceive that it produced any sensation among my neighbours. The only remark I have heard concerning the deaths of those for whom the bell tolled was, 'Well, we are here to-day and gone to-morrow.'"

"And who were they for whom the bell tolled?" interrogated friend Tims.

"Well," I rejoined, "I believe they were some of my poorer neighbours: I have not heard their names; but if they had been any of the richer sort, I should certainly have heard who they were. Solomon said,

> 'Wealth maketh many friends:
> But the poor is separated from his neighbour.'—
> Prov. xix. 4.

He is separated not only in life, but in death. When he dies, few remember him, and he is laid in a grave that soon becomes level with the surface of the turf, and he becomes clean forgotten."

"You are a strange being," resumed Mr. T—; "meet you when I will, you are sure to treat me with a little of your philosophy. For my part, I like to have all the news I can. If I hear the bell toll, I never forget to ascertain who has gone from among us, be they rich or poor. But I suppose you have heard of the death of squire B—, of our town? He was an excellent fellow, a good neighbour, and a pleasant companion, and will be long missed in our circle."

"I had not heard of it," I replied.

"Not heard of it!" rejoined Mr. T—, hastily, "why you are a strange fellow; I should have thought every one within five miles at least of his residence had heard of his death. It caused quite a sensation in our town; the more so because, but a few days before, he was well and hearty. I would not have given much for any interest dependent on his death, for I should have calculated that he would have lived some thirty years longer; and yet he is gone. Depend upon it he will be long missed in our circle, although you had not heard of his death. But though you had not heard of this event, I suppose you have heard of Dr. A—?"

"Is he dead also?" I inquired.

"Is he dead also!" reiterated my friend; "why you are a strange fellow, if you have not heard anything about Dr. A. No, no; he is not dead: it would have been better for him if he had been. Dr. A—, friend F—, has sadly committed himself. Here was a man skilled in the languages, learned in science and the arts, and in a profession which should have been a safeguard against all evil actions, yet"—

Here Mr. T— shrugged up his shoulders and paused, as if inviting me to interrogate him upon the subject. My curiosity was excited, but I repressed it, in order to impart a silent lesson to my friend on his peculiar characteristic—the love of hearing and relating news. Taking no notice of my silence, however, he resumed:

"Dr. A— has been guilty of the sin of —, and has been obliged, from shame, to fly from our town. To tell you the truth, when I heard it I could not believe it. I told Mr. P—, who first informed me, that it must be slander. But I soon found out that it was all true, it was in every body's mouth; and what every one says must be true. His flight also confirmed the tale. If he had not been guilty, he would not have stolen away under cover of the night. An innocent man is never afraid of what people say of him, though it may touch his character to the very quick. There, there is a little philosophy for you. But I could never have thought that Dr. A— should so sadly have committed himself. You know as well as I do, what a man he was in company. There was not a more facetious companion in our whole circle. Every one admired his conversation; when he opened his lips, all listened."

"It proves," I remarked, interrupting Mr. T—, "that

> 'Not lofty intellect the heart keeps clean
> From moral taint, or yet illumes the mind
> By nature dark.'

If it could, then Solomon would not have fallen into sin, and Dr. A— would not have fallen into a similar sin to that of Solomon."

"An apt illustration," rejoined Mr. Tims, "I confess I had not thought of Solomon. But I thought Dr. A— had more integrity. True, I know he was a little fond of wine; but then a man may take a glass or two of wine, and be none the worse in character for that."

"He may, possibly," I replied, "but the indulgence in wine, as Dr. A—'s fondness for it would intimate, often leads to other crimes, and therefore it is best not to make the glass too much of a companion. Who knows but this was the step which led to this act of moral turpitude?"

"It might," resumed Mr. Tims; "and the worst of it is, it brings a disgrace upon his profession. Men not only look upon Dr. A— as a delinquent, but they consider that others of his profession are little better than himself. You cannot imagine what I have heard of the whole class to which he belongs. It would shock you to hear what I have heard. Why there is my neighbour, captain D—, who, you know, cares no more about religion than he does about my dog; as soon as he heard of it, he came to ask me what I now thought of the profession. I told him we must not condemn all for one man's sins; but he would not listen to me. One and all were alike, he said, and — but the steam is shut off; is there anything the matter? Oh no, I see, we are all right. That noble animal has done her duty well—she has brought us up to London in fine style; we have arrived at the terminus. I am half sorry for it: I had a great deal more to tell you; but perhaps we shall meet on our way back again. I shall return by the six o'clock train, and shall be happy to meet you at that hour. We must be quick, or we shall lose our seats in the omnibus. Look out for yourself, for at the time of seeking a seat in an omnibus on the arrival of a train in London no one thinks of his neighbour or his friend. Good morning, if we should not meet again on the other side of the platform."

I was not sorry to miss my friend "on the other side of the platform," as it gave me an opportunity of indulging in a few reflections. "I fear," thought I, "that my friend Tims' is in character a counterpart of the Athenians of old, who spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing. It is to be feared, also, that he is not singular in this respect. Memory recalls to mind, indeed, many, even in the Christian community of England, who resemble him of old." Reader! art thou of this class of professing Christians? If so, attend to the admonition of the apostle Peter: "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you: on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified. But let none of you suffer as a busybody in other men's matters," 1 Pet. iv. 14, 15. For tattlers, as St. Paul intimates, in his first Epistle to Timothy, are always busy bodies: "they spend their time in nothing else; and a very uncomfortable account they must needs have to give of their time who thus spend it." Time is precious, and we are concerned to employ it well, because our best interests, those of eternity, depends upon it.

E. F.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

In the sermon on the mount our Lord says, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain." We can all of us easily understand the other part of this command, that, when struck on one cheek, we should in humility offer the other; because, unfortunately, we know what striking is. But many must have wondered what can have given rise to the command of going a second mile with the violent man who has already compelled you to go one mile. Nobody now, and in this country, is ever injured by such treatment. But we learn from coins and inscriptions, that the couriers in the service of the Roman government had the privilege of travelling through the provinces free of expense, and of calling upon the villagers to forward their carriages and baggage to the next town. Under a despotic government, this became a cruel grievance. Every Roman of high rank claimed the same privilege; the horses were unyoked from the plough, to be harnessed to the rich man's carriage. It was the most galling injustice which the provinces suffered. We have an inscription on the frontier town of Egypt and Nubia, mentioning its petition for a redress of this grievance; and a coin of Nerva's reign records its abolition in Italy. Our Lord could give no stronger exhortation to patient humility than by advising his Syrian hearers, instead of resenting the demand for one stage's "vehiculation," to go willingly a second stage.—*Eclectic Review.*

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

The uses of these ordinances are of a twofold nature. A labourer in his garden has, by his labour, a double benefit. There are the health and strength gained immediately by the exercise, and the fruits of the earth in prospect. Thus in prayer and praise, in the adoring and rejoicing elevation of the mind to God, there is the good in the act, and the good from the act. The good in the act is present and palpable. By being enabled to fix the mind on God in the serious thoughtfulness of prayer, or in the pleasurable animation of praise, Divine truth, and Divine love become more thoroughly mingled with the mind, as wine with the water of a vessel which is stirred or shaken. Thus are we at once purified, comforted, and strengthened. And being so, we observe how well adapted these means of grace are to the constitution of our minds and instincts. Well known, indeed, it is that men (much more easily befooled in religious than in secular affairs) have, in many cases, manufactured for themselves certain effects in the act of prayer, the mechanical cause of which has tended somewhat to discredit all effects whatever. Sad indeed it is, that in the most elevated exercise of the mind men should act so foolishly; yet the remedy is to be found, under God, in greater scriptural light.—*C. I. Yorke.*

ONE DROP AT A TIME.

"Life," says the late John Foster, "is expenditure: we have it, but are as continually losing it; we have the use of it, but are as constantly wasting it. Suppose a man confined in some fortress, under the doom to stay there till death: and suppose there is there for his use a dark reservoir of water, to which it is certain none can ever be added. He knows, suppose, the quantity is very great; he cannot penetrate to ascertain how much, but it may be very little. He has drawn from it, by means of a fountain, a good while already, and draws from it every day. But how would he feel each time of drawing, and each time of thinking of it? Not as if he had a perennial spring to go to. Not, 'I have a reservoir; I may be at ease.' No! but, 'I had water yesterday—I have water to-day; but having had it, and my having it to-day, is the very cause that I shall not have it on some day that is approaching. And at the same time I am compelled to this fatal expenditure!' So of our moral, transient life! And yet men are very indisposed to admit the plain truth, that life is a thing which they are in no other way possessing than as necessarily consuming; and that even in this imperfect sense of possession, it becomes every day a less possession!"

THE ALPHABET.

The various combinations into which the twenty-four letters of the alphabet may be arranged, amount to—

620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000.

Modern Ephesus.

EPHESUS.

Ephesus was the chief city of Ionia, in Asia Minor, on the south side, and near the mouth of the river Cayster. It is situated forty miles to the south of Smyrna, and five hundred and forty from Sardis, the capital of Lydia. The rich and beautiful plain of Campus Cilbianus, through which the river flows, lies on one side, still retaining its former character, despite centuries of Turkish oppression.

Ephesus is represented by Pliny as the ornament of Asia, and the largest and most frequented city of Asia Minor; but while, about the epoch of the introduction of Christianity, the other cities declined in power and influence, Ephesus rose to a still higher position than it had previously enjoyed. Much of its prosperity is due to the favour of its governors; for Attalus Philadelphus furnished it with splendid docks and wharfs, which gave peculiar advantages to traders. Under the Romans it became the capital, not only of Ionia, but of the entire province of Asia, and bore the title of its "first and greatest metropolis."

At the time of the apostle Paul, Jews settled in the city in considerable numbers; an enactment was therefore made, and sent "particularly to the city of the Ephesians, the metropolis of Asia," by which the Jews who were in the army had freedom to disband, as they were not allowed to bear arms, or travel on the sabbath-day, being permitted to "use the customs of their forefathers, in assembling together for sacred and religious purposes, as their law requires, and for collecting oblations necessary for sacrifices."* Among the people of Ephesus Paul stayed, reasoning with the Jews in their synagogues during three months, and returning to them, after he had kept the feast at Jerusalem. He then preached the word to them with such success, and performed such miracles among them, that a numerous church was formed there; and it became the centre of Christianity in Asia Minor.

The extent of the walls of the city was about four miles, being built in a rough manner, but faced with stone, and defended at intervals by towers. Its site has been frequently changed; and Lysimachus is said to have stopped the drains in the lower part of the city, to drive the inhabitants to the upper part, which was considered a more advantageous situation. Part of one of the entrance-gates

* Josephus Antiq. xiv. 10, 11.

still remains, adorned with some fine bas-reliefs.

The city is illustrious in classic history, from its famous temple, and the goddess in honour of whom it was constructed—"Diana of the Ephesians." It was burned to the ground on the night on which Alexander was born, by a person of obscure birth, who wished to have his name preserved on the page of history. As, however, it would seem somewhat inconsistent with the acknowledged power of the goddess to permit a building which so redounded to her glory to be thus destroyed, it was publicly stated, that she had been so engaged with Olympias, that she had no time to think of anything else. Alexander having offered to erect another temple, on the condition of allowing his name to be inscribed on the front, this was declined by the Ephesians; and they resolved to construct another, which should outvie the former in grandeur and beauty. This was accordingly done, it being of the Ionic order, and occupied two hundred and twenty years to complete. Pliny states that it was four hundred and twenty-five feet in length, two hundred and twenty broad, and supported by one hundred and twenty-seven columns, sixty feet high—each the contribution of some prince—thirty-six of them being richly carved. The architect, Chersiphron, being on the point of committing suicide, from the difficulties he encountered, was assured by Diana that she would complete that in which he failed, and he was by these means encouraged to proceed. "Costly and magnificent offerings of various kinds were made to the goddess, and treasured in the temple, such as paintings, statues, etc., the value of which almost exceeded computation. The fame of the temple, the goddess, and of the city itself, was spread not only through Asia, but the world—a celebrity which was enhanced and diffused the more readily, because sacred games were practised there, which called competitors and spectators from every country. Among his other enormities, Nero is said to have despoiled the temple of Diana of much of its treasure." The respect gained for the structure was not diminished till it was destroyed by the Goths, and the only remains are the extensive ruins at the head of the present port.

The appearance which is now presented on approaching Ephesus forms a striking contrast to what it was at the period of its prosperity. The ruins of the city lie about two days' ourney from Smyrna, and are comprised in the poor village of Aiasaluck, which consists of a few cottages, fallen even from what it once was as a Mohammedan town. This is attested by a large castle and mosque, containing beautiful stones, enriched with the finest sculpture; and the traveller soon discovers that these are parts of the ruined city. At a distance of half a mile the traces of the desolation are clearly recognised. The stadium, now converted into a corn-field, the theatre, the odeon, and the gymnasium, may all be distinguished in outline, and their area is strewn with fine fragments. A particular part of the entablature of a Corinthian temple has been delineated by M. C. Gonffier, which has perhaps never been surpassed in the richness and variety of the style and the fineness of the execution. But though travellers have paid great attention to the subject, they have been unable to point to the spot where the proud monument of architectural science reared its head; and of all that splendid pile of building, a confused mass of thick walls, shafts, columns of white marble, and fragments of various kinds, alone remains. The ruins of a theatre are still visible, consisting of some circular seats, and numerous arches, supposed to be the one in which Paul was preaching, when interrupted by shouts of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" The country around consists of a wild, rich, uncultivated plain, which has an appearance of desolation, calculated only to depress the spirits of the observer, as he sees how the grandeur of the city has passed away!

When Dr. Chandler visited the city, in 1764, he found its population consisting of Greek peasants, living in extreme wretchedness and sloth—the representatives of an illustrious people, and inhabiting the wreck of their greatness; some round the substructure of the glorious edifices they had reared; some beneath the vaults of the stadium, once the crowded scene of their diversions; and some in the abrupt precipice, in the sepulchres which received their ashes. "Such are the present citizens of Ephesus," says he, "and such is the condition to which that renowned city has been reduced. It was a ruinous place when the emperor Justinian filled Constantine with its statues, and raised the church of St. Sophia on its columns. Its streets are obscured and overgrown. A herd of goats was driven to it from the shelter at noon, and a

noisy flight of crows from the quarries seemed to insult its silence. We heard the partridge call in the area of the theatre and of the stadium. The pomp of its heathen worship is no longer remembered; and Christianity, which was then nursed by apostles and fostered by general councils, barely lingers on in an existence hardly visible."

Though the religious prosperity of the church at Ephesus might have been great, and deserved the praise awarded by the apostle for its "works, labour, and patience," yet it appears not to have maintained its purity of character, either in the eyes of God or man; and having disregarded the warnings faithfully administered by its teachers, "its candlestick was removed out of its place"—leaving for us a most solemn and important lesson. The pagan worship of gods which their hands had made, was succeeded by the vain presumption of Mohammedan teachers, and the crescent took the place of the cross of Christ. Desolation has visited this once noble scene, and even the waters of the sea have retreated, leaving a morass covered with mud and rubbish, to take the place before occupied by the waters which bore on their bosom the richly laden vessels of a hundred ports. F.

STORM ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

Though danger great besets the path
Of him who climbs on high,
Where mountains lift their pointed heads
And mingle with the sky;—
Much greater his, who proudly walks
Before the Lord of All,
For pride before destruction stalks,
And fearful is its fall.

As we sat in different groups on the rounded and ruined summit of Snowdon, I could not help thinking on the various feelings of the different persons who have resorted to the same spot. Man, destined for immortality, seems much more mutable than matter. The mountain remains. They who visit it come and depart, live and die, and are forgotten; and how unlike are they to each other and to themselves! What merriment has there been here! what alarm! what joy! what devotion! what folly! what enthusiasm! what pride! what poetry! what terror! Talking of terror, I remember having heard of an ascent on Snowdon, made from Caernarvon, in the year 1797, which was attended with more than usual circumstances of danger and disaster. The party, which consisted of a gentleman and his lady, two youths, the guide, and a servant, were improvidently late, not arriving at the guide's house till the afternoon. It was full summer, and the day very serene. They reached the top under the happiest circumstances; when suddenly, or at least little observed by them, clouds gathered on all sides, and they were visited by such a tempest of wind, rain, thunder, and lightning, as not only destroyed all pleasure present and in anticipation, but lasted so long, and became so terrifically violent, as to threaten their existence. They began, of course, to hasten down, but the elements pursued, and a premature obscurity involved them. Every tiny watercourse, which they had not noticed in ascending, was now become a formidable torrent, and floods poured in every direction with furious velocity. The distress of the lady, and her difficulty of proceeding, may be better imagined than described! She was a woman of fortitude and resolution, but these needful qualities were overwhelmed soon by terrors that surrounded her. One of the youths, her son, had gone on, before the storm was at its crisis, to meet the horses, and her fears for his safety were excessive. She became insensible, and was carried down the mountain, her bonnet long since blown away; and her long hair, disengaged from its bands, and saturated with wet, wound by the wind about her neck in such intricate mazes, that it could not afterwards be disentangled without the utmost difficulty. In the meantime, they who were able to observe the storm, and the appearances of nature, were singularly impressed with the amazing fury of the one and the sublimity of the other; for there were intervals, when even gleams of sunshine burst through the tempestuous clouds, and rendered them more awful. They witnessed two phenomena. The first was the passing of the electric fluid from cloud to cloud, below the level on which they stood, and a consequent discharge of rain from those clouds. Another and more extraordinary, was presented during their descent. The morassy level which they had to pass over on this side of the mountain was studded, as it were, by a thousand glow-worms, which, on examination, proved to the phosphorescent roots of rushes. The exhibition of phosphoric light is not unusual in the decay of both animal and vegetable matter; but the

effect in the present case can be produced but in few situations, and is still more rarely attended by circumstances so calculated to heighten the effect. The party, after infinite difficulty, toil, and hazard, reached the guide's home about midnight, with the most lively sentiments of gratitude to Providence for their preservation, during a period in which the terrors and the mercies of God had been brought before them in quick succession! It is a circumstance worth recording, that the lady's bonnet was found long afterwards by a shepherd in a defile of the mountain, who supposed it to have belonged to some one who had perished! Let me add, also, that the lady yet retains a relic of this memorable expedition in a pocket-handkerchief, almost the only thing that was not torn by the wind, on a corner of which had been written by her husband with indelible ink, her name, the day of the month and year, and these words: "In memory of female perseverance and juvenile courage."—*Freeman.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON AUTUMNAL SCENES.

Again and again have we been told, by returning seasons and the pens of poets, that in spring the vegetable and animated world have imparted to them a new life—that creation bursts into a new being—that the young branches of the trees shoot upward—the earth is strewn with flowers—the birds, wild with joy, sing among the green foliage or in the sunny air, and cattle crop the fresh green grass, with far more than their customary appetite and avidity. Little children, it is said, too, walking abroad with their attendants, prattle of daisies and primroses; Age, with his grey hairs, pacing onward, in feeling and in thought grows young again, and dreams of bygone days; and Sickness, with her sallow cheek, though leaning on crutches, raises heavenward her tearful eye, grateful for the sunny beam that falls upon her, and the balmy breeze, that tastes like returning health. When Spring walks abroad, creation rejoices, and hymns the Great Creator. The heavens are lit up with sunshine, the earth teems with happiness, and everything that has breath seems to praise the Lord.

No wonder that a warm welcome should be given to spring. The green leaf and the budding flower afford joy to the heart; the voice of the cuckoo is delightful melody, and the song of the lark carries us upwards, not only with delight, but thankfulness. It so happens, however, that autumn is my favourite season; and no sooner does it approach, than I begin to muse on balmy breezes, and to meditate on rural excursions. The seductions of spring and summer try me, but the charms of autumn are irresistible. The rural fit comes upon me with power, and the desire to roam must be gratified. London is a noble city, and in many respects the noblest city in the world: but the air of Cheapside is not like that of the country; the leaves of the books in the libraries of the British Museum are not the leaves of forest trees; the best paintings of the Royal Academy and National Gallery are but faint imitations of nature; and the weary-footed, pent-up sheep and bullocks of Smithfield are but a poor substitute for the flocks of the wide-spread pastures and the "cattle on a thousand hills." In autumn the past comes over my spirit, and my heart grows clamorous for mountain and moor, and the rich garniture of woods and fields.

The best years of my childhood were passed in the country, surrounded with woods and coppices, hills and dales, fields and running brooks; and there my youthful mind drank in the dear delight of sylvan scenes. Then were sown seeds that were to spring up in my heart and affections, and become a part of my being, even to grey hairs. The love of the sylvan, the simple, the peaceful, the pure, and the joyous, was imparted to me, not to be impaired and diminished, but rather to be enhanced by the sterner cares of after-life. How vividly can I now recall many of my boyish revels in lonely dingles and sequestered glades!

"Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapp'd their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound:

"A slumberous sound—a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream—
As of innumerable wings;
As when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

"And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions came to me,
As, lapp'd in thought, I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea.

"Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere fancy has been quell'd;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld."

These days gone by, and these sunny visions of my childhood, come upon me in the crowded city, and surprise me in my walks, especially in autumn. Every tree in the pleasure-grounds of the crescents and squares, and every bush in the gardens that I pass, reminds me of waving woods, and warbling birds, and nooks and shady lanes. I hear the breeze in the dry sedge of the brook, see the ripple of the running waters; and feel that I am a sharer in the joyous jubilee of creation, where the golden fields, the beauteous hop-yards, the ruddy orchards, and the many-coloured foliage of the forest-trees are lit up with sunbeams, and where birds, bees, butterflies, and myriads of the insect world are on the wing.

The lonely recesses of woods and valleys incline the sober-minded to solemn thought. Nor is the Christian admirer of sylvan scenery shut out from profitable meditation; for the face of nature often proclaims to him the renewal and fulfilment of God's promises. He is a bad reader of the book of Nature who finds not therein many of the self-same texts that are inscribed on the pages of the ever-blessed book of truth. What can be plainer inscribed on creation in the spring, than the words, "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land"? Cant. ii. 11, 12. Is not the text legible in the sky during the sunny showers: "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth"? Gen. ix. 13. Is it not written on the fields, graven on the furrows, and registered by the returning seasons, "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease"? Gen. viii. 22. And do not the sunlit skies, the fertile fields, the grazing flocks, the singing birds, and the dancing insects of rejoicing creation, cry aloud, "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord"? Psa. xxxiii. 5.

Some time ago the swaying to and fro of a few tall poplars opposite my study window brought back again to my remembrance the sunny seasons of my youth. Again I was in the woodlands, where the trees seemed to gather round me;—

"And ever whisper'd, mild and low,
'Come, be a child once more!'
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckon'd solemnly and slow;
I could not, would not, choose but go
Into the woodland hoar.

"Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere;
Nature, with folded hands, seem'd there
Kneeling at her evening prayer:—
Like one entranced I stood."

But it was not long before, hurrying away into the country, I was gazing with joy on the waving branches of the forest trees.

But is there nothing in autumn, think you, beside the joyousness of the scene, that speaks to the heart of a thinking man, with a furrowed brow and grey hairs? Oh, there is an audible voice in the changing foliage, and the rustling sere leaf, falling from the tree, which, though it whisper only in the ear of youth, sounds solemnly, and deep and loud to reflecting age—for with the latter the autumn of life is come, and the words, "We all do fade as a leaf," have a point and signification in them. They are not as an arrow shot at a venture, but as one aimed at the heart. They say not, in urging upon us solemn considerations of the shortness of life, "Ye sons of men!" but rather, "Thou art the man!" "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," Prov. xxvii. 1.

I cannot help regarding an ardent love of natural scenery as a great advantage, though many Christian men think otherwise. What a difference there is between looking around you with apathy, and gazing around you with delight!—between having no object in regarding creation, and finding an object of interest in everything! We should, however, take care that our love of created things interferes not with our love for their Great Creator; for if a man once becomes an idolater, it matters but little whether he bows down to an ugly image or to a beautiful tree—a silver crucifix standing on the earth, or a golden sun glittering in the skies.

Poets, in their autumnal pictures, in addition to glowing skies and sparkling brooks and woods of many-coloured foliage, and fields of waving corn, and orchards of ruddy fruit, give life and variety to their sketches, by introducing

characters of different kinds—such as, the reaper, stooping with his glittering sickle to his labour—the hedger, stopping gaps with boughs rich in yellow leaves—the cotter, by the woodside, shaking down the brown acorns from the mossy oaks, for the noisy swine below—the milkmaid, with a timid air, crossing the brook, by treading from stone to stone—village dames, gathering the ripe bunches of the elder for their wines—hunters in scarlet jackets, appearing for a moment, and then hiding in the motley woods again—boys, in ragged jackets, nutting in the coppice, and merry gipsies laughing in their camp on the common, or beneath their tent on the skirt of the wood, beside which hangs their kettle, suspended from three sticks over the blazing fire.

In like manner, the Christian lover of nature adds to autumnal scenes his biblical associations. When he sees the shepherd in the midst of his fleecy care, the Great Shepherd of Israel occurs to his remembrance, and he repeats the words, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young," Isa. xl. 11. When he witnesses the cattle in the wide-spread pastures, it reminds him of the great substance of Job, who had seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses. When he gazes on the running brook and the river, he forgets not that with his staff Jacob passed over Jordan, and before he is aware, he has uttered the text, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion," Psa. cxxxvii. 1. And when the reapers are cutting and binding, and the gleaners appear in the corn-fields, Boaz and Ruth rise up before him, and he hears the commandment of the former to his young men, "Let her glean, even among the sheaves, and reproach her not: and let fall also some of the handfuls on purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not," Ruth ii. 15, 16.

This mingling of the present objects of sight with the past objects of belief imperceptibly confirms a Christian's faith, and makes the book of creation, if the term be not too strong, a second Bible to him. The sun he sees in the skies is the very sun that Joshua commanded to stand still upon Gibeon! and the moon he beholds is the very moon that he directed to be stationary in the valley of Ajalon! When he regards the heavenly bodies above him—were the words in the first chapter of Genesis written with living lightning in the skies, hardly would their truth appear more conspicuous: "And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven, to give light upon the earth." No wonder, then, that he should give utterance to the words, "The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly," Psa. lxxxiv. 11. "This God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death," Psa. xlviii. 14.

And now, reader, if thou art smiling at the thought of such a man as Old Humphrey wasting his time in idle rambles, lying beneath the wide-spreading branches of umbrageous trees, musing on bubbling brooks, and gazing entranced on the clear, bright, blue sky above him, remember that I have been going back to the days of my boyhood, and that now my opportunities of snatching a glance at autumnal scenes are "few and far between." They are the holidays, and not the employments of my age. Grudge me not, then, the pleasures which are dear to me; for a man with grey hairs on his head may be worse occupied, than in admiring the gorgeous glory of autumnal scenes, especially when they fill his heart with joy and thankfulness, and his mouth with praise.

SOLEMN APPEAL.

If there be any of you who at present have no happiness in the service of God, then I beseech you to seek conversion by the power of the Holy Ghost. Would you know the reason why you have no happiness in the service of God? It is because you are *not* converted, because "old things have not passed away, and all things have not yet become new." It is because the things of the world still bind you down to earth,—your affections are not spiritualized. It is because Jesus has not been received into your hearts, and formed there "the hope of glory." Cry mightily then to God, that by the power of the Holy Spirit he may show

you the extent of your filthiness, cause you to wash in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, purify you by his grace, and lead you in the way everlasting.

This must be done, if you would enter heaven. You cannot enter except your robes be washed. They cannot be washed and made white, except in the blood of the Lamb.

Brethren, I would repeat this truth with all earnestness and affection, Whatever be your outward condition, high or low, rich or poor; whatever be your outward character in the estimation of your fellow-men, "except ye be born again," and except your robes be washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, you cannot enter the kingdom.

Will you evade the force of this, by saying, "There is time enough yet? Now I must take care of my business or of my family, and leave religion to a more convenient season." I reply, "How knowest thou, thou fool, that thy soul shall not this night be required of thee?" You look around, perhaps, and when you see the multitudes that forget God, you say, "I have a chance as well as others." Yes, and you have a chance to die as well as others. How many there are in this city, every week, who leave their homes in the morning strong and healthy, and are carried back cold and lifeless corpses! The body returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it. Look well, then, to your own condition, you careless, indifferent procrastinators! There are many now in hell on account of that very delay for which you plead.

It would be easy for me, if I had no account to give before the judgment-seat, to speak unto you "smooth things." But, brethren, I am pleading to deliver my own soul—I am pleading for your soul—I am pleading for heaven—I am pleading to deliver you from hell. Are you ready to meet your God? Are you washed from all your pollution and iniquity? Come, I beseech you, to the fountain opened in Jesus' blood. Come, that you may be clothed in his righteousness. Come, that you may be sanctified by his Spirit. Come, that in Jesus you may be accepted, and that even your good works may be cleansed from pollution by him, and made acceptable unto God. Then you too shall enter into the kingdom prepared for his saints from the foundation of the world.

But, forget all these invitations—neglect them—omit acting upon them—and you are utterly and irretrievably lost. —*Hon. and Rev. M. Villiers.*

ON HARD WORDS.

"Will you please to tell me, uncle," said I, "the meaning of the words *macrocosm* and *microcosm?* for they occur in the magazine here that I am reading, and I know no more about them than 'the man in the moon.' I wish people would not use such hard words. Do please to tell me the meaning of them." "By and by, Edward," replied my uncle, continuing to write on the paper before him.

As it was some time before my uncle lifted up his head, I began to think that he had altogether forgotten my question. It occurred to me, also, as very possible, that my uncle did not know the meaning of the words, and might be silent on that account. It appeared, however, that I was mistaken in both suggestions, for, soon after, he put a paper in my hands, which he had been writing, evidently because he thought that he could give me the meaning of the words better with his pen than with his tongue. My uncle's paper was as follows:

It is certainly not wise, though young writers and young speakers often run into the error, to use hard words when easy words are equally expressive; on this principle, that hard words are only understood by a few, while easy words are intelligible to all. Were I to say that I lighted my candle with a brimstone match, no one could misunderstand me; but if I asserted that my taper had been ignited by a sulphureous fragment of the Norwegian pine, many might be at a loss to understand my meaning.

Still there are hard words which it would be somewhat difficult to give in the same space in simpler language, and perhaps the words macrocosm and microcosm are among them. I will give you their meaning as clearly as I can.

The meaning of macrocosm is, the whole or great world, or universe at large; but, as sometimes we limit the words world and universe to the earth we inhabit, and, at other times, extend them to the whole system of creation, so I consider the term macrocosm may, with propriety, be applied to either of these significations.

The meaning of microcosm is, man considered as in himself a little world. This

signification, according to most dictionaries, appears to be limited to the body of man; but, I think it may with equal propriety be extended to man as a whole, bodily and mentally.

Thus we might say, wonderful as the macrocosm, or greater world of nature may be, the microcosm, or lesser world, man, is equally astonishing. Or we might ask the question, Are you speaking of that microcosm man, or of the macrocosm of creation?

Perhaps, however, you will understand the meaning that I attach to the words macrocosm and micrososm better, if I put them into poetry:—

Whether He shelters, with almighty wings,
The macrocosm of created things;
Or bends from heaven, in his indulgent plan,
To guard from ill the microcosm man;
The same eternal wisdom ever shines
In cloudless splendour through his great designs.

Philosophers of old, fancying that they discovered in the bodily structure of man a something agreeing with the structure of the world at large, called the world, the great world, and man, the lesser world; using the word macrocosm for the former, and the word microcosm for the latter: but I think this principle or practice of drawing resemblances between things generally dissimilar, is rather fanciful and useless, than real and satisfactory.

Hard words in science and philosophy are not so objectionable as in the common affairs of life, because scientific and philosophical people are supposed to understand them; but when hard words are used in instructing youth, in imparting common and practical lessons of usefulness, in treating on holy things, and declaring the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are sadly out of place, and wofully out of character.

"Well," thought I, after reading my uncle's paper, "I now know something about macrocosm and microcosm, and have got a good lesson on hard words into the bargain."

MAN, THE CREATURE OF PROGRESS.

Man is a creature of progress, whenever found in circumstances of civilization. Popular institutions have an expansive principle in them. The human mind, which naturally contains this tendency, is quickened in its advancement by the social element. We believe that the species, with many reverses and retardations, has gradually improved. Its own law of progress has been resisted, but could not be utterly destroyed. It satisfies the argument to show that there never was such an amount of all that enters into the civic good of man—knowledge, law, liberty, refinement, invention, wealth—at any given period, as now subsists, since the world began. Like cross-currents of the ebb, we have beheld the contentions which would thwart this law of human progress; but as such currents only precede and indicate the turning of the tide, so now we mark the flow and predict the flood. Our plan of educating the people must agree with this noble bias, and chief distinction, of our nature. Far be from us the injustice and madness of withstanding such a power of development and pledge of acceleration! We may seek to guide it,—to stop it is an attempt as impious as vain. The darkness of a general ignorance can never again cover the nations. The civilization of the world can never more recede. We must treat man accordingly. We must provide him for his journey, and equip him for his race.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

EAR OF CORN.

It is evident that an *ear of corn* was not so named from any resemblance to the *ear*, the organ of hearing, but that it must have had some quite different origin. Now if we consider the Latin term for it, namely *spica*, we see its resemblance to *spiculum*, which means an *arrow;* and if we consider this a little further, we see that it is not at all casual, but that it is an intentional metaphor, and, in truth, a very just and natural one. For the rising crop is like a field covered with little spears. Many passages of the poets allude to this resemblance. So in English we speak of *blades* of corn, from this resemblance to miniature sword-blades. From what precedes, I think there can be no doubt that the phrase "an ear of corn" originally meant "an *arrow* of corn," *i.e.*, a single *blade*, *spiculum*, or *spica*. But this conjecture becomes more certain, when we recollect the name for an *arrow* in Anglo-Saxon, namely *earh;* whence comes the derived term *earh-fere*, a quiver (literally, an *arrow-bearer*). It is plain, then, that the "*earh* of corn" must have been the blade itself, or the single spikelet.—*F. H. Talbot.*

OLD WOODS.

It has been briefly remarked, that there is nothing more difficult than to lay down any fixed and certain rules for happiness on earth, or to judge with any precision of the happiness of others, from external circumstances. There is sometimes a little speck of black in the brightest and gayest colours, which contaminates and deadens the whole; while, on the contrary, when all without looks dark and dismal, there is often a secret ray of cheerfulness, which turns everything to real joy and happiness. God never meant that the man on whom he has bestowed riches and honours should monopolize that better gift—a happy mind. No, no!—this he often bestows upon those who obtain their bread by the sweat of their brows. Happiness, in a word, does not consist in luxury and pride, but in wanting nothing. As Democritus, a heathen philosopher remarks, he is happy who is cheerful, though possessing little; he is unhappy who is troubled amidst much wealth.

Old Woods was in my "mind's eye," while penning the above sentiments; a man in whose face I never traced sorrow but once during the many years I have known him. And yet Old Woods is not a rich man, or a learned man, or a man on whom the world smiles. Old Woods, in fact, is one of the poorest of the poor; for he is reduced to such necessities that he is compelled to earn his bread by scraping our village roads.

Many a time have I looked in the face of Old Woods, with admiration of its cheerfulness. But on one occasion, more especially, I was struck with the happy temper of his mind. I was walking along in a musing mood, down one of our by-lanes, when on a sudden my ears were arrested by the sound of some one singing, in as hearty a tone as the tremulous voice of old age could send forth its notes. I looked here and there, but could see no one, and still the sounds met my ears. I halted and went on in succession, listening, until at length looking down in a deep ditch, in which the nettles and briars were growing luxuriantly, I descried Old Woods. He had just been picking his bone, and eating his morsel of bread in this unenviable position, and he was singing the song of gratitude, for the provisions with which he had been refreshed. And he sang, too, with all his might, accompanying his notes with certain motions of his hand, by way of beating time. I drew back as I perceived the old man, resolved to allow him to finish his song before I accosted him, and pleased withal at hearing the cheerful voice of an humble peasant.

"Well, Woods," I remarked, as I stepped forward after he had concluded, "I perceive you are not yet past the age of singing; I am glad to see you so happy."

"Why should I not be happy?" replied the old man; "I have no patience with men who fret away their lives, because they think they want something which they have not got, and what they are not likely to have. What do I want more than I have? I have just satisfied my hunger, and that is sufficient for any man. If he can always do that, he ought to be happy, and to sing the song of gratitude for the mercy."

"You put me in mind, Woods," I rejoined, "of those two lines of poetry,

> 'Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little long.'

Are these sentiments correct?"

"Are they not correct?" interrupted Old Woods. "Look at my arms; I dare say you never saw any much stronger, for an old man's, and yet I have always lived upon humble fare. It's all right, sir; man does not want much on earth, nor does he want anything long. True, seventy or eighty years, when a person sets out in life, seems a very long time—an age; but I can tell you what it seems to be when you have passed this long life. Sir, I am more than eighty years of age; and all the years I have passed, long as they may appear to some, seem to me as a passing shadow. It's all right, sir; man wants but little in this life, nor does he want that little long,—for I do not consider eighty, or even a hundred years, a very long period. I am no scholar, sir, but I have some idea of time: it very soon passes away; and the best thing a man can do, is to make himself happy, by preparing himself for the next world. Then no matter, whether he scrapes the roads as I do, or rides in his carriage—all will be well."

"Thank you, Woods, for your valuable lesson," I replied; "I trust I may long see your face glowing with the cheerfulness I now perceive in it: may your happiness never be disturbed." I passed

away, musing in my mind upon the scene I had witnessed, and thinking how strangely those would be mistaken, who should judge of Old Woods by external appearances; they would pronounce him to be the most miserable of all men, I thought to myself; while he is, on the contrary, one of the happiest of the sons of men. I almost envied him his bed of nettles.

I contemplated celebrating Old Woods as a truly Christian philosopher: one who had discovered the way of being always happy. But I have seen that even he, happy as he generally appears to be, is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.

I was walking near his house one day, and from a distance saw him standing idly about, leaning on his staff. This is something unusual, thought I to myself, to see Old Woods not at work; perhaps he is not well; I will go and ask him. The old man was looking pensively down at the ground when I reached him, and as soon as he looked up, I saw there was something the matter, for the tear stood in his eye, just ready to fall upon his "ample sleeve."

"How is this, Woods?" I inquired; "Why not at work this fine morning? are you not well?"

"Thank God," replied the old man, "I am well and hearty; able to do a day's work with any man of my age; but our surveyor has turned me off. I have got nothing to do; so I suppose I must go to the union."

No sooner had Old Woods mentioned the union, than the tear in his eye rolled over his furrowed cheeks, and another and another followed in quick succession. The old man was heart-broken. He had enjoyed his liberty for more than eighty years, and he could not endure the thought of confinement; although he knew that he should be well provided for.

"That must not be, Woods," I rejoined, "that must not be. Come to me to-morrow morning, and I will find something for you to do at present; and perhaps I may persuade the surveyor to take you on again."

Old Woods came in the morning, and for three or four days worked in my garden. But all the time he was there I never saw a smile on his face. He had still the union in prospect, and this cast down his once happy mind. In the meantime, however, the surveyor had agreed to take him on the roads again; and had my readers seen Old Woods, when he was told of it, they would never have forgotten it. He again shed a tear, but it was this time a tear of joy. As I looked at him I shook my head, and remarked, "I see now, Woods, that you are not a philosopher; why could you not have been as happy in the union as in the bed of nettles, where I overheard you singing the song of gratitude."

"To tell you the truth, sir," replied the old man, "I did not like to be shut up within walls, or to eat the bread of charity. These hands have always provided me food, and I trust they will be able to the day of my death. It's a sad thing, sir, to live upon charity, though it's a mercy for the poor to find friends in the hour of need. While I can work I will work; and I trust it will never be said that Old Woods died a pauper."

Old Woods still scrapes our highways, and with the return of his employment his cheerfulness returned. I pass him and repass him almost daily; and every time I see him he looks on me with a smile, that tells he is still happy. As for his grief at the prospect of being sent to the union, I look upon it as natural;—man loves his liberty. Moreover, it does the old man honour. I love an independent spirit—a spirit that scorns to take anything in the shape of charity, when the hands can provide for nature's few wants. And the grief of Old Woods doubtless arose, in part, from this becoming pride. He had honourably provided for his own wants, and that of a large family for many a long year, and could he now consent to receive the pittance of charity?—his mind revolted at the idea. Old Woods wished to die an independent man. He would work from morning to night for a scanty return, but he could not take either silver or gold for doing nothing. Well would it be were there more such men as Old Woods in the world, or that the peasantry would follow his example. But, unfortunately, there are those who, lacking the Christian principles by which he is guided, care little for work, so long as they are fed.

The lesson to be learned from this sketch of Old Woods is one of great importance—in whatsoever station we are placed, therewith to be content. The art of being always happy is difficult of acquirement; but there is a tale on record, which points out the way of acquiring it in a high degree. A certain bishop

struggled through great difficulties, and met with much opposition, without repining, or exhibiting an impatient spirit. He was asked if he could communicate the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man, "it consists in making a proper use of my eyes; for in whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and consider that my principal business here is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it, when I come to be interred. Then I look abroad, and observe how many there are who are more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and what little reason we have to repine or complain." E. F.

THE MULLET.

Mr. R. Q. Couch, in a valuable paper on the fishes of Cornwall, published in the *Zoologist*, mentions the following peculiarity of the mullet, which would seem to point to a higher degree of intellectuality in fishes than they are generally supposed to possess. The usual mode of taking the mullets is by enclosing them in a seine, and then drawing them on shore. As soon, however, as they find themselves enclosed, they seem confused, and wander from one part of the net to another, to discover a means of escape. Order, however, as if by mutual consent, is very soon established, and the largest of the shoal generally takes the lead in every subsequent undertaking. Thus guided, every portion of the net is carefully examined, and, if a hole is found, through it they all make their escape. If unsuccessful in this, the foot of the net is attempted to be lifted, but the trial always fails, and many are meshed in the attempt. Baffled at all points, they retire to the centre of the space enclosed by the net, and, after a short time, the leader rises swiftly to the corks, and, followed by all the others, throws itself over into the water, and thus they effect their escape. It is an exceedingly interesting sight to see them thus make a series of efforts for a given object, adopting them in succession, as if by reason. The fishermen are now in the habit of scattering straw along the inner margin of the buoys; the fish, deceived by this, throw themselves over the edge of the straw, but, alas! again fall within the enclosure; and, having once failed, they never renew the attempt.

THE REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

No. XXII.

John Huss having appeared, his books were presented to him, and he was asked whether he acknowledged them as his own. He examined them, and said: "I acknowledge them; and if any of you can show me any erroneous proposition in them, I will willingly rectify it." The reading commenced. An article was read, with the names of several witnesses who supported the accusation. Huss wished to reply; but he had scarcely pronounced a word, when so furious a clamour arose in the whole assembly that it was not possible to hear him. If Maldomiwitz, an eye-witness of this scene, may be trusted, these men might rather be called ferocious beasts, than wise doctors assembled for the discussion of serious questions. The tumult being a little appeased, Huss made an appeal to the Holy Scriptures. A general cry arose, each one saying, "This is not the question." Some accused; others mocked. Huss kept silence. Already his enemies were triumphing. "He is silent," they cried; "it is evident that he has inculcated this heretical proposition." In the energetic language of Luther, it is said: "All of them were excited: like so many wild boars, their skin bristled, their brows were wrinkled, and their teeth gnashed against John Huss."—(Script. in fin. liter. J. Hus. Mart. Luther.)

Yet he, astonished and unmovable, sorrowfully cast his eyes round this assembly, seeking for his judges, and finding none but his enemies. He said: "I expected another reception here. I thought I should have been heard. I cannot be heard in so much tumult. I am silent, because I am compelled. I should speak, were I listened to." The fathers, seeing that they could not hear each other, because they were not disposed to calm themselves, broke up the session. The Bohemian nobles gave an account to the emperor; and urged him to be present at the next audience, for the sake of preserving order by his presence. Sigismund consented.

The following audience took place on June 7th. On that day, an eclipse, long afterwards renowned in Europe, entirely

obscured the disk of the sun; and towards seven o'clock, when the darkness had disappeared, the council met in the hall of the Franciscans, where they had already assembled. John Huss was brought thither by a numerous troop of soldiers. The emperor was present; and no situation on this occasion was more painful than his. Sigismund saw before him, covered with chains, that very John Huss, whose freedom had been guaranteed by his word. He had come in the hope of saving from condemnation a man whom he blamed himself for not shielding from being judged; and, doubtless, he had confidence in the influence he should have exercised over the accused party; but the latter was not to be shaken, and the whole council seemed animated against Huss, with the fury of his most cruel adversaries—Michael Causis and Paletz. They had neglected nothing to draw down on his head a capital sentence; and the arrival of the emperor induced them to redouble their efforts from the fear of a still more shameful defeat, if their victim escaped them. However, John Huss received some friendly looks, whilst in this formidable assembly. In the train of the emperor, he recognised his faithful disciple, Peter the Notary, whose zeal was intimidated by no danger; and, standing behind Sigismund, he saw his brave protectors, Wenceslaus, Dubay, and John de Chlum, more experienced in fighting battles with the sword than with the word; yet who, in this field so new to them, in which the limitation as to defence was express, gave proof of address and courage. Michael Causis read the act of accusation, which began as follows:

"John Huss, in the chapel of Bethlehem, and other places in the city of Prague, has taught the people many errors, partly drawn from the books of Wickliffe, and partly of his own invention. He has defended them with the greatest obstinacy. The first is, that, after the consecration of the host in the sacrament of the altar, the material bread remains."

This fact was attested by several ecclesiastics, whose names Causis read.

John Huss declared, on oath, that he had never taught this doctrine as to the Eucharist. However, he avowed, that when the archbishop of Prague had forbidden him to make use of the term bread, when consecrating the host, he had thought it his duty to resist him, because, in the sixth chapter of St. John, Christ calls himself the bread of God, which cometh down from heaven to give his life for the world; but he denied that he had applied to this subject the expression "material bread."

The cardinal of Cambray, Peter d'Ailly, took up the argument. This celebrated man, who was also upright-minded, and accustomed to reasoning, was arbitrary, self-confident, and irascible, and often showed himself to be more of a doctor than of a Christian.* An eager nominalist, he partook of the prejudices of his age, and brought into religious debates scholastic refinements, and the severity of an inflexible and merciless logic, which acquired for him a surname, then considered glorious, "The hammer of the heretics." He examined John Huss; and whoever is ignorant of the passions which are natural to theologians, and the degree to which the spirit of arguing stifles in many minds the sweet and pure spirit of the gospel, would never have supposed that the design of such an examination was to ascertain if Huss was a Christian:

"John Huss," said the cardinal of Cambray, "do you admit the universalities, *a parte rei*,† as belonging to the very thing of which they are the universalities?" "I admit them," answered John Huss, "for the reason that St. Anselm and other great doctors have admitted them also." "If this is the case," replied the cardinal, "it must be concluded that, after the consecration, the substance of the material bread remains, and I prove it." The cardinal added a scholastic discussion, and placed an embarrassing dilemma in support of his assertion.

John Huss simply replied that, transubstantiation is a fact contrary to nature, and that the substance disappears, while it remains in all other cases; and in this opinion Huss agreed with the Scottish divines, who all admitted the universalities, *a parte rei*.

Some English doctors then took the accused aside, and one of them privately repeated the argument of the cardinal; it was not sufficient for him that John Huss should profess a faith upon transubstantiation conformed to that of the church.

* See a comparison between Gerson and d'Ailly, by Elie Dupin. (Gers. Oper. t. ter. p. 48.)

† The *realist* school admitted reality in what they called *universalities*,—that is to say, general ideas, taken abstractedly from the thing itself; and, this in scholastic terms, was called *universalia a parte rei*. On the contrary, the *nominalists* only regarded universalities as words, names, and mere abstractions of the mind.

of Rome; the doctor would only admit that a realist, a man who thought as John Huss did upon universalities, must believe that the material bread would disappear after consecration. "This is a childish argument," replied John Huss; "a boy may answer it." A second doctor was not more successful. A third reproached him with being of Wickliffe's opinion in this matter; and when he strongly denied it, the doctor asked if the body of Christ was really in the sacrament of the altar. "Yes," said John Huss, "the same body of Christ which was born of the virgin Mary, which suffered, died, and is risen again, and is now at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty."

This answer might have satisfied the most scrutinizing, although it did not appear sufficiently explicit, and there were many words spoken on both sides touching the universalities. At length an Englishman, named Stokes, admitting that the doctrine verbally expressed by Huss was canonical, attacked him in his writings. "I have seen at Prague," he said, "a certain treatise by the same John Huss, in which it was said expressly, that the material bread remains after the sacrament in the consecration." "That is not true," replied John Huss.

The written statements were again referred to. One of the witnesses, John Protiva, vicar of Prague, accused John Huss of having spoken irreverently of St. Gregory. Huss replied that this was doing him injury, for he had always held Gregory for one of the most holy doctors of the church.

There was a moment of silence, and Zabarelli, the cardinal of Florence, taking up the word, said, "Master John Huss, you know that it is written, that the mouth of two or three witnesses may be admitted as a true testimony; now twenty persons, worthy of confidence, assert that you have preached this doctrine which is imputed to you. The greater part being irresistible proofs in support of their testimony, is it possible that you can defend yourself against all?"

John Huss replied, "I call on God and my own conscience to witness, that I never have preached, and never entertained any thought of teaching what I have here been reproached with, although these men have dared to testify that I have said what they never heard. Though they should be yet far more numerous, I will rely rather on the witness of God and of my conscience than the judgment of my adversaries."

"We cannot," said the cardinal, "judge according to your conscience, we must judge according to evident and well-supported testimony; those who are against you are not dictated by any malice. When you reproach Master Stephen Paletz for having perfidiously and falsely extracted certain articles from your books, you do him injury; for in most of these articles he has adopted your own expressions. You think the same with regard to many others; and it is affirmed, also, that you have some suspicion of the illustrious chancellor of Paris, than whom there is not a more excellent person in christendom."

The answer of Huss is not recorded in the transactions of the council;* but in one of his letters he says,† "If I live, I will answer the chancellor of Paris; if I die, God will answer him for me at the day of judgment."

The second head of accusation bore, that John Huss had obstinately taught and sustained in Bohemia the errors of Wickliffe. This reproach was unjust, as far as concerned the doctrines of the Catholic church, rejected by Wickliffe; but it was grounded on three heads, which, as has been shown, were admitted by Huss, with all the simplicity of a candid mind, without understanding that the Roman Catholic church entirely relied, both inwardly and outwardly, on the points which he rejected, and which were,—the infallibility of its decisions, whether conformable or contrary to those of Scripture,—the spiritual authority of the priests, whether their lives were christian or immoral,‡ — and, lastly, their right to temporal possessions, whatever use they made of them. According to John Huss, tithes were but alms, and could be withdrawn from the priests if they were ill employed. Also, Huss did not join in the bold opinions of Wickliffe respecting some of the dogmas of the Romish church; he admitted these, and he only condemned the abuse of them.

He, therefore, strongly denied that he

* Von der Hardt. t. iv. p. 310. The article respecting the Eucharist, was perhaps one of the two articles which the council effaced. "Two articles are effaced; now I trust, by the grace of God, many more will be erased."—(J. Hus. epist. xxxvi.)

† Epist. xli.

‡ Huss, as will soon be shown, successfully defended himself on this point; but the indecision and obscurity of his thoughts are manifest in his writings, and it has been owned that this was indeed the weakest point of his doctrine.

had taught or preached the dogmatical errors of the great reformer of England; and as he was accused of the crime of having opposed their condemnation, he said, "I have refused to acknowledge as lying and scandalous, all the articles extracted from the works of Wickliffe, because I regard several of them as truths; among others, that which expresses that pope Silvester and the emperor Constantine had erred in endowing the churches as they have done; and that which established that tithes are not to be exacted by the Divine law, but that they are pure alms."

Huss added, that he had not approved the condemnation of the articles by Wickliffe, because it had not been pronounced with reasons extracted from the Holy Scriptures; and as he was charged with the crime of having called in question the damnation of Wickliffe, when his books were burned at Prague, "These were my words," answered John Huss; "I said, I cannot affirm whether Wickliffe be saved or lost; nevertheless, I would that my soul should be where he is."* This noble answer ought to have touched the assembly, but it drew from them only an insulting laugh.

Being accused of having said, like Wickliffe, that a priest, in a state of mortal sin, cannot baptize or consecrate; he answered, that in one of his books he had modified this article, by saying, that such a priest baptized unworthily; he appealed to the same work, of which a copy was produced, and it was acknowledged that he had said the truth.†

When accused of having appealed from the sentence of popes Alexander v. and John xxiii. to Jesus Christ, "I swear," he answered, "that no appeal can be more just or sacred. Is not appeal, according to the law, applying from a subordinate judge to one who is superior, and more enlightened? Is there any judge who is superior to Christ? Can there be more uprightness in any one than in Him, in whom no guile or error can be found? Is there, anywhere, a more sure refuge for the unhappy oppressed?" While John Huss thus replied, in a serious, but animated tone, he was again overwhelmed with mockery and insult.

Being accused of having, in his preaching, invited the people to take up arms in defence of his doctrine, he said, "Yes, I have called the people to arm themselves in defence of the truth of the gospel; but only with those arms of which the apostle speaks, the sword and helmet of salvation."

Being charged with having ruined the university of Prague, in the affair of the three votes of which the Germans were deprived, and rendered responsible for the event, by a doctor, named Nason, one of the most inveterate among his foes; he replied, that he had acted, in that case, according to justice, for the interest of his countrymen, and in obedience to the orders of the king. Finally, when accused, by the same Nason, for having provoked arrests of banishment against a great number of learned men, who were banished into Moravia, by Wenceslaus, "How could I have done it," he said; "when they were exiled, I was not at Prague."

John Huss was then again committed to the custody of the archbishop of Riga, who had already the keeping of his friend Jerome of Prague; and as the soldiers took him away, he was brought before the emperor, by the cardinal of Cambray, who said to him, "John Huss, I have heard you affirm, that if you had not come to Constance of your own free-will, neither the emperor, nor the king of Bohemia, could have constrained you." "Reverend father," answered John Huss, "I have said that there are, in Bohemia, many lords who wish me well, and that they could have guarded me, and protected me, in such a way, that no one could have constrained me to come to Constance, not even the king of Bohemia, not even the emperor." At this answer, the cardinal of Cambray reddened with anger, and said, "Do you hear the audacity of this man?" The assembly murmured, and made some inaudible movements. John de Chlum resolutely spoke aloud, and ventured to challenge the emperor to assist his friend. He said, "John Huss has well spoken. I am of little consideration, compared with others in Bohemia; and yet, if I had attempted it, I could have strengthened myself for one year, to defend him against those mighty sovereigns. Then, what could those have done who are more mighty than I, and whose fortresses are impregnable?" "Enough," cried the car-

* Hist. et Monum. J. Hus., t. ter., p. 17. Von der Hardt, t. iv., p. 311.

† A similar proof, sufficient to bring him in innocent, was moreover, in a general way, very far from satisfactory. The works of Huss had been transcribed by many different hands; and every copy cannot in justice be considered as authentic, unless written or approved by the author.

dinal; "as for you, John Huss, I exhort you to submit yourself to the decision of the council, as you have promised: then do so; your person and credit will not be the worse for it?"

The emperor himself tried to shake the courage of Huss, and to justify himself; but his very first words betrayed the inward conflict which disturbed his mind. "Many assume," he said, "that you were detained a fortnight in prison when you had received a safe conduct from me; nevertheless, it is true, as I own, and as many know, that this safe conduct was sent to you before your departure from Prague. It ensured your liberty, to confess frankly before the council, as you have done, your doctrine and your belief. We thank the cardinals and the bishops for the indulgence with which they have heard you; but as they assure us that it is not permitted to us to defend a man suspected of heresy, we give the same advice to you as the cardinal of Cambray has done. Submit yourself, then, and we will take care that you shall retire in peace, after having undergone a moderate correction. If you refuse, we shall give arms to the council against you, and for my part, be assured that I would rather burn you with my own hands, than endure longer the obstinacy of which you have given too much proof. Our advice, then, is, that you submit, unreservedly, to the authority of the council."

"Noble emperor," answered John Huss, "I return thanks to your majesty for the safe conduct which you have granted to me."

Distrusting the conclusion of such a preface, John de Chlum interrupted his friend, and said, "Restrain yourself to justifying your character from the obstinacy of which the emperor accuses you."

Repeating, then, with mildness, his usual defence, Huss said: "I am not come hither, illustrious prince, intending to support anything by obstinacy, God is my witness; but let something be shown me that is better and more holy than what I have taught, and I am ready to retract."

At these words, the soldiers took him away, and the assembly broke up.

VARIOUS READINGS.

"A body hast thou prepared me," Heb. x. 5.

DIFFERENT READINGS IN HOLY SCRIPTURE.

It can scarcely fail to strike an attentive reader of the Bible, that in the 40th Psalm, from which the passage which contains these words in the Epistle to the Hebrews is quoted, no such expression is to be found, but in its place a sentence entirely different: "Mine ears hast thou opened," or "bored," in allusion, as has been supposed, to the custom mentioned in Exod. xxi. 6, etc. Whence is this diversity? The circumstance has given rise to many conjectures, and to some forced interpretations. But by far the most probable suggestion is that of Dr. Kenniscott's; if it be correct, the difficulty is solved at once. That learned critic supposes, that in transcribing the Hebrew text in this place, three letters, "nun, jod, and men," were written by mistake for three other letters which they most resembled, "gimel, vau, and he." If the line on which the manuscript was written were blacker than ordinary, we may readily imagine that the letter "he" might have been mistaken for "men;" and between the other letters there is undoubtedly a very great similarity. Only granting such a mistake as this to have occurred, the Hebrew text would read thus: "Then a body hast thou prepared me;" thus constituting, according to the citation of the apostle, a direct prediction of that unquestionable fact on which the whole of Christianity rests—the incarnation of Him in whom should thus dwell "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." It is likewise worthy of remark, that the Septuagint Greek version, executed some years before the birth of our Lord, which, though not always, is mainly correct, and frequently quoted by the writers of the New Testament, corresponds in this place exactly with the text of the apostle, "A body hast thou prepared me," and not with the present Hebrew text, as rendered in our version.

It deserves to be especially noticed, that if any errors have occurred in the sacred writings, through inadvertence and mistake in copying and transcribing, —an inconvenience to which all manuscripts were exposed, and by which many were materially altered, before the art of printing—they are usually such as may be easily detected. In the very numerous quotations from the Old Testament Scriptures, which are to be met with throughout the New Testament, there are, it is true, many verbal differences; but then, in almost every instance, the sense is the same. Such differences as these are occasioned by the sacred writers